

you with greatness of mind to be the first of mankind, who, after having conquered their own king, and having had him delivered into their hands, have not scrupled to condemn him judicially, and, pursuant to that sentence of condemnation, to put him to death." * In these times in England, when the welfare of the throne and the people are identical, we can, on the one hand, afford to refuse our assent to the blasphemous comparison of Clarendon (blasphemy more offensively repeated in the Church Service for the 30th of January), and at the same time affirm that the judicial condemnation which Milton so admires was illegal, unconstitutional, and in its immediate results dangerous to liberty. But feeling that far greater dangers would have been incurred if "the caged tiger had been let loose," and knowing that out of the errors and anomalies of those times a wiser Revolution grew, for which the first more terrible Revolution was a preparation, we may cease to examine this great historical question in any bitterness of spirit, and even acknowledge that the death of Charles, a bad king, though in some respects a good man, was necessary for the life of England, and for her "teaching other nations how to live." We must accept as just and true Milton's admonition to his countrymen in reference to this event, which he terms "so glorious an action," with many reasonable qualifications as to its glory; and yet apply even to ourselves his majestic words:—"After the performing so glorious an action as this, you ought to do nothing that is mean and little, not so much as to think of, much less to do anything but what is great and sublime. Which to attain to, this is your only way: as you have subdued your enemies in the field, so to make appear, that unarmed, and in the highest outward peace and tranquillity, you of all mankind are best able to subdue ambition, avarice, the love of riches, and can best avoid the corruptions that prosperity is apt to introduce (which generally subdue and triumph over other nations), to show as great justice, temperance, and moderation in the maintaining your liberty, as you have shown courage in freeing yourselves from slavery."

* "Defensio pro populo Anglicano."

CHAPTER XXXI.

Proclamation against a new king.—The Icon Basiliké.—Council of State appointed.—Trial and Execution of Royalists.—The Levellers.—The Levellers in the Army suppressed.—Trial of Lilburne.—Charles II. at St. Germain's.—Ireland.—Cromwell Lord Lieutenant.—Cromwell's Campaign.—Drogheda.—Wexford.—Cromwell's Account of the Slaughters.—Waterford.—Rupert driven from the Coast.—Surrender of Cork.—Cromwell's Policy in Ireland.—Cromwell returns to London.

ON the afternoon of Tuesday, the 30th of January, the Serjeant-at-arms accompanied by pursuivants, and surrounded by cavalry, appears at Cheapside. Trumpets sound, and crowds gather about, to hear a proclamation, that whoever shall proclaim a new king, without authority of parliament, shall be deemed a traitor. An hour only has passed, since the last king, upon the scaffold at Whitehall,

"bowed his comely head
Down as upon a bed."*

What a night of curiosity and fear in the public haunts and private chambers of the great city! That afternoon the House of Commons order "that the Post be stayed until to-morrow morning, ten of the clock." That Post, which under the Parliament has become general, instead of being irregularly despatched upon a few roads, is now a weekly conveyance of letters into all parts of the nation. On that morning of the 31st it will go out of London with letters and little newspapers that will move terror and pity throughout the land. A few will rejoice in the great event; some will weep over it; others will vow a fearful revenge. "The more I ruminate upon it," writes Howell seven weeks afterwards, "the more it astonisheth my imagination, and shaketh all the cells of my brain; so that sometimes I struggle with my faith, and have much ado to believe it yet." † There was, at the time of the king's execution, a book being printed which was to surround his life with the attributes of a saint, and to invest him in death with the glory of a martyr. The "Icon Basiliké, or Portraiture of his Sacred Majesty in his Solitudes and Sufferings," purported to be written by Charles

* Andrew Marvel.

† "Letters," vol. iii. p. 36.

the first himself. Milton, who was directed by the Parliament to answer this Icon, or Image, treats it in his *Iconoclastes*, or *Image-breaker*, as if the king had "left behind him this book as the best advocate and interpreter of his own actions;" but at the same time Milton is careful to add, "as to the author of these soliloquies, whether it were the late king, as is vulgarly believed, or any secret coadjutor (and some stick not to name him), it can add nothing, nor shall take from the weight, if any be, of reason which he brings." The question of the authorship of this book has now passed out of the region of party violence; the controversy on that matter has almost merged, as a literary problem, into the belief that it was written by Dr. Gauden, afterwards bishop of Exeter. This divine probably submitted it to Charles during his long sojourn in the Isle of Wight; he published it as the work of the king; but he claimed the authorship after the Restoration. Mr. Hallam remarks upon the internal evidence of its authenticity that "it has all the air of a fictitious composition. Cold, stiff, elaborate, without a single allusion that bespeaks the superior knowledge of facts which the king must have possessed, it contains little but those rhetorical commonplaces which would suggest themselves to any forger." But these "rhetorical commonplaces" are the best evidence, not of the genuineness of the book, but of the skill of the author. They were precisely what was required to make "attachment to the memory of the king become passion, and respect, worship;"—so M. Guizot describes the effect of the *Icon*. It was an universal appeal to the feelings, in a style moving along with a monotonous dignity befitting royalty, though occasionally mingled with cold metaphors. It set forth the old blind claims to implicit obedience—or, as Milton has it, maintained "the common grounds of tyranny and popery, sugared a little over,"—amidst the manifestations of a sincere piety and a resigned sadness. In one year there were fifty editions of this book sold. "Had it appeared a week sooner it might have preserved the king," * thinks one writer. That may be doubted. But it produced the effect which those so-called histories produce which endeavour to fix the imagination solely upon the personal attributes and sorrows of kings and queens, instead of presenting a sober view of their relations to their subjects. Sentiment with the majority is always more powerful than reason; and thus Milton's '*Iconoclastes*,' being a partisan's view of Charles's public actions—a cold though severe view, in the

* Laing.

formal style of a state-paper,—produced little or no effect upon the national opinions, and is now read only for the great name of the author.

On the 6th of February the Commons, now reduced to little more than a hundred members, by their vote declared the House of Lords "useless and dangerous." On the 7th another vote was recorded: "It hath been found by experience, and this house doth declare, that the office of a king, in this nation, and to have the power thereof in any single person, is unnecessary, burthensome, and dangerous to the liberty, safety, and public interest of the people of this nation, and therefore ought to be abolished." The body of king Charles, on this day, when the abolition of the royal office had been thus decreed, was removed to Windsor. On the 8th the duke of Richmond, the marquis of Hertford, and the earls of Southampton and Lindsey, arrived at the Castle, "to perform the last duty to their dead master, and to wait upon him to his grave." Amidst a fall of snow the corpse was borne from the great hall of the Castle to St. George's Chapel; and it was deposited "in a vault, where two coffins were laid near one another, supposed to contain the bodies of king Henry VIII. and queen Jane Seymour."* The governor of the Castle forbade the Church Service to be performed, through his bigoted resolve that, the Common Prayer having been put down, he would not suffer it to be read in the garrison where he commanded.

A due provision for the Exercise of the Executive authority was speedily made by the Parliament, in the appointment of a Council of State, consisting of forty-one persons. This Council comprised the three chief judges; the three commanders of the army; five peers, and thirty members of the House. It was required of the individuals composing the Council that each should sign a document expressing approbation of the proceedings by which the monarchy had been overthrown. Twenty-two refused to enter into such an engagement. There were violent debates; but moderation ultimately prevailed. The past was to remain unnoticed, in a pledge of fidelity for the future. Sir Henry Vane has left his testimony to the course which he took under these circumstances: "When required by the Parliament to take an oath, to give my

* "*Herbert's Memoirs*." Charles II. caused a search to be made for the vault, when the parliament had voted a large sum for a public interment. The search was fruitless, and the king put the money in his pocket. George V. wished to gratify a reasonable curiosity, and the vault with its coffins was readily found.

approbation, *ex post facto* to what was done, I utterly refused, and would not accept of sitting in the Council of State upon those terms, but occasioned a new oath to be drawn, wherein that was omitted.* Vane became an active member of the Council. He and others who had refused to sanction the deeds of the regicides, did not shrink from labouring with them in the public service. Bradshaw was chosen President of the Council, and Milton was appointed its Latin secretary. The members chosen saw the necessity of holding together in the great duty of saving the country from intestine commotion and foreign assault. The Courts of Law were re-opened; the command of the navy was put into able hands, who soon made the flag of England respected in every sea. But although the vigilance of the Council was sufficient for the repression of anarchy, with a powerful army at its command, it was not sufficient for establishing a willing obedience to the Parliamentary Act, "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." It was the 30th of May before the Commonwealth was proclaimed in the City, and the late king's statutes thrown down at the Exchange, and at the Portico of St. Paul's. The Lord Mayor had been deprived of his office, and a new chief magistrate appointed, before the scruples of the municipal body could be overcome. There was a like indisposition amongst the beneficed Clergy, the members of the Universities, and many civil functionaries, to accept the oath of fidelity as the condition of retaining office or privilege. But those who refused were exempt from any punishment, and thus the new government gradually acquired consistency by its abstinence from any measures of general violence. There was one striking exception to its course of moderation. Five state prisoners, royalists whom the fortune of war had thrown into the hands of the Parliament, were to be sacrificed to what was called justice upon delinquents. The duke of Hamilton, who had been in confinement since his defeat at Preston; the earl of Holland, to whom an opportunity of changing his side was not again to be permitted; the earl of Norwich; lord Capel; and sir John Owen, were brought to trial before a new High Court of Justice, in sittings which lasted from the 10th of February to the 6th of March. Of these royalist leaders lord Capel was the most eminent in courage and ability, and therefore

* Speech on his trial; given in Mr. Forster's Life.

the most dreaded by the republicans. On the day after the House had resolved upon bringing these adherents of the late king to trial, lord Capel made his escape from the Tower, by dropping from his window into the ditch of the fortress; but he was discovered the same evening, and conveyed back to his prison. The High Court condemned all the five to be beheaded. The honest Welch squire, sir John Owen, gave the Court thanks, saying "it was a very great honour to a poor gentleman of Wales to lose his head with such noble lords, and swore a great oath that he was afraid they would have hanged him."* The Court, however, referred the execution of the sentence to the decision of Parliament. For the duke of Hamilton's reprieve there were few votes. The sentence of lord Holland was confirmed by a majority of one. The earl of Norwich was saved by the casting vote of the speaker, Lenthall. Cromwell spoke upon the petition in favour of lord Capel. He bore testimony to his high qualities; but his affection for the public, he said, weighed down his private friendship—"the question now is, whether you will preserve the most bitter and the most implacable enemy you have." When Cromwell alluded to private friendship, he looked back upon the time when Capel was the first in the Long Parliament to complain of grievances. He was reserved for execution, with Hamilton and Holland. Owen escaped through the intervention of Colonel Hutchinson. Mrs. Hutchinson relates the circumstance in a very interesting passage: "While there was such mighty labour and endeavour for these lords, colonel Hutchinson observed that no man spoke for this poor knight, and sitting next to colonel Ireton, he expressed himself to him and told him, that it pitied him much to see that, while all were labouring to save the lords, a gentleman that stood in the same condemnation should not find one friend to ask his life; and so, said he, am I moved with compassion that, if you will second me, I am resolved to speak for him, who, I perceive, is a stranger and friendless. Ireton promised to second him, and accordingly inquiring further of the man's condition, whether he had not a petition in any member's hands, he found that his keepers had brought one to the clerk of the house, but the man had not found any one that would interest themselves for him, thinking the lords' lives of so much more concernment than this gentleman's. This the more stirred up the colonel's generous pity, and he took the petition, delivered it, spoke for him so nobly, and was so effectually seconded

* Clarendon, vol. vi. p. 256.

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* Clarendon, vol. vi. p. 256.

by Ireton, that they carried his pardon clear." * The three condemned noblemen were executed on the 9th of March in Palace-yard. Capel, as Whitelocke records, carried himself "much after the manner of a stout Roman." Public indignation was loudly expressed against this severity. The time was not yet arrived when political offences against the reigning power could be dealt with mercifully. But the English republicans of 1649 abstained from any more such blood-shedding, the case of colonel Poyer excepted. He was tried by court-martial, and shot in Covent Garden. After these demonstrations of power the public excitement appears generally to have calmly settled down into a submission to the new order of things; in spite of the violent demonstrations of the famous John Lilburne. He published several pamphlets, one being entitled "England's new chains discovered," and he was committed to the Tower to be tried in due time. Meanwhile, whilst the men of station and property, the nobles and the gentry, the citizens and the yeomen, are settling into their accustomed course of life, a spirit is getting loose which appears to be born of all great revolutions; and which in modern times has rendered revolutions very terrible to the apprehensions of all those who have anything to lose. The "Levellers" of 1649 were, in a small way, the precursors of the "Socialists" of 1849. At St. Margaret's Hill, and at St. George's Hill, in Surrey,—a sandy district, now "a silent sea of pines,"—appeared a band of thirty men, headed by one formerly in the army who called himself a Prophet. They took possession of the ground, and began digging it, and dibbling beans, in that sowing-time. They said they should shortly be four thousand in number; that they should pull down park-pales and lay all open. The residents near these Surrey hills were alarmed; and requested Fairfax to send a troop of horse for their protection. The Diggers, as they called themselves, were brought before the general; when the Prophet declared that a vision had appeared to him and said, "Arise, and dig and plough the earth, and receive the fruits thereof;" that their intent was to restore the creation to its former condition; that they only meant to meddle with what was common and untilled; but that the time was at hand, when all men shall willingly come in and give up their lands and estates, and submit to this community of goods. † These men, and many others who were adverse to the existing republic, having various schemes of perfectibility, came to be known by the general name of Levellers.

* "Memoirs," vol. ii. p. 164.

† Whitelocke.

They were only really formidable when they had arms in their hands. But it required the utmost vigilance and decision to encounter the mutinous temper which was again breaking forth amongst the military class. The civil war had burst out again in Ireland; and it was decided that twenty-eight regiments should be sent thither, under the command of lieutenant-general Cromwell. The regiments to go are chosen by lot; but the common men have no inclination for the service. Lilburne's pamphlets are circulating amongst them. They are brooding over his wild declamations in their London and country-quarters. A troop of Whalley's regiment lies at the Bull inn, at Bishopsgate; and although not ordered for Ireland they refuse to leave London; rise in open mutiny. Their conduct is sufficiently alarming to demand the instant presence of Fairfax and Cromwell. The ringleaders are seized and tried by court-martial. Five are condemned; and one is the next day shot in St. Paul's Churchyard—a strange place for a military execution; but not so strange when compared with the uses to which the grand old Gothic cathedral was now applied. It had become a stable for cavalry. "It was a bitter taunt for the Italian who passing by Paul's Church, and seeing it full of horses, 'Now I perceive,' said he, 'that in England men and beasts serve God alike.'" * The same amusing letter-writer says, "The air of this city is not sweet, specially in the heart of the city, in and about Paul's Church, where horse-dung is a yard deep." So amidst this filth was trooper Lockyer shot—and in a week after the tragedy of the 27th of April, thousands of people are following his corpse to the grave—a corpse "adorned with bunches of rosemary, one half-stained in blood"—thousands of men and women, rank and file, with sea-green and black ribbons on their hats and on their breasts. Something there is very serious in this, not only to the Commonwealth, but to any stable order of society. Lilburne, not under much restraint in the Tower, sends out another pamphlet full of crude notions of what the people were to do to establish a perfect government upon Bible principles, under which all men were to gather unheard-of happiness. A review takes place in Hyde Park, where some of the men wear the sea-green ribbon, the symbol of disaffection; but Cromwell frightens or pacifies them. Lilburne is now committed to close confinement. But there are portions of the army in distant quarters, and at Banbury two hundred men are in revolt; at Salisbury a thousand. Fairfax and Cromwell march with all haste to

* Howell, vol. iii. Letter xix.

Salisbury. The mutineers have hurried away to join their companions in Oxfordshire. Fairfax and Cromwell are rapidly on their track; having marched fifty miles in one day. The mutineers halt at Burford. It is midnight when Cromwell comes suddenly upon their quarters. A few shots are fired; but there is no escape for these men, who are without a head to guide them. There is no slaughter; but the principle of military obedience is sustained, now and henceforward, by justice mingled with mercy. A Court-Martial has been held; and ten out of every hundred of the mutineers have been set aside for death. They are placed on the leads of the church, whilst a cornet and two corporals are shot. They are awaiting their own fate, when Cromwell calls them before him in the church. He speaks to them in one of his peculiar harangues, apparently so involved, but always keeping the main point in view. The men weep. They are pardoned. In a few weeks they are on their way to serve in Ireland. "Levelling, in the practical civil or military provinces of English things, is forbidden to be." * Cromwell had said to the Council of State, "You must make an end of this party or it will make an end of you." He accomplished the work with a moderation that shows that severity is not more powerful than mercy, in the generality of cases. The nation felt that it had escaped a great danger. There was a solemn thanksgiving-day; the House of Commons was invited to a civic feast; and Fairfax and Cromwell were presented with services of plate by the Corporation of London. The terror of anarchical disturbances had almost wholly passed away. The Council of State laboured to reconcile differences; to render the administration of the law more speedy and certain; to remove the impediments to a free exercise of religious observances amongst various denominations of Protestants. Evelyn heard the Commons Prayer read in St. Peter's church at Paul's wharf, and listened to a sermon from archbishop Usher, in Lincoln's Inn chapel. But still there was danger to be apprehended in the intrigues of the more restless of the Cavaliers with the remnant of the Levellers; and unnatural as was such an alliance, one of those wrote to Lord Cottington, who was with Charles in France, "his majesty's friends have no possibility of embodying, unless the Levellers lead the way." Their hopes rested upon Lilburne, who was again busy with his pamphlets. Conciliation was tried in vain with this man, who possessed none of the qualifications for a popular leader but those of reckless

* Carlyle, vol. ii. p. 29.

vanity and indomitable courage. The Parliament at length resolved to send him to trial. He was to be tried by a common Jury, though a Commission of members of parliament was appointed to determine his sentence. That office was spared them by his acquittal. Towards the close of the second day's proceedings at Guildhall, Lilburne, who had defended himself with great spirit, suddenly addressed the jury with these solemn words: "You are my sole judges, the keepers of my life, at whose hands the Lord will require my blood. And therefore I desire you to know your power, and consider your duty, both to God, to me, to your own selves, and to your country; and the gracious assisting spirit and presence of the Lord God Omnipotent, the governor of heaven and earth, and all things therein contained, go along with you, give counsel and direct you to do that which is just, and for his glory." And then all the spectators cried out "Amen! Amen!" The Chief Justice charged the Jury, amidst the dread of a popular disturbance. After three quarters of an hour the verdict was that John Lilburne was not guilty of all the treasons, or of any of the treasons charged upon him. A shout went up from all the people as the shout of one voice; bonfires were lighted throughout the City; and after a vain attempt to hold him in custody Freeborn John was set free. This event took place in October. It is satisfactory to contrast the independence of a jury at this revolutionary period, with the servile compliance to the behests of the power by juries in the Tudor and Stuart times. Amidst the manifold evils of the Civil War, the people had learned to know the foundations of their liberties; and in the case of Lilburne and his Levellers, jurors were not carried away by a panic about property to yield to the desire of the government without a just sense of their own responsibility. Though in succeeding days of corrupt rulers juries were again the worst instruments of tyranny, the verdict of twelve men was to become the ultimate safeguard for an honest judgment in times of political excitement, when ministers have been as disposed to stretch the laws as subjects have been inclined to regard even their wholesome administration with jealousy and impatience.

Six months have elapsed since the death of Charles I. Charles II. is an exile at St. Germain's. He has Hyde and other experienced counsellors about him; and he has also more agreeable associates in adversity—frivolous and profligate courtiers who encourage his indolence and sensuality. English royalists resort to him, and to the queen dowager, who consoled herself in the society

of lord Jermyn for the loss of her husband and her great station. The course of life of mother and son was regarded with complacency even by royalists of sober conduct. The staid Mr. Evelyn, on the 19th of August, "went to St. Germain's to kiss his majesty's hand: in the coach, which was my lord Wilmot's, went Mrs. Barlow, the king's mistress and mother to the duke of Monmouth, a brown, beautiful, bold, but insipid creature." The next day he went to Paris, "to salute the French king and the queen dowager." The French king was Louis XIV., then a boy of about eleven years old; and at that time there was a brief suspension to the civil war of La Fronde. Though the Stuarts had an asylum at the French court there was no substantial aid to be expected in that quarter. Previous to his residence at St. Germain's Charles had been at the Hague, under the protection of his brother-in-law, the prince of Orange. He had been proclaimed king of Scotland, at Edinburgh, on the 5th of February, and Commissioners had come to him from the Scottish parliament to invite his return to his kingdom. They did not offer him an unconditional invitation. He was to proceed to Scotland, without Montrose and those other friends who were obnoxious to the Presbyterians; and he was to agree to the Covenant of 1638. He was urged by the sounder Scotsmen about him to accept the terms. He was counselled by Montrose to win his dominions by the sword. The great leader of the Scottish ultra-royalists was consistent. His one idea was to revenge the death of Charles I. :—

"I'll sing thine obsequies with trumpet sounds,
And write thine epitaph in blood and wounds."

So wrote Montrose when he heard of the execution of his master, and so he continued to believe was his own destiny in connexion with the son. The followers of Montrose carried out his feverish notions of loyalty by an act which can only find its defence in political fanaticism. On the 3d of May, whilst the Scottish commissioners were at the Hague, Dr. Isaac Dorislaus, a native of Holland, who had assisted as counsel at the trial of Charles I., and who had been sent by the parliament as one of the embassy to the United Provinces, was murdered in his inn, by six men in masks. They were Scotsmen, of the party of Montrose. This event was not calculated to smooth the difficulties of Charles's position with the Presbyterian Commissioners; and he dismissed them, with a negative upon their proposals. At this period, he was also es-

pecially urged by the marquis of Ormond to show himself in Ireland, where three-fourths of the nation were his faithful adherents. It is not easy to describe the state of parties in Ireland at this time. The majority of the people and their leaders were violent Papists—those with whom Charles I. had so often and so fatally intrigued to punish his rebellious subjects and establish the Anglican church. The Protestant portion of the population, English or Irish, lived in dread and hatred of those who had perpetrated the frightful massacre of 1641; and they, in common with some of the more moderate Catholics, had no disposition to welcome the king for whom the large body of the Papists had declared. Ormond rallied under his banner any leader who was a royalist, and who would join the strange confederacy of Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Catholics of the Pale, Catholics of wild regions beyond the Pale—some for freedom of religion,—most for exterminating all creeds but their own. Ormond had concluded a special treaty with the Irish Catholics, on the part of Charles II., by which they agreed to maintain a large army to serve against the Commonwealth of England, on condition that the free exercise of the Catholic worship should be permitted. Ireland appeared thus on the point of being separated from English control; ready to take a prominent part in another English Civil War. The king had been proclaimed. Dublin, Belfast, and Londonderry were the only garrisons held by English commanders; and prince Rupert was in St. George's Channel with a formidable fleet. At this juncture it was determined that Cromwell should proceed to Ireland with full military and administrative powers—General-in-chief and Lord Lieutenant.

It was the 10th of July when Cromwell left London, "in that state and equipage as the like hath hardly been seen," said the newspapers. He proceeded to Bristol; and there he remained several weeks. Whether he lingered there to watch the course of events in London, or to make the requisite preparations for a difficult enterprise, is not very clear. Before he left London, one of the French ministers wrote to Cardinal Mazarin, "It can hardly be possible that Cromwell, who, according to the belief of many, carries his ideas beyond even the suggestions of the most undisciplined ambition, can resolve to abandon this kingdom to the mercy of the plots which may be formed in his absence, and which his presence can prevent from being so much as undertaken."*

* Letter of June 14th, 1649; "Archives des Affaires Etrangères de France," quoted by M. Guizot, in "History of Cromwell," vol. i. p. 88.

Cromwell by the end of July had gone towards Milford-Haven; and he embarked on the 13th of August. Meanwhile the news had reached him of a great victory obtained over the forces of the marquis of Ormond, who was besieging Dublin. Before the end of July a portion of Cromwell's army had landed; and thus reinforced, Lieutenant-General Jones, the governor of Dublin, had sallied forth and utterly routed the besiegers at the village of Rathmines. Cromwell himself arrived in Dublin on the 15th of August. He was received, say the contemporary narratives, with the firing of guns and the acclamations of the people. The multitude that gathered about him was very great. They were anxious to see one "whom before they had heard so much of." He spoke to the crowd, "in an humble posture, having his hat in his hand," telling them "that as God had brought him thither in safety, so he doubted not but, by his divine Providence, to restore them all to their just liberties and properties;" promising the favour and gratitude of the Parliament of England to "all those whose hearts' affections were real for the carrying on of the great work against the barbarous and blood-thirsty Irish, and their adherents and confederates; for the propagating of the Gospel of Christ, the establishing of truth and peace, and restoring that bleeding nation to its former happiness and tranquillity." "Answer was returned by many hundreds that they would live and die with him."*

It is clear from this speech that Cromwell was preparing for some terrible work; and it is also manifest that the Protestant people of Dublin were well disposed to second his endeavours against "the barbarous and blood-thirsty Irish." It was in the minds of many that the time was come to avenge the massacre which had desolated so many homes. But the Lord Lieutenant contemplated no general waste and destruction; and he issued a proclamation requiring all officers and soldiers, at their utmost perils, "not to do any wrong or violence towards country people, or persons whatsoever, unless they be actually in arms or office with the enemy." The farmers and others were invited to come to the camp and sell their commodities for ready money. Nevertheless the Lord Lieutenant went forth to fight in a sterner mood than he ever showed in the English Civil Wars. He went to try his strength, not only against the hordes of half-savage men who, during the whole course of the war between the king and the parliament, had been burning and plundering and murdering, with

* "Perfect Politician," p. 53, ed. of 1680 (originally printed in 1660).

slight regard to any common principle of action; but he went to do battle wherever, under the banner of the royalists, were gathered Catholics, English or Irish—Protestants, English, Scotch, or Irish,—captains who had fought at Naseby, or wild chieftains who came from their woods to exercise all the cruelties of partisan warfare. Ireland was in such a condition that the coming of this man in his wrath was eventually a real blessing. To follow this Irish war through its terrible details would be as wearisome as repulsive. But it has a strange interest, as recorded in the letters of the chief instrument in events which were decisive as to the future destiny of that kingdom, so long unhappy, so capable of happiness.

Tredah, now called Drogheda, in Leinster, was garrisoned by three thousand men under the command of sir Arthur Ashton, an old English royalist, who had lost a leg; and whose troops were chiefly English. Cromwell setting down before the place, summoned the governor to surrender. The governor refused. In a similar summons sent afterwards to the commander in Dundalk, Cromwell writes, "I offered mercy to the garrison at Tredah, in sending the governor a summons before I attempted the taking of it; which being refused brought their evil upon them. If you, being warned thereby, shall surrender your garrison to the use of the Parliament of England, which by this I summon you to do, you may prevent effusion of blood. If, upon refusing this offer, that which you like not befalls you, you will know whom to blame."* We give this brief threat before we recount "their evil" at Drogheda, to show that the horrible "effusion of blood" there was not the effect of any sudden impulse. On the 10th of September, then, surrender having been refused, the place was stormed, after bombardment. The first attacking party were driven back. The second, headed by Cromwell himself, carried all the intrenchments. "Being thus entered," writes the General to the President of the Council of State, "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." He then relates that Trim and Dundalk have surrendered; and adds, with reference to the slaughter of Drogheda, where only one officer escaped, "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." We look

* Carlyle, (from an Autograph,) vol. ii. p. 48.

with horror upon such wholesale butchery; and yet its perpetrator was in his nature the very opposite of cruel. He feels that some defence is necessary for such severities; and in a more detailed despatch to the Speaker, he repeats his belief "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." We must follow this resolute man to Wexford. There again was a terrible slaughter; but it was not set about with a deliberate purpose. It was such a slaughter as has too often been the result of a storm by an infuriated soldiery. There had been negotiations for the surrender of the castle and town, upon merciful and honourable conditions, going on from the 3rd to the 11th of October. The castle was surrendered; but the town being supposed to hold out, and armed men advancing towards the castle, the troops of Cromwell stormed it; and "when they were come into the market-place, the enemy making a stiff resistance, our forces brake them; and then put all to the sword that came in their way." Cromwell then adds to this account, "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 prey of so many families, and now with their bloods to answer the cruelties which they had exercised upon the lives of divers poor Protestants." This confidence that an accidental and unnecessary slaughter was a divine judgment, is consistent with the whole character of Cromwell's mind. He did not express such opinions without a strong conviction. The slaughter at Drogheda, set about with a stern determination to make such a beginning of the war as should shortly bring it to an end, was perfectly comprehensible by Cromwell's contemporaries. Ludlow, no friend of Cromwell, remarks of this "extraordinary severity," that he presumes "it was used to discourage others from making opposition."* Another writer of the time says, "Yet cruelty could not be laid to his charge, for, like a politic state-physician, he here opens one vein, to preserve the whole body of the nation from a lingering war; and by this course likewise he wrought such a terror in the enemy, that ever after he made but short work of any siege, and in small

* "Memoirs," vol. i. p. 303.

time reduced the whole nation."* The Jacobite historian of the next age denounces "the execrable policy of that Regicide, which had the effect he proposed." An enlightened and truly pious minister of our own day writes of this Irish campaign, "For nine years a most insane war has been raging. Cromwell, by merciful severity, concludes it in nine months."† The view which dispassionate persons take of these events will always be a mixed one. They will regard them somewhat, but not altogether, in the spirit of M. Guizot, when he says, "It is the ordinary artifice of bad passions to impute the cruel satisfaction with which they glut themselves, either to some great idea whose accomplishment they are earnestly pursuing, or to the absolute necessity of success;" and they will feel with this writer, whose philosophy is so connected with a vast experience, that "human fanaticism also lies, or allows itself to be deluded by pride, when it pretends to be the executor of the high decrees of Divine justice." But, whilst they remember many incidents of later times in which "bad passions" and "human fanaticism" have perpetrated cruelties and injustice, they will not, without due examination of the character of Cromwell, agree with M. Guizot, that "he was determined to succeed rapidly, and at any cost, from the necessities of his fortune, far more than for the advancement of his cause;" or admit that "he denied no outlet to the passions of those who served him." M. Guizot, well read as he is in English history, is pointing these remarks nearer home—a mode of expressing political opinions which may be safe in its immediate purposes, but not altogether consistent with historical impartiality.

Charles II. was at St. Germain's when he received the news of Ormond's defeat before Dublin. In the heroic vein, which little suited his nature, he exclaimed, "Then must I go there to die." He went as far as Jersey, where the news of the fall of Drogheda reached him. It produced the same effect upon his spirits as upon the courtiers he had left at St. Germain's. In Evelyn's Diary of the 15th of October we have this entry: "Came news of Drogheda being taken by the rebels, and all put to the sword; which made us very sad, fore-running the loss of all Ireland." Cromwell marched on, taking town after town, until he met with a stout resistance at Waterford; and the weather being very tempestuous

* "Perfect Politician," p. 56.

† "Lectures on Great Men," by the late Frederick Myers, M.A. p. 259.

‡ "History of Cromwell," vol. i. p. 98.

he went into winter-quarters. But his rapid marches from fortress to fortress have changed the whole aspect of affairs. General Blake has interrupted the operations of prince Rupert in the Irish seas. Cork Harbour is now the victualling-place for the fleet, instead of Milford Haven. Rupert, with the ships which he has commanded since the revolt of the sailors in 1648, has taken refuge in Kinsale, instead of making rich prizes of English merchantmen. Lady Fanshawe, who at this time was at Cork, writes that Cromwell "so hotly marched over Ireland, that the fleet with prince Rupert was forced to set sail." This was an indirect consequence, in a little time after, of Cromwell's hot marches. A more immediate consequence was the submission of Youghal and of Cork to the authority of the Parliament. There is a passage in the Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, which presents a vivid picture of the mode in which such warlike operations affect individuals; an interesting episode amidst graver matters of wars and bitter hatreds. The poor lady had been residing at Red Abbey, in Cork, for six months with her husband, who was waiting "his majesty's commands how to dispose himself." Sir Richard Fanshawe had gone for a day to Kinsale. His wife, by the fall of a stumbling horse, had broken her left wrist; which was ill set, and put her to great pain. She was in bed on a night early in November: "At midnight I heard the great guns go off, and thereupon I called up my family to rise, which I did as well as I could in that condition. Hearing lamentable shrieks of men, women, and children, I asked at a window the cause; they told me they were all Irish, stripped and wounded, and turned out of the town, and that colonel Jefferies, with some others, had possessed themselves of the town for Cromwell. Upon this, I immediately wrote a letter to my husband, blessing God's providence that he was not there with me, persuading him to patience and hope that I should get safely out of the town, by God's assistance, and desired him to shift for himself, for fear of a surprise, with promise that I would secure his papers. So soon as I had finished my letter, I sent it by a faithful servant, who was let down the garden wall of Red Abbey, and, sheltered by the darkness of the night, he made his escape. I immediately packed up my husband's cabinet, with all his writings, and nearly £1000 in gold and silver, and all other things both of clothes, linen, and household stuff that were portable, of value; and, then, about three o'clock in the morning, by the light of a taper, and in that pain I was in, I went into the market-place, with only a man and maid, and passing

through an unruly tumult with their swords in their hands, searched for their chief commander Jefferies, who, whilst he was loyal, had received many civilities from your father.* I told him it was necessary that upon that change I should remove, and I desired his pass that would be obeyed, or else I must remain there: I hoped he would not deny me that kindness. He instantly wrote me a pass, both for myself, family, and goods, and said he would never forget the respect he owed your father. With this I came through thousands of naked swords to Red Abbey, and hired the next neighbour's cart, which carried all that I could remove; and myself, sister, and little girl Nan, with three maids and two men, set forth at five o'clock in November, having but two horses amongst us all, which we rid on by turns. In this sad condition I left Red Abbey, with as many goods as were worth £100 which could not be removed, and so were plundered. We went ten miles to Kinsale, in perpetual fear of being fetched back again; but, by little and little, I thank God, we got safe to the garrison, where I found your father the most disconsolate man in the world, for fear of his family, which he had no possibility to assist: but his joy exceeded to see me and his darling daughter, and to hear the wonderful escape we, through the assistance of God, had made. But when the rebels went to give an account to Cromwell of their meritorious act, he immediately asked them where Mr. Fanshawe was. They replied, he was that day gone to Kinsale. Then he demanded where his papers and his family were? At which they all stared at one another, but made no reply. Their General said, 'It was as much worth to have seized his papers as the town; for I did make account to have known by them what these parts of the country are worth.'

The policy of Cromwell in Ireland was all throughout most intelligible and consistent; and we are not to conclude from the course of events during two centuries that it was not a wise policy. He wrote to the Parliament, "I hope, before long, to see Ireland no burden to England, but a profitable part of the Commonwealth." He sought to make it profitable by freeing it, in the first place, from ecclesiastical tyranny, and thus fitting it for civil freedom. In a most remarkable Declaration, which he composed in his winter-quarters, "in answer to certain late Declarations and Acts, framed by the Irish Popish prelates and clergy in a Conventicle at Clonmacnoise," he makes a furious onslaught upon the prin-

* Lady Fanshawe addressed her Memoir to her only son.

ciple which, he says, begins to be exploded, "that people are for kings and churches, and saints are for the pope or churchmen." He goes on in this impassioned strain: "How dare you assume to call these men your flocks, whom you have plunged into so horrid a rebellion, by which you have made them and the country almost a ruinous heap? And whom you have fleeced, and polled, and peeled hitherto, and make it your business to do so still. You cannot feed them. You poison them with your false, abominable, and anti-christian doctrines and practices. You keep the word of God from them; and instead thereof give them your senseless orders and traditions." He tells them, when they allege against him, as a design to extirpate the catholic religion, his letter to the governor of Ross,—in which he says, "If by liberty of conscience you mean a liberty to exercise the Mass, that will not be allowed,"—that by the rebellion of 1641 alone did they recover the public exercise of the Mass, which had not been heard of for eighty years. He will not have the Mass; but "as for the people, what thoughts they have in matters of religion in their own breasts I cannot reach; but shall think it my duty, if they walk honestly and peaceably, not to cause them in the least to suffer for the same; and shall endeavour to walk patiently, and in love towards them, to see if at any time it shall please God to give them another or a better mind." This is, indeed, a very limited toleration; but we must acknowledge that in those times it was the only practical toleration. He would not relax the old penal laws against one form of worship; but he would not apply new penal laws to force men into another form of worship against their consciences. The priest accused him of massacre, destruction, and banishment. He replies, "Give us an instance of one man since my coming into Ireland, not in arms, massacred, destroyed, or banished; concerning the massacre or the destruction of whom justice has not been done, or endeavoured to be done." He rises into absolute eloquence when he sets forth the motives which have brought him and his army to Ireland: "We are come to ask an account of the innocent blood that hath been shed; and to endeavour to bring to an account,—by the blessing and presence of the Almighty, in whom alone is our hope and strength,—all who, by appearing in arms, seek to justify the same. We come to break the power of a company of lawless rebels, who having cast off the Authority of England, live as enemies to Human Society; whose principles, the world hath experience, are, to destroy and subjugate all men not complying with them. We come, by the assistance of God, to hold

forth and maintain the lustre and glory of English Liberty in a Nation where we have an undoubted right to do it;—wherein the People of Ireland (if they listen not to such seducers as you are) may equally participate in all benefits; to use their liberty and fortune equally with Englishmen, if they keep out of arms."*

Cromwell did not seek any long repose from his military labours. On the 15th of February, 1650, he writes to the 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." The House send the Lord-Lieutenant their thanks for all he had done; and resolve that he "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." His return to London was desired; but he had work to do, and rather turned a deaf ear to the wishes of the Parliament. It is not necessary that we should follow his course of success during the spring of 1650. His boldest and most sagacious stroke of policy was that of proclaiming throughout the country that the men who had been in arms, and were now scattered and utterly destitute, had full liberty to serve abroad. The ministers in London of France and Spain availed themselves of this permission, and forty-five thousand men of Ireland were levied for the service of these powers. Clarendon speaks with bitterness of heart of this wise expedient for freeing the land from those who would have been the principal hindrance to its quiet settlement. The king's lieutenant, he says, could not, after all the promises and contracts of the confederate Roman Catholics, draw together a body of five thousand men; whilst "Cromwell himself found a way to send above forty thousand men out of that country for service of foreign princes; which might have been enough to have driven him from thence, and to have restored it to the king's entire obedience." Cromwell left Ireton as Deputy to complete the work which he had begun, and he arrived himself in London on the 31st of May, ready for other services to the Commonwealth.

* This document, which Mr. Carlyle terms "one of the remarkablest State Papers ever published in Ireland since Strongbow, or even St. Patrick appeared there," occupies sixteen pages of the *Cromwell Letters*, p. 103 to 119, vol. ii.