

CHAPTER XXXII.

Charles II. negotiates with the Scottish Parliament.—His commission to Montrose.—Montrose in Scotland.—Execution of Montrose.—Charles goes to Scotland.—War with Scotland.—Cromwell General.—Cromwell's Advance.—His Danger.—Position of the two Armies at Dunbar.—Battle of Dunbar.—Charles crowned at Scone.—Perth taken by Cromwell.—Charles and the Scotch Army in England.—The Battle of Worcester.—Escape and Adventures of Charles.—Charles returns to France.—Note.—Whitlocke's Description of Cromwell's Army, in a Conversation with Christina, queen of Sweden.

CHARLES II., essentially different in character from his father, had inherited that quality of his family which mainly led to the tragedies of Fotheringay and Whitehall. He was a double-dealer. When the affairs of Ireland became hopeless, he listened to the proposals of the Parliament of Scotland. He received an envoy from the Presbyterian authorities while at Jersey; and appointed them to meet him at Breda to conclude a treaty for his reception in Scotland. He was urged by his warmest friends to close with their offers, although there was no relaxation of the terms upon which the support of the great religious party, speaking the voice of the Scottish nation, was offered to him. Whilst he was thus negotiating with the Parliament, he gave Montrose a commission to levy troops in foreign countries, and wage war against the powers with whom he was bargaining. He wrote to the mortal enemy of the Covenanters, "I entreat you to go on vigorously, and with your wonted courage and care, in the prosecution of those trusts I have committed to you; and not to be startled with any reports you may hear, as if I were otherwise inclined to the Presbyterians than when I left you. I assure you I am upon the same principles I was, and depend as much as ever upon your undertaking and endeavours for my service." Urged thus, and by his own passionate loyalty, the exile of Philiphaugh was indefatigable in gathering followers, though with no great success. In the autumn of 1649 he had collected about twelve hundred men at Hamburg and Gottenburg, and he dispatched a portion of them, who perished at sea. A second body arrived safely at Kirkwall. With five

hundred more, Montrose himself landed in the Orkneys early in March, 1650. He then crossed to the northern extremity of the main land; and, says Clarendon, "quickly possessed himself of an old castle; which, in respect of the situation in a country so impossible for an army to march in, he thought strong enough for his purpose: thither he conveyed the arms, ammunition, and troops which he had brought with him." Caithness, in which district he landed, has numerous ruins of old castles—grim monuments of days of cruel feuds and lawless rapine. Here Montrose came with his threatening banners—one of the two royal ones exhibiting the bleeding head of Charles I., with the motto, "Judge and revenge my cause, O Lord;" and his own banner painted with a naked arm and a sword dripping with gore. Onward he marched into Sutherland. Few adherents joined him. The natives fled from him as from a public enemy, of whose military excesses the Scots had received terrible lessons. Some cavalry, under the command of colonel Strachan, were proceeding against Montrose, in advance of a main body of troops under David Lesley; and they came suddenly upon him near a pass in the parish of Kincardine. The place is now called Craigchonichen, or the Rock of Lamentation. Here Montrose's last battle was soon ended. His Orkney recruits quickly ran; his Germans and his Scottish companions fought valiantly, but without effect. The ill-compacted force was wholly broken; and he himself fled from the field, throwing away his ribbon and George, and changing clothes with a peasant. Wandering amongst the Highlands for many days, he was at last taken on the 3rd of May.

Clarendon's narrative of the last enterprise of Montrose and its fatal termination is regarded as one of the finest passages of his history. It should be read as a whole* to do justice to its merits as a composition. The facts which it relates, compared with other relations, lie in a short compass. After his capture, Montrose and the other Scottish prisoners were delivered to David Lesley; the foreigners were set at liberty. There was a ferocious exultation over the fall of the capital enemy of the Covenanters, which showed itself in such acts of meanness as carrying him from town to town in the unseemly garb with which he was disguised, and thus exposing him to the jeers of the populace. An Act of Attainder had been passed by the Parliament against Montrose in 1644; and upon that Act he was now sentenced to death, before he reached

* "Rebellion," vol. vi. p. 408, to 422.

Edinburgh. When he arrived at the Watergate of the city he was delivered to the magistrates, and was conveyed to the Tolbooth, bound with cords, in an open cart, the common hangman riding before the cart, and wearing the livery of the fallen marquis. Thirty-four of his officers, tied together, formed part of the cavalcade. The great object of popular curiosity sat serene amidst his indignities; and his proud composure moved pity in the beholders, instead of the demonstrations of hate which were anticipated. Argyle looked upon his illustrious enemy from a window in the house of the earl of Moray.* From the first scene of this tragedy to the last, Montrose acted his heroic part to perfection. His demeanour was somewhat more theatrical than the mode in which the highest species of heroism would care to exhibit itself; but it was well calculated to dazzle those who are most taken with the showy virtues. When he alighted from the cart, he gave the hangman a reward "for driving his triumphal chariot so well." When he was brought, two days after, before the Parliament, he was splendidly dressed; and looked around him with an air of studied haughtiness and contempt. The Chancellor Loudon spoke bitterly to him—"he had committed many horrible murders, treasons, and impieties, for all which he was now brought to suffer condign punishment." When permitted to speak, Montrose said that "since the king had honoured them so far as to treat with them, he had appeared before them with reverence and bare-headed, which otherwise he would not willingly have done. He had done nothing of which he was ashamed, or had cause to repent." He had withdrawn himself from the first Covenant, when he saw that it was intended to take away the king's just power and lawful authority. He had never taken the second Covenant. He defended himself from the charge of cruelty; and maintaining that having again entered the kingdom by his majesty's command, he advised them to consider well of the consequence before they proceeded against him. His sentence was then pronounced:—that on the morrow, the 21st of May, he should be hanged on a gallows thirty feet high; that his head should then be cut off and set on Edinburgh Tolbooth; and that his legs and arms should be hung up in other towns of the kingdom. After he was conveyed back to prison he was beset by ministers and magistrates; who only stirred his spirit to its loftiest mood. He told them that he had rather his head were stuck upon the Tolbooth

* Guizot: upon the authority of a letter of the French agent to Mazarin.

than that his picture should be hung in the king's bedchamber; that it troubled him not that his limbs should be exposed in other towns; "and that he heartily wished that he had flesh enough to be sent to every city in Christendom, as a testimony of the cause for which he suffered." In the same spirit he went to the scaffold. When the hangman, by way of adding to his indignities, hung about his neck the narrative of his military exploits, "the marquis smiled at this new instance of their malice, and thanked them for it, and said he was prouder of wearing it than ever he had been of the Garter." Clarendon's character of the great chieftain is not an unmixed eulogium: "He was a gentleman of a very ancient extraction, many of whose ancestors had exercised the highest charges under the king in that kingdom, and had been allied to the crown itself. He was of very good parts, which were improved by a good education: he had always a great emulation, or rather a great contempt, of the Marquis of Argyle (as he was too apt to contemn those he did not love), who wanted nothing but honesty and courage to be a very extraordinary man, having all other good talents in a very great degree. Montrose was in his nature fearless of danger, and never declined any enterprise for the difficulty of going through with it, but exceedingly affected those which seemed desperate to other men, and did believe somewhat to be in himself above other men, which made him live more easily towards those who were, or were willing to be, inferior to him (towards whom he exercised wonderful civility and generosity), than with his superiors or equals. He was naturally jealous, and suspected those who did not concur with him, in any way, not to mean so well as he. He was not without vanity, but his virtues were much superior, and he well deserved to have his memory preserved, and celebrated amongst the most illustrious persons of the age in which he lived."

Charles came to a conclusion with the Scottish commissioners at Breda before the death of Montrose, although he was acquainted with the failure of his rash expedition. He consented to every proposition. He was to swear to be faithful to the Covenant; he was to submit himself to the advice of the Parliament and the Church; he was never to permit the exercise of the Catholic religion in any part of his dominions. He even denied that he had authorised the enterprise of Montrose. When he heard of his friend's execution, he manifested a disposition to draw back; but his courtiers "persuaded the king, who was enough afflicted with

the news, and all the circumstances of it, that he might sooner take revenge upon that people by a temporary complying with them and going to them." Upon this righteous principle "his majesty pursued his former resolution of embarking for Scotland." This is Clarendon's account; who makes no remark in his History upon this miserable policy. But he says, in a private letter to secretary Nicolas, "If the king puts himself into the hands of the Scots, they cannot justly be accused of deceiving him; for, on my conscience, they will not use him worse than they promise, if he does all they require him to do in this last address. I wish, with all my heart, they who advise the king to comply, and join with them, would deal as clearly, and say that the king should now take the Covenant, and enjoin it to others, and all observe it; but to say he should put himself into their hands, and hope to be excused taking it, and be able to defend others from submitting to it,—or that he and we should take it and break it afterwards,—is such folly and atheism that we should be ashamed to avow or think it." Such was the political morality by which Charles was guided when he was twenty years old—a season of life in which deliberate untruth and purposed treachery are rarely the governing principles of actions. We have little sympathy for him in his humiliations and adversities among the Scots. We rejoice to know that, before he had landed in Scotland on the 16th of June, he was compelled to sign the Covenant; that few of his English friends were permitted to be about him; and that if he were still free to listen to the ribaldry of Buckingham and Wilmot, he had to do daily penance in being compelled to attend the long prayers and longer sermons of the clergy who were placed about him. Charles probably cared little for these restraints; for he had a good table, horses to ride, and the outward shows that belong to a king; but it has been sensibly conjectured that the gloomy austerity of these preachers "strengthened that indifference to religion and that proneness to dissipation by which his whole life was unhappily distinguished."*

Cromwell had arrived in London on the 31st of May. He was received with every honour that Parliament and City could bestow; and by the enthusiastic acclamations of the people. He did not despise popular applause; but he knew something of its intrinsic value. To the remark, "What a crowd come to see your lordship's triumph," he replied, "If it were to see me hanged how many more would there be!" He was soon called to other seri-

* Cook, "History of the Church of Scotland," quoted by Sir Walter Scott.

ous work. The Parliament had been preparing forces for a war with Scotland, having no great hope of repose in the presence there of a covenanted king. The Scots are also making some preparation for a war with England, the ministers of the Commonwealth not having taken in good part their remonstrance as to the course of civil and religious policy, and their negotiations with Charles. It is a question which shall strike the first blow. Fairfax was unwilling to invade the Scots; although, says Ludlow, "we laboured to persuade him of the reasonableness and justice of our resolution to march into Scotland, they having already declared themselves our enemies, and by public protestation bound themselves to impose that government upon us which we had found necessary to abolish."* Cromwell pressed that Fairfax, notwithstanding his resolution, should be continued as General of the Army, "professing for himself that he would rather choose to serve under him in his post than to command the greatest army in Europe." A Committee, upon Cromwell's motion, was appointed to confer with the General; and Ludlow adds that the Lieutenant-General "acted his part so to the life that I really thought he was in earnest." Ultimately Fairfax resigned his commission, receiving a large pension, and Cromwell was called to the great office. "I really thought he was in earnest," says Ludlow. There is another version from one who took a part in these events: "To speak the truth of Cromwell, whereas many said he undermined Fairfax, it was false; for in Colonel Hutchinson's presence, he most effectually importuned him to keep his commission, lest it should discourage the army and the people in that juncture of time, but could by no means prevail, although he laboured it almost all the night with most earnest endeavours. But this great man was then as unmoveable by his friends as pertinaacious in obeying his wife; whereby he then died to all his former glory, and became the monument of his own name, which every day wore out."† And so Cromwell set forth to lead an army into Scotland; declaring in a private conversation with Ludlow, "that he looked upon the design of the Lord on this day to be the freeing of his people from every burden, and that he was now accomplishing what was prophesied in the 110th Psalm; from the consideration of which he was often encouraged to attend the effecting those ends." On the 26th of June, the Act was passed for constituting "Oliver Cromwell Captain General and Commander-in-Chief of all the forces raised and to be raised within the Com-

* "Memoirs," vol. ii. p. 314.

† Hutchinson's "Memoirs," vol. ii. p. 172.

monwealth of England." On the 29th he left London. On the 22nd of July, with about sixteen thousand horse and foot, he marched through Berwick; and setting his foot on Scottish ground he addressed a "large discourse" to his troops, "as a Christian and a soldier:" "I exhort you," he said, "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 most dangerous of hypocrites," cries Hume. "I have asked myself," says one who has studied Oliver somewhat more deeply than the popular sceptic, "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?"*

Charles, as a measure of policy, was taken to the Scottish camp. It was composed of men of very different opinions, and of no opinions at all, in matters of religion; and the young king soon ingratiated himself with royalists of loose thoughts and irregular lives. The Presbyterian leaders weeded the camp of those they called malignants; and compelled Charles to sign a declaration against Popery and Heresy, condemning the evil deeds of his father and the idolatry of his mother, and protesting and promising all that he had been required to subscribe for the Parliament and the Church. He winced, refused, consented; and then sent a message to Ormond that the declaration was extorted from him, and that he remained firm to his first principles as a true child of the Church of England, and a true Cavalier.

The advance of Cromwell into Scotland was met by a vigorous measure on the part of Lesley. The population of the border districts were commanded to leave their villages; to drive their cattle from the fields, and to go with their goods towards Edinburgh. From every Presbyterian pulpit the English army was denounced as composed of sectaries and blasphemers, who would put all the men to the sword, and abuse the women with frightful tortures. The country was bare of all supplies; and Cromwell was compelled to march by the coast, to receive provisions from English vessels. At Dunbar he got "some small pittance from our ships. On the 29th he was encamped at Musselburgh. Lesley's army was lying between Edinburgh and Leith, "entrenched by a line flanked from Edinburgh to Leith." There was a sharp skirmish on that day; but Cromwell writes, "I did not think it advisable to attempt

* Carlyle, vol. ii. p. 157.

upon the enemy, lying as he doth." He conjectured that they desired to tempt him to attack them in their fastness; or else hoping that his army would famish for want of provisions—"which," he coolly adds, "is very likely to be, if we be not timely and fully supplied." The Scottish army has a very secure position, entrenched from Leith to the Calton Hill; well supplied, and the city protected. For a month there is little done besides letters and declarations passing between the two armies. There was more skirmishing and manœuvring towards the end of August, when Cromwell had marched westward of Edinburgh towards Stirling; but on the 30th he fell back to Musselburgh, and on the 21st retired to Dunbar. Lesley followed him. On the 1st of September the English army was lying round the old fortress, near their ships. Cromwell is in a position of no common danger. On the 2nd he writes to Sir Arthur Haselrig, at Newcastle or elsewhere, "The enemy hath blocked up our way at the pass at Coppers-path 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. * * * Whatever becomes of us, it will be well for you to get what forces you can together. * * * The only wise God knows what is best." Oliver has written this letter of the 2nd; he has gone into the town of Dunbar about four o'clock to take some refreshment; and he comes back to his camp, which extends from Belhaven Bay to Brockmouth House—occupying the peninsula "about a mile and a half from sea to sea." On the Doon Hill, on the edge of Lammermoor, Lesley's army of twenty thousand men is strongly placed. At Brockmouth House, a rivulet which skirts the Doon Hill enters the sea. "It runs in a deep grassy glen, which the South country officers in the 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 Brockburn and its grassy glen."* Early on the morning of the 2nd. Lesley's horse had come down from the hill, and occupied the right bank of the rivulet. On that autumn afternoon Cromwell, walking in the garden

* Carlyle. The description of this battle-field, from which we derive our brief details, is a master-piece of that true picturesque which is derived from accurate observation.

of Brockmouth House, sees the whole Doon Hill alive with the movement of Lesley's main force,—coming down to the edge of the Brock, and occupying the confined ground which lies between it and the Hill. The right wing has moved out to the open space. The quick military eye sees that one false move has changed the whole aspect of affairs. He tells his plan to Lambert and Monk:—Attack the right wing with our whole force; drive it into the narrow space where the main force lies; let the men stand to their arms all night, and begin the attack before dawn. The night is wet. The Scots are lying in the harvest-fields amongst the corn-sheaves; they have no tents; they have put out their matches, all but two in a company. To the left, by the pass over the Brock, several regiments march quickly, by break of day. At six o'clock in the morning, Lambert, the major-general, had joined with his force to lead the attack. It was a fierce contest, in which the advanced guard was repulsed; but it was not long before the infantry had broken the Scottish lines "at push of pike." Cromwell writes, "The best of the enemies' 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." There were three thousand slain on the field, and ten thousand taken prisoners. The prisoners were a serious trouble. Four or five thousand were dismissed. As many were sent to Newcastle. Cromwell on the 9th wrote to Haselrig, the governor of that town, "I hope your northern guests are come to you by this time. I pray you let humanity be exercised towards them; I am persuaded it will be comely." These poor creatures were not treated as the General desired. Many died from eating raw cabbages at Morpeth; many of pestilence in Durham. Others were sent to New England; and John Cotton, the minister of Boston there, writes to Oliver in 1651, describing that they were then kindly used, having been sold for a limited servitude in a country where their labour was welcome, and not ill-rewarded.

The dispatch of Cromwell on the 4th of September, in which he addresses to the Speaker of the Parliament a minute account of the victory of Dunbar, contains a remarkable paragraph, singularly illustrative of the character of the writer, and of his influence over the authority under which he is serving. He points out that this victory is "one of the most signal mercies God hath done to England and his people." He is writing with all the horrors of the recent battle around him; having just proclaimed that the inhabitants may come to the field with carts to carry away their wounded

countrymen. But in the very thick of this turmoil he tasks his mind to tell the Parliament that success calls upon them to do their duty at home. "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 pretence 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." This is extraordinary language from a servant to his master, and he takes an extraordinary occasion to use it. Ludlow speaks of this advice as very seasonable; and the victory itself not more welcome than the General's letter to the Parliament, urging them "to do real things for the common good." Cromwell had left London, two months before, with these convictions full in his mind. He had told Ludlow during the short interval between his return from Ireland and his departure for Scotland, "That it was his intention to contribute the utmost of his endeavours to make a thorough reformation of the Clergy and the Law: but, said he, the sons of Zeruiah are yet too strong for us; and we cannot mention the reformation of the Law but they presently cry out, we design to destroy property: whereas the Law, as it is now constituted, serves only to maintain the lawyers, and to encourage the rich to oppress the poor."* We have here the first clear indication that this remarkable man felt that he had other work before him than directing such attacks as those of the gray dawning of the 3rd of September. Before the days of Dunbar and Worcester, Milton's "chief of men" had decided that

"peace hath her victories,
No less renown'd than war;"

and that upon him was laid the task of their achievement.

On the 5th of September, Cromwell marched away from the old fortress of Dunbar and the Burn of Brock. He had now the command of ample supplies, for Edinburgh and the country around were in his power, with the exception of Edinburgh castle. Charles, with the Scottish authorities, had retired to Perth. Lesley was gathering the wreck of his army about him at Stirling. The young king, utterly wearied with the Presbyterian statesmen and ministers, who had sent away all his Cavaliers except Buckingham,

* "Memoirs," vol. ii. p. 319.

attempted to escape from them to join his more ardent friends in the Highlands. He got away fifty miles from Perth; but was quickly brought back. The Presbyterian leaders then somewhat relaxed their intolerant demeanour towards Charles; but this gave offence to the more violent. The Presbyterian party became divided; and the royalists obtained a higher influence in the direction of the national policy. Charles, without further question of his real intentions, was crowned at Scone on the 1st of January, 1651. Cromwell was not warring upon the Scottish people, but was endeavouring to conciliate the religious party, by attending the sermons of their ministers, and expressing no resentment at their attacks upon himself. He has not been idle in his rougher work. After a three months' blockade, and then a bombardment, Edinburgh castle was surrendered to him on the 18th of December. Cromwell has little to do to make himself master of Scotland on the south of the Forth—some battery of detached castles, and some skirmishes with mosstroopers. On the 4th of February the army marched towards Stirling, but returned without any result, driven to the good quarters of Edinburgh by terrible storms of sleet and snow. The Lord-General became seriously ill through this exposure. On the day after Dunbar he wrote to his wife, "I assure thee I grow an old man, and feel infirmities of age marvelously stealing upon me." In March, in reply to the solicitude expressed by the Council of State, he says, "I thought I should have died of this fit of sickness; but the Lord seemeth to dispose otherwise." In May his illness assumes a more dangerous appearance. The Parliament give him liberty to return home. But on the 5th of June he is out again; and at the end of the month is vigorously prosecuting the campaign. The Scottish army was entrenched at Stirling. The king had been invited to take its command in person. Cromwell, on the 2nd of August, had succeeded in possessing himself of Perth. At that juncture the news reached him that the royal camp at Stirling was broken up, on the 31st of July; and that Charles was on his march southward, at the head of eleven thousand men, his Lieutenant-General being David Lesley. Argyle was opposed to this bold resolution; and had retired to Inverary. The letter which Cromwell wrote to the Parliament upon the receipt of this intelligence is frank and manly. He anticipated blame in leaving the road to England free for invasion, and he thus meets the certain imputation of neglect: "I do apprehend that if he goes for 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 had a commanding army on both sides of the river of Forth, is not clear to us; or how to answer the inconveniences afore mentioned, we understand not. 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 endeavour in."

Cromwell was not mistaken in supposing that the march of Charles towards England would "trouble some men's thoughts." There were "pale and unmanly fears in some who directed the nation's councils. "Some raged and uttered discontents against Cromwell, and suspicions of his fidelity." Mrs. Hutchinson so describes this time of alarm. But bolder spirits went in earnest, upon Cromwell's advice, to gather forces together "to give the enemy some check, until we shall be able to reach up to him." Charles had the advantage of the start in this race for a kingdom. He took the western road by Carlisle; and when on English ground issued a proclamation offering pardon to those who would return to their allegiance—excepting from his promised amnesty Bradshaw, Cromwell, and Cook. He was also proclaimed king of England, at the head of his army; and similar proclamation was made at Penrith and other market-towns. Strict discipline was preserved; and although the presence of Scots in arms was hateful to the people, they were not outraged by any attempts at plun-

der. "I dare say," writes lord Lauderdale, "we have not taken the worth of a sixpence." Charles, however, had few important accessions of strength. Lord Howard of Eserick came with a troop of horse, and was knighted. The earl of Derby, coming to join him, was defeated at Wigan, and taken prisoner; but he then escaped. There was no general rising in his favour. There was no eager surrender of walled towns to the king. The gates of Shrewsbury were shut against him. At Warrington, his passage of the Mersey was opposed by Lambert and Harrison, who had got before him with their cavalry. Cromwell was coming on with his main force, having left six thousand men under Monk in Scotland. On the 22d of August Charles reached Worcester, the parliamentary garrison having evacuated the city. He there set up his standard. On that day nine years his father had set up his standard at Nottingham. With the same solemnity attached to this act, a summons went forth for all male subjects of due age to gather round the banner of their Sovereign Lord, at the general muster of his forces on the 26th of August. An inconsiderable number of gentlemen came, with about two hundred followers. Meanwhile Cromwell had marched rapidly from Scotland with ten thousand men. As he advanced through Yorkshire, and onward by Nottingham, Coventry, Stratford, Evesham, the Militias of the Counties joined him with a zeal which showed their belief that another Civil War would not be a national blessing. On the 28th of August the General of the Commonwealth was close to Worcester, with thirty thousand men.

Clarendon has described, in general terms, the advantages which Worcester offered as a resting-place for the royalist army, and as a point at which a resolute stand might be made: "Worcester was a very good post, seated almost in the middle of the kingdom, and in as fruitful a country as any part of it; a good city served by the noble river of Severn from all the adjacent counties; Wales behind it, from whence levies might be made of great numbers of stout men. It was a place where the king's friends might repair, if they had the affections they pretended to have; and it was a place where he might defend himself, if the enemy would attack him, with many advantages, and could not be compelled to engage his army in a battle, till Cromwell had gotten men enough to encompass him on every side: and then the king might choose on which side to fight, since the enemy would be on both sides the river, and could not come suddenly to relieve each other."*

* "Rebellion," vol. vi. p. 500.

doubt these were very sagacious considerations; but Charles had to deal with a commander who thought that skill and daring might overcome disadvantages of position. Cromwell's despatch to the Parliament, written at ten o'clock of the night of the battle, tells the story of his strategy with sufficient precision to be intelligible: "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 our 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 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 him 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 him totally, and pursued him to his royal fort, which we took,—and indeed have beaten his whole army." We see from this rapid narrative that the Lord-General did not regard the risk of his forces being "on both sides the river." Clarendon says, "Cromwell had used none of the delay and circumspection which was imagined; but directed the troops to fall on in all places at once." About noon, according to the same authority, "everybody being upon the post they were appointed, and the enemy making such a stand that it was concluded he meant to make no attempt then, and if he should he might be repelled with ease, his majesty, a little before noon, retired to his lodging to eat and to refresh himself, where he had not been near an hour when the alarm came that both armies were engaged." Another account says that Charles, and his Council of War, from the top of the cathedral, had beheld the building of the bridge of boats over Teme, and the bridge of boats over Severn; and then came down to attack Cromwell's men on the side from which he had crossed. But Cromwell was soon back again over his bridge of boats, and now the battle raged with desperate fury. "Indeed, it was a stiff business," writes pithy Oliver. Clarendon briefly describes this fight; and quickly comes to the catastrophe: "In no other part was there resistance made; but such a general consternation possessed the whole army, that

the rest of the horse fled, and all the foot threw down their arms before they were charged. When the king came back into the town, he found a good body of horse which had been persuaded to make a stand, though much the major part passed through upon the spur. The king desired those who stayed, that they would follow him, that they might look upon the enemy, who, he believed, did not pursue them. But when his majesty had gone a little way, he found most of the horse were gone the other way, and that he had none but a few servants of his own about him. Then he sent to have the gates of the town shut, that none might get in one way, nor out the other: but all was confusion; there were few to command, and none to obey: so that the king stayed till very many of the enemy's horse were entered the town, and then he was persuaded to withdraw himself." The 3d of September was a night of terror in the district round Worcester—the Scottish horsemen flying in every direction—their foot-soldiers scattered amongst the harvest-fields, or hiding in woods from the fury of the country people. Baxter, who dwelt in Kidderminster, has described a scene at his own doors: "I was newly gone to bed when the noise of the flying horse acquainted us of the overthrow: and a piece of one of Cromwell's troops that guarded Bewdley bridge having tidings of it, came into our streets, and stood in the open market-place before my door, to surprise those that passed by: And so when many hundreds of the flying army came together, when the thirty troopers cried stand, and fired at them, they either hasted away, or cried quarter, not knowing in the dark what number it was that charged them: and so as many were taken there, as so few men could lay-hold on: and till midnight the bullets flying towards my door and windows, and the sorrowful fugitives hastening by for their lives, did tell me the calamitousness of war."*

The prisoners taken at the battle of Worcester, and in the subsequent flight, exceeded seven thousand. They included some of the most distinguished leaders of the royalists in England and Scotland. Upon the entry of Charles into England, the Parliament had declared his adherents to be rebels and traitors to the Commonwealth. Upon this principle, courts-martial were held upon nine of the most distinguished of the prisoners; and three, amongst whom was the earl of Derby, were executed. The duke of Hamilton, also a prisoner, died of his wounds. But there was one who escaped from the slaughter of Worcester, for whose apprehension

* "Life," p. 69.

a reward was proclaimed throughout the country—a reward of a thousand pounds to the person who should "bring in to the Parliament Charles Stuart, son of the late tyrant." The narrative of Charles Stuart's hidings and escapes during six weeks has been transmitted to us in many trustworthy accounts—one of which, in Magdalen College, Cambridge, purports to be "dictated to Mr. Pepys by the king himself." This escape is one of those episodes of history which relieves its weightier details; and which has a peculiar interest as exhibiting the faithfulness of high and humble to the sanctity of misfortune—a faithfulness as much to be ascribed to natural generosity under great temptation to selfishness, as to any passionate loyalty to the fallen prince. Not only was a large reward offered for his apprehension, but it was proclaimed that those who should knowingly conceal him or his adherents should be held "as partakers and abettors of their traitorous and wicked practices and designs."

Charles, on the night of the battle, when he had ridden in hot haste from Worcester, found himself suddenly in the midst of a party of horse. Buckingham was with him, with Derby, Lauderdale, Wilmot, and others. Charles says, "We had such a number of beaten men with us, of the horse, that I strove, as soon as it was dark, to get from them, and though I could not get them to stand by me against the enemy, I could not get rid of them, now I had a mind to it." At last, with about sixty gentlemen and officers, he slipt away by a bye-road, when it was dark; and by daybreak had got to a place called White Lady's. They then learnt that there were some three thousand of Scotch cavalry on an adjoining heath, all in disorder; and the king's friends urged him to join them, and endeavour to go into Scotland. Clarendon says that "scarce anything could worse befall the king." He resolved therefore to disguise himself "with a pair of ordinary gray cloth breeches a leathern doublet, and a green jerkin." His notion was to walk to London, where Wilmot was to meet him. His other friends joined the Scots, who were soon routed by English horse; "which shows," says Charles, "that my opinion was not wrong, in not sticking to men who had run away." A "country fellow," Richard Penderell, a Catholic, was recommended to him as a guide. They rested a very short time at White Lady's; and spent all that day in a wood, without meat or drink. At night they got some bread and cheese; and Charles having changed his mind about London, they walked in the direction of the Severn. In the middle of the night they

were in danger from a miller, who raised an outcry of "Rogues! rogues!" when they refused to stand at his bidding. At last Charles found a shelter in the house of Mr. Woolfe of Madeley, a gentleman "who had hiding-places for priests." Mr. Woolfe being told that one who had escaped from Worcester asked his protection, said he would not venture his neck for any man unless it were the king himself. Penderell told the secret. Mr. Woolfe was faithful; and secreted them in his barn. But the locality was a dangerous one; for the ferry was guarded at Madeley, where they expected to cross the Severn. Charles therefore resolved to return to the neighbourhood of White Lady's, hoping to hear some news of Wilmot. He went to Boscobel, the house of Richard Penderell's brother William, a farmer; and there he found a royalist officer, Major Careless. They agreed to leave the house the next day; and instead of hiding in the wood near Boscobel, to get up into a great tree standing in an open plain, where they might see around them. The king thus continues: "Of which proposition of his, I approving, we (that is to say, Careless and I) went, and carried up with us some victuals for the whole day, viz.: bread, cheese, small beer, and nothing else; and got up into a great oak, that had been lopped three or four years before, and being grown out again, very bushy and thick, could not be seen through, and here we stayed all the day. * * * Memorandum: That while we were in this tree we see soldiers going up and down in the thickest of the wood, searching for persons escaped; we seeing them, now and then peeping out of the wood." The Royal Oak, the glory of sign-painters and school-boys, thus had its origin in Charles's simple narrative. Clarendon gives the story a dramatic point, in saying they saw many from "that blessed tree," who came purposely to look after the king; and that Charles "heard all their discourse, how they would use the king himself if they could take him." The battle of Worcester was fought on Wednesday; the day of hiding in the oak was Friday. On the Saturday and Sunday Charles was concealed at Boscobel by William Penderell and his wife; but on that afternoon he received a message from Wilmot, that he was at the house of Mr. Whitgrave, a Catholic recusant, at Moseley; and desired the king to join him. There were six brothers of the Penderells; and they formed the royal body-guard, as Charles rode upon a jolting horse to this new place of refuge. Mr. Whitgrave left a MS. account of his participation in the king's escape,* mis-

* First published in "Retrospective Review," vol. xiv. p. 62.

ure and somewhat tedious, but containing one or two interesting passages. The arrival of Charles is thus related: "His lordship [Wilmot] said to me, this gentleman under disguise, whom I have hitherto concealed, is both your master, mine, and the master of us all, to whom we all owe our duty and allegiance; and so, kneeling down, he gave me his hand to kiss, and bid me arise, and said he had received from my lord such a character of my loyalty and readiness in those dangers to assist him and his friends, that he would never be unmindful of me or mine; and the next word after was, where is the private place my lord tells me of? which being already prepared and showed him, he went into it, and when come forth, said it was the best place he was ever in. Then he returning to his chamber, sitting down by the fire-side, we pulled off his shoes and stockings, and washed his feet, which were most sadly galled, and then pulled off likewise his apparel and shirt, which was of hurden cloth, and put him on one of Mr. Huddleston's [a priest], and other apparel of ours; then after he had refreshed himself a little by eating some biscuit, and drinking a glass of wine, he grew very cheerful, and said, if it would please Almighty God to send him once more an army of 10,000 good and loyal soldiers and subjects, he feared not to expel all those rogues forth of his kingdom." At Moseley, Charles was again in danger from the presence of the Commonwealth's soldiers; and it was determined that he should leave in a new character. The countryman in the leathern doublet was now transformed into a decent serving-man; who was to convey his mistress, the daughter of colonel Lane, of Bentley, to a relation near Bristol. The lady rode on a pillion behind him. It was fortunate for her reputation that a male cousin was of the party. Having a pass, they reached Bristol in three days without interruption. On their way, the king's horse cast a shoe. "What news?" said the serving-man to the smith. "None, since the beating of those rogues, the Scots; he didn't hear that that rogue Charles Stuart had been taken yet." Charles thought that rogue ought to be hanged, and the smith applauded him as an honest man for his opinion. At Bristol, there was no vessel in which the fugitive could embark, and he had to seek another place of refuge. After a day's rest, he went to Trent House, the residence of colonel Wyndham, a devoted royalist; and his faithful Miss Lane and her cousin accompanied him. Here he remained till a vessel was engaged at Charmouth, near Lyme, to convey to St. Malo a nobleman and his servant. In other dis-