

to take us away, until the following afternoon. After a drive of five hours and a half over a perfect road, through lovely valleys, past the old ruined Roman town of Dioclea, which lies half buried, like another Pompeii, we reached Podgoritzza. To me Podgoritzza is quite the most interesting town in Montenegro. It has the largest commercial interests. It is built near three rivers, and still has an entire Turkish quarter, with its numerous mosques, from which the muezzins still call the faithful to prayer, its veiled and richly dressed ladies (for the Moslem merchants here are some of them very rich), its men in long pleated skirts like opera

dancers, and its pretty little children with their henna-dyed hair. The late storms had broken the bridge on the road to Cetinje, and the river had risen to such a height that for several hours the following morning it was very doubtful whether we could leave. At last, however, the carriage managed to cross, and boards were placed from one stone to another for us, so that we reached the other side without being wet. We stopped to rest at pretty little Rieka, at the foot of the mountains below Cetinje, and at noon were comfortably breakfasting in our own house, after thirteen days' absence from Cetinje.

CROMWELL AND HIS COURT.

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES GATHERED FROM CROMWELLIAN NEWSPAPERS
AND TRACTS.

BY AMELIA BARR.

THERE is a kind of lore which "wig-crowned History scorns"—the family and personal gossip relating to great men and great epochs. Yet such gossip is by no means to be despised, for it gives us a key to character that state documents and historical facts do not furnish.

The public life of Cromwell—his military prowess, his statesmanship, and his religious enthusiasm—has been written so variously and so thoroughly that neither by royalist nor republican can anything more be added. This paper will concern itself neither with fields of battle nor council-chambers; it will only reproduce from antiquated and forgotten sources the gossip relating to the private life of the Great Protector, or of those lives whose destinies touched his own.

Cromwell's boyhood was not destitute of those premonitions of greatness which, however trivial in themselves, may have exercised a forming power far beyond our estimation. Distantly connected with the royal family of Stuart, and the nephew of a baronet who entertained with splendid hospitality Queen Elizabeth, James the First, and Charles the First, Cromwell was by no means the boor he has been represented. In Sir Oliver Cromwell's house he studied music and dan-

cing with his cousins, and in after-life evinced a taste for the fine arts, somewhat overlooked in the summing up of his more splendid qualities.

At Sir Oliver's residence—Hinchinbrooke House—Cromwell first met the King whom he was to depose. This old hall was a favorite resting-place for the royal family going to or returning from Scotland or the north of England, and in 1604, when both Charles and Oliver were under six years of age, they met here, and they quarrelled so heartily that a good honest fisticuff fight was the result. Probably republicanism was the original sin of Oliver's nature, for the royal person was very severely handled by the young commoner.

Another story, having less probability than the above, has been far more universally and positively affirmed. It is said that one day, when a lad, as he was lying on his bed in a melancholy mood, a gigantic spectre appeared to him and said, "Thou shalt be the greatest man in England!" Heath says it was a dream; Lord Clarendon and Sir Philip Warwick speak of it as a vision. But whether dream or vision it made a profound impression on the youth, so much so that his father requested Dr. Beard—Oliver's schoolmaster—to flog him severely for



OLIVER CROMWELL.

From a portrait by Samuel Cooper in the possession of Sydney Sussex College, Cambridge. The original has no more background than is given in this print.

“persisting in the wickedness of such an assertion.” The flogging only deepened the impression. He told his uncle Stuart of the prophecy, and was warned that it “was traitorous to relate it.” But when he had seated himself upon the throne of England he frequently spoke of the occurrence, and was fully persuaded in his own mind of its prophetic and supernatural character.

With this vision wandering restlessly up and down his memory, it is no wonder that he was powerfully affected by the part unwittingly assigned him in a play, performed probably at Trinity College, Cambridge. In this part he takes to himself a crown and robe, and solilo-

quizes on his feelings in the following words:

They lie that say complexions cannot change;
My blood's ennobled, and I am transformed
Unto the sacred temper of a king.
Methinks I hear my noble parasites
Styling me Cæsar, or great Alexander;
Licking my feet, and wondering where I got
This precious ointment. How my pace is mended!
How princely do I speak, how sharp I threaten!
Oh, for a looking-glass!
Poets will write whole volumes of this change.

It is very probable, too, that though his father, teacher, and uncle tried to flog and rebuke this aspiring dream out of the youth's mind, his mother sympathized with him. Women yet hold the divining-cup in their hand, and Mrs. Cromwell

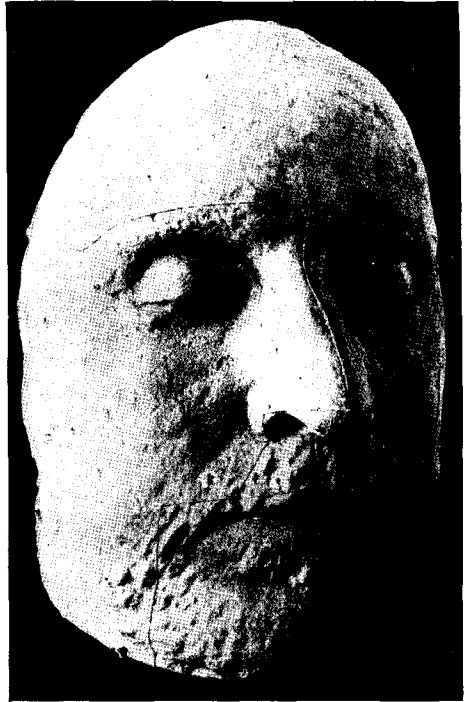
doubtless hid these things in her heart. She was a woman of extraordinary executive abilities, for even during her husband's lifetime she carried on the large brewing business connected with the estate; and after his death so managed it as to give each of her six daughters the portion of a gentlewoman—a singular instance of independence of character, when we remember how unusual it was, in those days, for women to engage in commercial pursuits.

The sympathy existing between this mother and son is one of the most beautiful traits in Oliver's personal history. They loved each other with a passionate affection that no time or change lessened, and when he arrived at the summit of his power, though she was then upwards of ninety years of age, he appointed her royal apartments in Whitehall, and visited her every day. Noble quaintly says, "She occasionally yet offered the Protector advice, which he always heard with great attention, but acted as he judged proper." It is pleasant to think that this fine old lady died happily before her son's power began to wane. It is pleasant to think of the Great Protector kneeling to receive her dying blessing, and of her last smiling words to him and his children—"A good night, dears!" There is yet a portrait of her at Hinchinbrooke, which shows us a handsome woman, with a face full of character, and a rather melancholy expression. Her dress is that of a gentlewoman of the time—a white satin hood, a pearl necklace, and a neckerchief edged with rich lace. The mantle is of green satin edged with gold lace, and fastened with a jewelled clasp.

Oliver was her only son, but Oliver had six sisters, one of whom married the Lord Bishop of Chester, by whom she had a daughter, who became the wife of the famous Dr. Tillotson, Archbishop of Canterbury. None of these ladies ever seem to have visited their brother's court, and probably no great man ever lived who received so little honor and sympathy from the females of his own family. Many of them disapproved of his conduct; all of them were indifferent to the glory of his name and fame. This lukewarmness of allegiance was not only a great sorrow to him, but also a great injury and injustice.

There is an atmosphere of boisterous

life about the youth of Cromwell, and royalist writers represent him as a terror to his neighbors. "He threw himself into a dissolute and disorderly course of life," says Sir William Dugdale, "being more famous for football, cricket, cudgeling, and wrestling than for study." But football and cricket are not unpardonable sins in a youth, even if we add to them the further accusations of his ene-



CROMWELL'S DEATH-MASK.

From the cast, now preserved in the Harvard College Library, upon which Carlyle avowedly based his picture of the Protector.

mies, that he was of a rough and blustering temper, fond of wine and fair women, unable to endure contradiction, and always ready to make those who objected to his words and ways feel the weight of his quarter-staff. If he really was of such a disposition, his early reformation was very creditable to him, for soon after he was twenty years of age the admonitions and entreaties of his mother—then a widow—prevailed over all other seductions. His sudden reformation drew on him a charge of hypocrisy, but the abrupt and absolute change of his life was only the natural consequence of an iron will that, having once determined on a change,



ELIZABETH STEWART CROMWELL, MOTHER OF THE LORD PROTECTOR.
From a portrait by Robert Walker in the possession of the Earl of Sandwich at Hinchinbrooke.

makes it without hesitation, and with a thoroughness leaving nothing for future regret.

As soon as he was of age he married Elizabeth Bouchier, a lady of good family and fortune; and for the next fifteen years he "nursed his great soul in silence." What glimpses we get of him by the fireside of the old gabled farmhouse at Huntingdon!—in the fields, mowing and milking; in the market-place with his fellow-townsmen, talking not only of oats and barley, but of the sufferings of the non-conformists, and the growing differences between the King and the Commons; at the great open fire-place round which, twice a day, he gathered his family and servants, and expounded to them the Scriptures; in the village church, to which he went with pious regularity, and where his burly

form always elicited respect, in spite of his coarse, country-made clothes, his big, unfashionable hat, and the piece of red flannel that he always wore round his throat when in the Fen Country. All the sedgy shores and swampy fields of the river Ouse he has made classic ground, for there, amid the blowing, sighing bulrushes, he fought over again that great spiritual battle which Luther had fought before him at Erfurth.

Without speaking of the religious and political wrongs of that day, the household oppressions were terrible. Sir John Culpepper, a royalist, says: "Our taxes are like the frogs of Egypt. They sip in our cup, dip in our dish, and sit by our fire. We find them in the dye-vat, in the washing-bowl, and the powdering-box. They have us from head to foot; they will not bate us a pin." There was

such a monopoly on soap that the women of London rose in insurrection; salt, starch, coals, wine, pens, pins, cloth, hops, buttons, combs, even the pitiful privilege of gathering rags, were subject to fetters of monopoly and heavy taxes.

Added to these domestic troubles, public liberty was dying daily. Laud was torturing and imprisoning men with whose religious principles Cromwell sympathized. Prelacy had cut off Pryune's ears; royalty had levied ship-money, and Hampden—Cromwell's cousin—had refused to pay it. Soon after, Charles attempted to seize illegally large tracts of the Fen lands; Cromwell tried the matter—as Hampden had tried the right of ship-money—and with better success. He had "set well to his mark," and so when Charles, in 1640, called a Parliament, Cambridge returned Cromwell. Charles dismissed that Parliament in three weeks, and called another, and again Cambridge returned Cromwell. And it is rather remarkable that almost at his first appearing in the House of Commons his great kinsman Hampden used in reference to him the very words attributed to the supernatural prophet of Oliver's greatness.

The occasion was as follows: Lord Digby was going down stairs with Mr. Hampden, and not knowing Oliver personally, he said, "Pray, Mr. Hampden, who is that sloven? for I see he is on our side by his speaking so warmly to-day." "*That sloven*," answered Hampden—"that sloven, I say, if we should ever come to a breach with the King (which God forbid!)—in such case, I say, that sloven will be the greatest man in England!"

This Parliament in which Cromwell stood would not be overawed by the King, and he went down personally to the House to arrest Pym, Hampden, together with three others. They were not there. A woman had sent them word, and Charles's failure precipitated at once the civil war.

This woman was Lucy Percy, Countess of Carlisle. For Lucy Percy's sake many things were done which history attributes to very different motives. What made Strafford—who came of a Liberal house, who was carried into Parliament by Liberal votes, and who twice married into Liberal families—all at once abandon his friends and principles and become a courtier and a tool of tyranny? Love of

King Charles? No; love of Lucy Percy. Then this beautiful but frail woman wearied both of her lover and her politics, and transferred her affections to Pym, the leader of the Commons. "From the inmost recesses of Whitehall she animated the faction at Westminster," says the polite St. Evremond; while Sir Philip Warwick writes, "That busy stateswoman, the Countess of Carlisle, has now changed her gallant from Strafford to Pym, and has become such a she-saint that she frequents sermons and take notes." Strafford stands in history as a martyr for royal privilege, Pym as a hero of popular liberty. The two men hated each other well for political reasons, but it was the false fascinating woman between their lives that made Strafford long by any means to put Pym under the King's heel, and, when Strafford fell, made Pym so cruel as to refuse his adversary the three days' life he asked for.

Certainly the Parliamentary party owed much to Lucy Percy, nor is she the only woman accused of interfering in its councils and affairs. When Oliver had risen from being captain of a troop to be Captain-General, his wife Elizabeth comes to be frequently named, though hitherto she has been only a notable housewife and prudent, loving mother. The quarrelsome John Lilburne accuses her of disposing of places in the army, and Grainger says "she as deeply interested herself in steering the *helm* as she had done in turning the *spit*," while the scurrilous Heath calls her "the lady rampant of Oliver's successful greatness, which she personated as imperiously as himself."

No woman, however, has been more basely slandered than Elizabeth Cromwell. The royalists accuse her not only of ambition, but of drinking and gallantry, though her whole life was an emphatic denial of such charges. Cromwell certainly took her advice about the settlement of their children in marriage—for he refused to finish the arrangements for his son Richard's until he had "advised with his wife"—but even in this matter he finally did as he thought proper. And he was not a man to brook the slightest interference in state matters. Indeed, the only letter we possess of Mrs. Cromwell's complains because he does not follow her advice. In it she says, "I would you would think to write sometimes to your dear friend Lord Chief Justice, of whom

I have often put you in mind; and truly, my dear, if you would think of what I put you in mind some, it might be of as much purpose as others, writing, sometimes a letter to the President, and sometimes to the Speaker. Indeed, my dear, you cannot think the wrong you do yourself in the want of a letter, though it were but seldom. I pray think of it." And the probability is that Cromwell knew what he was doing, and that if he did not write to these magnates, he had the best of reasons for his neglect.

The great fault to be laid at Elizabeth Cromwell's door is that she was not heartily true to her husband's cause. Even when he had placed her in the palace of Whitehall she was continually listening to plans for bringing back the Stuarts. Either she ought to have stood by her great husband heart and soul, or she ought to have separated herself from him altogether. It was an injustice and a cruelty to sit by his side and doubt and complain, and urge him to retrace his steps and undo his work. Loyalist writers represent her without any personal beauty. Mr. Cowley, in his *Cutter of Coleman Street*, makes himself merry over her want of beauty, by putting into the Cutter's mouth the following description of his friend Worm: "He would have been my Lady Protectress's poet. He writ once a copy in praise of her beauty, but her Highness gave for it but an odd half-crown piece, which she had hoarded up before these troubles, and that discouraged him"—a story which, if it were true, would be rather to the lady's credit than otherwise.

If Cromwell was a man to whom woman's sympathy was sweet, he missed it in a pitiful degree. Contemporary writers accuse him of a more than platonic affection for Lady Dysart, and General Tollemache is said to have been his son by that famous woman. But if there be any truth in this, wife and mistress could join hands in order to urge on the harassed Protector a scheme for restoring the exiled King. Lady Dysart brought a *carte blanche* from Charles the Second. Cromwell was to procure his return, and write on it his own terms, and Mrs. Cromwell promised "to break it to his Highness, which she did one morning before he rose, urging on him the many dangers to which he was exposed, and the certain ruin of his family at his death."

"You are a fool!" answered Cromwell. "Charles Stuart can never forgive me; and if he can, he is unworthy of the crown." A less noble man might have justly enough added a reproach on her want of wifely appreciation and sympathy. Echard says he had this anecdote from one to whom Lady Dysart told it, and Thurloe's State Papers contain a letter from Bamfield which says, "Charles Second has friends in my Lord Protector's own family that wish him well."

Lady Dysart was witty, learned, and full of intrigue. "She had a restless ambition," says Bishop Burnet, "and stuck at nothing by which she might compass her ends." She became afterwards Duchess of Lauderdale, and made her residence of Ham House a wonder of luxury and extravagance. Her picture in it reveals nothing of that beauty which is said to have enamoured Cromwell and enslaved Lauderdale. It is the face of a virago, with such an imperious brow as fully explains her sobriquet of "Sultana." Cromwell's friendship with Lady Dysart gave great offence to the Puritans, and he thought it best to cease visiting her. But "sweet Mrs. Lambert," who belonged to the strictest sect of the godly, was less objectionable, though the lampoons of the day, in a manner too indecent to quote, attribute to her a power in state affairs that it is highly improbable Cromwell suffered any one to exercise, much less a woman whose chief merits seem to have been a pretty face and pleasing manners.

During Cromwell's gradual rise to power his family had occupied a house near Clerkenwell Green, and even Ludlow acknowledges that Mrs. Cromwell left it very reluctantly for a palace, and she carried her country tastes and habits with her to Whitehall. She is taunted with keeping cows in St. James's Park and having a dairy in the palace. What then? Did not Queen Elizabeth have a dairy at Barn Elms, and Marie Antoinette milk the cows at Trianon? In a life of Cromwell published within fifty years after his death it is said "his wife was a great lover of economy, and used to wonder how the other woman could squander so much money there."

Cromwell's own diet was spare and simple. Even his banquets, though plentiful, were plain, and decidedly *not fashionable*. His favorite dish was a loin of

veal eaten with an orange; but not seldom the Lady Protectress saw fit to deny him the latter luxury, because "oranges were oranges now, and crab oranges would cost a groat." On every Monday there was a public dinner, and all officers at court not below a captain dined with him. It is said that sometimes at these festivals the rough spirit of fun which had distinguished his boyhood broke out, and at a signal his guards would make a sudden irruption and seize and demolish all the dainties on the table. When such jokes occurred the Prince of the Ironsides must have been in a very merry mood.

Dryden, in his epilogue to the play of *The Pilgrim*, intimates that at Cromwell's court there was more decency of appearance than purity of conduct; and Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson goes still farther. "His court," she says, "was full of sinne and vanity; true religion was now almost lost, even among the religious party, to the great grief of Coll. Hutchinson and all true-hearted Christians." But Mrs. Hutchinson discovers, in her description of Cromwell's family, more womanish pique than becomes a faithful chronicler. When she tells us that "his wife and children were setting up for principalities, which suited no better with any of them than scarlet on the ape," and that all but his daughter Fleetwood were "insolent fooles," we detect a prejudice which compels us to take her opinion with allowance.

Of this daughter Fleetwood, who "was humbled, and not exalted like the rest," she nevertheless tells a story which is not a very good instance of humility. It seems that when she was the widow of Ireton she met Mrs. Lambert one day in St. James's Park, and Lady Lambert, as "the wife of the living prince, took precedence of the relict of the dead one." Lady Ireton's piety and humility could not endure such an affront, and "Col. Fleetwood being present, and then in mourning for his wife, seized the opportunity of the lady's chagrin and offered himself, and was immediately accepted, as a means of restoring herself to the place and honor she had fallen from." And from the quarrel between these two women arose very important results, for Fleetwood got Lambert's place, and Lambert, full of anger and revenge, gave Cromwell much anxiety and did his government much harm. This daughter Fleetwood was Cromwell's eldest, Bridget,

a woman of such stern republican principles that she could not bear to see supreme power even in her father's hand.

The newspapers of the day do not sanction Dryden's innuendo. They contain frequent accounts of public fasts, and of preaching and praying at Whitehall. In *Severall Proceedings in State Affairs*, December 29, 1653, it is said, "There is every day in the week, twice, namely, at ten o'clock in the morning and at six at night, a meeting of the Lord Protector's family at the chapel at Whitehall, where his Highness's chaplain expounds to them." And quite apart from these frequent newspaper notices, there is no doubt that the family of Cromwell in Whitehall was a consistent religious one, for we have many charming pictures of it. Take that which the ambassadors from Holland give us. Sent for to Whitehall with sounding trumpets and great splendor, they are entertained privately with a charming kindness and simplicity, of which they thus write: "After the repast, during which there was music, the Lord Protector took us into another room, where were the Lady Protectress and others, where also we had music and voices, and a psalm sung, which his Highness gave them."

But simple as he was in his home, Cromwell knew how, when abroad, to represent the majesty of England. There are abundant notices of his coach drawn by six gallant Flanders mares; of his body-guard of eighty gentlemen, the meanest of them a commander; of his stately habits of velvet; of his ten pages and fine liveries; and yet *Severall Proceedings*, of April 20, 1654, declares "that they are confidant that his Highness is pleased with those philacteries and fringes of state—if pleased with them at all—because he must." No man understood better what ceremony to abridge and what to retain; for when ambassadors from all the states of Europe crowded his court, and would, according to usage, have knelt and kissed his hand, he rejected such personal homage with a manly dignity, by "drawing back two or three steps, bowing to the ambassadors, and so closing the interview."

Nothing can be more certain than that in his home circle he was of a profoundly tender nature. His letters to his sons are in the most confiding, affectionate terms, far more like a mother's than a father's letters. Of his eldest son, Oliver,

we know nothing but that he fell in battle at the beginning of the war, and that his loss was perhaps the greatest grief of Cromwell's life. Richard was a pious, good-natured country gentleman. He pleaded hard for the life of King Charles, and loved his hunting and hawking far better than the seals of office. Though he succeeded his father in the Protectorate, he was, of all Cromwell's children, the least fit for the position. On the death of Cromwell his old troopers acted on a small scale the part of the Roman prætorians, and between them and the clergy Richard had no enviable place. For he had no sympathy with the religious cant and pretensions of the time, and knew so little how to manage that element as to say "he would trust his friend Dick Ingoldsby, who never fasted or preached, before any one." With such views the court scene described by Archbishop Tillotson soon after his accession cannot have been congenial to him. He says that, there being a fast-day, he went into the Presence-Chamber to observe how it was kept. The new Protector sat with his family at one table, and at the other sat six preachers. But the bold sallies of enthusiasm uttered on this occasion were disgusting and distressing to the doctor. "The Divine Being," he says, "was reproached with having neglected or undervalued the services of the late Protector, and challenged for having taken him prematurely away. Goodwin in particular, who had repeatedly asserted, a few minutes before Oliver's death, that he was not to die, had the blasphemous assurance to exclaim to his Creator, 'Thou hast deceived us, and we are deceived!'"

On the Restoration, Richard travelled quietly on the Continent for some time, more for fear of his debts than of the King; and when he returned to England he assumed the name of Clark, and lived in quiet but happy obscurity. Dr. Watts, who knew him well, says he never but once, and that in the most distant manner, heard him allude to his former state. And he brought from Whitehall no memento of it but two old trunks full of petitions from all parts of the kingdom, begging him to accept the Protectorate as the only means of saving the lives and fortunes of all England. With a pleasant irony he bid his servants be very careful of them for that reason.

His latter days were embittered by the unkind conduct of his daughters, who took possession of his property on the plea that his great age rendered him unfit to manage it. But though near ninety years of age, he went up to London to appeal in his own behalf. His venerable appearance and fallen fortunes procured him unusual respect; the judge ordered a chair to be placed for him, and requested him to keep his head covered. The case was decided in his favor, and with a pardonable curiosity he looked in on the House of Lords as he passed the Chamber. "Did you ever see so august a scene?" asked a stranger by his side. "Never since I sat in that chair," he answered, pointing to the throne; and so passed on, without probably a sigh of regret. His kind heart soon pardoned his children, and his last words to them were: "Live in love. I am going to the God of love."

But if the Protectorate had been left to Henry, Cromwell's second son, Monk would have found "bringing home the King" a much more difficult undertaking. He possessed great abilities, and governed Ireland with a wise, strong hand. He was not molested on the Restoration, and retired quietly to his own estate; and on one occasion, when Charles the Second was returning from Newmarket tired and hungry, entertained him. The King had stopped at his house unwittingly, and for a moment both the Stuart and the Cromwell were embarrassed. But Charles's easy good-nature and Henry Cromwell's hospitality soon put the whole party at ease, and the entertainment was a very pleasant one.

It is around his daughters, however, that the home life of Cromwell settles with peculiar interest. To them he was passionately attached. The eldest, Bridget, entirely disapproved his assumption of supreme power, and her stern piety doubtless led her "to be plain" with her father, both in and out of season. But if so, Cromwell doubtless respected her scruples, and he bestowed upon her little daughter, Bridget Ireton, a doting affection only excused by the child's wonderful character. She held his hand and sat between his knees at state ceremonies and cabinet councils, and when some objected to her presence, he answered, "there was no secret that he would trust with them that he would not trust

with that infant." She grew up to be an exact but handsome likeness of her grandfather, "a woman of great presence and majesty, heroic courage, and indefatigable industry." She united in her mind the grandest qualities of Cromwell and Ireton, but her great soul was condemned to fight life in an arena pitifully small for its capacities. She adored her grandfather, defended his memory with impetuous enthusiasm, and twice challenged gentlemen who insulted his name. In the social history of her day she is well known as Mrs. Bendysh, and was the friend of both Dr. Owen and Dr. Watts.

But it was on his second daughter, Elizabeth Cleypole, that he expended the deepest tenderness of his nature. She was exceedingly beautiful, and of so noble a disposition that Cromwell's vilest defamers have found nothing to blame or lampoon in her conduct. But, alas, poor father! This dear child was the staunch friend of his enemies; she succored royalists even beyond her handsome allowance; when Dr. Hewitt was condemned to death for conspiring against Cromwell's life and government, she knelt weeping at her father's feet until his heart was almost broken by her distress and the necessity of denying her request for the conspirator's pardon. In her last terrible sickness Cromwell nursed her through nights of agony, held her in his strong arms, and consoled her with prayers often inarticulate with tears and emotion. Yet her last words to him were solemn entreaties to bring back the King and undo the great work of his life. Oh, how bitter must that last communion have been! for all authorities agree that Cromwell never roused himself after it. Within a month he followed her into that Great Shadow that girds our lives round.

Mary, his third daughter, married Viscount Fauconberg. She was a woman of great parts, and Bishop Burnet, comparing her with Richard Cromwell, says, "But if those in petticoats had been in breeches, they would have held faster." She was a staunch royalist, and a frequent visitor to the court of Charles the Second. Indeed, she must have shown herself there with most indecent haste, for while her father's dead body was exposed on the gibbet, a courtier said to her, in the King's presence, "Madam, I saw your father yesterday." "What then, sir?" "He

stunk abominably." "I suppose he was dead, then?" "Yes." "I thought so, else he would have made you stink worse." The courtier may have deserved the opprobrious name given him by Noble, but Lady Fauconberg, by her presence at court during this outrage to her father's body, deserved the insult.

Frances, the youngest daughter, had better reasons for her attachment to the royal family, for his Majesty Charles the Second solicited her hand in marriage through the Earl of Orrery, as a means of conciliating both parties and returning to his kingdom. Mrs. Cromwell and the lady herself were well pleased with the proposition, but Cromwell, having listened to the Earl of Orrery, walked musingly about his room for some time, and then answered decidedly: "No. He will never forgive his father's death; besides, he is so damnably debauched he cannot be trusted." Cromwell knew what he was saying; he had in his possession at that time a private letter of the Duke of York to his brother Charles, discussing with equal coolness the last opera-singer and the murder of Cromwell. Jeremy White, Oliver's chaplain, was courting the lady privately at the time, but Mr. White, for many reasons, was highly objectionable to the Protector. He had the lovers watched; and one day surprised the chaplain on his knees kissing the hand of Lady Frances. To his angry questioning, White, with great presence of mind, replied "that he had long courted her ladyship's woman and could not prevail, and was humbly praying her Highness to intercede for him." Oliver instantly saw his opportunity. Turning to the woman, he said: "What is the meaning of this? Mr. White is my friend, and I expect you to treat him as such." The woman, desiring nothing better, replied, "If Mr. White intends me that honor, I shall not oppose him"; upon which Cromwell called in Dr. Goodwin, and saw them married before he left the room—a piece of domestic diplomacy quite as clever as any of his state treaties. It must be added, however, that he gave the bride with equal promptness a marriage portion of £500.

Lady Frances Cromwell was rich in suitors. It was proposed to marry her to the Prince of Condé; and John Dutton, one of the richest young men in the kingdom, was bequeathed to her by the will of his uncle. The latter match

pleased Cromwell, and he desired it very much; but Lady Frances and Robert Rich, grandson to the Earl of Warwick, had formed a mutual attachment, and after some delays this marriage took place. Mr. Rich died very soon afterwards, and the lady's second husband was Sir John Russell, and thus Cromwell's daughter became the ancestress of the late famous leader of that name.

Dull as we are apt to imagine life must have been in the court of the Commonwealth, there were times when vanity and animal spirits got the upper hand. On May-day, 1654, a paper called *Several Proceedings in Parliament*—a very sanctimonious sheet—says: "this day was more observed by people going a-Maying than for divers years, and indeed much sin committed by wicked meetings with fiddlers, drunkenness, ribaldry, and the like. Great resorts came to Hyde Park, many hundreds of coaches and gallants in attire, but most shameful powdered-hair men, and painted and spotted women. But his Highness the Lord Protector was not thither, nor any of the Lords of the Council, but were busy about the great affairs of the Commonwealth." However, we know from *The Moderate Intelligencer*, of the same date, that the Lord Protector and many of the Privy Council were there among "the powdered-hair men and painted, spotted women." This sheet says: "When the Lord Protector's coach came into the Park with Colonel Ingleby and my Lord's three youngest daughters—all in green—a—the coaches and horses flocked around them, and they galloped after the mode court pace, which they all use whenever they go round and round the park, and all that great multitude followed them and caught them at the turn, and then made a lane with all reverent haste for them, and so again." And the same paper says that the Lord Protector was present at the hurling-match played that day in Hyde Park.

Cromwell, too, like all men who are at once great and good, loved music. Even his archenemy Heath admits that he "entertained those skilled in it, and all other sciences." Then thinking he has praised Cromwell too much, he adds, "He was niggardly in his rewards, showing that private Cromwell governed prince Oliver."* Nor could the evenings

in the court be called "dull" which were enlivened with "music and voices," and the conversation of such men as Milton, Andrew Marvel, Waller, young Dryden, the great naval hero Blake, and men of like intellectual stamp. It is so customary to think of Cromwell only as a soldier and a statesman, that we are apt to forget he was also a man of elegant tastes in poetry, pictures, furniture, horses, and equipages, and that, simple as his own style was, he knew what was due to his wife and daughters, and exacted their rights of homage. Nor must we forget that it is to Cromwell's personal exertions we owe the preservation of Raphael's cartoons, and all the fine pictures and statues adorning Whitehall. For when the House of Commons, in July, 1645, ordered those which were superstitious—as pictures of Virgin Mary and saints—to be burnt, and the rest to be sold for the benefit of Ireland, Cromwell bought back and replaced the most of them, and further so adorned Whitehall that Evelyn, who visited it two years after its spoiling, found it "very glorious and well furnished."

Broad and tolerant in art, he was no bigot in matters of conscience; toleration was the principle guiding his life. There is a kind of moral glory in the courage and kindness he displayed as the guardian of fearless inquiring Unitarians and enthusiastic and often unreasonable Quakers from the dungeons of his own persecuting Parliament. In a matter of conscience or right he was always ready to move. A British consul had been thrown into the Inquisition at Lisbon; Cromwell

at a salary of £100 a year—the Hingston at whose house Sir Roger l'Estrange was playing, and continued to play when Oliver entered the room, which gained for the *virtuoso* the title of "Oliver's fiddler." Antony à Wood also tells a story of Cromwell's love of music: James Quin, one of the senior students of Christ Church, with a bass voice "very strong and exceeding troulng," had been turned out of his place by the visitors, but being well acquainted with some great men of those times that loved music, they introduced him into the company of Oliver Cromwell, who loved a good voice and instrumental music. He heard him sing with great delight, liquored him with sack, and said: "Mr. Quin, you have done well. What shall I do for you?" "That your Highness would be pleased to restore me to my student's place." Which was done accordingly. But the best proof of Cromwell's love of music is the simple fact that under his government, and with his special permission, the opera was founded in England. (Sunderland Edwards's *History of the Opera*, Vol. i., p. 32.)

* It is known that he engaged Hingston, a celebrated musician formerly in the service of Charles,

sent word to the King the man must be released, or he would declare war against the Inquisition. The prisoner was set free at once. A French privateer took a ship belonging to a humble Quaker. The man appealed to Cromwell, and he gave Mazarin three days to make restitution. It not being done, Cromwell seized two French ships in the Channel, sold them, paid the Quaker, and sent the balance, with an exact account of expenses, to Mazarin. He refused to sign a treaty with France till the Vaudois were granted an amnesty. The Protestants of Nismes sent a messenger to Cromwell begging his intercession. After hearing their case, he said: "Refresh yourself after your long journey. I will take such care of your business that by the time you come to Paris it shall be despatched." He sent off a representative that night, and when the messenger from Nismes reached Paris again, an order had been given to stop the troops upon their march to destroy the Protestants of Nismes. Mazarin complained bitterly: "I know not how to behave myself. If I advise the King to punish the insolence of the Reformed churches, Cromwell threatens to join the Spaniards; if I show favor to them, then at Rome they call me a heretic."

But in spite of the glory to which Cromwell had raised the Commonwealth of England, we have a sad picture of him in a letter of the Marquis of Ormond's, dated March 13, 1656. Discord and disunion were then among his party; he was feared and hated by every faction, and in daily danger of assassination from the royalists. He wandered about the empty rooms of Whitehall, and the garden and park, a terror to all who saw him. "Friday last," says the Marquis, "a friend met him in St. James's Park, with only one man with him, in a distempered carriage. If any people offered to deliver him petitions, or the like, he refused, and told them he had other things to think of. Fleetwood was in the park, but walked at a distance, not daring to approach him in his passion, which they say was occasioned by some carriage of Lambert's." And perhaps at the very same time Milton was also sauntering under the shady avenue of elms, leaning on the arms of his daughters.

At length the great heart that had leaped up amid the dangers of battle and laughed at the plots of assassins had

to try a task which blanched his spirit—to ward off, if he might, the shadow of death from the daughter of his dearest love. He became ill by her bedside, and when she died the desolation of his home was more than he could bear. Elizabeth Cleypole died on the 6th of August, 1658. On the 17th of that month George Fox, the Quaker, who had an interview with him, declared, on leaving his presence, that he had "seen the wraith of death in Cromwell's face."

On the 2d of September, being very ill, he asked for a certain Scripture to be read, saying brokenly these touching words: "This Scripture did once save my life, when my eldest son . . . died—which went as a dagger to my heart, indeed it did!" Oh great tender heart! for he then turned round and prayed, not only for the people of God, but especially for his enemies, in these sublime words: "Pardon such as desire to trample on the dust of a poor worm, *for they are thy people too!*" Such a storm raged outside as was long remembered in England with terror. Forster says it was felt even to the shores of the Mediterranean. But there was a wondrous peace in that chamber of death in the plain irregular mansion fronted by a high wall, which the Great Ruler occupied in Whitehall. "Truly God is good," he was heard murmuring frequently, and when pressed to take some drink and try to sleep, he answered, "It is not my design to drink or to sleep, but to make what haste I can to be gone!" And when the 3d of September dawned, it ushered in, far more surely than at Dunbar and Worcester, his Fortunate Day.

Cromwell's was a reign not only of political freedom and grandeur, but of moral elevation. We may refuse to associate such pleasures as "music and voices," calm walks by the river-side in the evening, plain dinners, and familiar conversations, with an ideal court life, but they gave to the court of the Commonwealth a purity and dignity which compelled even Clarendon to contrast his master's with Cromwell's ungarnished throne. And we have only to put such evenings as the Dutch ambassadors describe in Cromwell's court beside one Evelyn spent a few years afterwards in Charles the Second's presence, to understand the moral grandeur of the Great Protector's life. "I can never forget," he

writes, "the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming and all dissoluteness, and, as it were, total forgetfulness of God (it being Sunday night), which this day se'night I was witness of; the King sitting and toying with his concubines Portsmouth and Cleveland and Mazarin, and a French boy singing love-songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the greatest courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basnet

round a large table, a bank of at least £2000 in gold before them. Six days after, all was in the dust."

Hypocrite! Liar! Usurper! Cromwell has been called, but as the world grows freer and nobler it reverses the verdict by acclamation, and acknowledges that the mind of Cromwell lives yet, and that the genius of freedom as represented by him has conquered, and will conquer ever more.

UNDER AN APRIL SKY.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

THE swirling rain bespattered the window as the fitful April wind changed about; and the lonely woman, staring vacantly upon the plumes of steam waving from the roofs below her, saw them violently twisted and broken and scattered. The new hotel towered high above all the neighboring buildings, and she could look down on the private houses that filled block after block, until the next tall edifice rose abruptly into view half a mile to the northward. Through the drizzle the prospect seemed to her drearier than ever, and the ugly monotony of it weighed on her like a nightmare. With an impatient sigh she turned from the window, but as her eye travelled around the walls she saw nothing that might relieve her melancholy.

It was not a large room, this private parlor on an upper story of the immense hotel; and its decorations, its ornaments, its furniture, its carpet, had the characterless commonplace befitting an apartment which might have a score of occupants in a single month. Yet she had spent the most of the winter in it; those were her pretty cushions (on the hard sofa), and that was her tea equipage on the low table by the fireplace (with its gas-log). The photographs in their silver frames were hers also, and so were the violets that filled a Rookwood bowl on the top of the writing-desk near the window. But as she glanced about in search of something that might make her feel at home, she found nothing to satisfy her longing. The room was a room in a hotel, after all; and she had failed wholly to impress her own individuality upon it. To recall her vain efforts only intensified her loneliness.

The hotel was full, so they said, and it held a thousand souls and more; and as she walked aimlessly to and fro within her narrow space, she wondered whether any one of the thousand felt as detached and as solitary as she did then—as she had felt so often during the long winter. She paused at the window again, and gazed at the houses far down below her on the other side of the narrow street; they were at least homes, and the women who dwelt there had husbands or sons or fathers—had each of them a man of some sort for her to lean on, for her to cling to, for her to love, for her to devote herself to, and for her to sacrifice herself for.

Sometimes she had delighted in the loftiness of her position, lifted high in air; she had fancied almost that she was on another plane from the people in the thick of the struggle down below. Now as she pressed her forehead against the chill pane and peered down to watch the umbrellas that crawled here and there on the sidewalk more than a hundred feet beneath her, she had a fleeting vision of her own mangled body lying down there on the stones, if she should ever yield to the temptation that came to her in these moments of depression. She shuddered at the sight, and turned away impetuously, while the rain again rattled against the window, as though demanding instant admission.

An observer would have declared that this woman, weary as she might be with solitude, was far too young for life already to have lost its savor. Her figure was slight and girlish yet. Her walk was brisk and youthful. Her thick brown hair was abundant, and untouched by