

Cromwelliana



The Cromwell Association

1981-82

The Cromwell Association

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THE CROMWELL ASSOCIATION WAS founded in 1935 by the late Rt. Hon. Isaac Foot and others to commemorate Oliver Cromwell, the great Puritan statesman, and to encourage the study of the history of his times, his achievements and influence. It is neither political nor sectarian, its aims being essentially historical. The Association seeks to advance its aims in a variety of ways which have included:

- (a) the erection of commemorative tablets (e.g. at Naseby, Dunbar, Worcester, Preston etc.). (From time to time appeals are made for funds to pay for projects of this sort);
- (b) helping to establish the Cromwell Museum in the Old Grammar School at Huntingdon;
- (c) holding two annual meetings, one the now traditional Memorial Service by the Statue outside the Houses of Parliament; the other a business meeting at which the Council presents a report on its year's work for discussion by members. At both meetings an Address is given by a distinguished Cromwellian;
- (d) producing an annual publication *Cromwelliana* which is free to members;
- (e) awarding an annual prize for an essay on a Cromwellian theme;
- (f) maintaining a small reference library for the use of members;
- (g) supporting the formation of local groups of paid-up members of the Association meeting for study or social purposes;
- (h) acting as a 'lobby' at both national and local levels whenever aspects or items of our Cromwellian heritage appear to be endangered.

All enquires about the Library should be addressed to Cromwell Association (Library), c/o Trewin Copplestone (Books) Ltd., 101 - 109, Ladbroke Grove, London W.11.

CROMWELL'S POLITICAL SETTLEMENT

The Address by John Pardoe, M.A., at the Annual Commemoration Service, 3 September 1980.

For some years past, on 3 September each year, a group of people have assembled at this spot to hold a service to commemorate the life of Oliver Cromwell who died on this day in 1658.

I suspect that few of our fellow-countrymen will readily understand why we should bother to mark this day in such a way. Some, I fear, might think it perhaps appropriate to celebrate his death, but only a minority would dream of honouring his life. Many, perhaps most, would think that we are here honouring the memory of a man who was more villain than hero.

Even some of us who are here today have doubtless wobbled in our view over our lifetime. I can well remember that as a schoolboy in my studies of the Civil War, and even with the benefit of having been born and bred in the home-town of Admiral Blake in Somerset, I was for the King and the Royalist cause. And I recollect that at the time I would have agreed then with Churchill's view of 'Oliver's smoky soul'.

History itself, let alone the rest of us, has veered from one extreme to the other in its view of this man. To some—especially the Irish—he was a butcher and a barbarian; to others a moderating influence: to some a great military strategist, to others merely lucky enough to have the wealth of the cities on his side, with which to purchase more gunpowder. To some, a hypocrite, to others almost a saint.

Today our world is hardly sympathetic towards many of the Lord Protector's essential characteristics. We are first of all made uncomfortable by anyone who is so confoundedly sure that God is on his side. Shades of the Ayatollah perhaps! Most of us too are distinctly unhappy about the rule of Generals. The Greek Junta is too close a parallel for comfort.

Yet here am I, who loathe the very idea of being ruled by Generals as much as by Priests, ready to state my claim that we stand here today before the statue of one of that handful of men and women who have given this nation that priceless gift, the gift of good government. I do not claim that he was the greatest of them all. It would be difficult to raise his standard above that of Henry VII, of Elizabeth I, or even Gladstone, to name but three. But that he stands well in that company I have no doubt at all.

And yet, it may be asked, what of lasting merit did he achieve?

For some indeed he represents the very ephemerality of political power, summed up in these words from one authority: 'He died on 3 September, 1658 and the fabric of government which his mighty arm had sustained, fell speedily to the ground'.

A realist, or a cynic might say that just such ephemerality is the lot of all those who pursue or obtain political power. Yet the astonishing thing about Cromwell was not what fell with him, but what remained and survived his death. For the political settlement which he made, in its effects on the lives of his countrymen, nay, in the effects on the lives of his countrymen right down to today, lived after him in all its most important aspects.

It is to the fact of this settlement and its significance for us today, that I wish to address my few remarks this afternoon. But first let me look back to what might have been had Cromwell been, what his detractors assume, really a dictator rather than a Protector—perhaps the greatest 'might have been' in our political history.

For some time before the death of Charles I very near to this spot, it seemed that England had veritably within her reach perhaps the most astonishing political settlement the world had ever seen. For there can be no doubt that had matters gone as Cromwell wished, England would have had a settlement incorporating a religious compromise, a constitutional monarchy, and the disbandment of the army—all without the act of regicide at all. The obstinacy of the King and the fanaticism of Parliament rendered such an agreed settlement impossible. Cromwell came to realize that without the King's death there could be no lasting settlement. Yet when all is said and done he established a settlement which, by the world's then standards was truly astonishing—both in its effect and in its imposition. Indeed, there can hardly ever have been so radical a political revolution carried out with so little bloodshed and turmoil in its aftermath. For the aftermaths of revolutions, as we know, are almost always bloody and beastly. Now of course the Civil War itself was both bloody and beastly, but once it was over the repercussions did not take at all the same turn as happened in the aftermath of, for instance, the French Revolution. And that this was so—a settlement achieved without massive blood-letting—was due almost entirely to the influence and power of one man—Oliver Cromwell. England was fortunate indeed to find such a man to preside over peace and reconstruction rather than to pursue a policy of mean and petty vengeance.

The settlement that Cromwell made was remarkable not only for

its lack of meanness and spite. In the context of his time it was remarkable too in that its creator, in conceiving the possible forms of government open to him and to his country, dared to imagine the unimaginable, a country governed without a King. Many who had fought with him on the Parliamentary side fought shy of so radical a departure. Yet he, once having reluctantly concluded that the King must die, never wavered from his view that it was possible to govern a nation *well* without the benefit of monarchy. Govern it he did—and govern it well—by any standards and by comparison with any time, but even more so when one considers the chaos of his inheritance.

Nor is it true, as I have already indicated, to say that nothing was left of his achievement after his death. Without Cromwell's settlement there would have been no peaceful England for Charles II to return to constitutionally and by invitation of the only legitimate authority. Without Cromwell's settlement England would almost certainly have ventured down that political cul de sac of kingly absolutism, like so many of our continental neighbours. Because of Cromwell's settlement British political history was profoundly different from what it would have been and from that of other nations—and because of that difference Cromwell's political successors in the centuries following him were able to establish the tradition of British parliamentary democracy.

What then is the lesson of his political life for us today? I believe it is just this: that we have to recognize as he did that the political settlement to which we have become accustomed in our life-time is not sacrosanct and certainly not forever. The settlement we inherited and have grown used to is failing to meet the needs of our age; that as the settlement that he overturned failed to meet the needs of his age, so we must dare to imagine and create a new political settlement more in keeping with the aspirations, abilities, and potentialities of our people.

So here today we commemorate one of the very great—perhaps the greatest of Englishmen. Not a philosopher, not a great political thinker, but a doer—a man who built by common sense a method of government that worked for the Britain of his time. Who will do the same for the Britain of today?

STANDARDS OF THE IRONSIDES 1642-1647

Barry Denton

From the beginning of organized warfare the Commander or Knight sought to show his identity by use of symbolic or heraldic device, first on his shield or coat, then by personalised banners and finally by an official system of Colours, Standards and Guidons still used today. During the English Civil War, every cavalry commander had as his means of identification a standard measuring 2' x 2', carried by a Cornet in each troop. Civil War standards are often said to carry painted upon them 'political cartoons'. In general terms this is indeed correct, but the pictures or mottos on standards of the Parliamentary armies in particular often show more than a crude jest—they describe the belief in a cause, a statement to God and freedom of his cause in Parliament.

In respect of declaring this cause of justice, the troop commanders associated with Cromwell's regiment 'the Ironsides' were no exception. That we know of their belief is a fine tribute to the pedantic nature of a small number of little-known men who recorded in detail the standards of the captured Royalist officers displayed in London, and the standards of Parliamentary troop commanders as they hung in Church and Hall in glory of God's triumph. Two men in particular earn our gratitude—Mr Jonathan Turmile, whose sketchbook is deposited in Dr William's Library⁽¹⁾, and Mr Thomas Blount the translator of Henry Estienne's *The Art of Making Devices*⁽²⁾. Blount produced his translation in 1650, and in an Appendix to Estienne's original work included descriptions of many contemporary Civil War standards. Other sketchbooks are to be found in the British Library, National Army Museum and National Library of Scotland. A further volume was at one time in the Bodleian Library, but is unfortunately no longer known.

Upon examination of the various manuscripts devoted to standards, it is a simple matter to identify those with connexion to Oliver Cromwell's pre-New Model regiment, and the standards they bore in the actual re-organized army. The 'Ironsides' troop standards fall into two groups, those carried under Oliver which are of a reddish hue and date prior to 1645, and the 'post-Ironsides' standards carried by old 'Ironsides' officers under Sir Thomas Fairfax which are blue in the field. The word field denotes the main coloured area of the standard, which was made of taffeta and edged with a coloured fringing usually in both field colour and either white or gold.

Oliver Cromwell was both Colonel and Patron of his Ironsides, the regiment in 1644 being a so-called 'double regiment' of fourteen troops. The standards of this regiment appear to be of the reddish hue mentioned. This field colour survives later in Cromwell's New Model regiment as can be seen later in this article, but from this it is reasonably safe to state that Cromwell's standards were uniformly red during his war years. Four of these red standards are included by Turmile and Blount, three from 1643-45 those of Berry, Thomson and Ireton, and one from the New Model that of Blackwell.

The earliest of the red standards is that of Henry Ireton, who held a captaincy before his association with Cromwell. However it was his friendship with Oliver that led to Ireton's social climb within the Puritan and Independent faction in Parliament. Henry Ireton became Major to Sir Francis Thornhagh by early 1643, but soon left that regiment taking his ready-raised troop to join Cromwell as deputy-governor of Ely. With Cromwell, this troop served in the Eastern Association and fought in the major battles of 1644, Marston Moor and Second Newbury. The standard illustrated matches those of Cromwell's other troop commanders and appears to date from about August 1643. Ireton served in the regiment until the formation of the New Model when he became Colonel of Horse outright.

James Berry, the second red standard owner (see Berry No. 1) was Captain-Lieutenant to Cromwell's own troop in 1643 (the commission Captain-Lieutenant was usually held by the officer immediately under the Colonel in his own troop, taking a command of the troop and occasionally the regiment during the Colonel's absence). In August 1644 Berry became Captain of a vacant troop in the Ironsides and this standard obviously dates from this commission.

Also of the same red pattern in both Turmile and Blount is the standard of Captain Thomson. This is certainly of the same date of that of Berry's. Unfortunately Sir Charles Firth and Godfrey Davies in their excellent *Regimental History of Cromwell's Army*⁽³⁾ make no mention of a Captain Thomson during the year and further research has drawn a blank.

By far the most interesting of the red standards is in fact not of the 1642-1645 Ironsides period at all, but belongs to Captain Blackwell, a Captain briefly under Oliver Cromwell in the New Model. The point of interest is, alas, not the brave exploits of Blackwell, but with Turmile and Blount calling his men 'The Maiden Troop'. The original 'Maiden Troop' was paid for by the young maids or Virgins of Norwich in

1643. At the suggestion of Oliver Cromwell a sum of £240 the maids had raised for a company of foot was used to arm and equip a troop of horse. Cromwell pledging to find horses if the maids did so (see Carlyle, Letter XIII 2 August 1643). The troop was subsequently raised and commanded by Captain Robert Swallow, seeing service at Gainsborough and throughout 1644 until it became part of the New Model in line with other troops. Why both Jonathan Turmile and Thomas Blount refer to Blackwell's troop being 'The Maiden Troop' is a mystery. According to all research lines studies will not connect Swallow and Blackwell, but it appears too much coincidence for both manuscripts to be in error. The standard shows hearts—perhaps of the maids of Norwich—under a City representing Zion—that place the cause would establish on earth. This standard is a classic example of Puritan faith that God supported the cause on earth as he did in heaven, a theme running through the majority of Cromwellian standards, and truly befitting a Captain serving under 'God's Englishman'. If Blount and Turmile have made no mistake it must be a distinct possibility that the standard carried in Blackwell's troop was originally that of Swallow and carried in honour of its worthy history, for the story of the Norwich maidens was a story of faith and Cromwell's victory⁽⁴⁾.

The history of the 'Ironsides standards' is continued in the Regiment of Sir Thomas Fairfax 1645. At this point the standards carried by Cromwell's old Captains change to blue in line with Sir Thomas Fairfax's own. Fairfax's Major was John Disbrowe, who had been Cromwell's own Major prior to admittance in the New Model. Disbrowe was Cromwell's brother-in-law, having married his sister Jane, and therefore he was well established in the Cromwellian group. In 1642 Disbrowe was Quartermaster in Cromwell's own troop, but took his Captaincy in the Ironsides by April 1643 and became the regiment's Major a year later. Disbrowe retained the commission to be Major in Fairfax's New Model regiment. The blue standard is one of the more complex designs found on Parliamentary banners, depicting a helmet, swords, two foot colours, but strangely according to Turmile, no motto.

Further examples of ex-Ironside standards are found in the Fairfax blue belonging to James Berry (see Berry No. 2 standard), William Packer and John Browne. Berry was Captain under Fairfax and therefore retained his commission in 1645.

John Browne had inherited the Ironside Troop of young Oliver Cromwell when he died of small-pox at Newport Pagnell in 1644.

Browne therefore transferred as Captain into the New Model.

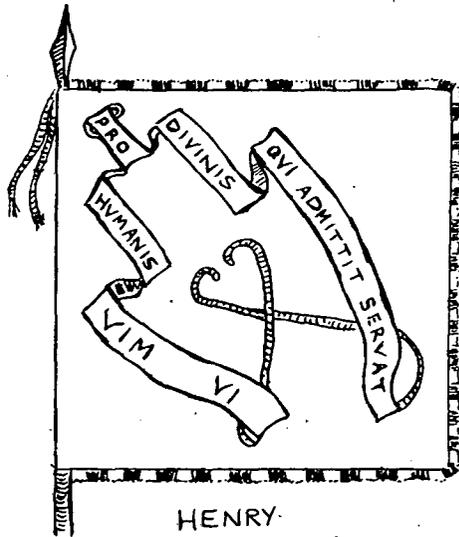
The troop of William Packer was originally that of Cromwell's nephew, the young Valentine Walton. Packer was Lieutenant to Walton and it was perfectly natural for him to receive the vacant Captaincy and troop upon the latter's death at Marston Moor. In 1645 Packer's was the other Ironside troop to be reformed under Fairfax⁽⁵⁾.

The greatest disappointment in a study of Cromwellian troop standards is the fact that neither Blount nor Turmile records Oliver's own. Blount in his Appendix makes no mention of Cromwell's standard for these formative years. Turmile on the other hand leaves an unpainted field and device on the space reserved for Oliver. From the Cromwellian standards that are recorded, it is a reasonable conjecture to assume Oliver's personal standard was of the set reddish hue, but whether a device or motto was painted upon this field—who knows? The reason for the standard being unrecorded has been given many improbable answers, but perhaps Thomas Blount gives a clue. Blount published his translation in 1650, and during the period he was noting the standards, Oliver was in Ireland. It may seem illogical that a cloth standard could survive the campaigns of Cromwell's life's work and still be fit for use in 1649, but it is just possible, and if the standard of Oliver Cromwell—old Ironsides himself—had proved to be the blessing to God's cause, why should he change it?⁽⁶⁾

SOURCES, NOTES & ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

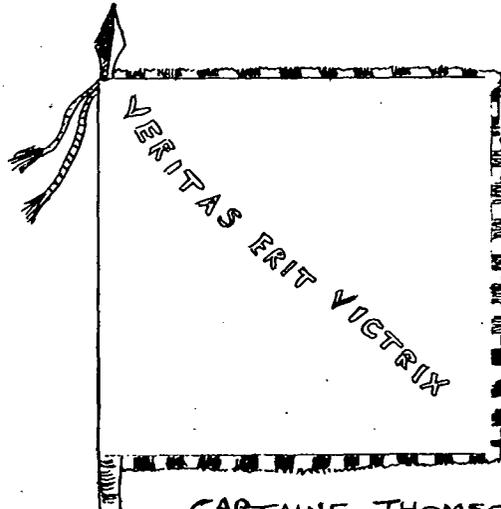
1. Dr. William's Library Ms. Modern folio 7: Jonathan Turmile.
2. *The Art of Making Devices*: 1650 translation by Thomas Blount.
3. *Regimental History of Cromwell's Army*—C. H. Firth and G. Davies (Oxford, 1940) vol. I.
4. The author's unpublished research notes—Parliamentarian.
5. a) *Ireton*—Turmile; b) *Thomson*—Blount c) *Berry No. 1*—Blount;
d) *Blackwell*—Blount and Turmile; e) *Disbrowe*—Turmile; f) *Berry No. 2*—
Turmile; g) *Browne*—Turmile; h) *Packers*—Turmile.
6. The author wishes to thank Mr P. B. Boyden and the National Army Museum for their assistance in his research on Parliamentary Standards in recent years.

(a)



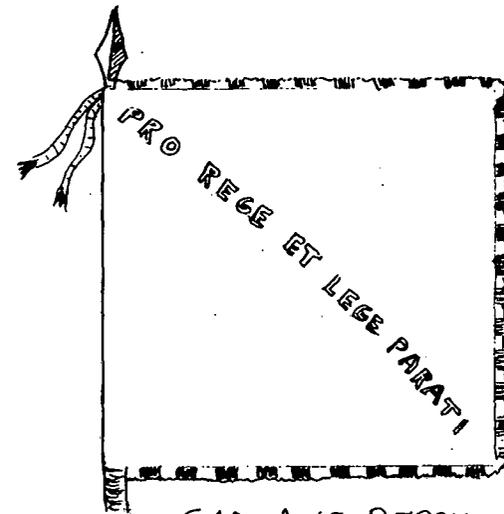
HENRY
IRETON

(b)



CAPTAIN THOMSON

(c)



CAPTAIN BERRY
No 1

(d)



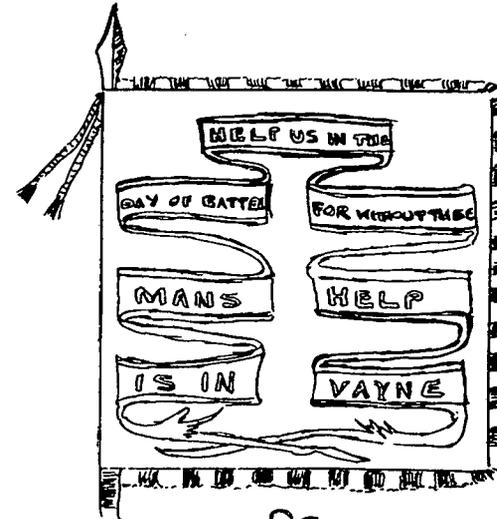
BLACKWELL
THE MAIDEN TROOP

(e)



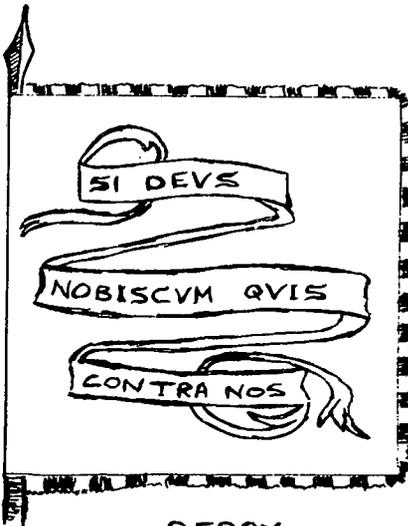
DISBROWE

(g)



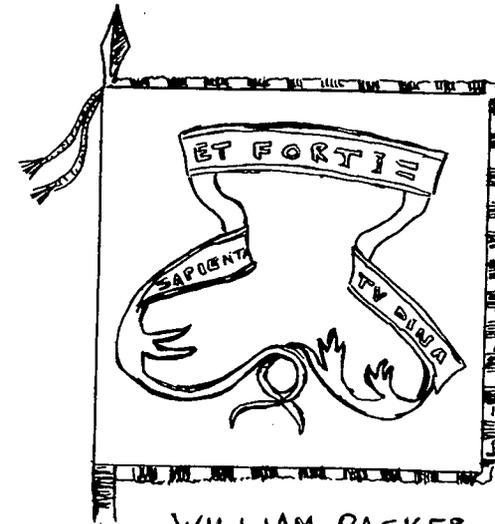
BROWNE

(f)



BERRY
Nº2

(h)



WILLIAM PACKER

OLIVER CROMWELL AS LEADER

Miss G. M. Marston

The writer of a letter to *The Times* some years ago in the winter of discontent, said 'Come back, Oliver Cromwell, all is forgiven'—and this quite simply sets the theme for our views on leadership, because from the life of Oliver Cromwell seen against the turbulent background of the seventeenth-century can be drawn vital lessons for our changing society today. Sometimes it appears that in today's bureaucracy the cult of individual leadership is out of fashion; we hear of managers, and of the development of corporate responsibility and team-work, but little of the need for individual flair and drive to inspire the team. This may be because it is difficult to judge from a position of close involvement. We have all experienced the feeling that politicians, footballers and even head-teachers are not of the calibre they once were, and possibly the only good leaders are dead ones, but I maintain that the qualities which brought a country landowner out of obscurity, enabled him to fashion a precision instrument out of uncompromising and varied material, gave him power of death over the anointed king and then let him keep his reluctantly-acquired power through nine further years of conflict and uncertainty, cannot but be relevant for us today.

Some of the earliest and most stirring references to leadership skills are in the Bible, in stories which are doubtless familiar to Oliver Cromwell, brought up as he was in a society where religious faith was strong and to whose members the heroes of the Old Testament would be as familiar as stars of sport and entertainment are to us today. Cromwell would have a close knowledge of the lives of the characters who, in the words of the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews, 'overthrew kingdoms, established justice, muzzled ravening lions and quenched the fury of fire'. All of this might, I suppose, be referred to as crisis leadership and Cromwell himself showed equal, if more subtle, courage in handling the crises of his time. This is the kind of direct leadership we need today. As the Director of Bulmer's has said: 'In times of crisis men do not form a committee, they look for a leader'.

Seventeenth-century England had many problems to face. A so-called golden age, ever more wonderful in retrospect, had ended with the death of Elizabeth I in 1603, and tensions hitherto dormant had come to the surface. Members of the Commons were trying to assert what they regarded as their traditional rights against a monarch

claiming, also by virtue of tradition, Divine Right. Religious bigotry was extensive; sect after sect 'fought for greater freedom for their own beliefs' without being in any way willing to extend tolerance to others. The whole financial structure of the country was questioned. As Tawney said, in words which sound amazingly relevant today: 'The Government's good intentions were smeared with the trail of finance'. Thus there were constitutional, religious and economic problems; a supposed decline in moral standards; a lessening of law and order, much as we hear them complained of today. In all, it was a society under stress and in a state of change, against which background the emergence of Oliver Cromwell is clearly seen.

He did not, in fact, emerge fully on the national scene until the age of 43 at the start of the Civil War, thus being something of a late developer, and certainly he appears to have been a reluctant emerger, 'pushed from behind'—in Marvell's words. His superb organization of the Ironsides established him in an unassailable position, so that he was then looked to as the only possible leader of the uneasy factions in the peace that followed. Once established as leader through the 1650's his qualities,—mental, physical and spiritual—not only kept him in control through many vicissitudes, but enabled him to leave a lasting heritage of constitutional change.

Cromwell started off with a physical advantage. He was a tall man for his day, heavily built and with a somewhat daunting presence, someone impossible to ignore. Size is a factor in leadership and it is certainly true that Charles I's small stature accounted for much of his lack of confidence, and lack of confidence is a complete bar to the exercise of leadership. Conversely, confidence in oneself is essential, and this Cromwell certainly had, not through any conceit but from a profound belief in his calling through Providence. This particular belief had its disadvantages; we should probably not have overmuch faith in a leader of industry today who said 'A man never mounts higher than when he knows not whither he is going'. Cromwell, however, felt that Providence would guide him.

Even so, he was himself well able to take decisions, ruthless and unpopular as might be necessary, another key quality for leaders today. He was a superb listener, enabling his colleagues to feel that they were participating in his government and he was gifted in the art of communication with many different groups. More than this, he was a great cajoler and persuader, prepared to negotiate with any person or sect on any issue. A modern historian, mindful of Cromwell's Welsh ancestry, has likened him to Lloyd George in this

respect. In fact, Cromwell was most unusual for his time in that he had no lasting political dogma but a pragmatic approach.

This flexible approach has caused some people to question Cromwell's integrity and yet he was always consistent in supporting what he saw as the right course at any one time. He had also that quality essential for a leader of making full use of the talents of others. He himself had intelligence rather than great intellectual ability and found some complex details hard to handle, but he was able to choose men to take care of such matters for him, and then, more difficult, to leave them alone to get on with the job. He had also what President Truman described as 'the ability to get other people to do what they don't want to do, and like it'.

Like many leaders, Cromwell did not live to see the full results of his labours; he was vilified by Restoration propaganda in the years after his death, and it is only in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries that there has been an attempt fully to assess his qualities and achievements.

Looking into the past and trying to relate it to the present is an even more difficult task than looking into the future. We think we know a lot about the seventeenth-century and yet we cannot recreate the human dynamics which kindled relationships and sadly, we cannot see or hear Cromwell as his contemporaries did. Future historians in the twenty-first century studying the leadership qualities of a Thatcher or a Reagan will be helped by huge quantities of film and recording to get at least a flavour of their subject. Such a flavour may be a bland one, however, as today's national leaders, having to appeal to millions of people at one time through the media, have to try to please all, instead of, as Cromwell adapting their style to woo each particular audience.

The kind of leadership with which all of us are concerned is at a more specific level than the kind required from statesmen, and yet certain qualities are universally applicable. I have already suggested that there is a blurring of distinctions between leaders and managers, and that we emphasize an egalitarian competence instead of élitist skills. Maurice Ashley refers to Cromwell's 'indefinable gift of leadership' and I suggest that whereas we certainly need competent managers in industry today, (men and women) who will see work as an enabling process, who will place great emphasis on structure and procedure, who will set their goals from necessities not on desires, we also need, over and above all these, people with flair and charisma, who are intuitive and empathetic, who have the

imagination to leap forward and the ruthlessness to take unpopular decisions. We are in times of change and conflict, as Cromwell was. Our constitution is challenged, our economy is in recession; the hitherto accepted autocratic structure of management has been broken down, and so we need men filled with a quiet self-confidence, able to reassure others, capable of planning and organizing, ready to look for new solutions, eager to encourage their followers. Many of these men will be superb also at the details of management, but I maintain that even if they sometimes need to leave these details to others, we need men of vision to lead our industries and enterprises, private and public as Cromwell led, persuaded, drove, encouraged and toiled. We need the dangerous men of whom T. E. Lawrence said 'they may act their dream with open eyes to make it possible'.

'Where there is no vision the people perish' says the Old Testament, and this country is too near economic death for us to ignore the call. So come back Oliver Cromwell, indeed—there is work still for you and your kind to do.

THE ENGLISH CIVIL WAR NOVEL

J. L. Atkins

Most professional historians tend to view with scorn the historical novel. This is unfortunate as it certainly can be a valuable adjunct to the student or amateur historian. However, even if the historical novel may be of real assistance to them, how do we measure its merit? I believe the answer is by its ability to impel the average reader to know more about a theme or period—to stimulate his, or her, appetite. As Sir Walter Scott accurately puts it: 'the reader having been interested in fictitious adventures ascribed to historical periods and characters, begins next to be anxious to learn what the facts really were and how far the novelist has justly represented them'. In other words, the novelist's business is not to satisfy but to stimulate historical curiosity. The greatest writer of them all, in any sphere, was, quite simply, an historical novelist. His name . . . William Shakespeare.

The English Civil War period provides a positively fertile soil for the cultivation of historical novels so let me now examine in more detail some of the more outstanding. . . .

The Splendid Spur by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch is an exciting tale

of adventure starting with the retirement of the King and Prince Rupert and Maurice into Oxford in November 1642 and going on to follow the campaign in Cornwall and the West Country generally. Of much greater historical value is Whyte-Melville's *Holmby House* which opens on the eve of the first battle of Newbury in September 1643 and closes only after the Restoration. This appealing love story, complicated by a conflict of loyalties and depicted against a strictly historical background, is chiefly remarkable for the charming picture of Oxford as the setting for the Royal Court from 1642 to 1646 and for its admirable studies of Cromwell, Falkland and Charles I. The interest of J. H. Shorthouse's *John Inglesant* is primarily philosophical and theological, but Chapter IX of this once very popular book gives a vivid impression of the strange, mixed elements which made up the social life of the Royalists in Oxford. Oxford during the Civil War is also the scene of E. Warburton's *Reginald Hastings*, A. J. Church's *With the King at Oxford*, D. G. McChesney's *Miriam Cromwell, Royalist*, and H. C. Bailey's *Colonel Stow*. Edna Lyall's *To Right The Wrong* is especially important in connexion with the first phase of the war and the career of John Hampden but there are also touching portraits of Sir Ralph Hopton and Sir William Waller.

Cromwell's career, of course, belongs emphatically to history but nowhere can it be followed more sympathetically than in Marjorie Bowen's *The Governor of England* which attempts to realise the conflict between the strong willed, hot-tempered man, capable of tender love for children, and the prophet entrusted, as he was convinced, with a divine mission, terrible in his wrath against idolatry, hypocrisy, and double-dealing, and finally brought, reluctantly, to conclude that it was necessary that one man should die for the people.

In Scott's *The Legend of Montrose* we have a vivid description of bitter inter-clan warfare, and are made to understand the essential weakness of an army like Montrose's which was based on tribal organisation. Scott's book may be supplemented by Neil Munroe's *John Splendid*, though to a non-Scot the language difficulty may inhibit full enjoyment of a stirring tale. Another 'Montrose' book well worth reading is Margaret Irwin's *The Proud Servant* which is especially notable for the charming picture of its hero in the home that he could so rarely visit and its examination of his tender relations with wife and sons.

To illuminate the period between the death of Charles I and the

restoration of Charles II there is one novel above all others. *Woodstock* was written under the most distressing circumstances. The final blow had fallen and for the remaining six years of his life, Sir Walter Scott had to work like a steam-engine. Moreover his wife was dying and his devoted daughter unwell. Yet few of Scott's novels are more historically satisfying. The story centres on the events connected with the sequestration of Woodstock Manor. The process of sequestration, ultimately averted by Cromwell's personal intervention, was interrupted by various 'supernatural' occurrences, attributed by contemporaries to the 'Good Devil of Woodstock'. Such occurrences, left largely unexplained are, of course, common, though varied, in several of Scott's romances but nowhere are they introduced with more historical warrant, or greater artistic effect than in *Woodstock*.

The Siege of York by Beatrice Marshall is a Royalist story of the days of Sir Thomas Fairfax who is the hero of the tale and *Over The Border* by Robert Barr is an unusual novel of adventure—the King is at Oxford and Cromwell's attention is monopolised by the borderer, William Armstrong, who rides to Oxford with a message from the Scots. *Andrew Marvell And His Friends* by Marie Hall is a careful historical study of Kingston-upon-Hull and its worthies and their relationship to the history of England during the Protectorate and the reign of Charles II. The two sieges of Hull by the Royalists in 1642-3, and the life of the poet Marvell, are the most important historical matters. *Hugh Gwyeth* by Beulah Dix concerns the battle of Edgehill, etc. The hero is brought up by his grandfather, a Roundhead, and fighting with the Cavaliers, finds his own father. *Cornet Strong Of Ireton's Horse* by Dora McChesney is an 'episode of the Ironsides' i.e. a Roundhead story, but, in fact, fair to both sides. There is good plot-interest and some serious and not unsuccessful character-drawing. It ranges from Marston Moor to the fall of Bristol. *St. George And St. Michael* by George Macdonald has as its hero the Earl of Glamorgan, who is represented as the King's scapegoat in the disastrous intrigue for bringing over an Irish army. The Marquis of Worcester is prominent among men and women featured from both sides. Basically this is a love-tale of Puritan and Royalist, parted at first by differences of opinion, and brought together by respect for each other's sincerity and steadfastness. *King By The Grace Of God*, a 3-volume novel by a German writer, Julius Rodenberg, is a careful study of the men and politics of the days of Cromwell, offering life-like portrayals of the Protector, Charles I, Fairfax and

others and a good sketch of Cornet Joyce, the daring captor of the King. *Henry Masterton* by G. P. R. James is an autobiographical novel of a Cavalier, giving a picture of the Royalist downfall that should be read in conjunction with Scott's *Woodstock*. It shows the Roundheads in much the same unfavourable light. The King's officer, Goring, and the Parliamentarian, Ireton, are both portrayed with great vigour. *Ovingdean Grange* by W. Harrison Ainsworth concerns Charles II's escape after Worcester with most of the action taking place in Brighton. *The Tavern Knight* by Raphael Sabatini also concerns the battle of Worcester and the adventures of a drunken, riotous but dauntless Cavalier. *Brambletye House* is a 3-volume antiquarian romance written in imitation of Scott and introducing historic personages and events in profusion.

All of these books so far mentioned were published before the 1920's. Indeed there were many more, but modern authors have also given the Civil War period plenty of attention. Some of the best novels are *The Swan Of Usk* by Helen Ashton (1939), a fictional life-story of the Welsh poet Henry Vaughan and his adventures during the Civil Wars. *Captain Thomas Schofield* by Hugh Ross Williamson (1941), an excellent story of a Roundhead captain and his deep and adventurous involvement with the career of Colonel Thomas Rainsborough. *The King's General* by Daphne du Maurier (1946) is set in the West Country and deals with the notorious Grenville family. *The Rider of The White Horse* by Rosemary Sutcliffe (1967) is a first-class novel about the career of Sir Thomas Fairfax. *Crown And Mitre* by Robert Neill (1970), deals with the intrigues involved with the Restoration and *Master Sawbones* by J. Lawrence (1976) an adventure story set in Hampshire with the hero, a Royalist undercover agent, serving in the Parliamentarian forces.

So, when the cold winter's evenings are no longer bearable and the T.V.'s banalities too frustrating, why not settle down by the fireside, with a good bottle of sherry, and some of the books I have mentioned? Your local library should be able to supply, at least, a few of them.

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WORCESTER REVISITED

The Rev. T. F. Shirley

I set out from the bridge at Worcester, southwards down the west bank of the Severn and was soon opposite Diglis and was passing by the weir, not neglecting to look back from time to time at the fine broadside-on view of the south side of the cathedral.

As to the field of battle on my right I first thought, as the books sometimes say, that it must have been quite different then as there would not have been all those hedges. But Oliver himself, in his first ecstatic report on the evening of the victory, reported how 'we beat the enemy from hedge to hedge till we beat him into Worcester'.

Maybe he was speaking of the hedges on the Sidbury side where the final and bloodiest part of the fighting took place. But the mobility implied in his description seems to suggest the more open ground on the west of the Severn. His reaction was real and human. It was only on the next day that he pronounced the more memorable verdict: 'It was for aught I know a crowning mercy'.

After nearly half an hour I could look over the river eastwards to the heights of Red Hill and Perry Wood, the exact neighbourhood of which I must explore some other time.

Then there is a section of the Severn which in our time is noticeably narrower and, probably, deeper. There is on the east bank a wooded area where troops could readily be concealed, as perhaps they were on the day when Cromwell put down his bridge of boats there, matching with the other on the Teme, within 'pistol-shot'.

Soon now the new Powick Bridge comes into view over the fields to the west, concealing the old one still extant a few yards further up the Teme. Here the whole civil war had begun with a skirmish back in 1642, and here now Cromwell's left flank pressed forward during the battle and pursued the royalist forces northwards into St. John's.

Battles apart, the actual confluence of Severn and Teme is a pleasant place to linger in awhile on a May morning, as one wonders vaguely what happens to the main stream of the Severn when it is joined by the noticeably faster waters of the Teme.

I turned westward along the Teme, guarded only by the occasional fisherman, but then very much the front line of Prince Charles's army, and as I crossed the fields I discerned a strange view of the cathedral tower, sawn off by the horizon of a ploughed field. Here

is very much what soldiers call 'dead ground', visible only to the Charles and his companions who actually ascended the tower to view the progress of the battle.

For me the right-hand arch of Powick Bridge was effectively defended by a herd of cows who showed no disposition to move, so I had to ascend the embankment and come onto the roadway through a hedge, before enduring a noisy walk into Powick village, where once the royalists had set their outposts on the eve of the battle. The church still forms a fine defensive site, standing on what is almost a cliff above the water meadows.

I walked all the way back into Worcester along the road, pausing at Powick Bridge again to admire a fine view of Bredon Hill, and in the afternoon I came to the Commandery, in Worcester, where the Duke of Hamilton died after the battle, and where now are clearly set forth maps and plans for all to see.

The Duke lies buried in the cathedral, which stands magnificently above the Severn, whose propensity for flooding has ensured that the battlefield of Worcester has so long remained much as it was on that hot September day in 1651.

KING OLIVER?

The Address given at the Annual General Meeting in London on 15 April 1981, by Dr John Morrill.

The more I read the letters and speeches of Oliver Cromwell, the more convinced I become that while he was a man capable of self-deception he was not capable of deliberate and sustained lies and deceit. Those great speeches, rambling streams-of-consciousness as they are, reveal an earnestness and integrity which transcend the often in-articulate and at times, frankly, unintelligible form of the utterances. Those of his contemporaries who saw Oliver as a self-serving hypocrite failed to see the underlying consistencies behind the outward reversals of policy. If we listen again to his voice, we will find that he tells us all we need to know about his purposes and aspirations.

It is a proposition with which I imagine members of this society will be in sympathy. For that reason, I will not argue it further. Rather I shall seek to demonstrate it with reference to one of the most puzzling episodes in Cromwell's career: the offer and refusal of the Crown in the spring of 1657. His detractors have long seen

this as the time of his unmasking: the scheming hypocrite foiled at the last as he reached out for the supreme prize. For Baxter and Ludlow, for example, and for many recent historians, the episode demonstrated both that Oliver was a man of vaunting ambition and yet that, at bottom, he was the Army's creature and not its master. He could not shake himself free from it to claim the throne.

It has never seemed to me to be a persuasive view. We can discount some of the wilder allegations of Cromwell's long-nurtured ambition. Almost all those accounts which speak of Cromwell sounding out his colleagues about the Crown in the early and mid 1650s are unreliable reports written down after his death and were probably influenced by the wisdom of hindsight. More can be made of the evidence that for several weeks before the offer rumours were circulating that Oliver was to be made King. Thurloe hints as much in a coded letter to Henry Cromwell on 9 December 1656, for example, and that which reached the ear of the Secretary must surely have reached the ear of the Protector also. It can also be suggested that the abandonment of the Major Generals after a very likewarm attack on them (inaugurated only after they drew attention to themselves by bringing in a bill to confirm their tax-methods, and despite Cromwell's outspoken defence of them at the beginning of the session) looks suspiciously like an exercise to clear away potential irritants ahead of a desired change. Following up this line of approach, it can be argued that Cromwell had been seriously rattled by recent reputed attempts to replace him as commander-in-chief of the Army by Lambert, and certainly the way he rounded on the Officers on 27 February 1657 suggests a temporary severing of trust. Following on from this, it can be argued that over the next twelve weeks, Oliver bided his time, waiting to see if the protests in the army would subside, whether the pressure of popular opinion and of parliamentary action would cow the officers into acquiescence. When, on the contrary, there was a heightening of army lobbying against the Crown in early May, he finally and reluctantly declined the offer. Even his most sympathetic biographers are inclined to argue that Oliver really wanted the title, but felt constrained by army pressure to decline it, although they put the case more moderately: thus for Robert Paul, the sticking point was that 'it would mean exchanging the experience of Christian friendship learned in the only real Church fellowship he had experienced (the Army), for the dubious loyalty of the lawyers and the sycophants.'

The problem with this interpretation is that it mistates the nature

and extent of army opposition and that it does not take Cromwell's expressed reasons for declining the Crown into account. Let us take the Army's position first. It is quite true that a majority of the officers were unhappy with the thought of King Oliver Cromwell. They petitioned and lobbied him not to accept the offer, and military men were prominent as tellers against almost every aspect of the Humble Petition and Advice as it made its way through Parliament. But at no point, either publicly or privately, did they go beyond stating their preference. They expressed their sorrow and sometimes displayed their anger; they asked him to listen to their advice and to decline the offer; several senior officers threatened to resign. But there is not a shred of evidence of any plot or plan to stage a coup or a show of force to prevent his coronation if he rejected their advice. When he did go against them and accepted all the other changes which they disliked, there was no violence; when he dismissed Lambert, arguably more popular than the Lord Protector himself by 1657, no-one tried to prevent it; and there were no demonstrations against his (to them) distastefully traditional second investiture as Lord Protector. Thurloe, whom no-one has ever accused of poor intelligence sources, told Henry Cromwell on 21 April that 'whatever resolutions his highness takes, they will be his own, there being nothing from without that should be any constraint upon him, either to take or refuse it.' Foreign ambassadorial reports concurred. Cromwell was free to choose whether to be king or not. The Army did not like it, but was prepared to lump it.

To understand why Oliver turned down the Crown, we have to see why he was offered it; to see why he was offered it, we have to see how he viewed himself as Lord Protector.

Oliver Cromwell was a man not 'wedded and glued to forms of government' (a wonderfully bizarre metaphor: but surely a mis-transcription? Could William Clarke have written 'wedded' instead of 'welded'?—'welded and glued' is how seventeenth-century cobblers attached the soles of shoes to the uppers!) Instead, he was welded and glued to the *ends* of government. Cromwell was an orthodox Calvinist in almost everything except his belief in religious toleration. Thus, his preoccupation with the ends of government was shaped by two considerations common in Calvinist thought. The first was his belief in the exact parallels to be found between the experience of the people of Israel in the Old Testament and of the people of England (also God's chosen people) in his own time. For Cromwell, the events of the last fifteen years resembled the Jewish experience

of the Exodus: the people of England had been in bondage in the land of Egypt (Stuart monarchy); had escaped and crossed the Red Sea (Regicide); and repined in the Desert (the Rump); but they were impelled forward towards the Promised Land by a pillar of fire, God's visible testimony of his promises. For Cromwell, as for Moses, the precise features of that Promised Land were uncertain; but the imperative to strike out for Canaan were unavoidable. Here the second conventional Calvinist doctrine is crucial; Cromwell's sense of divine providence which guided men and pointed the way forward. In this respect, we can rely on Christopher Hill's masterly account of Cromwell's belief in Providence in his biography of Oliver. I need do no more than point to the clearest and most moving exposition of his view of God's visibility in the affairs of men at the opening of the greatest of all his speeches, the address to Barebones on 4 July 1653, and to add—because this is less well recognized—that Cromwell consistently linked another word to the word Providence: Necessity. Providence was God's visibility in the world and in the affairs of men; Necessity for Cromwell (as the Latin *necessitas* for the medieval schoolmen) was not a secular imperative but a spiritual one. Man could choose to obey or to disobey God; but for those who discerned His will, there could be no real choice—to obey was *necessary*. To give one example of their conjunction, we can cite that speech to Barebones, whose power, Oliver told them, 'has come to you by way of necessity, by the wise providences of God.'

Cromwell's aim, therefore, was to persuade a reluctant people to follow him through the desert towards the Promised Land. Any form of government, any action was necessary and justified if it tended to that end. But because the bulk of the people had yet to accept the burden of responsibility, had not yet discerned God's will for them, there had to be cajoling and wheedling—government had to be, as he put it, for their good, not what pleases them. Thus a variety of constitutions were tried out, but all failed; they were signs, however, of his weakness and folly, signs that he had failed hitherto to understand Providences properly, not signs that God was capricious or silent. More importantly, their basic beliefs allowed him to justify his experiments and his breaches of law by claiming that they tended to the fulfilment of God's will: thus in the course of his address to the second Protectorate Parliament on 17 September 1656, Cromwell justified the creation of the Major Generals, the levying of arbitrary taxation, the use of arbitrary arrest and imprisonment without trial or cause shown and unconstitutional lawmaking,

all on the grounds of providence and necessity.

No wonder the lawyers and the conservative country gentry wanted to change the constitution. No wonder they wanted to crown him. 'Kingship is known to the laws': the powers of kings had been refined and defined by history, circumscribed by past experience; the kings were bounded and restricted by custom, tradition, prescription. King Oliver could not create Major Generals, levy decimation taxes by royal decree, imprison Mr Cony's lawyers simply for acting on behalf of their client. But neither could kings hope to build a New Jerusalem.

We can now turn to Cromwell's own discussion of the kingship and of his reasons for declining it. There is, in my view, a consistency and clarity about his arguments on eight separate occasions throughout April and early May 1657 which is both self-sufficient and persuasive. Time will allow me to explicate just one of those speeches, but it is entirely representative. Guided by his own motto, 'if I undertake anything not in Faith, I shall serve you in my own Unbelief', that it was the task of the proponents of monarchy to convince him that it was God's will that he be King, we can see how far he always was from accepting. From the outset of his address on 13 April, he hammers away at the need to establish God's intention:

If your arguments come upon me to inforce upon me the ground of Necessity,—why, then, I have no room to answer: for what must be must be! And therefore I did reckon it much of my business to consider whether there were such a necessity, or would arise such a necessity, from those arguments.

The conclusion he reaches is worried, negative but clear:

It was said: 'Kingship is not a Title, but an Office, so interwoven with the fundamental laws of this Nation, that they cannot, or cannot well, be executed and exercised without it. . . . I cannot take upon me to repel those grounds; they are so strong and rational. But if I am able to make any answer to them, I must grant that they are not necessarily conclusive; I must take them only as arguments which perhaps have in them much conveniency, much probability towards conclusiveness. For if a remedy or expedient may be found, they are not of necessity, they are not inevitable grounds.

He demands that they address themselves to another dimension:

I should have urged one consideration more which I forgot—namely the argument not of reason only but of *experience*. . . .

He then embarked on one of his familiar historical disquisitions, justifying his own conduct, appealing to providence, stressing his own limited ambition:

I am a man standing in the place I am in, which Place I undertook not so much out of hope of doing any good, as out of a desire to prevent mischief and evil . . . I could not tell what my business was, nor what I was in the place I stood in, save comparing myself to a good Constable, set to keep the peace of the Parish.

He then reaches the crux of the matter:

Truly the Providence of God hath laid aside this Title of King providentially *de facto*. . . . God hath seemed to appear as a Providence, not only in striking at the Family but at the Name . . . I will not set up that which Providence hath destroyed and laid in the dust; I will not build Jericho again.

God had laid aside the office and title: only God could restore it. And how would God indicate His will? Where had God always manifested His will? *Through the Army!* For Cromwell only some great victory (e.g. in Flanders) or some singular act by the united Army council could testify that God wanted King Oliver.

Intellectually, Cromwell was torn: the social conservative in him, the country squire yearning for order ('I am hugely taken with this word settlement') led him to see the force of the arguments of the lawyers: the visionary, the man who wished to bring all men to turn from greed and self-seeking to the ways of God, sensed that the restraints kingship would place on him would make that vision fade. Kingship was a form of government rooted in History and restrained by bonds anchored in the past. Cromwell had consistently sought a political theory rooted in the future, freeing him to follow his own conscience. Deep inside him, he knew that to become King was to abandon everything noble he had striven for. The Army's opposition was not a physical constraint on him. He did not weigh up whether they would let him get away with the change of title. Rather his delay and indecision is to be explained by his search for a sign from God. That sign could only come from the Army: without that sign he could not and would not accept the Crown. Oliver Cromwell, who believed passionately in Providence, could not find one in 1657; Charles Stuart, who did not believe in Providence, claimed one in 1660 in his addresses to those who restored him. It is an irony that he would have relished.

OLIVER CROMWELL, MAN AND MOVIE

Ivan Roots

Oliver Cromwell is to English biography what 1066 is to chronology. Everybody knows about him—all those ruins knocked about a bit,

the stained glass smashed, churches converted to stables, maypoles tumbled, parliaments purged, *coups* mounted, playhouses shut up, powder kept dry, Christmases ruined. The man is ubiquitous, a factotum. Nothing happened between 1640, when the Long Parliament met, and 1658, when he died, unless it seems Oliver, like Kilroy, was there. Beatrice Saunders's ineffable *The Age of Candlelight* (1958) has him in association with 'the Protestants' (presumably 'the puritans') executing Strafford, Laud, Charles I, the lot! More recently *The Observer's* political correspondent, Alan Watkins, writing about the present leader of the House of Commons, Francis Pym, referred to his ancestor, John Pym, as 'the brains behind Cromwell', conveniently overlooking the fact that Oliver was still no more than a lively local commander when Pym died in 1643. Few could have imagined then that he would become, in Milton's phrase, echoed down the centuries, 'our chief of men'. Andrew Marvell's *Horatian Ode* on his return from Ireland to be sure predicted great things of 'the war's and fortune's son', but that was in 1649 when he had already started to 'cast the kingdoms old/Into another mould'. Dryden in a poem he would later want to forget had him 'great ere fortune made him so'—but that was in 1656 when it was apparent to the most obtuse that Oliver had arrived. Without the civil war Cromwell would probably have remained a country gentleman, conscientious, a bit pugnacious, puritan, now and then an M.P., perhaps really Lord Dacre's 'typical backbencher'. But civil war *did* come, by drift of circumstances, pushing him into the lime-light.

What did Oliver have? Ambition, intelligence, unsuspected military skills, charm, an ability to win friends and influence people and also to lose them, a sense of timing, self-confidence, energy, intuition—all these. Cromwell himself would have said it was Providence—his code-name for the ways in which God was working his purpose out in earth through his Saints—men like himself. This unwavering acceptance that he helped God while God was helping him brought him through the series of crises which turned Squire Oliver into his Highness the Lord Protector, the man who could have been king. 'God's Englishman', Christopher Hill has called him, cribbing another phrase of Milton's, from *Areopagitica*, about God's habit of shewing himself first to his Englishmen. But that nickname makes him a type, even a stereotype, like Bloody Mary or Farmer George, not far removed from folklore. Obviously many features of the personality, outlook and aspirations of this man chimed with those of enough

of those of God's other Englishmen for him to emerge as a symbol. But what is, in fact, most striking about him is that he was always his own man, an individual with some quite unique qualities, who has yet to be pinned down in the more or less annual biographies. None of the plays about him—Victor Hugo's or John Drinkwater's, for example—made a man of him, nor have pictorial representations, least of all those Victorian narrative pictures like Augustus Egg's 'The Night before Naseby'. Some contemporary medals and, best of all, Samuel Cooper's beautiful miniature (at Bristol Baptist College), do get a little nearer. Television has yet to attempt him in any serious way, but surely he is worth as many episodes as, say, *Elizabeth Regina* or *The Early Churchills*.

It is strange that the English who have such a cinematic and photogenic history have been so ill-served by their film makers. Henry VIII was reduced with a dirty snigger to a public private life. *Victoria the Great* was a vehicle for the bland charms of Anna Neagle who also made insipid 'the protestant whore', beautiful, blowsy, Nell Gwynn. World War Two produced the constipated heroics of Noel Coward's *In Which We Serve* and in David Hemming's *Alfred the Great* any connexion between what went on on the screen and the actual doings in deepest Wessex a thousand years and more ago was in the eye only of the producer. The best we have done perhaps is to screen transcriptions of Shakespeare's Jacobethan view of the fifteenth-century. But even Olivier's *Henry V* pinched its best images from *Alexander Nevsky*. Where, indeed, is the British *Nevsky*? *Ivan the Terrible*, *Battleship Potemkin*, *Peter the Great*, *We from Kronstadt*? Or an equivalent of Renoir's *La Marseillaise* or Gance's *Napoleon*? or even Ford's *Young Mr Lincoln*? All we have for the 1640s and 1650s when some of the great set-pieces of our history were enacted is Kevin Brownlow's *Winstanley*, certainly a sensitive reconstruction but generally too low key. Matthew Hopkin was a promising subject for *Witchfinder General* but that became in more senses than one a Hammer horror—emetic. As for Ken Hughes's *Cromwell*, well, at first viewing, words failed me, overwhelmed by the sheer awfulness of most of it. But time loosens tongues and after some more showings, including one on the little box, I am garrulous.

Ken Hughes wrote his own script. There was, I believe, an historical adviser, but he can only have muttered feebly as his warnings were ignored, presumably in the interests of 'a good story'. The film itself was made mostly in Spain. Good Iberian papists stood in cheerfully and well-paid for the Ironsides. Cromwell, a glowering

Richard Harris with permanent laryngitis beneath a succession of clean white collars, is from the start the national leader to whom all eyes turn when the calling of the Long Parliament becomes imminent. He has just shewn himself godly, wilful and dynamic by a spectacular smash-up of idolatrous altar ornaments. He is already at odds with the Earl of Manchester, portrayed by Robert Morley as Robert Morley, some four years before the famous 'quarrel' that led to the formation of the New Model Army. The Earl sits on the front benches in the House of Commons where Oliver dominates everything to the point of being the defiant one of the 5 MPs Charles I came to arrest in January 1642. (Cromwell, in fact, was not even one of those 'birds', but ironically Manchester—then Lord Mandeville—was the one member of the Peers who was.) And so we go on. Cromwell casts ambiguous bedroom eyes on Henrietta Maria while reminding her husband of 'a thing called democracy'. Charles I, as it happens, is performed with great subtlety by Alec Guinness with a faint Scots accent and a stammer which disappears authentically in the moment of truth of his trial. Incredibly Edward Hyde turns up to give evidence against him there. (It is rumoured that up in heaven, Hyde, who, of course, had gone into exile with the Prince of Wales, is now nicknamed Spinning Eddy.)

After the execution Cromwell, weary and still croaking, retires to a little village called Cambridge, whence he is summoned back to Westminster by a deputation, which includes several dead men, to turn out the Rump. There he confronts another lot of men either already dead or who would rather have been found dead than to have sat in it. With a massive thrust of the Mace—a gesture weakly copied a couple of years ago by Nigel Heseltine—it all comes to an end,—nothing about Barebone's, the Protectorate, the Major-Generals, the offer and refusal of the crown and the demise in 1658 on 3 September, Cromwell's day, anniversary of his victories of Dunbar and Worcester. Perhaps it is just as well. *Cromwell Part Two* would probably have had him drafting the Instrument of Government in association with his defunct son-in-law, Henry Ireton; leading his troops in person at Mardyke; now and then glimpsed in full frontal something or other with his reputed mistress, Elizabeth Dysart; trying on the crown for size behind locked doors at Whitehall; plotting the assassination of Charles II with John Thurloe, the James Bond of the seventeenth-century, and at length on his death bed wheezing golden phrases about democracy, while in the background a heavenly choir sings 'He who would valiant be'.

Much more might be said about *Cromwell Part One*. I am told that the ropes used in hauling cannon are of an eighteenth-century type and a psalm before a battle is sung to a Victorian tune. Faults like that do not worry me much. Exactitude in trivia can go along with a total lack of historical understanding of and veracity in larger matters. I recall an American film about Richelieu which had all the furniture and costume dead right, but for Louis XIII—who would have been in his twenties at the time and no *roi fainéant*—a doddering slipped pantaloons. What, then, should we expect of historical films? Everything—we get it almost in *Ivan the Terrible*—but if not everything, then at least historical imagination, and a concern for what actually happened without patronising the people of the past. That does not require pettifogging pedantry but calls for stiff resistance to 'invention' made merely to heighten the drama or as a sop to 'what the public really wants'—it is doubtful if it really wants that anyway. Apart from *Winstanley*—and even there there had to be a hint of gratuitous sexual intrigue—I can recall only one British cinema film on a theme before the eighteenth-century that seemed to approach the past with anything like a decent respect: *Tudor Rose*, about Lady Jane Grey, made some time about 1935. But I have never seen it since and my increasingly faltering memory may have made it more vital than it was. It seems, anyway, to have sunk without trace—unlike *Cromwell*, which will be around for years to come, adding to the myth, detracting from the man.

Postscript: Since writing this article I have learned that *Tudor Rose* (directed by John Stevenson) has recently been shewn with some acclaim at the Berlin Film Festival.

(Reprinted with the permission of the Editor from *Digger 1981*, the magazine of the Department of History and Archaeology at the University of Exeter.)

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Stephen K. Roberts
Howard McKenzie

Publications Received

The Battle of Marston Moor July 2, 1644

The text (8 pp.) of a talk, strong on atmosphere and 'spirit', given by Mr D. B. Good to members of the Association's Yorkshire Group on the battlefield itself. £1 post free, 60p to schools. Available from the Author at 20, Whiteley Croft Road, Otley, W. Yorkshire.

The Siege of Colchester 1648: A History and Bibliography by D. Woodward and C. Cockerill. (Revised edn. 49 pp.) Essex County Library. Available from Essex Libraries at 80p., postage extra.

Research Project

Civil War Burial Pits, Graves and Tombs, Monuments etc.

Mr Barry Denton asks Cromwell Association members to help in collating material dealing with Civil War burial pits, graves and tombs, and monuments to the fallen. If enough interest is forthcoming and information received, he hopes to use it to form a Directory. Would any member please forward the following information concerning their own area?:-

- a) *Burial Pits*:- following battles the slain were buried in common pits; any local history records or folk-lore stories of burial pits are of interest, plus a description of the site today (if possible).
- b) *Graves and Tombs*:- descriptions of any church graves, e.g. Sir John Bright's at Badsworth, W. Yorks—the state of graves, inscriptions, if any. Also tombs in churches or private chapels.

- c) *Monuments*:- either to an individual or to battle-slain, e.g.—Sir Thomas Tyldesley at Wigan. Descriptions of monuments, state of repair etc.

All details should be sent direct to:-

Barry Denton
10, Melrose Avenue
Off Bants Lane
Northampton.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING 1981

The Annual General Meeting of the Association was held on Saturday, 25 April 1981 in the Church Hall of St. Giles', Cripplegate, London, E.C.3.

Present: Professor Ivan Roots, President; Mr Trewin Copplestone, Chairman; Mr Geoffrey Woollard, Hon. Treasurer; Miss H. Platt, Hon. Secretary; and 36 members.

Apologies for absence were received from 29 members.

The Chairman welcomed the members present, particularly the contingent from Yorkshire who had ploughed their way through snow on their way south, and also the Rev. Chilton from Hamilton, Scotland, who had travelled down overnight. In order to gain the utmost benefit from Dr Morrill's address, he intended to ask him to speak straightaway. Dr Morrill had written five books on the seventeenth-century and another was about to be published on *England's Wars of Religion*.

Dr Morrill addressed the meeting on 'King Oliver', saying that the best way to understand Oliver Cromwell was to listen to him through his Letters and Speeches. He proceeded to illustrate this in a detailed and most meaningful way. (The Address is published in this issue of *Cromwelliana*).

After questions and discussion, Professor Roots thanked the speaker for his illuminating address and said he shared Dr Morrill's view that the true Cromwell was revealed in his letters and speeches. The text of the speeches had to be wrestled with as so often Cromwell seemed to be thinking on his feet.

MINUTES of the last Annual General Meeting held on April 19th, 1980 at Exeter University, were read, confirmed and signed by the Chairman.

Matters Arising

Mr D. B. Good said he understood that the leaflets giving details of the Cromwell busts for sale were to be sent out with every Notice to members, including *Cromwelliana*. The Hon. Secretary said the leaflet had been included with the August mailing, but the publication of *Cromwelliana* had been delayed, necessitating a separate mailing just before Christmas and she had not thought it necessary to include it again then.

A member asked whether the date of the Annual Meeting could be moved from the end of April to early May, and this was noted without much support from the floor.

Association Ties: A member of the Yorkshire group said they had produced and sold Ties at £2.50 each with their own design.

Member John Langford asked if the Cromwell Statue at Warrington had yet been re-sited. The Hon. Secretary said she had heard nothing further from Mr Joseph Lythgoe, our representative at Warrington, since his report that the statue had been moved for cleaning.

Chairman's Report

Mr Copplestone thanked the Rector of St. Giles' and his colleagues for the facilities accorded for the Meeting. He also thanked the officers of the Association and the local groups who had put in much effort voluntarily in support of the Association. The Council had met five times during the year with an average attendance of 8 members. Mr D. B. Good had been asked to join the Council; but had declined. The Hon. Secretary had advised the Council that after 23 years in this post she felt the time to retire was near, and to facilitate future arrangements the following changes had been made:-

- (1) Major Battcock had taken over the duties of Minute Secretary;
- (2) Mr Howard McKenzie had become Correspondent for questions of an historical and biographical nature on the period; and
- (3) the Association Library was now housed at the offices of the Chairman, Trewin Copplestone (Books) Ltd., 101-109 Ladbroke Grove, London, W.11.

Cromwelliana

The Chairman stressed that *Cromwelliana* published annually was an important function of the Association. Printing costs had inevitably risen but the University of Exeter Print Unit offered a very competitive price.

Increased Membership

The Chairman said the Council were very aware of the need to increase membership, but after discussion had decided that the best way to do this was through members recruiting in their own localities and spheres of influence. The Local Groups had been active in various ways. A member of the Midland Group had alerted the Council regarding the possible restoration of Thorpe Hall, Peterborough, as a Civil War Museum and this had been taken up with the authorities concerned. It was hoped this project would go through. As to the West Country Group, Mr A. C. Parsons was working hard to get this off the ground. He hoped to arrange a Residential Weekend in November with the co-operation of the Director of the Somerset Adult Education College near Ilminster. Professor Roots and Mr John Wroughton had expressed interest and support and the subject for the Weekend would probably be 'The Civil War in the South West.' The Yorkshire Group had become registered as a Charity and had held successful functions in the Summer and Autumn.

Putney Debates

The Council had been in touch with the Rector of St. Mary's Church, Putney, about the restoration of the Church where the Putney debates had been held in Cromwell's time. A Committee had been formed and members of the Council had attended preliminary meetings.

Naseby Battlefield

The Society of the Preservation of the site of Naseby Battlefield had asked for further assistance to combat the proposal to build a road across the battlefield. Members interested were asked to write to their M.P.s

Treasurer's Report

Mr Woollard said the Balance Sheet was in the hands of members present. This showed subscriptions and donations were down on

last year but this was accounted for because of the special Life Membership offer. There had been no income from the sale of busts during the year in question but he had just been handed a cheque for £50 from Mr Good which would go forward to next year's income. They now had a substantial capital base with a substantial interest accruing on Deposit Account. Mr Woollard reiterated the Chairman's plea for the recruitment of new members.

The adoption of the Accounts for the year 1980/81 was proposed by Mr Woollard, seconded by Mr Howard McKenzie, and carried.

General Discussion

Mr John Langford displayed a map of Oxfordshire and Huntingdon showing Civil War events which he suggested might be the basis of a Coach Tour. Mr Parsons gave details of the proposed weekend at Dillington Adult Education College. The cost was likely to be about £35 per person and he hoped members would enrol. Mr Alan Smith asked for contributions for forthcoming issues of *Cromwelliana*, especially on religious subjects. He called for the arrangement of special celebrations in 1985, the 50th anniversary of the Association's founding. It was suggested that the Post Office might be persuaded to issue a Cromwell stamp. Mr Langford thought the B.B.C. might give time to the life of Cromwell as they were now doing for the life of Lloyd George. Mr Good advised he had written a booklet on the Battle of Marston Moor obtainable from him at the price of £1. He advised that the Vicar of Kirby Mallom had asked for help in repairing the Church Organ sited in the Lambert Family Chapel. He had agreed to give a lecture on Lambert on May 16th.

After a break for tea, a discussion ensued arising from the questionnaire sent out to all members asking whether they were satisfied with the present running of the Association in accordance with the regulations circulated or whether they would prefer a change to a written Constitution. Of the slips returned 104 were in favour of the present formula and 12 opted for a Constitution. Mr Good and other members of the Yorkshire Group said the questionnaire was unfairly weighted in favour of the status quo as no arguments pro and con were circulated and the result was not acceptable to those pressing for a Constitution and charitable status for the Association. Mr Alan Smith said that in the light of the answers to the questionnaire and in his contact with members it seemed quite clear to him that the majority wanted no change; but it also appeared that a certain

group were agitating for change in the running of the Association. In his opinion, this recurring argument on the matter of a Constitution and annual election of officers was wasting valuable time that should be used to discuss active projects to further the aims of the Association.

Mr Good said that he had no desire to be elected on to the Council but he deplored the present arrangements and thought the advantages of a Constitution and annual elections should be ventilated. Mr Woollard commented that he would like to see officers elected and also the saving on taxation which charitable status could bring, but he feared this would be outweighed by the cost of administration. He doubted whether an association (with members all over the world) could be classed as a genuine charity. *Mr Goodman* said the definition of a charity included the benefit of education and he thought the Association came within this definition. In his view the questionnaire was one-sided because both views were not given. Mr Mann thought the matter of charitable status was a moral issue and it would be wrong to regard the Association as a charity. Mr Thomas thought the continued argument was sowing seeds of separation. Mr Collyer asked what difference it would make to the running of the Association if the Council were an elected body. Where was the advantage of introducing a constitution bringing difficult election processes? Mr Mann then proposed that there should be a further ballot of all members. Professor Roots then proposed that the present rules should be sent out again with a 500-word argument listing the advantages and disadvantages of a change to a constitution. 22 of the 40 members present voted in favour of this proposition which was therefore carried. The Meeting was then closed by the Chairman.