

Oliver & The Green Island

Through Great Britain and Ireland with Cromwell

H. E. Marshall

1912

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. once Cromwell became sure that the King must die, when he began to believe that in no other way would peace come to the country, nothing made him hesitate. So, from the lonely, dreary castle by the sea, the King was brought to Windsor. He came through the woodland of the New Forest to the royal town of Winchester, and on, by the chalky downs of Surrey, to Bagshot Heath, and at last to Windsor.

From there, a few days later, he was brought to London, to meet his stern judges. They accused him of being a tyrant, a traitor, a murderer, and a public enemy. They condemned him to die.

Charles had not been a good king. He had thought more of his own will than of the happiness of his people. But those were very hard times in which to rule. And now he met his death bravely and like a gentleman.

“There is but one stage more,” said the bishop who was allowed to be with him on the scaffold “It is very short, and in an instant will lead you a most long way, from earth to heaven, where you shall find great joy and comfort.”

“I go,” replied the King, “from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where can be no trouble, none at all.”

And so he passed on his last journey.

Now that the poor King, who had caused so much sorrow and suffering, and who himself had had such a sad life, lay dead, his friends begged to be allowed to bury him. This they were permitted to do. It was winter time, and as they reverently carried the coffin, covered with black velvet, through the streets, the snow fell fast. And so, shrouded in white, the “White King,” as he was often called, was laid to rest in St. George’s Chapel at Windsor, “without any words or other ceremonies than the tears and sighs of the few beholders.”

As soon as Charles was dead the Parliament declared that lords were useless and dangerous, and that they would have no more of them. They also said that kings were “unnecessary, burdensome, and dangerous to the liberty of the people,” and that they would have no more of them, and that England should henceforth be a Commonwealth or Free State. Even before the King was beheaded, the Parliament had declared it to be against the law for any one to proclaim his son, Prince Charles, King. But the Scots, who had never meant that the King should be killed, were angry at what the English had done. They at once proclaimed Prince Charles King, and made ready to fight for him. The Irish did the same, and, besides this, there were many in England who were ready to join them. Soon the whole country was again in arms.

About The Planting of Ulster

During the whole time of the Civil War, Ireland had been in a state of confusion and rebellion such as would be hard to describe or understand. Englishmen and Irishmen, Protestants

and Catholics, Royalists and Parliamentarians, all fought in a pell-mell of hatred. Yet now, most of them forgot their quarrels and joined against the murderers of the King.

Cromwell was full of wrath and hatred against the Irish. His anger made him cruel, and to understand, if not to excuse, this cruelty we must look back a little into the history of Ireland.

Although since the days of Henry II., the kings of England had called themselves Lords of Ireland too, it had often been little more than an empty title. The Irish were wild and rebellious, and except in the counties of Dublin, Meath, Kildare, and Louth, where Englishmen had settled, English rule was scarcely felt in Ireland. This part of Ireland was called the English Pale. Although many English lived there it was only as lords and masters. They never mixed with the Irish people.

Indeed they took care to dress differently and even cut their hair and shaved their faces in another fashion from the Irish, so that no one might mistake the one for the other.

The Irish hated these English tyrants, and there were often rebellions. In the days of the great Queen Elizabeth a rebellion under Hugh O'Neil, Earl of Tyrone, broke out. This rebellion lasted for several years, but at last, just before the great Queen died, O'Neil gave himself up. When King James came to the throne he forgave O'Neil and gave him back his title and lands. But a little later O'Neil was accused of treason and suddenly fled from the country with his friend and relation Rory O'Donnell, Earl of Tyrconnell, and about a hundred others. King James seized the land of these fugitives. In this way six counties of the province of Ulster Donegal, Derry, Tyrone, Fermanagh, Cavan, and Armagh came to the crown.

In these six counties there are about two million acres of land. But a million and a half was bog, mountain, and forest. Upon the other half million acres King James decided to settle English and Scottish Protestants. Already in Antrim and Down there were many Scottish folk who for hundreds of years had been quietly coming over from the barren highlands to make their homes among the green pastures of Ireland. So when the King's new settlers came nearly all the north of Catholic Ireland became Protestant. This is called the Plantation of Ulster. And it is from these old planters that many of the people of Ulster claim to be descended to-day.

In order to raise money to help the "planting of Ulster" James created a new title, that of baronet. This title, instead of being given to a man as a reward for some great service or brave deed, as titles usually were, might be bought. Any one who cared to pay £1095 could become a baronet.

As the first baronets were made at the planting of Ulster, all bear upon their coat of arms a bloody hand, which is the badge of Ulster. Of course people laughed at these upstart lords, but the new colonists were men accustomed to work and eager to work. They were men who already by brains and diligence had made money and position for themselves. They were not grand lords who only wished to win land that others might till it for them like the fine gentlemen of the English Pale. They were merchants, farmers, and traders. Among them there were weavers, mechanics, and labourers, so very quickly Ulster grew in wealth and prosperity.

The Irish looked upon these new comers with hatred. They were strangers who robbed them of the land of their fathers. They were also Protestants. The English of the Pale had at least been Catholics, In those far-off days people who could not think alike about worshipping God hated and dreaded each other, and each side, when it grew strong, tortured and persecuted the other. So the days of the Planting of Ulster were not altogether bright.

But when Stratford, the friend of King Charles, came to rule Ireland, matters grew worse. The Irish saw that he meant to take still more of their land and give it to the English and Scots, and they hated him. Strafford ruled like a tyrant. Yet he kept order and peace. Trade grew and the land prospered. But he built upon a volcano. The order was the order of force, the peace the peace of despair, and when at length Strafford was recalled and beheaded, Ireland was seething with hatred and wrath.

In the winter of 1641 this hatred broke into terrible rebellion. The Irish, under chiefs who had lost their lands by the Planting of Ulster, rose against the English and Scots settlers. Among the lonely farms and the little agricultural and industrial towns of Ulster, so newly sprung to life, there was terrible slaughter.

Men, women and children, alike, were slain, or cast adrift in the wintry weather, to die miserably of cold and hunger. Many dreadful deeds were done, for the Irish, who had suffered so much, had no pity. It was the memory of this terrible massacre which filled Cromwell's heart with bitterness and made him hard and cruel towards the Irish. For this he now determined to punish them and at the same time put down the rebellion.

So with his army he set out for Ireland. He was made Commander-in-Chief and Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and began his journey in great state. He drove in a fine coach drawn by six grey horses, and a bodyguard of gentlemen marched beside him. As he passed through the streets the people cheered and trumpets blew till it seemed as if Charing Cross shook to its foundations.

Oliver goes to the Green Island

The Lord-Lieutenant drove through England in state to Bristol. From there he went on through Wales to Pembroke Castle, from which but a few months before he and his hungry army had marched away ragged but victorious. There, in Milford Haven, ships lay ready to carry him over the Irish Sea. It was August, and the sea was rough, and "the Lord-Lieutenant was as sea-sick as ever I saw a man in my life." No doubt he was glad when the voyage was over, and he was safe at last within the blue waters of Dublin Bay.

Ireland is a very different country from Britain in many ways. It has no backbone of mountains, like England and Scotland, forming a *water-parting* range. Instead, the whole centre of the country is a plain, ringed round with mountains,

As these mountains lie near the shore, the rivers rising there are very short and rapid, and of little use for commerce. There is one great river, however, called the Shannon. It is larger and longer than any river in the British Isles, and ships can sail up it for a greater distance. It rises in the north-west mountains, and crosses the great central plain, falling into the Atlantic on the south-west.

If Ireland were rich in coal fields like Britain this river would be of great use as a trading waterway. But, although there are a few coal fields in Ireland, they are not large enough to bring factories. They are not even large enough to supply all the coal that is needed for house use. So many people burn peat, which is cut from the bogs, of which there are many in the great central plain. Indeed one-seventh of the whole surface of Ireland is bog.

Ireland has good iron ore, and lead and copper too, but they are little worked. It is difficult to make it pay when coal has to be brought a great distance. As long as there were plenty of trees in Ireland, which could be cut down for wood, iron ore was worked. But now, although the climate and soil of Ireland are well suited for tree-growing, it is one of the worst wooded countries of Europe. On the whole, Ireland cannot be said to be either a manufacturing or a mining country.

The climate of Ireland is damper than that of Britain. Lying, as it does, between Britain and the Atlantic, its high mountains catch the heavy rain-clouds blowing from the west before they pass on. And although much of the land is very rich, being so damp, it is more suitable for pasture than for agriculture. So Ireland has become famous for its cattle, poultry, dairy produce, and horses.

Besides being divided into counties, as England and Scotland are, Ireland is divided into provinces. These are the five old kingdoms into which Ireland used to be divided long ago, each having a separate king. Their names were Ulster, Connaught, Munster, Leinster, and Meath. But Leinster and Meath are now one, so to-day there are four provinces.

Dublin, at which Cromwell now landed, is in the province of Leinster. Besides being the capital, Dublin is the finest town in Ireland. It lies upon the Liffey, which flows right through the town, and is crossed by many bridges. Although it is not a manufacturing town, it has two great industries, brewing and poplin making. The water of the streams here is good for making beer and for dyeing silk and wool. So Irish poplins and Guinness's stout are famous the world over.

Dublin is not naturally a good harbour, for the bay is full of sand-banks. So a harbour has been built at Kingstown, on the south shore of the bay, about six miles off. Through this port all the trade of Dublin passes. Lying opposite South Lancashire, with its busy manufacturing towns, Kingstown has grown important.

From here, eggs, butter, poultry, and all kinds of farm produce are shipped across to feed the hungry workers. And to this port are brought tea, and coffee, and many other goods from foreign lands for the people of Ireland. For the valley of the Liffey, breaking through the ring of hills, makes Dublin a convenient place from which to carry goods inland, and to distribute them over the towns of the plain.

Dublin was in the hands of the Parliamentarians, and, when Cromwell landed, the people received him with great joy, cheering loudly as he and his men marched through the streets. But the capital was almost the only place except Londonderry left to the Parliamentarians in all Ireland, and Londonderry was besieged by Royalists.

Cromwell began at once to remodel the Irish army as he had remodelled the English. He found it full of bad men who drank, and swore and plundered. None of these things were allowed in Oliver's army, so he got rid of the bad men. He also proclaimed that soldiers must henceforth pay for what they took. Any who robbed the people should be punished. Then, having rested for a few days, he marched northward to Drogheda. He arrived there on the 3rd of September, which he always thought was his lucky day.

The taking of Drogheda

Drogheda means the bridge of the ford. It lies upon the river Boyne, and, like Dublin, it is built on both banks of the river. But, in the days of Cromwell, there was only one bridge over it, and all round were strong walls.

It lies near a farming district, and is the most important export town in that part of Ireland. From there butter and eggs are sent to England. It has linen manufactures too, for which many Irish towns are famous.

Now the Royalists made a brave defence, but Cromwell had heavy guns with which he battered the walls, until he made a breach. Then his soldiers rushed at the breach, hoping to

storm the town. But so fiercely did the Royalists fight that they were thrown back. Again they rushed to the attack. Again they were thrown back.

Then Cromwell, seeing how his men were baffled again and again, put himself at their head. New courage came to the Ironsides, and shouting with joy, they followed their gallant leader. And as the sun was sinking, the town at last was won. Back and back the brave defenders were borne to the Mill Mount, the highest and strongest place in the town. Even here the Ironsides followed, and almost to a man the Royalists were slaughtered where they stood.

In his wars in England Cromwell had been stern and fierce. Now he was pitiless. No mercy was shown. "No quarter" was the cry. Over the bridge fled the Royalists pursued by the conquerors. There was no safety anywhere. A church in which some took refuge was set on fire, and the poor wretches within it died in the flames. The blaze of the burning church lit up the darkness, for night had now fallen, and as the bloodshed went on the shrieks of the dying mingled with the roar of flames, and the crash of falling stones.

So awful was the slaughter, that of three thousand men scarcely thirty escaped. Not only soldiers, but all the friars and priests within the town were "knocked on the head." Thus the siege of Drogheda ended in a fearful and pitiless butchery.

Cromwell himself, even in those rough, stern times, felt the need of some excuse. He gave the order for "no quarter," he said, in the heat and anger of battle. And such bitterness would serve, he thought, as an example to the rebels and prevent bloodshed in future, "Which are the satisfactory grounds to such actions, which otherwise cannot but work remorse and regret."

The slaughter of Drogheda struck terror, for a time at least, into the hearts of the Royalists. Trim, a little agricultural town farther up the Boyne, gave in without striking a blow. Dundalk, which like Drogheda is a trading seaport, followed.

Then Cromwell, leaving garrisons to guard his conquests, marched southward by Wicklow and Limerick, to Wexford, castles and towns yielding to him everywhere as he marched.

This Limerick is not the seaport on the west, the chief town of the county of Limerick, but a little village in Wexford.

Cromwell wanted to take Wexford because the bay was a natural harbour, easily reached from Milford Haven, where troops could be landed. From the south of the bay a tongue of land, ending in Rosslare Point, runs northward forming Wexford Harbour, and at Rosslare there is now a good harbour. Between Dublin Bay and Wexford there is no other good inlet. The county of Wexford, sloping towards the sea from the Arklow and Wicklow mountains, is very fertile. It has become famous for its butter and eggs and dairy produce, which are easily shipped off to other places through the port of Wexford, which has therefore become important. The streets are narrow and the houses small, and among them may still be seen that in which Cromwell lived after he had taken the town.

For Wexford, like Drogheda, was soon taken, and as at Drogheda, the defenders were slaughtered cruelly.

The weather had been wet and dreary, and Cromwell's camp was turned into a quagmire. Many of his soldiers fell ill. But as soon as Wexford was taken, he was on the march again to New Ross. Along the muddy roads, and by the bare fields of barley stubble they went to the little agricultural town on the river Barrow.

Cromwell began at once to bombard the town. But the news of the massacre of Drogheda and of Wexford had reached the garrison. The fear of Cromwell was upon them, and in three days they yielded. This time the soldiers were allowed to march out, leaving their arms and ammunition behind them. Some of the garrison were English, and five hundred of them immediately joined Cromwell. He was very glad to have them, for many of his own men had died, worn out by the long marches and terrible wet weather.

More Conquests in Ireland

Cork, Kinsale, and other towns, following the example of New Ross, yielded to Cromwell's generals. Cork is the third city in Ireland, and the most important in the south. The county of Cork, which is the largest in Ireland, is rich and fertile. In the west are mountains, and, sloping to the sea, beautiful valleys. Cork itself is a busy place. Besides being the largest butter market in the United Kingdom, it is the port by which the agricultural and dairy produce of the county finds its way to other lands. It has also breweries and distilleries, woollen, linen, paper, copper and tin factories.

Kinsale has a good harbour. It is a quaint old town with steep and winding streets, not changed very much perhaps since the days of Cromwell. It is a military and naval station, and every year the Royal Naval Reserve hold manoeuvres here.

The Old Head of Kinsale is a point which runs out into the sea south-west of Kinsale. It is interesting as the first glimpse of "home" seen by travellers returning from America.

Soon after taking Wexford, Cromwell turned to Waterford, one of the oldest towns in Ireland. It is a seaport, and does great trade in live cattle and agricultural produce with Bristol, being the outlet for the fertile valleys of the county.

And now before the walls of Waterford, Oliver's triumphant course was stopped. The walls were strong, the defenders brave, and they would not give in. Winter was fast coming on. The country round was wasted and deserted. The rain poured in torrents. Food grew scarce. Cold, wet, and hungry, many of Cromwell's men became ill, many died. The Lord-General himself fell ill. Still he hoped when his heavy guns arrived to take the town. But the guns stuck fast in roads knee-deep in mud, and could not be brought to bear upon the town.

So at last Cromwell was forced to leave Waterford untaken, and march his sick and weary soldiers away to more comfortable winter quarters. On the 2nd of December they went, "it being so terrible a day as ever I marched in all my life," says Cromwell. Thus, worn and fever-stricken, the Ironsides scattered to Cork, Kinsale, Youghal, Wexford, Bandon-bridge and other towns, for rest and shelter.

But in less than two months, Cromwell and his men, rested and refreshed, were again in the field. This time they marched inland. Town after town, castle after castle, yielded to the terror of Oliver's dreadful name, or if they would not yield, were taken with fearful slaughter.

Cashel, a little town which lies huddled at the foot of a rock rising sheer out of the fertile plain around, was taken. It was once the city of the kings of Munster. The stone upon which they sat to be crowned may still be seen, with other ancient relics upon the top of the rock.

Caher, on the Suir, one of the strongest fortresses in all Ireland, fell too. Fethard, where still many of the walls and gateways may be seen as they then were, was taken, and many another town of the rich wheat-lands of Tipperary.

In Kilkenny county, too, many a town fell. But at Kilkenny itself, the largest inland town in Ireland, Cromwell met with stout resistance. Kilkenny has grown to be a large town because it lies near one of the few coal fields in Ireland. It has also quarries of black marble, and is full of interest because of its old buildings, among which is a round tower.

There are many of these round towers in Ireland. For a long time people did not know for what they had been used. Now most people think that they were meant for bell towers to the monasteries and the churches. They were also used as watch-towers, and, in times of danger, as fortresses. There are still about seventy of them left in Ireland, some of them at least as old as the ninth century.

When Oliver arrived before Kilkenny he ordered the town to surrender as usual. "I am commanded to maintain this city for His Majesty, which, by the power of God, I am resolved to do," replied the governor. He would not give in, and the fight began. But a terrible sickness was raging within the walls, cutting down far more of the brave defenders than Cromwell's bullets. So at length the garrison was forced to yield. Cromwell allowed them to march out with colours flying and all the honours of war. It was only an empty honour, however, as two miles beyond the town they were obliged to lay down their arms.

Oliver's Last Days in Ireland

Clonmel was the place which held out longest and which Cromwell found hardest to take. It is one of the busiest and cleanest (for many Irish towns are not famous for cleanliness) inland towns of Ireland. It is on the river Suir and on the borders of Tipperary and Waterford. As it lies in the middle of an agricultural district, it does great trade in grain and butter. Much grain is ground here, too, in the mills worked by the water of the Suir. The scenery here, as in many places in Ireland, is very beautiful, and visitors come long distances to see it.

Now, under the shadow of the hills Cromwell's Ironsides lay. Up and down the valleys roared and echoed his cannon. Day after day the walls trembled and shook beneath the awful thunder of shot and shell, until at last a breach was made. Then the Ironsides rushed to the walls, hoping to storm the town. But the defenders met them with such a hail of fire that they fell back again. Again and again they rushed to the attack. Again and again they fell back with sadly thinned ranks before that blazing fire of shot. Night fell, and still the town was untaken, and many an Ironside lay dead around the battlements.

But the brave defenders could hold out no longer. So hot and sharp had been their fire that their powder and shot were all done. In the dead of night they crept away, and next day the mayor of the town yielded it to Cromwell. He was angry when he found that the garrison had escaped. But he did not put the rest of the people to death. Thus Clonmel, too, came into Oliver's hands. But it had cost more men to take than any other town in all Ireland.

While Cromwell had been fighting and conquering in the south, another Parliamentarian army had been fighting and conquering in the north. Belfast, the most important town in all Ireland, had been taken. Although Belfast is not the real capital of Ireland, it is the trade capital, and also the capital of the province of Ulster. It stands upon a field of iron ore, and lying as it does opposite the Ayrshire coast, it can import coal easily from Scotland. The harbour is one of the best in the kingdom, and although there are some sand-banks in the lough, there is good anchorage, sheltered both on north and west by hills.

The graving docks of Belfast are the largest in the world. A graving dock is a dock into which a ship is put when the hull requires mending. When the ship has been sailed into the dock, the gates are shut and then the water is pumped out. The sides of the dock are like steps, and, as the water is drawn off, wooden props are placed against these steps and the

sides of the ship, to prevent it heeling over. "Graves" is what is left at the bottom of the pan in melting tallow. "To grave" a ship means to smear the hull with this, but pitch is now used instead of graves.

There are also shipbuilding yards at Belfast, where some of the largest steamers afloat have been built. It has all kinds of imports and exports also, and the factories are almost too many to remember. There are iron foundries, distilleries, breweries, cable and rope factories, bacon-curing, and biscuit-making, and many other things. But the chief industry is linen-weaving. All over Ulster flax is grown, and Belfast is the centre of the linen trade. Linen has been woven in Ireland for at least seven hundred years, and Irish linens and Irish lace are famous all the world over.

Londonderry, too, is a good port, and famous for its linen. But here the chief trade is in shirts. As many as twenty thousand people, mostly women, work at making them. Londonderry had already been in the hands of the Parliamentarians when Cromwell landed, and now that Belfast and the country round was taken, all the east of Ireland, from Lough Foyle in the north to Cape Clear in the south, except Waterford, was held for Parliament.

All the west was still unconquered, but the west is the poorest part of Ireland. Then, there were no large towns there. The people lived in huts built of rough stones and turf, and were very wild and ignorant. It was a land of bog and mountain. The ports on the west look away from the Continent, and, although they look towards America and the New World, the roads and railways inland are not good. So that even were goods landed there, they are not easily carried away to other places. Nor is it easy to bring them from far inland to the shore.

This is not true, however, of Limerick. It lies near the mouth of the Shannon, which flows, connected by a long chain of navigable lakes, right through the heart of Ireland. It does an immense trade in bacon, and, as every one knows, is famous for its beautiful lace. Limerick was still untaken, but Cromwell decided to go home and leave it, and Waterford, and the west to be taken by his son-in-law Ireton. Oliver had been nine months in Ireland, and for many weeks letters had been coming, praying him to return to England, for he was needed there. So now he went, leaving behind him a name to be hated and cursed by Irishmen for many a year to come.

Oliver's second visit to Scotland

When Cromwell returned to England he landed at Bristol, which is the port through which nearly all the Irish trade with England passes. In the old days, Bristol was very famous. It was from there that Cabot, and many another brave sailor, set out to discover and claim new lands in the west. From Bristol inland, roads easily pass from the Severn to the Thames valley, and so on to London. Thus, naturally, in early days, all the new trade of America passed through Bristol. But now Liverpool has beaten it, and most of the American trade goes to the Mersey.

When Cromwell arrived in London, everybody thronged to see him. The streets were packed with eager people, cheering wildly. Guns were fired and bells were rung.

"What a crowd has come to see your lordship's triumph," said some one.

"Yes, but if it were to see me hanged, how many more there would be," replied Oliver grimly.

There was little rest for the great soldier, for the Scots were again in arms.

It was now almost five years since King Charles had been beheaded. Yet the country had chosen no ruler. Oliver indeed by the strength of his own character and will had become the foremost man. He was Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, but he was not, in name, governor of Great Britain.

Now it was resolved that he should really be acknowledged as ruler.

Dressed in black velvet, and wearing a gold band round his hat, Oliver received in state the Lord Mayor, judges, and magistrates of the city of London. With his hand on the Bible, he promised to keep the liberties of the people. Then with the sword of office carried before him, and all around him bareheaded, he only wearing his hat, he was led to Whitehall, which was henceforth to be his house of state.

Oliver was now King in all but name. Indeed had he so chosen he might have been crowned as King. But he knew that the army hated the name of King, so he chose instead the title of Lord Protector. He kept great state and signed himself Oliver P., just as King he would have written Oliver R.

The triumph of Oliver's life had come. But to him it brought no rest. He had laid down the sword only to take up the sceptre. The next five years were years of ceaseless toil. He fought his Parliaments as he had fought his enemies in the field. Not for the last time were the doors of the House locked. Not for the last time had the tramp of armed men sounded in the lobby and upon the staircase. Oliver was a tyrant such as no Tudor or Stewart had ever been. Yet he was a man of so great mind that he used his power, not for his own pleasure, but for the good of the people.

He brought order out of hopeless confusion. The country settled to rest and quiet. Trade and commerce returned. Evil was punished, justice was done, and not only that, learning was encouraged and a life of quiet culture became once more possible in England.

In Scotland, one writes, "we always reckon those eight years of the usurpation a time of great peace and prosperity." In Ireland, alas, it was different, and the bitterness of Cromwell's rule there has never been forgotten.

But great though Oliver was at home he was greater still abroad. Never since the days of Elizabeth had England stood so high. Her ships were victorious on every sea. The Protestant nations of all the world looked to Oliver as their protector, and kings and princes were glad of his friendship and in fear of his anger.

Yet in the midst of all his grandeur Oliver was humble. Once he said, "I can say in the presence of God, in comparison with whom we are but poor creeping ants upon the earth, that I would have been glad to have lived under my woodside, to have kept a flock of sheep, rather than undertake such a government as this."

Oliver, like all strong men, had his enemies. There were many who hated him, and during the years of his rule there were constant plots to murder him. But the plots were always discovered.

Milton, one of our great poets, lived at the same time as Oliver, and was his friend. He wrote a poem about him at this time:

"Cromwell, our chief of men, who through the cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,

Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
And on the neck of crowned fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pursued,
While Darwen's [1] stream, with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field, resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureate wreath : yet much remains
To conquer still ; Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than War : new foes arise,
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains.
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw."

In the midst of his greatness and splendour Oliver had his own sorrows and troubles too. Many of his friends died, some forsook him, and now, in the summer of 1658, his best loved daughter Elizabeth died, after suffering great pain.

Her death struck like a blow at the heart of Oliver, for he had always been a loving father. All through his letters we find tender words and messages about his children. Sometimes it is " Dick " he speaks of, sometimes his little " wenches," his " little girls" and their " brats." In all his greatness he never lost his simple love of wife and children.

Now, broken with sorrow and bowed with many labours, the great Protector lay dying. The hearts of his friends were filled with sadness, and the churches were thronged with praying multitudes. But his hour had come.

One night a fearful storm burst over land and sea. A wild wind howled and shrieked around the stately palace where Oliver lay. It lashed the sea into white, cruel foam, shattering ships and strewing the shores with wreckage. It tore through forest and town, uprooting mighty trees, and unroofing houses, until at last its fury was spent.

And in the calm which followed, the great Protector sank to rest " My work is done," he said.

He died upon the 3rd of September, the day of Dunbar and Worcester, his lucky day.

[1] Darwen : a stream which falls into the Ribble at Preston.

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