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1939

Three Women Autobiographers of the English Civil War
Period - Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson, Lady Ann Fanshawe
and Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle.

by
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Submitted to the Faculty of Graduate Studies
and Research, in partial fulfilment of
the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts.

McGill University,
Montreal.

September, 1939.

To the Reader

Owing to the unauthorized changing of the spacing by the typist, this thesis appears longer than it really is. It represents about 150 type-written pages spaced in the ordinary way.

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In 1620 Sir Allen Apsley was Lieutenant of the Tower of London. Observant tourists passing the lodgings of the Lieutenant early in February of that year might have seen signs of unusual bustling and excitement, for a girl-child had been born to the Lieutenant's wife on January 29th. She was christened Lucy, and was destined to have her name live through the centuries as one of the heroines of the English Civil War. As three boys had been born before Lucy, a girl was welcomed with particular warmth.

The Tower of London was far from being a healthy residence. Moisture seeped through the walls from the wide muddy ditch, so that the rooms were damp and chilly. An atmosphere of gloom pervaded the bleak hallways. River mists added to the general discomfort, for the Tower stood close to the Thames. Perennial diseases spread from the dank, musty dungeons and the squalor which prevailed within the Tower walls and amidst its environments.¹ The dwelling assigned to the Lieutenant contained many rooms. A garden was included with the Lieutenant's

¹ The Tower of London, page 83.

dwelling, thus providing a pleasant note to the surroundings.

London in the early seventeenth century was a busy, thriving, over-crowded city. Its clamour and bustle fascinated, yet repelled visiting strangers. The traffic, alone, was an ever-increasing source of annoyance. Medieval London streets, planned for foot traffic, or for pack-horses, were inadequate to meet the later development of wheeled traffic. Large coaches lumbered along the rough cobble stones, crowded with carts, waggons, or pack-horses. Streets were dirty and narrow. In some cases they were so narrow that "stops" or traffic-blockages were frequent. When they became too prolonged, coach passengers had to turn back the way they had come. Fights arose between coachmen and other drivers, sometimes between the irritated occupants. One foreign gentleman wrote indignantly that carts in passing along the streets would not yield or give way "as due to the coaches of the gentry"¹ when they met them.

Travellers found the river a much more convenient highway. They reached their destination in barges or boats with greater speed and safety. River traffic was, however, at the mercy of the weather. Strong winds or storms capsized boats, cargoes were lost, and passengers

¹ The Growth of Stuart London , page 428, quoting from Busino's diary.

sometimes drowned.

Mingled with the clatter of the horses were the voices of the apprentices calling out their wares adjusting their appeals to the apparent taste of the passers-by. "What do ye lack?" was the cry most heard. Laces, "sweet" gloves, combs, glasses¹, among other things, were pressed upon the nearest citizen with their best selling technique. Merchandise sold in London was very attractive. There were no finer shops in the world. Ladies coming into the metropolis from the country were delighted with what they saw. A contemporary complained that when they had visited the shops, "nothing afterwards in the Countrey will serve them... but they must have all from London, whatever it costs."²

St. Paul's Cathedral, Whitehall, Westminster Abbey with its tombs, were among the wonders for country cousins to see. They liked to make their way to the gardens on summer afternoons, to enjoy their sylvan delights, or to watch the townspeople play bowls. The theatre was another centre of attraction, though the plays given were inferior to those of the Elizabethan era. Popular also, were bear-and bull-baiting, dog-and cat-fighting. These barbarous

¹ More about Unknown London , page 98.

² Travel in England in the Seventeenth Century, page 94.

performances were regarded as good sport and were patronized by all classes, men and women. Travellers seldom failed to be impressed with the famous London Bridge. Rows of houses stood on each side looking as if a good strong wind would plunge them into the Thames. A narrow thoroughfare separated the two rows of buildings, which had interesting shops on the ground floor. There were many stories connected with the Bridge, stories referring to suicides under it, accidents on it, or pageants across it.

The sight of human skulls rotting on the Bridge raised little shock in the seventeenth century observer. (The German traveller, Hentzner, counted thirty heads when he saw the Bridge in 1598.)¹ Callousness was part of the psychology of the times. Men were hardened to cruelty. Low standards of cleanliness, the absence of proper sanitation, alike for rich and poor, brutalized their minds. Citizens were in the habit of piling up their refuse in front of their doors or of a neighbour's. Scavengers did not call as often as was needed, and the flies gathered in multitudes. The streets were generally muddy, when the wind was not scattering the dry dirt and smells throughout the city. The poor lived in small wooden houses, huddled so close to each other along the narrow lanes, that their

¹ London and its Celebrities, Vol. I, page 102.

inhabitants could shake hands across the street by leaning out of the upper windows.¹ Very little fresh air penetrated into these homes, and very few of the unpleasant odours escaped outside. In the homes of the rich, built of brick and timber, the walls were hung with heavy tapestry hangings in which dust and germs collected.

London fairs drew crowds of people from all over the country-side, for it was a place of amusement as well as of trade. No fair was complete without its monstrosity, its rope dancers, its acrobatic stunt performers. There were sure to be puppet plays, freaks of nature on display, as well as shops for sweets, ribbons, toys, and gimcracks of all sorts. Occasionally the Thames froze over completely, and then the Londoners had the rare pleasure of enjoying an ice carnival. Although activities were similar to those offered at the fairs on land, the different setting added zest to their enjoyment.

The Tower of London had its share of attention from sight-seers. Visitors were interested in the bears and lions, and in the Tower Armoury. They liked to see the great sword and armour of William the Conqueror, and the armour of his jester, with horns affixed to the casque.² They must have been curious, too, about one of the buildings within the walls, which served as a royal

¹ English Women in Life and Letters, page 300.

² Travel in England in the Seventeenth Century, page 284.

residence at intervals.

Babies in the seventeenth century had to try to survive a great deal of ignorance on the part of guardians. Infant care and feeding was often a hit or miss affair. Babies ran the danger of being overlain by their nurses. They were over-dressed, or their cradles covered with too many blankets.¹ Rooms were poorly ventilated and fires were often too hot. Medical science² was as yet only emerging from the darkness of the medieval age, and the average doctor in England had little knowledge to offer to nurses, which would be of constructive value to their charges. Even as late as the early ~~18th~~^{eighteenth} century, as a lively account in the Tatler reveals, a general state of ignorance existed in regard to the proper care and feeding of infants.

"I lay very quiet; but the witch for no manner of reason or provocation in the world, takes me and binds my head as hard as she possibly could; then ties up both my legs and makes me swallow down an horrid mixture. I thought it an harsh entrance into life to begin with taking physic...

"...Crowds of relations came every day to congratulate my arrival; amongst others, my cousin Betty, the greatest romp in nature; she whisks me such a height over her

¹ The Diary of John Evelyn, pages 311,363.

² "Medicine as commonly practised was a formulated superstition rather than a science." (England under the Stuarts, page 43.)

head that I cried out for fear of falling. She pinched me and called me a squealing chit, and threw me into a girl's arms that was taken in to tend me. The girl was very proud of the womanly employment of a nurse and took upon her to strip and dress me a-new, because I made a noise, to see what ailed me; she did so, and stuck a pin in every joint about me, I still cried, upon which, she lays me on my face in her lap, and to quiet me, fell to nailing in all the pins, by clapping me on the back, and screaming a lullaby. But my pain made me exalt my voice above hers, which brought up the nurse, the witch I first saw, and my grandmother. The girl is turned downstairs and I stripped again.....

"...anybody that stood next gave me food if I did but open my lips; insomuch that I was grown so cunning, as to pretend myself asleep when I was not to prevent my being crammed....I daily pined away, and should never have been relieved had it not been that a Fellow of the Royal Society, who had writ upon cold baths, came to see me and solemnly protested I was utterly lost for want of that method; upon which he soused me head and ears into a pail of water, where I had the good fortune to be drowned."¹

A woman with little training could qualify as a nurse, and it was her ignorance as well as carelessness

¹ The Tatler and Guardian, page 42. (No. 15, May 14, 1709)

that brought so much discomfort to a child; yet, in justice to the nurse, it should be said that she was more than likely overburdened with duties and responsibilities. Families were large and accidents happened which could not always be prevented by the harassed nurse.

Among the important duties which the mistress of a large estate had to master, was knowing how to make and administer home medicaments. She had "long been the sole resort in matters concerning" health,¹ for it might take days before a doctor could be brought over the rudimentary roads into the country. Then too, it was the mistress of the household who generally received the doctor's instructions for filling out prescriptions. Some women in the ~~seventeenth~~ ^{seventeenth} century attained considerable skill in making and applying simple remedies. Lady Apsley, little Lucy's mother, was an outstanding example. She had a natural inclination for nursing and healing. When any of the prisoners in the Tower were ill, "she made them broths and restoratives with her own hands",² and nursed them herself, her beauty and tenderness shedding sunshine as she moved about in their gloomy cells. When she learned that two of the prisoners in the Tower, Sir Walter Raleigh and Mr. Ruthin, were deeply interested in chemistry,

¹The Learned Lady in England, 1650-1760, page 433.

²Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 12.

she allowed them to make experiments at her own cost, "partly to comfort and divert the poor prisoners, and partly to gain the knowledge of their experiments and the medicines."¹ In this way she acquired an ability far above the average, which enabled her to tend her sick more intelligently and to make herself a comfort to the poor. This knowledge, together with a gift of grasping children's needs, enabled Lady Apsley to bring Lucy through the perils of infancy without any serious mishaps.

A great deal was expected of children in the seventeenth century. Their duties began at an early age, and they were whipped, rather than gently led, through childhood. The more frequent the whippings, the better the instruction was thought to be.² Ascham's plaint that "learning is robbed of hir best wittes ... by the greate beating"³ was like a cry in the wilderness - it did little to change prevailing opinion.

Lucy's education began when she was weaned. A French dry-nurse was engaged, so that the child could learn to speak French and English at the same time. At the age of four, the little girl could read English

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 12.

² A Short History of Social Life in England, page 153.

³ The Scholemaster, page 85.

perfectly, and when carried to sermons, could "remember and repeat them exactly."¹ Caresses and praise spurred her on to greater efforts. By the time she was seven years old, she was receiving instruction from no fewer than eight tutors. She was taught languages, music, dancing, writing, and needlework, but she did not like all of these subjects.

"My genius," she confesses, "was quite averse from all but my book, and that I was so eager of, that my mother thinking it prejudiced my health would moderate me in it; yet this rather animated me than kept me back and every moment I could steal from my play I would employ in any book I could find, when my own were locked up from me. After dinner and supper I still had an hour allowed me to play, and then I would steal into some hole or other to read."²

Her father had her taught Latin, and though her tutor was but "a pitiful dull fellow,"³ she outstripped her brothers, who were at school.

Sir Allen Apsley was delighted with his little daughter's progress, but his wife would rather have had the child balance her interests more evenly. She did not

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 14.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

want Lucy to neglect the other "qualities," and fretted because she did not make much progress in music and dancing. The mother knew that the little girl never practised her lute and harpsichords except when her masters were with her. Furthermore she detested needle-work. Since a great deal of the cloth used in households was spun at home by the women, this was a serious matter for a girl living in the seventeenth century.

Long hours of study and many duties had their affect on Lucy's personality. She became very serious and thoughtful. She did not like romping on the green with other children, or joining them in any kind of play. "When I was forced to entertain such as came to visit me," she says, "I tired them with more grave instructions than their mothers living in the house with many persons that had a great deal of wit, and very profitable serious discourses being frequent at my father's table and in my Mother's drawing-room, I was very attentive to all, and gathered up things that I would utter again, to the great admiration of many that took my memory and imitation for wit."¹

The heady excitement, which the praise and admiration of older people brought to her, had a stronger attraction than the simple pleasures of her own generation.

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 14.

It was like wine compared to wholesome milk. She had no use for children as companions. When little girls came to the house, Lucy pulled their dolls to pieces. This is the only instance of childish behaviour on record.

Among other qualities Lucy developed a keen judgment of people. She had a great deal of opportunity to observe mankind. There were many people constantly coming to the Tower, to see its wonders, to visit her parents in their lodgings, or to carry through transactions with her father. Then there were the activities of the Londoners themselves which kept her mind alert. When she was approaching her sixth year, an outstanding event took place. In the month of June, 1625, a river pageant coming from Gravesend carried Charles I and his bride to London. A plague¹ was raging in the city, and heavy showers turned many of its streets into rushing streams. Nevertheless the people managed to make the event festive. The king and queen were in the Royal Barge, followed by other barges of honour and more than one thousand boats.² Crowds watched their progress from houses and stairs on the banks, and from vessels on the river. One large vessel capsized and threw its occupants into the Thames, but no one was drowned.³ "Fifty good ships and the garrison of the Tower discharged

¹ Henrietta Maria, page 34.

² Travel in England in the Seventeenth Century, page 106.

³ Henrietta Maria, page 35.

ordnance"¹ to welcome the royal couple. Londoners felt they had given the new queen a fitting welcome, considering the circumstances.

Visitors to the Apsley home must have discussed the green costumes which both the king and queen wore. Some of them may have seen her dark expressive little face and the friendly way in which she waved at the spectators. The question must have been raised of her Catholic religion and the effect it might have on Englishmen. All this left an impression on Lucy's mind, to form part of the "growing-up" process.

Though many of the Apsley's friends praised Lucy's progress in her studies, and made much of her, there must have been others, who criticized her father for allowing her to study Latin as her brothers did. The seventeenth century mind did not believe in equal educational opportunities for boys and girls. Women were considered to be handicapped by nature;² it was thought wrong to force their minds to the study of letters. The prevailing opinion was that higher education for women was a useless acquirement, because there were no professional outlets for those receiving this kind of training - women were shut out of political,

¹ Henrietta Maria, page 35.

² The Learned Lady in England, 1650-1760, pages 273, 274, 283; Gentlefolk in the Making, page 173.

ecclesiastical, or academic careers.¹ (Though women were known to conduct boarding schools for daughters of good families, men were engaged to teach the different studies and accomplishments.)

This attitude towards women was a distinct change from the days of Queen Elizabeth, when scholarship in ladies of high lineage was greatly esteemed. With the accession of James I, there was a gradual shift of approval from the study of letters to domestic skills as an appropriate pursuit for the well-born young lady. The king and queen, who might have checked this tendency, rather encouraged it by their own lack of interest. James despised women, while Anne spent a great deal of her time in dancing, attending masques, and in other frivolities. Re-modelling the three thousand dresses inherited from Queen Elizabeth, was much more to her taste than the study of the classics.²

Sir Ralph Verney, a gentleman who bore a fine reputation, says of his daughter, "Pegg is very backward... I doubt not but she will be scholar enough for a Woeman."³ When Nancy Denton expresses a desire to study Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, he discourages her and writes, "a Bible (with ye Common prayer) and a good plaine cattichisme in your

¹ The Learned Lady in England, 1650-1760, page 274.

² English Women in Life and Letters, page 35.

³ Memoirs of the Verney Family, vol. III, page 72.

Mother Tongue, being well read and practised, is well worth the rest, and much more sutable to your sex... your husband will bee of my oppinion."¹ Later he advises her father to "teach her to live under obedience, and whilst she is unmarried, if she would learne anything, let her aske you, and afterwards her husband At Home."²

Some of the outstanding writers of the ^{seventeenth} ~~17th~~ century disagreed with the predominating views, and took a firm stand for giving girls similar opportunities with the boys in matters of education.³ Endless discussion on this question took place throughout this century and was carried over into the next. There were, too, a considerable number of families, where studious daughters were carefully assisted in developing their inclinations. An ingenious explanation was given by Lucy in her own case. "My mother", she writes, "while she was with child of me, dreamed that she was walking in the garden with my father, and that a star came down into her hand, with other circumstances...my father told her, her dream signified she should have a daughter of some extraordinary eminency; which thing, like such vain prophecies, wrought as far as it could its own accomplishment: for my father and mother fancying me then beautiful, and

¹ Memoirs of the Verney Family, vol. III, pages 73,74.

² Ibid, Vol. III, page 72.

³ Gentlefolk in the Making, pages 167,170,172.

more than ordinary apprehensive, applied all their cares and spared no cost to improve me in my education."¹

Looking back through the years of her childhood, Lucy could always see her mother moving about her household duties, young, beautiful, sympathetic, visiting prisoners in their cells, ministering to many noble griefs, bringing comfort wherever she came. She had been only eighteen years old, when she came to the Tower to take her place as the wife of the Lieutenant, but had very ably carried out her responsibilities. She knew how to exert tact and discretion, when such people as "the wicked Lady Somerset, the cunning Arundel, the dashing Oxford, and the illustrious Bacon"² entered her home. She extended her kindness not only to her husband's prisoners, but to widows and orphans, who had been left penniless by former officers. Her poor relations experienced her generosity as well, for many of them shared her home.

Sir Allen Apsley had had a wild and adventurous youth. He left school before his studies were completed, spent some time in the court of Elizabeth, and gambled away most of his fortune. Then he joined the navy, went out to Cadiz, and later procured profitable employment in

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 13.

² Her Majesty's Tower, Vol. III, page 254.

Ireland. He had been married twice, before he met and married the girl who later became Lucy's mother. He was forty-eight years old at the time, a widower with two children. After Lucy was born, some grandchildren of his first wife were added to this group. They were not related to him, for their grandmother had been a widow with many children, when she was married to him many years earlier.

To Lucy, her father was a pillar of wisdom. His colourful life had given him a knowledge of men and their ways. She acquired from him a disdain for the "insignificant gallant, that could only make his legs and prune himself, and court a lady, but had not the brains to employ himself in things more suitable to a man's nobler sex."¹ In his later years Sir Allen developed a contempt for titles. His daughter was proud of him, because "he refused a baronetcy which the King offered him."² He had a strong sense of right and wrong, justice and injustice. In an era when countless cruelties and hardship were inflicted on prisoners by their jailers, his humane treatment of them stands as a shining exception. "He was as a father to all his prisoners, sweetening with such compassionate kindness their restraint, that the affliction of a prison was not felt in his day."³

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 11.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

Lucy must have heard about the three Irish captives, who were immured so long in the Tower, that her father could not say why they had been committed.¹ Another Irish rebel, Brian O'Rourke, had been sent from the Gatehouse to the Tower but the offence for which he had been imprisoned was said to be "unknown."² These men were victims of the sluggish and unbusinesslike methods of the age. They had no influential friends to intercede on their behalf, and when the gates swung back on them, they shut the men out of active life forever. They were soon "forgotten in the Tower"³ by the outside world. It is not difficult to believe that a man of Sir Allen Apsley's character would be particularly kind to such unfortunates and that his gentle young wife would keep her choicest broths and cordials for them. Like his wife, Sir Allen was interested in families of officers who had been reduced to poverty. "His purse was their common treasury, and they knew not the inconvenience of decayed fortune till he was dead."⁴

From her parents, Lucy learned lessons in charity and kindness to the less fortunate, and the feeling of responsibility for others remained with her throughout her

¹ Her Majesty's Tower, Vol. III, page 234.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 11.

life. It was usual then for children to receive a religious education which taught them that the crown of all virtue was piety and true devotion to God. Lucy was imbued early with a deep sense of religion. "It pleased God," she observes, "that, through the good instructions of my mother, and the sermons she carried me to, I was convinced that the knowledge of God was the most excellent study, and accordingly applied myself to it and to practise as I was taught."¹

The year 1630 brought a great loss to the Apsleys. The head of the house, Sir Allen, died in May after a lingering illness, lasting three years. His wife nursed him devotedly, and the doctors declared that her exceptional care had prolonged his life. At his death she was left with five children, Lucy being ten years old at the time. Naturally, with the appointment of a successor to Sir Allen at the Tower, the family moved away. Little information can be gleaned about their movements for the next few years. Lucy makes it clear that, as she emerged from childhood she passed into a lighter phase of life. The change in background probably had something to do with it. She liked "to learn or hear witty songs and amorous sonnets or poems and twenty things of that kind."² However, she would not permit herself to enjoy these pleasures until

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 14.

² Ibid, page 15.

she had first performed what she considered were her religious duties. She had made it a custom to "exhort" her mother's maids on Sundays, "and to turn their idle discourses to good subjects."¹ One wonders just how much the tired servants appreciated her efforts. When this was done, and she had performed her daily tasks of reading and praying, then she felt free to enjoy "anything that was not sin."² She "was not at the time convinced of the vanity of conversation which was not scandalously wicked."³ Her fondness for sonnets led to an interest in human relationships, and soon her mother's "young women" were confiding their love affairs to her. She did not forget her Latin, however, and kept up her studies until the flowering of her own romance with her future husband, John Hutchinson.

Marriage in the seventeenth century was usually a purely commercial proceeding - so much portion against so much income. Falling in love as an essential step to marriage was not thought to be of much importance. Children were generally regarded as pawns, used to advance the position or wealth of parents.⁴ A girl or boy was merely an

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 15.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Memoirs of the Verney Family, Vol. II, page 349.
Social Life in Stuart England, page 25.

appendage to a fortune. Bargaining was done by relatives or friends, sometimes by the lady herself, if there was no one to do it for her.¹ If her dowry was insufficient and no one in her own social strata would marry her, she generally married beneath her, or became a sort of glorified lady's help in the home of relatives.

Young people met in the homes of friends or relatives. If attachments grew out of these contacts but the dowry was considered to be too small, the affair went no further.² The old saying, "A girl of fifteen is as old as a boy of twenty-one," sums up the attitude towards early marriage. The young bridegroom often had to leave his bride to continue his schooling, while she remained to learn the duties of housewifery. Lord Herbert of Cherbury states that he was only fifteen years old³ when he was married for financial reasons to a girl six years older than himself. He later felt he had been saddled with a wife and children at too early an age and wanted to go abroad to enjoy a little irresponsible liberty. So ten⁴ years after his marriage he left his family to visit foreign countries beyond the seas.

¹ Memoirs of the Verney Family, Vol. II, page 350.

² Autobiography of Anne, Lady Halkett, Introd., page 4.

³ The Autobiography of Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, page 26.

⁴ Ibid, page 56.

A source of evil at this time was the kidnapping of wealthy heiresses. Penniless cavaliers often waylaid defenceless girls, carried them off to some distant place, and forced them into marriage. During the rule of the Commonwealth, the Council of State took measures to put a stop to these kidnappings.¹

Though girls were conditioned to obey the wishes of their elders, the prospect of marriage must have been regarded secretly as something of an ordeal. Lucy met John when she was passing through this difficult period in her girlhood. She was being urged to marry against her inclinations. Her mother and friends were displeased with her for having withheld her consent to several proposed alliances. She was in a very depressed state of mind, and was therefore thankful, when magic, or the hand of Providence, brought to her some one who was acceptable to herself and to her family.

The origin and progress of John's attachment to Lucy seemed little short of miraculous to both. He had been granted a degree at Cambridge University, and had followed these studies up with a smattering of the law in London - a customary routine for all sons of gentle birth, who expected to succeed to a country estate. He was just deliberating whether to spend the summer in

¹ Memoirs of the Verney Family, Vol. III, page 11.
Travel in England in the Seventeenth Century, pages 186, 187.

France, when his music master persuaded him to go to Richmond instead. There he found a gathering of young folk, for the Princes were holding Court at Richmond. He soon made friends with a number of them. The ladies found him very attractive, they liked his slender figure, his lean face, and brown silky hair falling over his shoulders in great loose curls. He could dance and fence with grace and skill. Moreover he was a most godly and incorruptible young man. The young ladies used all their arts on him without avail. He even reproved them for their pride and vanity, but "in such a way of handsome raillery as made them ashamed of their glory, and vexed that he alone, of all the young gentlemen that belonged to the court or neighbourhood, should be insensible of their charms."¹

John's host was a skilful composer and the king's musicians often met at his house to practice new airs. He was himself, an accomplished player of the viol. These performances attracted a number of people - some to listen to the music, others to meet their friends. Among this gay and musical group was a younger sister of Lucy's. She was a vivacious and talented child, who was "tabled for the practise of her lute"² in the same

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 45.

² Ibid.

house where John was staying. He felt drawn to her. He liked to hear her practise and to discuss music with her. Lucy and her mother were visiting relatives in Wiltshire, where a marriage for the former was being arranged. The younger sister had occasion to go to her mother's house which was about half a mile distant. Sometimes John accompanied the little girl.

On one of these occasions, he saw a few Latin books lying on an odd shelf, and was interested to hear that they belonged to Lucy. Further inquiries disclosed that she was "reserved and studious,"¹ composed songs "beyond the customary reach of a she-wit,"² and had "sense above all the rest."³ Then he was told that she was unattainable, because she shunned "the converse of men as the plague."⁴ This only increased his determination to meet her. He was still wondering how he could bring this about, when Lady Apsley's footboy arrived at the musician's house, as they were all at dinner. The boy informed the younger Miss Apsley that her mother and Lucy would return to Richmond in a few days. When inquiries were made about the marriage negotiations, the

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 45.

² Ibid, page 46.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Ibid.

footboy led everyone to believe that Lucy had been married. John "immediately turned pale as ashes, and felt a fainting to seize his spirits in that extraordinary manner, that finding himself ready to sink at table, he was fain ... to retire from the table ... the distemper of his mind had infected his body with a cold sweat, and such a depression of spirit, that all the courage he could at present collect, was little enough to keep him alive."¹ This depression continued until he found out that Lucy had really not been married, and he began to hope again that he would meet her.

The long wished-for opportunity arrived the very night Lady Apsley and Lucy returned to Richmond. A messenger came to notify the younger daughter of their arrival. John accompanied her to the Apsley home. When he first saw Lucy, she was seventeen years old. "She was not ugly in a careless riding-habit, she had a melancholy negligence both of herself and others, as if she neither affected to please others nor took any notice of anything before her."² The visit to Wiltshire had not been pleasant. She on her part "was surprised with some unusual liking in her soul"³ when her eyes turned to him. He was four

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 47.

² *Ibid.*, page 48.

³ *Ibid.*

years older than she, and was "very neatly habited for he wore good and rich clothes."¹ He found her quite friendly and when he learned that she was not engaged to marry any one, his joy knew no bounds.

It did not take long for these two young people to realize that they had much in common. Though they had been brought up in different parts of England, they had developed similar ideas, habits, and tastes. He called at her mother's house daily, and for six weeks "in the sweet season of spring,"² they had opportunity for converse with each other. Then obstacles developed. Envious ladies tried to break up the friendship by telling him that she neglected her dress and "all womanish ornaments giving herself wholly up to study and writing."³ Jealous young men who had not been able to win Lucy, tried to caution him against her and uttered insinuating remarks about her. These attacks only served to draw him closer to her. There were also family hesitations to be overcome. John's father had concluded a marriage agreement before he knew about John's love for Lucy. Then she was struck down by small-pox, on the "day that the friends on both sides met to conclude the marriage."⁴ For a time her life, and then

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 48.

² Ibid, page 49.

³ Ibid, page 50.

⁴ Ibid, page 51.

her beauty was in great danger. John remained faithful through all these trials. He let nothing interfere with what she later called, "a more handsome management of love than the best romances describe."¹

She recovered her health, and later her beauty. They were married on the first day that she was able to leave the sick room. Her beauty was still so badly deformed, "the priest and all that saw her were affrighted to look on her."² This was on the 3rd of July, 1638. The forces of Civil War that were to bring anguish turmoil and upheaval into the lives of the people, were already in the making.

Ann Harrison

On March 25th, 1625, another girl was born in the city of London, whose sympathies, interests, activities in the stirring years to come, were to turn in the opposite direction to Lucy's. Her name was Ann, eldest daughter of Margaret Fanshawe and Sir John Harrison.

Ann came of good yeoman stock. Her father was a Lancashire lad who had come to London to make his fortune with only twenty marks in his pocket. Relatives brought him to the attention of Lord Salisbury, then Secretary

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 50.

² Ibid, page 51.

of State. This gentleman saw that the young aspirant was given "a small place in the Custom-house",¹ where he could receive a good business training. With the passing of the years, "he being of good parts and capacity ... raised himself by God's help to get a very great estate."² His daughter says, "he was a handsome gentleman of great natural parts, a great accomptant, vast memory, an incomparable penman, of great integrity and service to his prince."³ Money-making however did not take up all his energies. He was also very much interested in politics and sat in several parliaments. Lady Harrison his wife, was beautiful and pious. She had a strong sense of responsibility for unfortunates, giving food to the poor, and relieving many daily with her own hands, out of her purse. She "dressed many wounds of miserable people, when she had health, and when that failed, as it did often, she caused her servants to supply that place."⁴

Like Lucy, Ann had three older brothers and one younger sister. The resemblance between the two however, goes no further. Where Lucy evinced a keen interest in

¹ Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, page 31.

² Ibid, page 31.

³ Ibid, page 30.

⁴ Ibid, page 29.

the study of the classics, and was often deeply immersed in some book, Ann was little concerned with them. She learned those fashionable accomplishments which were considered proper for the daughter of well-to-do parents to know. Her education was of the type Sir Ralph Verney had in mind when he wrote to Nancy Denton, "In French you cannot bee too cunning, for that language affords many admirable bookes fit for you as Romances, Plays, Poetry, Stories of illustrious (not learned) Woemen, receipts for preserving, makeinge creames and all sorts of cookeryes ... in Breif, all manner of good housewifery."¹ Ann was taught French, singing, dancing, lute-and virginal-playing, and all sorts of fine needlework.

Besides having a utilitarian purpose, needlework also helped women get rid of their leisure. By 1714 the habits of women were evidently undergoing a change, according to a letter from a "Venerable Correspondent" to the Spectator in that year. She writes that in her day, young women worked "Beds, chairs, and Hangings for the Family." She herself had 'ply'd' the needle for fifty years. She complains that her nieces, who are under her direction, idle away their time in useless visiting, long hours of dressing, in play and in other frivolities. They spend whole afternoons lazily "sipping their tea in a room hung

¹ Memoirs of the Verney Family, Vol. III, page 74.

round with the Industry of their grandmother." She ends her letter with a plea to the editor of the Spectator that he recommend a renewal of the former ways of spending leisure. The response gives an indication of the great pieces of work undertaken by women about the middle of the ~~seventeenth~~ ^{seventeenth} century. "What delightful Entertainment must it be to the Fair Sex, whom their native Modesty, and the Tenderness of Men towards them, exempts from Publick Business, to pass their Hours in imitating Fruits and Flowers, and transplanting all the Beauties of Nature into their own Dress, or raising a new Creation in their Closets and Apartments. How pleasing is the Amusement of walking among the Shades and Groves planted by themselves, in surveying Heroes slain by their Needle, or little Cupids, which they have brought into the World without Pain!"

"This is, methinks, the most proper way wherein a Lady can shew a fine Genius, and I cannot forbear wishing, that several Writers of that Sex had chosen to apply themselves rather to Tapestry than Rhime. Your Pastoral Poetesses may vent their Fancy in Rural Landskips, and place despairing Shepherds under silken Willows, or drown them in a Stream of Mohair How memorable would that Matron be, who should have it Inscribed upon her Monument 'that she wrought out the whole Bible in Tapestry, and died in a good old Age, after having covered three hundred Yards of Wall in the Mansion - House'." ¹

¹ The Spectator, No. 606, (Oct. 13, 1714) pages 170,171.

Ann was a bright eager high-spirited girl, full of the joy of living. If she was not interested in books, she was highly enthusiastic about sports. "I was wild to that degree, that the hours of my beloved recreation took up too much of my time, for I loved riding in the first place, running, and all active pastimes; in short, I was that which we graver people call a hoyting girl ... skipping and activity was my delight." But she hastens to say that she "never did mischief to"¹ herself or anyone else. Though she gave so much of her time to games, she managed to learn her lessons as well as most. Unknown to her she was acquiring a robust physique, a power of endurance, which later carried her through the vicissitudes of a strenuous life. Her portrait² reveals a healthy young woman, with large dark eyes, strongly marked brows, and an aquiline nose. Her forehead is rather low and slopes somewhat backward. The picture as a whole suggests sturdiness and a good deal of common sense.

This active carefree life continued until the death of her mother on July 20, 1640. Dr. Howlsworth preached the sermon at the funeral and told an interesting story about the deceased. He informed the listening mourners that Lady Harrison had been very seriously ill when Ann

¹ Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, pages 32 and 33.

² Ibid, Frontispiece, in Colburn edition of 1829.

was only three months old. She had fallen into a deep trance and was thought to be dead by those about her. She had been lying in this condition for two days and one night when Dr. Winston, coming to comfort Sir John, suddenly decided to make an attempt to revive her. He cut the sole of her foot with his lancet and when it bled, had certain treatments applied which finally led to her awakening. Several hours later the sick lady called her husband and Dr. Howlsworth to her and related the following experience:

"During the time of my trance I was in great quiet, but in a place I could neither distinguish nor describe; but the sense of leaving my girl, who is dearer to me than all my children, remained a trouble upon my spirits. Suddenly I saw two by me, cloathed in long white garments, and me thought I fell down with my face in the dust; and they asked why I was troubled in so great happiness. I replied, "O let me have the same grant given to Hezekiah, that I may live fifteen years, to see my daughter a woman!", to which they answered, It is done; and then, at that instant, I awoke out of my trance."¹ The minister concluded by affirming that the day Lady Harrison died, made just fifteen years from that time.

Sobered by her mother's death, Ann "flung away those little childnesses that had formerly possessed" her

¹ Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, pages 27,28.

"as an offering to her memory."¹ Making adjustments to a new scheme of living was a trying time for each member of the household. Upon the eldest daughter naturally fell the responsibility of the household, which was one of "great plenty and hospitality."² The young mistress followed her late mother's methods so closely that her management met with her father's approval.

Henceforth Ann's life was to be one of unremitting responsibility, of turbulence, of change; an uneven life in which she was now a beggar, now a princess. She was caught up in the storm which swept the whole country - the climax of the struggle between King and Parliament, between Anglican and Presbyterian, between Cavalier and Puritan. The civil war which broke out, attempted to settle the fundamental issue as to where sovereignty resided in church and state. It was a war of ideals, not a class war. Members of the same family lined up on opposite sides. There were divisions in such families as the Verneys, Fieldings, Arundells, Godolphins.³ Lucy's husband fought for Parliament, while her brother, Sir Allen Apsley, fought against it on behalf of the king, as the foregoing pages will show.

¹ Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, page 33.

² Ibid, page 34.

³ Oliver Cromwell (Buchan), page 124.

The Harrisons rallied to the support of the king. In 1641 Sir John lent Charles I one hundred and fifty thousand pounds; his son William, went to Nottingham as soon as the Royal Standard was set up there. In the city of London, feeling ran high for Parliament. It was particularly difficult for royalists aiding their cause to escape/^{unpleasant} consequences. In 1642 Sir John Harrison was imprisoned by order of Parliament in his own house on Bishopgate Street. He was "threatened to be sent on board ship with many more of his quality,"¹ and then his house was plundered. Later he was commanded to deliver up certain papers concerning the public revenue which were in his keeping. He pretended to obey this order, but instead of doing so, managed to escape to Oxford where the Court had assembled. Thereupon his whole estate was sequestered. In 1643 he sent word to Ann and her sister to join him. Oxford at this time was so crowded with the number of families coming to join the king's party that quarters were extremely difficult to find. In-coming royalists considered themselves fortunate to be able to locate dingy rooms in some back street. The Harrison sisters were bewildered and depressed at what awaited them.

"We, that had till that hour lived in great plenty and great order," writes Ann, "found ourselves

¹ Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, page 35.

like fishes out of the water, and the scene so changed, that we knew not at all how to act any part but obedience, for, from as good a house as any gentleman of England had, we came to a baker's house in an obscure street, and from rooms well furnished, to lie in a very bad bed in a garret, to one dish of meat, and that not the best ordered, no money, for we were as poor as Job, nor clothes more than a man or two brought in their cloak bags."¹

Deprivation and suffering was the common lot of all. Their days were full of strain and anxiety. Everywhere one heard constant discussion of the capture or loss of towns and men. Officers were grimly drilling troops. Under their daring young general, Prince Rupert, they made frequent sallies out of the city to engage with the "rebel" enemy.² Sometimes they returned with their own wounded, sometimes they brought back a group of prisoners, who, weary and bedraggled, were marched through the streets to be lodged in the castle or any other building that could serve as a temporary goal. Among those to come to Oxford in a wounded state was Ann's brother William. He had been hurt when his horse had been shot from under him in a skirmish against a party of Parliamentary soldiers, under the Earl of Essex in 1643.³ His condition became worse, and he

¹ Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, pages 35,36.

² Henrietta Maria, page 153.

³ Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, page 29.

died the following year as a consequence of his fall. His death aggravated the troubles of his father and sisters.

War preparations, war activities went on with increasing vigilance. Magdalen's bell-tower had been loaded with stones to be used as missiles against "rebel" invaders. Loyal colleges had melted down their plate for the king's service. A great earth-work was erected and the university bell-man walked up and down the streets calling upon men to assist in trench-digging.¹ Tailors were set to work on hundreds of uniforms. Despite the general distress in which the royalists found themselves at this time, their morale was good on the whole. The plague and other diseases broke out, "by reason of so many people being packed together, as ... there never was before of that quality; always in want, yet ... most bore it with martyr-like cheerfulness." To this Ann adds, "For my own part, I began to think we should all, like Abraham, live in tents all the days of our lives."²

Though she little knew it, Oxford was the place where she was to meet the most important person in her life - Richard Fanshawe. He was the fifth and youngest son of Sir Henry Fanshawe of Ware Park, Hertfordshire.

¹ Henrietta Maria, page 152.

² Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, page 36.

The Fanshawes were an ancient and highly respected family. Many of them had held official situations under the Crown. It was a family tradition to serve the king with unquestioning loyalty. When Charles I decided to take a stand against Parliament, there was no question in Richard's mind as to what side he should choose. His path was clear to him from the very beginning. He was a sworn servant of the king, whom it was his duty to serve with absolute unswerving devotion.

Richard Fanshawe had already acquired a reputation as a classical scholar and an accomplished linguist before coming to Oxford. He had lived abroad where he had acquired a knowledge of foreign languages. He had lived in Paris for one year and then had travelled to Madrid. There he had been selected by Lord Ashton, English ambassador to Spain, to be his secretary. When Sir Ashton left Madrid, Richard had remained as Chargé d'Affaires till the former's successor, Sir Arthur Hopton arrived. He had then returned to England to seek for employment. For two years he had been in constant expectation of some appointment but nothing had materialized. Finally his brother Thomas had offered him the post of king's remembrancer, providing he paid eight thousand pounds for it in seven years. The outbreak of war put an end to this arrangement, for Richard immediately joined the king at

Oxford.

Fanshawe was a cousin of Ann's mother, and must have visited the Harrisons very soon after their arrival. He found Ann very lovely, while she thought him fascinating.¹ This mutual attraction grew rapidly into a devoted attachment. Perhaps the high tension of war conditions, the sharing of discomfort and distress, drew them together more quickly than the leisurely ways of peace could have^{done}. In less than a year, on the 18th of May, 1644, they were married in Wolvercot Church, two miles from Oxford. The wedding was very private. In addition to the immediate members of the family, there were present, Sir Geoffrey Palmer, the king's attorney, and Sir Edward Hyde, who later became Lord Chancellor.² Sir John gave Ann her mother's wedding ring, according to a wish expressed by the latter before her death. The groom was about thirty-six years old while the bride was only in her twentieth year, yet such was their devotion to each other, that she says in after years, "Glory be

¹Richard Fanshawe was very tall and well-built. A portrait after Faithorne reveals a handsome face with exceptionally fine eyes. His hair is rather short for a cavalier. The artist has left an impression of strength and nobility of character in his portrayal of this royalist. (Effigies Poeticae or The Portraits of the British Poets, Vol. 1, page 107.)

²Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, page 37.

to God, we never had but one mind throughout our lives. Our souls were wrapt up in each others; our aims and designs one, our loves one, and our resentments one. We so studied one the other, that we knew each others mind by our looks!"¹

Margaret Lucas

"My father was a gentleman, which title is grounded and given by merit, not ^{by} princes; and it is the act of time, not favour; and though my father was not a peer of the realm, yet there were few peers who had much greater estates, or lived more noble therewith."² Thus writes Margaret Lucas of her father, Sir Thomas Lucas of St. Johns, near Colchester in Essex. He was a man of great spirit and fortune, and had at one time been exiled by Queen Elizabeth for killing Lord Cobham's brother in a duel. He was later pardoned by King James I and allowed to return to his home. A period of quiet living and peace followed during which Margaret was born. This was about the year 1624. She was the youngest of eight children - five daughters and three sons. Sir Thomas did not live to see Margaret grow into a beautiful young lady, for he died when she was only an infant.

Margaret describes her mother as having been a

¹ Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, page 8.

² The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, page 275.

lady of great loveliness, with a grave manner and a majestic grandeur that inspired respect even in the rudest. Lady Lucas had considerable executive ability as well. She was very skilful in dealing with leases, setting of lands, ordering of stewards, and the questions relating to manorial courts.¹ The affairs of a country estate involved great responsibilities. There were a number of tenant-farmers on the estate, farm labourers, workmen, and a large staff of household servants. The group of buildings accommodating these people and their activities, together with the mansion and the outlying buildings - barns, slaughter-house, smithy, bake-house, etc., formed a small colony.

To her children this lady was always gentle and affectionate, taking pleasure in delighting them in various ways. She had decided opinions about their education, being more concerned with the abstract virtues than with "dancing and fiddling, singing and prating of several languages."² The girls were therefore brought up "virtuously, modestly, civilly, honourably, and on honest principles."³ Tutors instructed them in those accomplishments which were considered proper for women

¹ The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, page 294.

² Ibid, page 280.

³ Ibid.

of fashion. They were taught "singing, dancing, playing on music, reading, writing, working and the like, yet were not kept strictly thereto."¹ These "virtues" were "rather for formality than for benefit."² Supervision of the children's upbringing began in the nursery. Precautions were taken to shield them from any contact with the rudeness or vulgarity of underlings. Servants were chosen with great care and taught to pay their young mistresses the same respect as they did to their mother. All attendants were given strict instructions to exercise care in their speech and behavior before the children. No domestics were permitted to domineer over their young charges. They were to be ruled through love and not fear. No "slavish whips" were to be used with these young ladies, "but instead of threats, reason was used ... and instead of lashes, the deformities of vice were discovered"³ unto them.

The author liked to remember that she and her sisters were reared not only in plenty but in superfluity. She writes of their garments which were rich and costly in accordance with their estate, and of the many pleasures planned for them by the tender love of their mother. "Tis true," she says, "my mother might have increased her

¹ The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, page 280.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid, page 278.

daughters' portions by a thrifty sparing, yet she chose to bestow it on our breeding, honest pleasures, and harmless delights, out of an opinion, that if she bred us with needy necessity, it might chance to create in us sharking qualities, mean thoughts, and base actions, which she knew my father, as well as herself, did abhor."¹

The education of the Lucas boys began either before Margaret's birth or when she was too young to make observations. She could therefore describe little of it, but she did know that their education could not have been the same as that which she and her sisters received, for "the breeding of men were after different manner of ways from those of women."² Sir Thomas and Sir Charles were given a military training and became excellent soldiers. They served for some time in the wars under the States of Holland. Her eldest brother Lord Lucas, was considered to be the learned member of the family. He had not been bred in the discipline of war, though he could fence better than his brothers. He was of a studious turn of mind and acquired knowledge "in other arts and sciences."³ Margaret was proud of all her brothers. In her eyes they were truly valiant, practised justice, loved virtue and

¹ The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, page 278.

² Ibid, page 280.

³ Ibid, page 282.

spoke the truth; but the one to whom she felt closest was Lord Lucas, "who," she says, "was ... as it were the father to take care of us all."¹ It was he who would explain certain passages in a book when she found them too difficult to understand.

The gentle influence of Lady Lucas seems to have fostered and developed a spirit of harmony among her children. They were so well content with each other's company that, according to Margaret, strangers were seldom, if ever, admitted into the intimacy of their circle. As far as she could remember there were no disputes or quarrels of any kind among them, for they all seemed to be of one mind. The boys in time went out into the world, and the girls one by one, came to womanhood. Two of her brothers married, as did three of her four sisters. Yet marriage did not lessen their close contact. Even the new in-laws were of the same type. They seemed to have similar dispositions to the Lucases', so that the circle did not lose its completeness, it only became a little larger. Most of the family came together in the old country home in Essex to spend part of the year with Lady Lucas, and when they returned to their separate homes in London, they met daily in their various houses, "feasting each other like Job's children."² They liked to ride in their coaches along the

¹ The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, page 282.

² Ibid, page 284.

London streets to watch the fashionable throngs or visit the Spring Garden. Sometimes the group would float in barges down the river, supping leisurely to the strains of music, sometimes they would go to see plays.

In describing the appearance of her brothers and sisters, Margaret says, "There was not any one crooked, or in any ways deformed, neither were they dwarfish or of a giant-like stature, but every ways proportionable; likewise well featured, clear complexions, brown hairs (but some lighter than others), sound teeth, sweet breaths, plain speeches, tunable voices (I mean not so much to sing as in speaking, as not stuttering, nor wharling in the throat, or speaking through the nose, or hoarsely; unless they had a cold, or squeakingly, which implements many have); neither were their voices of too low a strain, or too high, but their notes and words were tunable and timely."¹ Having said so much, she hesitates to state directly that her sisters were beautiful lest her judgment be thought biassed, nevertheless she says many would call them handsome.

As a young girl Margaret was quiet and reserved, "addicted ... to contemplation rather than conversation, to solitariness rather than society."² She would walk for two or three hours at a time wrapt in a pensive mood, attempting

¹ The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, pages 292,293.

² Ibid, page 307.

to delve into the meaning of the things which reached her senses. She was a slow-moving dreamer, often absorbed in her musings and fancies. She preferred to use the pen rather than the needle. Her mental precocity is borne out by the fact that she wrote a book on a philosophical subject at a very early age. In her own words, "it pleased God to command his servant Nature to indue me with a poetical and philosophical genius, even from my birth; for I did write some books in that kind, before I was twelve years of age, which for want of good method and order, I would never divulge."¹ She was not a merry child and was given to melancholy, "not crabbed or peevishly melancholy, but soft, melting, solitary, and contemplating melancholy."² One activity which gave her great pleasure was attiring herself in fine clothes, especially those which were of her own design. She did not like any one else to copy them, thus indicating early a delight in singularity. This desire to be different developed with the years to such a degree that on April 11, 1667, Pepys writes, "The whole story of this lady is a romance and all she do is romantick. Her footmen in velvet coats, and herself in an antique dress, as they say There is as much expectation of her coming to Court, that so people may come to see her,

¹ The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, Author's letter to the Duke, preface page 49.

² Ibid, page 313.

as if it were the Queen of Sweden."¹

Associating only with the members of her own family had a limiting affect on the development of Margaret's personality. Out of a deep affection they supervised her actions and speech closely, correcting her gently when she made a mistake. The result was that she became too dependent upon their guidance and was always bashful when out of their sight. Her spirits seemed to contract in "a chill paleness"² when in the presence of many strangers. She failed to acquire a poise of her own and to adjust to her own generation, beyond the small circle of intimates.

Her education was another serious defect in her upbringing. It failed to develop her real interests, which were largely intellectual. Had her training been more like Lucy's, she might have acquired a mental discipline and a sounder judgment so often lacking in many of her later writings. Biographers have lamented the fact that she had not studied any of the learned languages.³

¹ Diary of Samuel Pepys, Vol. 6, page 254. ("The celebrated ex-Queen Christina, whose extraordinary character and conduct were then attracting the attention of all Europe," Ibid, footnote, page 254.)

² The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, page 300.

³ General Biographic Dictionary, Vol. VIII, page 492.

The peaceful leisure, luxury, and splendour which characterized the family life of the Lucases were broken up by the outbreak of war. Lady Lucas and her sons gave their whole-hearted support to the king. Margaret, full of romantic zeal, felt a great stirring within her to do something for the cause. When she heard that Henrietta Maria had fewer maids-of-honour about her than in the days of peace, she immediately began to coax her mother for permission to offer her services. Her brothers and sisters were aghast at the idea, feeling that the court was no place for a girl who had lived such a cloistered life. They thought that her inexperience would bring suffering to her, and opposed her desire to go to Oxford. But Margaret won her way and later took her place as one of the maids-of-honour to the queen.

Margaret soon found that she could not fit into her new environment. She had no place amid the group of worldly lords and ladies who filled the court. Neither could she fall in with the feverish gaiety of the younger people who tried to crowd in as much pleasure as they could before all their young men fell in battle. Many of the young ladies were attracted to the dashing captains so gorgeously apparelled, and before long, there were romances and quarrels in the little court. From all this she kept herself aloof. In her bashfulness she

"neither heeded what was said or practised"¹ but attended to her duties conscientiously. The intrigue, nervous tension and excitement confused her. Without her family to guide her in this new intricate life, she was like one who had no foundation to support her. In her ignorance she "knew not how to behave."² She was so fearful of having aspersions cast upon her, that she did not dare to raise her eyes, "nor speak, nor be any way sociable." People began to look upon her as "a natural fool."³ This young girl, not yet out of her teens, with her round childish face, her soft features and large gentle eyes,⁴ regretted the step she had taken. She longed to return home to her mother or to her sister Pye, whom she "loved with a supernatural affection."⁵ But her mother advised her to remain, telling her it would be disgraceful to leave the court so soon after she had been placed. Therefore, when Henrietta Maria fled to Paris, Margaret Lucas went in her train.

The advice given to her daughter entailed

¹ The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, page 287.

² Ibid, page 287.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Royal and Noble Authors, Vol. III, page 136,

⁵ The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, page 287.

considerable sacrifice for Lady Lucas. The war had brought ruin to the Lucases as to many others. Their estates were sequestered and they were plundered "of all their goods, plate, jewels, money, corn, cattle and the like."¹ It was more costly to maintain her daughter at court than at home, nevertheless Lady Lucas managed so well that Margaret "was in a condition rather to lend than to borrow."² This was quite unusual for courtiers, "always necessitated by reason of great expenses Courts put them to."

Margaret found conditions even more difficult in Paris than at Oxford. The queen, a woman of tempestuous moods, was torn with anxiety about her husband and affairs in England. She seemed to live only for the answers to messages which she constantly sent to him. These were coming to her at greater and greater intervals as Parliamentary forces gradually gained greater control. Moreover, she had been dangerously ill and was still weak from the ordeal. Ruined royalist refugees crowded her court, and she could do little or nothing for them, beyond giving them sympathetic words or trifling souvenirs. The strain was telling on everyone's nerves. Discontent and quarrels

¹ The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, page 290.

² Ibid, page 288.

grew daily among the courtiers. At one time the queen found it necessary to come out of her chamber to put an end to a loud dispute about money matters. The participants "had actually drawn their swords in her ante-chamber."¹ Members of her retinue began to disappear, and her court began to take on a forlorn aspect.

Unto this scene of hardships and sorrow came William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, glamorous with his reputation of having fought for the king, sumptuous even in adversity. He inspired the courtiers with awe because of his close connection with the royal family. His status was practically semi-royal. He had formerly been governor to the Prince of Wales. During the war Charles I had conferred upon him the power of creating knights and of coining money. He had spent a princely fortune in the king's service. The vast estates and influence which he inherited from his mother's family, had enabled him to raise several thousand troops in a comparatively short time. As General of the forces of the four northern counties his had been a formidable name to the Parliamentarians. "The trewth is, if ... you leave my service, I am sure (at least) all the Northe is lost,"² the king had written to

¹ Henrietta Maria, page 173.

² Ellis Original Letters, First Series, Vol. 3, page 298.

him in April, 1644. Because he was commander of the port of Newcastle, he had been able to forward supplies of arms and money sent from Denmark and Holland to the king. He had taken part in the fateful battle of Marston Moor, where the royalist forces had met with a crushing defeat.¹ He had made his way soon after to Scarborough, from where he took ship for the Continent.

The Duke of Newcastle had been well-known for liberality and hospitality. In happier days before the war, Charles I had visited him at Welbeck and had been entertained with splendour and magnificence. The entertainment had been such a great success that it was repeated within the year, this time for the queen as well as the king. Ben Jonson wrote a masque for each occasion.² The first was entitled "Love's Welcome at Welbeck", and the second "Love's Welcome at Bolsover." The cost of these festivities had run into thousands of pounds.³ The

¹ Prince Rupert had insisted that the battle be fought against the advice of Newcastle, who had reasons for counselling delay. (The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, page 75.) When the Marquis saw the army he had raised "in a moment cast away and destroyed" he was "so transported ... with passion and despair, that he could not compose himself to think of beginning the work again." (History of the Rebellion, Vol. 3, page 384.)

² The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, page 192.

³ Ibid.

lavishness was such as to make Clarendon thank God that "no man ever after imitated"¹ them. The same writer declares elsewhere that Newcastle "was amorous in poetry and music, to which he indulged the greatest part of his time; and nothing could have tempted him out of those paths of pleasure which he enjoyed in a full and ample fortune, but honour, and ambition to serve the King when he saw him in distress, and abandoned by most of those who were in the highest degree obliged to him and by him."² The Duke had a taste for the liberal arts, he was always pleased to have men of genius about him. He was known as a patron of poets. William Davenant, among others, was a valued friend and had been his lieutenant-general of the ordnance. Newcastle was a man of varied interests, mature in experience and outlook. An engraving after Van Dyke³ reveals the graceful figure of an elegant polished courtier. His coat has a deep collar and cuffs, edged with very fine lace. A short romantic-looking cloak hangs from his shoulders. His hand is long and slender, almost effeminate. His handsome face, with its air of aristocracy, gives the impression of alertness and a sense of humour.

¹ History of the Rebellion, Vol. I, page 105.

² Ibid, Vol. III, page 381.

³ Portraits of Illustrious Personages of Great Britain, Vol. VIII, Eleventh Engraving.

When he came to the queen's court in Paris Newcastle had been a widower for two years. He wanted to marry again but was not looking for adventures in love. Well advanced in years, he wished to find a girl young enough to mold to his wishes. The innocence, reserve and bashfulness of the lovely and graceful Margaret were virtues in his eyes, not faults. He had heard about her from her brother Lord Lucas, before he came to France. The great nobleman had been patron and friend to Lord Lucas, and had asked him one day, whether there was anything he could do for him. Lord Lucas had replied that he wished for nothing for himself, for he was quite prepared to suffer the consequences of the war. His chief concern was his youngest sister, on whom he could bestow no fortune. She was very beautiful, and he feared that her beauty would expose her to danger. He had then praised her other qualities so highly that he roused Newcastle's curiosity about her.¹

It was April, 1645, when Margaret first set eyes on this great lord, with his "easy and free" manner, "without formality or constraint,"² yet with a touch of grandeur that aroused awe in others. He was about thirty-two years older than she was, but that did not prevent him from winning her

¹ General Biographical Dictionary, Vol. VIII, page 492.

² The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, page 207.

consent to become his wife. "Though I did dread marriage, and shunned men's company as much as I could," she writes, "yet I could not, nor had not the power to refuse him, by reason my affections were fixed on him, and he was the only person I ever was in love with. Neither was I ashamed to own it, but gloried therein. For it was not amorous love (I never was affected therewith, it is a disease, or a passion, or both, I only know by relation, not by experience), neither could title, wealth, power, or person entice me to love. But my love was honest and honourable, being placed upon merit, which affection joyed at the fame of his worth, pleased with delight in his wit, proud of the respects he used to me, and triumphing in the affections he professed for me."¹

Nevertheless, there were difficulties involved in the courtship, which are revealed in her letters² to him. A number of them were written in November, 1645. Their betrothal was kept secret at first but others noticed their attraction for each other. Her friends warn her, she writes, that he had "assured" himself to many but was "constant to none". He seems to be jealous of Mr. Porter³ and she takes

¹ The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, pages 288, 289.

² Historical Manuscripts Commission, Rep. 13, App. II, pages 134-137

³ The Duchess is probably referring to Endymion Porter. She mentions him as a friend and admirer of her husband's in the latter's biography. When in Antwerp during his exile, the Duke was forced to lodge in an inn owing to pecuniary straits, Endymion Porter who happened to be in the town insisted that the Duke become his guest. (The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, page 97.)

pains to reassure him, declaring that she only met the gentleman in France and then only as Newcastle's friend. People are saying that they are secretly married and that he has revealed it to Lord Jermyn. The gossip annoys them. He sends her verses and a portrait of himself. She criticizes some of his verse and says his subject "is too mean" for his muse. Something he has referred to in his letter rouses a girlish outburst: "I never said any such thing as you mentioned in your letter about your picture, nor even showed it to a creature." She feels in her sensitive state, that she is surrounded by enemies who want to put her in an unfavourable light. Later she declares, "My ambition is to be thought a modest woman, and to leave the title of a gallant man to you." In another letter she confesses, "There is nothing will please me more than to be where you are, and I begin to admire Paris because you are in it." There is much talk about what the queen will say when she learns that they have become engaged without consulting her. They feel she should be told of their intentions but seem to lack the courage to do it. Henrietta Maria is a lady who needs tactful management. The Duke sends Margaret a pair of gloves for the queen. Such gifts are unusual, but Margaret promises to deliver them. They have good grounds for their fears. When the queen learns of the betrothal, she makes the poor girl miserable. Margaret

declares no one can hinder her from loving Newcastle, whatever may happen to prevent their marriage. Finally the queen relents, having no power to stop the match. Margaret hopes they may be better friends for the differences they have had.

The marriage eventually took place near the close of 1645, two years after Margaret Lucas had entered the service of Queen Henrietta Maria. On December 20th, of the same year, Lady Lucas writes to her new son-in-law, expressing her satisfaction, and at the same time, her sorrow that Margaret can not have the portion due to her, owing to bad times.¹ Thus was she "honourably matched," who was "honourably born."²

¹ Historical Manuscripts Commission, Rep. 13, App. II, page 137.

² The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, page 310.

Chapter 2.

The Hutchinsons

Lucy Hutchinson began her married life in the summer of 1638 under more favourable circumstances than those which faced Lady Fanshawe and the Marchioness of Newcastle. She was living in England with her mother and husband. The war had not touched her as yet, though ominous rumblings were coming closer day by day. In the meantime she performed her new duties as mistress of a household. For recreation she read Latin and kept up her knowledge of Greek, the classics, and Hebrew. Her husband at this period was devoting his time to a careful analysis of the principles of religion. Divinity as a science was a study then much in vogue, influencing the conversation and writings of the greater part of society. John Hutchinson took a scholar into his house, who was well-versed in this subject and became wholly absorbed in it for the next two years. In view of what took place in the following years his wife considered it an act of Providence that he was permitted to have this leisurely period in which to acquire "a foundation of sound and necessary principles."¹ Her own religious training reaching back into early childhood enabled her to follow the discussions with great interest. Since she was in complete sympathy with his views, the atmosphere of the Hutchinson domicile was one of thoughtful study and harmonious relationship.

The Hutchinsons did not pass the early years of their

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 53.

married life in his home at Owthorpe, Nottinghamshire, but about ten miles away from London. Eager though he was to bring his young wife to his native town in the north of England, Mr. Hutchinson knew that she would be very unhappy if she had to leave her relatives suddenly to go far from the city where she had been born and educated. The North, to London ladies, was a formidable name. It meant infrequent communication with long separation because of the poor facilities for travel.

Seventeenth century England was largely agricultural. Vast tracks of land were still uninhabited and uncultivated. The population was thinly scattered over small villages and towns, separated from each other by days of travel. The average road was so full of ruts and water-holes that horse-back riding was the chief means of getting about the country. Coaches were also used, but the passengers often sustained painful bruises by the violent jolting about of the vehicle, especially during the heavy rains. Postal service was not yet well organised, and rates were high. With roads muddy and steep there was not much intercourse between the northern and southern sections of the country. The inhabitants of one section were apt to regard those of another with suspicion and hostility, and to treat them as aliens when they did meet. For these reasons John Hutchinson wanted Lucy's separation from familiar surroundings and close attachments to be gradual, and so it was not till October, 1641, that they

finally arrived at Owthorpe. Here his younger brother, George Hutchinson, came to give them a warm greeting and to play with his small nephews, twins born September 3rd, 1639. The baby was still too young to do anything but sleep; he had been born only a few weeks before their arrival.

The family had been living in their own home for several months in peace and happiness when the kingdom was plunged into the abyss of civil war. Before the final step was taken John and Lucy Hutchinson had been deeply roused by the state of public affairs. A feeling of horror and indignation had run through the country when news of the massacres in Ireland reached England early in November. Stories of atrocities had brought everywhere a cry for vengeance. Added to this state of emotional disturbance was the fact that the struggle for supremacy between King and Parliamentarians had been growing steadily worse. Mr. Hutchinson began to read all the printed matter dealing with the disputes between the two parties. After careful consideration he became convinced "of the righteousness of the parliament's cause in point of civil right."¹ He let the matter rest there, not thinking it necessary to take part in the conflict.

Two events, however, happened very soon which caused him to become definitely identified with the puritans in the eyes of the public. Parliament had sent orders to destroy painted glass in church windows and to deface images. About

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 78.

two miles from where the Hutchinsons lived "there was a church, where Christ upon the cross, the virgin, and John, had been fairly set up in a window over the altar, and sundry other superstitious paintings, of the priest's own ordering, were drawn upon the walls. When the order for rasing out those relics of superstition came, the priest only took down the heads of the images, and laid them carefully up in his closet, and would have had the church officers to have certified that the thing was done according to order; whereupon they came to Mr. Hutchinson, and desired him that he would take the pains to come and view their church, which he did, and upon discourse with the parson, persuaded him to blot out all the superstitious paintings, and break the images in the glass; which he consented to, but being ill-affected, was one of those who began to brand Mr. Hutchinson with the name of Puritan."¹ Shortly after this he learned that Lord Newark, lord-lieutenant of the County, was suddenly taking steps to remove the powder magazine from Nottingham for the king's use. These stores had been purchased by the men of the county for their own protection. The mayor had gone to notify those concerned, but it was feared that the powder would be gone before preventative measures could be brought to bear on the lord-lieutenant. With his brother George, John Hutchinson went down to the town-hall where

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, pages 79,80.

Lord Newark and his assistants were, and after a warm dispute was successful in making him give up the attempt. Mrs. Hutchinson seems proud of her young husband's bearing in this episode. It was his first achievement having direct bearing on the war manoeuvres.¹ She describes the story in great detail, bringing out his good breeding, superior reasoning, and firmness.

From time to time the Memoirs digress from the story of John Hutchinson to^a general account of the times in which he lived. Among other things Lucy Hutchinson discusses the causes of the war and personalities. She had little use for the Stuarts, though Charles I wins some praise. "King Charles," she writes, "was temperate, chaste, and serious... men of learning and ingenuity in all arts were in esteem, and received encouragement from the king, who was a most excellent judge and a great lover of paintings, carvings, gravings, and many other ingenuities ... but ... this king was a worse encroacher upon the civil and spiritual liberties of his people by far than his father."² He married a papist, a French lady, of a haughty spirit, and a great wit and beauty, to whom he became a most uxorious husband ... The example of the French king was propounded to him, and he thought himself no monarch so long as his

¹ One of the controlling factors early in the conflict was the possession of the powder magazines deposited in the various centres of England.

² Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 67.

will was confined to the bounds of any law; but knowing that the people of England were not pliable to an arbitrary rule, he plotted to subdue them to his yoke by a foreign force ... He was the most obstinate person in his self-will that ever was, and so bent upon being an absolute, uncontrollable sovereign, that he was resolved either to be such a king or none."¹

Mrs. Hutchinson disapproves of Henrietta Maria, not only because she was a papist, but for another reason, highly important to the well-trained girl of the ~~17th~~ *seventeenth* century. She considers that the queen was stepping out of a woman's true sphere into a man's when she interfered in matters of state. "The queen", she observes ... "began to turn her mind from those vain extravagancies she lived in at first, to that which did less become her, and was more fatal to the kingdom; which is never in any place happy where the hands which were made only for distaffs affect the management of sceptres. - If any one object the fresh example of Queen Elizabeth, let them remember that the felicity of her reign was the effect of her submission to her masculine and wise counsellors."²

When she describes the puritans she is most indignant at the unjust attitude which she saw adopted towards

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 68.

² Ibid, page 71.

them. The very term "puritan" was one of reproach.

"If any were grieved at the ... griping of the poor, or the unjust oppressions of the subject ... he was a puritan. ... if any showed favour to any godly honest persons, kept them company, relieved them in want ... he was a puritan, if any gentleman in his country maintained the good laws of the land, or stood up for any public interest, for good order or government, he was a puritan ... whoever was zealous for God's glory or worship,¹ could not endure blasphemous oaths, ribald conversation, profane scoffs, sabbath breaking, derision of the word of God, and the like - whoever could endure a sermon, modest habit or conversation, or anything good - all these were puritans; and if puritans, then enemies to the king and his government, seditious, factious, hypocrites, ambitious disturbers of the public peace, and finally the pest of the kingdom. Such fake logic did the children of darkness use to argue with against the hated children of light, whom they branded besides as an illiterate, morose, melancholy, discontented, crazed sort of men, not fit for human conversation ... every puppet-play belched forth profane scoffs upon them, the drunkards made them their songs, and all fiddlers and mimics learned to abuse them, as finding

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 64.

it the most gameful way of fooling."¹

The puritans were not all of one kind. Among those of inferior mentality or knowledge, a narrow understanding of puritanism prevailed. They began to differ in dress and speech from those whom they believed to be ungodly. Zealots wore their hair cut short around their heads and from this custom were known as "roundheads." It was not long before this name became a scornful term given to all partisans of Parliament. Educated people such as John and Lucy Hutchinson looked upon puritanism differently from the less enlightened. They felt that their religion was something which affected their inner lives and tried to make their actions conform with their spiritual ideal. In breeding, dress, and general cultural interests they could not be told apart from Anglicans or cavaliers who tried to follow the canons of good taste. Lucy warmly resented the term of "roundhead" applied to her husband by royalists, because his hair was thick and fell over his shoulders in long graceful waves.² She

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 65.

² A portrait of Colonel Hutchinson reveals a young man, slender in build, with a lean face and determined chin. His hair falling over his shoulders in loose waves is longer than either Fanshawe's or Newcastle. The artist leaves a general impression of asceticism and sensitiveness. His body looks frail even in armour. (Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson, frontispiece, Bohn Edition.)

considered his hair most becoming, a great ornament to his appearance.¹ Neither did she like to hear members of his own party criticize Mr. Hutchinson because he refused to cut his hair or adopt their ways in dress and speech. She seems to have been very conscious of the clothes he wore, for she makes several references to his apparel. She speaks of his "habit that was pretty rich but grave, and no other than he usually wore."² At another time she describes his suit "which was but of sad-coloured cloth trimmed with gold, and silver points and buttons,"³ then again to "a scarlet cloak, very richly laced."⁴ Both she and her husband were well aware of the weaknesses of their fellow members. "But as Mr. Hutchinson chose not them", she says, "but the God they served, and the truth and righteousness they defended, so did not their weaknesses, censures ... make him forsake them in anything wherein they adhered to just and honourable principles or practices; but when they apostatised from these, none cast them off with greater indignation."⁵

Though John Hutchinson's sympathy with Parliament

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 96.

² Ibid, page 277.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Ibid, page 286.

⁵ Ibid, page 96.

had led him to prevent the seizure of the Nottingham supply of powder, and to urge obedience to injunctions regarding the destruction of church decorations, he still did not feel justified in committing himself to actual warfare. A kinsman, Henry Ireton, who had been busy promoting the interest of Parliament in the county, joined Essex's army when the king approached that part of the country. Other kinsmen held a different concept of duty. John's maternal cousins, the Byrons, were passionate partisans of the king. Lucy's brother, Sir Allen Apsley, had also thrown in his lot with Charles I. Describing the royalist faction in Nottinghamshire, she says, "All the nobility and gentry, and their dependents, were generally for the king ... the greatest family was the Earl of Newcastle's, a lord ... much beloved in his country ... he had indeed, through his great estate, his liberal hospitality, and constant residence in his country, so endeared them to him, that no man was a greater prince in all that northern quarter; till a foolish ambition of glorious slavery carried him to court where he ran himself much into debt." ¹

Persecutions by royalists in that part of the country where John Hutchinson lived, finally did force a decision on him to take up arms against them. One day while he was

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 92.

at dinner with his family at Owthorpe, the mayor of Nottingham sent word to him that the high-sheriff had broken open the lock guarding the ammunition and was removing it. Mr. Hutchinson hurried immediately to Nottingham to forestall this act but he was too late. The powder was gone and the town over-run with the king's soldiers, who were plundering the townsmen of their weapons. His father, Sir Thomas Hutchinson, lived in Nottingham, but was at the moment visiting at Owthorpe. John Hutchinson went to his father's home to see that all was safe. He had not been there long when a soldier entered, carbine in hand, and demanded possession of the house for his general's use. John explained that there was no room, the house was fully occupied. The soldier became insolent, whereupon Hutchinson thrust him out of the place and shut the doors on him. The general himself arrived almost immediately in a great temper. Explanations followed, leading to an amicable settlement for both parties.

The discussion was far from settled as far as the evicted soldier was concerned. He was out for vengeance. Mr. Hutchinson soon learned that the man was a quartermaster general and had procured a warrant for his arrest. He escaped to Leicestershire and sent for Lucy. She had scarcely arrived when a letter came from Nottingham warning them that a warrant for his arrest had

been sent to the sheriff of Leicestershire. Several hours later he heard the sound of troops coming into the town, and hurriedly made his escape. Mrs. Hutchinson was worried about being left in a strange place. By a stroke of luck, however, it happened that this in-coming troop was commanded by her brother, Sir Allen Apsley. They were to be quartered in the house next door. Two or three days later Apsley was ordered to march his soldiers away upon some other business.

John Hutchinson remained hidden in Northamptonshire until such time as the country should be cleared of the king's forces. In the meantime he converted two gentlemen of quality to Parliament's cause. Then he visited General Essex at Northampton. He "would gladly at that time have engaged with him" writes his wife, "but that he did not then find a clear call from the Lord."¹

Lucy Hutchinson was not left alone very long. Captain Welch of Prince Rupert's army came ostensibly to visit her. He knew her brother and had seen them together when Sir Allen was in the town. He told her one of John's letters to her had been intercepted at Prince Rupert's quarters. Then he went on to say it was a pity she was married to a man who had become involved in a faction that made him fear to be seen with her. His slur on her

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 98.

husband's courage annoyed her. She told the captain that he was mistaken; her husband would never hide from anyone. With that, she called in George Hutchinson who was waiting in another room, and introduced him as her husband John. The captain made some polite remark about her husband's being safe from arrest while in her company and then left. This bit of feminine strategy caused her untold worry and trouble. As she was enjoying her joke on the captain with some friends he suddenly returned with another man, and this time arrested George. Mrs. Hutchinson's quick explanations fell on deaf ears. The captain was determined to punish her for deceiving him, and sent her brother-in-law to Prince Rupert's camp. This action upset her so greatly that she became ill. She heard later that the Byrons had intervened on George's behalf with the prince, but Welch's word prevailed over theirs. Then she turned for help to one of her own kinsmen, Lord Viscount Grandison who was in the king's army. The young man was finally released through the combined efforts of Grandison and the Byrons. George joined his brother and both returned to Owthorpe with Lucy when the news came that the cavaliers had withdrawn from their section of the country.

The Hutchinsons returned home but no longer to live as non-combatants. It had become clear to John Hutchinson that the time had come for him to take up

arms on behalf of Parliament. He conferred with other godly people of Nottingham who had suffered similar misfortune at the hands of royalists, and persuaded them to organize into a defensive unit. Regiments were raised and John Hutchinson accepted a commission as lieutenant-colonel. Later he became a member of the Parliament committee for Nottinghamshire. Lucy Hutchinson had followed her husband through his long and careful deliberation. She was now heart and soul with him in his decision to fight. Unlike Ann Harrison or Margaret Lucas, she fully understood the principles for which the opposing parties strove. Where the other two girls were royalists automatically because their menfolk were, Lucy was a partisan for Parliament because of her own convictions. The urge for her was mental and spiritual, not only emotional or romantic as with Ann Harrison or Margaret Lucas.

Abandoning their house and estate to the mercy of the royalists Mrs. Hutchinson and the children moved into Nottingham, ready to share the problems confronting her husband in his new role. She observed closely the men working with or against him. There was Sir John Gell, whose reputation as a formidable military leader she held in disdain. This gentleman had raised a regiment of foot to defend the neighbouring town of Derby which he

held throughout the war. She complains indignantly that he was continually claiming credit for good work done by others. He "kept the journalists in pension," she says in scorn, "so that whatever was done in the neighbouring counties, against the enemy, was attributed to him; and thus he hath indirectly purchased himself a name in story, which he never merited"¹.... that which made his courage the more questioned was, the care he took, and the expense he was at, to get it weekly mentioned in the journals, so that when they had nothing else to renown him for, they once put in that the troops of that valiant commander, Sir John Gell, took a dragoon with a plush doublet."³ She thought that her husband showed better judgment than Gell in selecting scouts, declaring that their information, sent on to Parliament, often proved Gell's reports to be entirely false. Lucy Hutchinson under-estimates Gell's ability² because of her deep loyalty to the colonel, though she does admit somewhat grudgingly that Gell was "an instrument of service to the parliament

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, pages 101,102.

² Lichfield surrendered to Sir John Gell in March 4, 1643. He also took part in the Battle of Hopton Heath on March 19, 1643. (The History of the Great Civil War, 1642-1649; Vol. 1, pages 113,123.)

³ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, pages 102,103.

in those parts."¹ The sharp disapproval she felt for him was extended to his troops. "These were good, stout fighting men," she says, "but the most licentious, ungovernable wretches that belonged to the parliament."² Where the colonel took great pains to protect helpless families from pillage, Gell permitted his soldiers to plunder whomever they pleased. He was "a very bad neighbour to Mr. Hutchinson's garrison", she sums up, "and one that under the name of a friend and assistant, spoiled our country as much as our enemies."³

Another man for whom the author had a deep contempt was Chadwick, the deputy recorder of Nottingham. She lashes out at the hypocrisy with which he insinuated himself into the good graces of the king when the latter was in the town, "yet by flatteries and dissimulations, he kept up his credit with the godly, cutting his hair, and taking up a form of godliness, the better to deceive"⁴ such baseness he had, that all the just reproaches

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 102. Gell "was one of the most active commanders in the service of the parliament; he captured many of the fortified homes of the royalists, held Derby throughout the war, and greatly contributed to the maintenance of Leicester and Nottingham" (Dictionary of National Biography, Article by C.H. Firth, Vol. 21, page 114.)

² Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 101.

³ Ibid, page 102.

⁴ Ibid, page 107.

in the world could not move him, but he would fawn upon any man that told him of his villanies to his face, even at the very time ... he would kiss the man he had in his heart to kill, he naturally delighted in mischief and treachery, and was so exquisite a villain, that he destroyed those designs he might have thriven by, with overlaying them with fresh knaveries."¹ She decries the adherence of men like Chadwick to the cause because she thinks their presence disgraced it. Then she stops for a moment to remember that the men with whom the colonel had to work were not all villains. She speaks well of Mr. Widmerpoole, an honourable gentleman whose reduced fortunes had forced his family down to a lower social level and of another "very honest man, who could not be reckoned among the gentry, though he was called by the name of Mr. Lomax."²

Defending Nottingham presented additional problems. The Hutchinsons knew that more than half of the townsmen were royalists at heart.³ Then, too, the town was surrounded by enemy strongholds - several homes within a few miles had been fortified by their royalist owners. Newcastle had turned two of his castles into garrisons.⁴

¹Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 108.

² Ibid, page 109.

³ Ibid, page 113.

⁴ Ibid, page 119.

Newark, one of the nearby towns, was in royalist hands. Sir Richard Byron had become its governor.¹ Should a sudden emergency arise Hutchinson could not expect timely relief to be sent through Parliament, because London was far away. In spite of his youth and inexperience the colonel according to his wife had a clear understanding of the difficulties facing him. "Nothing", she says, "but an invincible courage and a passionate zeal for the interest of God and his country"², could have induced him to undertake the task.

It was not long before news that Newcastle, chief royalist general in the north, was heading in the direction of Nottingham. Hutchinson hurried to inform Parliament of the coming danger, and so impressed the urgency of the situation that heavy re-inforcements were sent up at once. The threatened attack came to very little after all, for the royalists besieged Gainsborough and not Nottingham. Orders came to Sir John Meldrum, then commander-in-chief of all the forces in Nottingham, to relieve Gainsborough at once. He took most of the horses and men with him, but before leaving, he and the committee put Colonel Hutchinson in charge of Nottingham Castle. Hutchinson accepted his new command on 29th June, 1643. In the following November Lord Fairfax gave him a commission

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 119.

² Ibid, page 113.

to raise a foot regiment; later Parliament appointed him governor of both town and castle.

It was a momentous day for Lucy when her husband became governor of the castle. This additional honour brought greater responsibilities and greater obstacles to be overcome. The castle stood on a high rock forming a natural stronghold, but many of the rooms in the buildings were in a ruinous condition, entirely unfit for lodging soldiers or storing provisions. As soon as Hutchinson took possession he issued a proclamation permitting loyal townsmen to secure themselves or their goods in the castle if they would repair their own quarters. A large number took advantage of the offer, and the buildings were presently made fit to accommodate 400 men comfortably. Other problems could not be solved so easily. She knew the colonel was troubled about the garrison because it was weak and ill-supplied. The citizens were still divided in their sympathies - one group adhering to the king the other to Parliament. Even among the latter there was no hesitation in criticizing his actions.¹ These problems were complicated by the personal and political feuds of the committee members. They disputed his powers and encroached upon his office so that there was great confusion in the garrison. "All men

¹There was a great outcry among them when the colonel drew the guns from the town works into the castle, feeling they would be more secure there. (Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 125.)

were distracted and amazed, in doubt whose orders to obey and who were their commanders."¹ Officers faithful to Hutchinson were persecuted to such an extent that many left the garrison in disgust. The reserved Lucy Apsley, who liked nothing better than to lead a life of study and contemplation, now found her husband the centre of mean suspicions, unworthy jealousies, and bitter factions. "There were", she writes, "so many malignant whispers daily spread abroad ... that it was impossible for any man so worthily to demean himself, but that a jealous misconstruction of some inconsiderable trifle, was enough to blast the esteem of all his actions, though never so pious and deserving."² Ambitious men stirred up intrigues against him and made secret attempts to oust him from his position so that they could procure it for themselves. Chadwick was one of the most persistent in this group. Millington, the Nottingham representative in Parliament, posed as the colonel's friend and advisor while furthering the plots of his enemies. A crisis was reached when the committee members refused to permit troops to march to the relief of Montgomery Castle as commanded by Sir John Meldrum. A council of war was

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 198.

² Ibid, page 154.

held, but the captains, disliking to march far from home, declared they would only obey orders issued by the committee.¹ A heated discussion followed between Hutchinson and the members of the committee. It was decided to call upon Parliament to define clearly the powers of the governor. In the meantime they promised to refrain from interfering in matters concerning the soldiery. Hutchinson and Captain White, the committee's representative, went to London. The former returned in triumph carrying letters instructing all officers and committee members to obey his commands; not without difficulty for he had to overcome an unfavourable impression of him created previously by Millington.

In the midst of all these internal troubles John Hutchinson had to keep an alert watch for an attack by the royalists. The castle was attacked many times,² and the town entered twice by the "enemy". Bribes and threats in turn were used to induce Hutchinson to surrender the castle. Sir Richard Byron sent a trusted envoy to urge Hutchinson to give up the idea of defending the castle

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 199.

² "The town was often attacked. Sir Charles Lucas entered it in January 1644 and endeavoured to set it on fire, and in April 1645 a party from Newark captured the fort at Trent - bridges. Hutchinson succeeded in making good these losses, and answered each new summons to surrender with a fresh defiance." (Dictionary of National Biography, Article by C.H. Firth, Vol. 28, page 339.)

for the sake of Lucy and the children. Hutchinson was told that his whole estate would be taken from him if he persisted in his course. Newcastle had already received requests for it from several royalists. On the other hand the envoy was quite certain that Hutchinson would be well rewarded if he deserted to the king.

Hutchinson refused indignantly "to sell his faith for base rewards or fears"¹, and made it quite clear that "his wife was as willing to part with"² their estate for the cause if need be. A much stronger effort was later made to corrupt him. An agent from Newcastle sent a message promising Hutchinson that if he would surrender the castle, "he should be received into favour, have the castle confirmed to him and his heirs, have ten thousand pounds in money, and be made the best lord in the country."³ This attempt was equally unsuccessful. Hutchinson's loyalty was firm against all inducements.

Not long after the colonel had sent his refusal to Newark, one of the Nottingham aldermen betrayed the town to Byron and his cavaliers. The Hutchinsons suddenly realized that Nottingham was overrun with royalists, plundering and ransacking the homes of opponents. There

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 137.

² Ibid, page 138.

³ Ibid, page 159. The History of the Great Civil War, 1642-1649, Vol. 1, page 305.

was further consternation when it was discovered that a large number of soldiers were missing from their quarters against orders. They had slipped quietly out of the castle in the night to visit their families in town. Lucy saw that the colonel was left with only a handful of men to meet this emergency. Even the surgeons were missing. A messenger was dispatched at once to other Parliament garrisons for help, and the cannon went into action. Answering bullets from the enemy spattered all over the castle yard. With a display of self-control worthy of a seasoned warrior, Mrs. Hutchinson kept an eye on the progress of the battle while she tried to carry on the work of a surgeon.¹ Her cool courage must have been a tower of strength to the soldiers. She did not lose her head even when she saw that the men were trapped at the castle gates, unable to relieve one another except with great hazard. One weak old man had bled to death because it had been impossible to carry him to her in time. By and by she became aware that many of the missing soldiers were beginning to reappear. They had made their return to the castle by stealth so as to prevent the cavaliers from following them inside. Firing continued for five long days and nights before the invaders were at last driven out of the town.

Though the cavaliers were forced out of Nottingham

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 141.

they entrenched themselves at Trent-bridges. Reinforcements had arrived by this time to assist the colonel. Encouraged by the victory he was eager to carry over the fight to Trent-bridges at once before the cavaliers could "recollect their confused souls after their chase."¹ The new arrivals however would not back him up, and his own men needed rest badly after their ordeal. He retraced his steps to the castle in a discontented frame of mind. But just as Mrs. Hutchinson had brought comfort during the battle, so she now brought cheer. Without stopping to rest she had immediately set to work with the help of other women to prepare an appetizing supper² to refresh the men after their arduous fighting. It was large enough to include all the strangers as well as his own officers and must have been equally satisfying, for the colonel's depression seems to have disappeared after the meal. It must have taken quite a bit of ingenuity to plan this enormous supper at a time when the choice and quantity of food were perforce limited.

A number of royalist prisoners had been brought to the castle. Many of them were shut up in dungeon-like quarters known as the Lion's Den. As the prisoners were brought into the castle yard they were insulted and beaten

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 144.

² Ibid.

by some of the victors, a custom not unknown in the seventeenth century. Wounded puritans were brought up to Mrs. Hutchinson "and she having some excellent balsams and plasters in her closet ... dressed all their wounds, whereof some were dangerous being all shots, with such good success, that they were all well cured in convenient time."¹ Standing later at her chamber-door, she saw three prisoners sorely wounded being "carried bleeding into the Lion's Den."² She ordered them to be brought to her "and bound up and dressed their wounds also."³ This display of mercy and pity "to the enemies of God"⁴ brought down severe criticism upon her head, whereupon "she replied, she had done nothing but what she thought was her duty, in humanity to them as fellow-creatures, not as enemies."⁵ The colonel behaved presently with similar kindness when he invited a prisoner to sup at a table where there was "more room and meat than guests."⁶ These acts of consideration shown to "malignants" were greatly resented; even the common soldiers began to

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 145.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Ibid.

⁵ Ibid.

⁶ Ibid.

mutter against the Hutchinsons who paid no attention to them. This attitude towards prisoners of war would have been outstanding in any age but was more so in an era when brutality and callousness were common practices.

The colonel had not given up his idea of retaking Trent-bridges. The author stresses his daring in forging ahead with his plans in the face of discouragement from the Dutch major in charge of the Derby re-inforcements. She shows a soldier's grasp of warfare in following the tactics used to distract the "enemy's" attention elsewhere while the men advanced closer to the fort, and re-captures the triumphant mood of her husband's men when they beheld the angry dismay of the royalists. "When they in the fort saw, in the morning, how the assailants had advanced, while they were kept secure in talk all night", she says, "they were extremely mad, and swore like devils, which made the governor and his men great sport."¹ She attributes the victory to his military strategy and to his foresight in preventing news of the preparations from spreading into the town, lest royalists sympathizers send warning to their friends in the fort. She minimizes any share she might have had in assisting them to attain victory. The men "had very good drink and provisions brought them out of the garrison, which much encouraged

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 149.

them", she admits, "but the governor's presence and alacrity among them much more."¹

Mrs. Hutchinson keeps her own executive ability almost submerged in the background. It might easily have been her idea of getting the dilapidated quarters in the castle buildings quickly repaired and cleansed when they first took possession. Then, too, she might have suggested the organizing² of women into squads of fifty. These had marched through the town to prevent incendiarism during a critical period.

Among the commanders who attacked Nottingham was Margaret's brother Sir Charles Lucas. His force was so large that Hutchinson's men were too terrified to take a firm stand, and retreated almost immediately from their works into the castle. More than one thousand cavaliers entered into the town, and a large body surrounded it, thus cutting off Hutchinson's hope of immediate relief should any other Parliament garrison send assistance. With his back to the wall, it seemed as if Hutchinson must surely surrender. But this only strengthened his determination to fight. Charles Lucas sent an arrogant letter demanding immediate surrender, but it never reached

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 148.

² A century earlier Montluc writes that at the siege of Sienna women organized themselves into groups to aid their men in the warfare. They helped erect earth works and performed other actions which served to inspire the soldiers. Mrs. Hutchinson was doubtless familiar with his account and this may have been the inspiration for organizing the Nottingham women into squads. (Mémoires de Monsieur Blaise de Montluc, pages 221, 222.)

its destination on time. Hutchinson had in the meantime stirred his men into such shame for having deserted their posts that they came rushing out of the castle, determined to wipe out their disgrace. Their attack was sudden and furious. The cavaliers were thoroughly surprised. They ran before the fierce onslaught through the streets and out of the town, turning into defeat what had looked like certain victory for them. Here the author stops to comment upon the strange behaviour of the combatants in this affair, in which they turned an exhibition of courage into one of cowardice and vice versa. In her own words, "No one can believe, but those that saw that day, what a strange ebb and flow of courage and cowardice there was in both parties on that day. The cavaliers marched in with such terror to the garrison, and such gallantry, that they startled not when one of their leading files fell before them all at once, but marched boldly over the dead bodies of their friends, under their enemies' cannon, and carried such valiant dreadfulness about them, as made very courageous stout men recoil. Our horse, who ran away frightened at the sight of their foes, when they had breastworks before them, and the advantage of freshness to beat back assailants already vanquished with the sharpness of the cold and a killing march, within three or four hours, as men that thought nothing too great for them, returned

fiercely upon the same men, after their refreshment, when they were entered into defensible houses. If it were a romance, one should say, after the success, that the heroes did it out of excess gallantry, that they might the better signalize their valour upon a foe who was not vanquished to their hands by the inclemency of the season; but we are relating wonders of Providence, and must record this as one not to be conceived of, but by those who saw and shared in it."¹

That Mrs. Hutchinson's judgment was highly respected in the community is shown by the fact that when Mr. Palmer, a minister, could not decide whether to accept a military post, he came to seek her advice as well as the colonel's.² Hutchinson himself must have been influenced by his wife's judgment in more than one matter, as is revealed in the following story. During the period of his governorship, the notes of an anabaptist cannoneer fell accidentally into her hands. She read these carefully, and after deep consideration became convinced against the baptism of infants. Then she aroused John's curiosity on the question. He searched the Scriptures as she had done, and read all

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, pages 164,165.

² Ibid, page 139.

the outstanding treatises dealing with the matter. He reached the same conclusion as his wife. When the next child was born, all the ministers were invited to dinner and the subject was thoroughly discussed. No one could give the Hutchinsons a reason convincing to them, so the infant was not baptized.¹

With the surrender of Newark in May 1646² Colonel Hutchinson's military service came to an end. His family moved back to Owthorpe at the end of the war. There Lucy found things in a sad state. The house was practically in ruins. Everything removable had been carried off by royalists in the neighbouring garrisons. The cost of repairing the damage would be almost high enough to build

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, pages 238, 239.

² The History of the Great Civil War, 1642-1649, Vol. 2, page 479.

Nearby Newark which was garrisoned by royalists when Hutchinson was in charge of Nottingham Castle, was a menace to Parliamentarians. Royalist partisans lived in and around the town of Nottingham itself. But for Hutchinson the castle and town might have become another royalist centre. As it was, Nottingham Castle was one outpost kept steadily clear for parliamentary interests. After the victory of the parliamentary forces at Naseby, the colonel took part in the siege of Newark. When this town surrendered it was felt that danger to the parliamentary cause in the north was over.

"Hutchinson's defence of Nottingham was a service of great value to the parliament." (Dictionary of National Biography, Article by C.H. Firth, Vol. 28, page 340)

a new house. As governor of Nottingham her husband had run into serious debt in an effort to supply the needs of the garrison. He was in no position to attempt any rebuilding at the moment, and the family had to put up with discomforts as best they could.¹

The colonel's return to civil life found him still actively engaged in the service of his country. He had been elected a member of the House of Commons for Nottinghamshire in 1646. From that time forward he spent part of the year in London. His new duties brought him into a wider sphere of activities and gave Mrs. Hutchinson opportunities of turning her shrewd powers of observation and analysis upon the leaders who controlled or shaped the country's destiny. She had been chiefly interested till now in the character and conduct of the men forming the Parliament party in Nottingham. London was a change of locale for her, but the lack of principle and of co-operation between many of the Parliament members seemed unchanged to her. Even though the issues were much larger she seemed to find that the pattern was the same as she had seen in the small northern town - pettiness, ignoble motives, secret intrigues, corruption,² readiness to divide into factions. She

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 244.

² "Corruption and favouritism.... prevailed among the members of Parliament." The year is 1648. (The History of the Great Civil War, 1642-1649, Vol. 3, page 319.)

inveighs against the bitter disputes between Presbyterians and Independents, "the two factions ... being so engaged to suppress each other, that they both ceased to regard the public interest; insomuch, that at that time a certain sort of public-spirited men stood up in parliament and the army, declaring against these factions and the ambition of the grandees of both, and the partiality that was in those days practised, by which great men were privileged to do those things which meaner men were punished for, and the injustice and other crimes of particular members of parliament, were rather covered than punished, to the scandal of the whole house. Many got shelter in the house and army against their debts, by which others were defrauded and undone. The lords ... claimed many prerogatives, which set them out of reach of common justice, which these good-hearted people would have equally to belong to the poorest as well as to the mighty; and for this and such other honest declarations, they were named levellers¹..... It was a misery to be bewailed in those days, that many of the parliament party exercised cruelty, injustice, and oppression to their

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 251. According to Mrs. Hutchinson, these levellers were not the same men whose aims were "the levelling of all estates and qualities." These proposals were developed by a later group.

conquered enemies."¹ Just as she and her husband had shown mercy to their prisoners in Nottingham Castle after victory, so he now defended "those enemies that were by might oppressed and defrauded of the mercies of parliament. Upon this account he had contests with some good men, who were weak in these things, some through too factious a zeal, and others blinded with their own or their friends' interests."²

Among the leaders Mrs. Hutchinson condemns none more strongly than Oliver Cromwell. She seems at first to have admired him, writing that he was "incorruptibly faithful to his trust and to the people's interest."³ Later she denounces him as being an incorrigible dissembler⁴ and an unscrupulous careerist, an opinion shared by many of her contemporaries. Her husband seldom seems to have missed an opportunity of voicing his disapproval to Cromwell. There was little love lost between the two men for Cromwell was a man who made compromises while Hutchinson despised the very thought of them. The latter recognized Cromwell's ability but could not trust him.

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 280.

² Ibid, pages 280,281.

³ Ibid, page 242.

⁴ See too, similar opinion of Cromwell, Memoirs of Sir John Reresby, page 23; Autobiography of Richard Baxter, pages 60-73; 86-89.

As a contrast to the great military commander Mrs. Hutchinson describes an incident ¹ showing the colonel's adherence to his convictions even when they came into collision with his own interest. Mrs. Hutchinson compares the colonel's straightforward behaviour with Cromwell's secret designs to thwart² the former's opportunities, while outwardly giving false professions of friendship³ and goodwill. She gives a clever analysis of what she conceives to be Cromwell's strategy in silencing the violent outcries of his critics.

"But now had the poison of ambition so ulcerated Cromwell's heart," she writes, "that the affects of it became more apparent than before; and while as yet Fairfax stood an empty name, he was moulding the army to his mind, weeding out the godly and upright-hearted men, both officers and soldiers, and filling up their rooms with rascally turn-coat cavaliers, and pitiful ^{beasts} sottish/of his own alliance, and other such as would swallow all things, and make no questions for conscience'

¹ When the colonel was told that the governor of Hull was to be unjustly dismissed to make way for him, he fought so vehemently against the governor's opponents that the plot failed. (Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, pages 271,272.)

² Mrs. Hutchinson believes that Cromwell prevented her husband from succeeding Colonel Thornhaugh when he died, as commander of the regiment. (Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, pages 256,257.) and from becoming governor of Jersey. (Ibid, page 275.)

³ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 273.

sake. Yet this he did, not directly nor in tumult, but by such degrees that it was unperceived by all that were not of very penetrating eyes; and those that made the largest outcries against him lifted up their voices with such apparent envy and malice that, in that mist, they rather hid than discovered his ambitious minings."¹

Among these were three men who had laid a plot against Cromwell's life. The matter was brought to the attention of the council of state. Before the hearing came up one of the men appealed to the colonel for assistance, "affirming all the crimes of Cromwell, but not daring to justify his accusations, although the colonel advised him if they were true to stand boldly to it, if false to acknowledge his own iniquity. The latter course he took, and the council had resolved upon the just punishment of the men, when Cromwell, having only thus in a private council vindicated himself from their malice, and laid open what pitiful sneaking poor knaves they were, how ungrateful to him, and how treacherous and cowardly to themselves, became their advocate, and made it his suit that they might be no farther published or punished. This being permitted him, and they thus rendered contemptible to others, they became beasts and slaves to him, who knew how to serve himself by them without trusting them. This

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 272.

generosity, for indeed he carried himself with the greatest bravery that is imaginable herein, much advanced his glory, and cleared him in the eyes of superficial beholders."¹

With the expulsion of the Long Parliament in 1653, Colonel Hutchinson was released from parliamentary duties. He and Lucy were able to resume the pleasant mode of living at Owthorpe which had been interrupted by the outbreak of the war. They now had a collection of fine paintings, bought while he was staying in London during Parliament sessions. Most of these had belonged to the unfortunate Charles and had been given to his servants in lieu of wages. The colonel had paid about two thousand pounds for these works of art. Lucy knew he was planning to keep them in a "cabinet". After the stress of the past years, she was pleased to see him occupied with peaceful pursuits - surveying the buildings, improving the appearance of the grounds with enclosure, supervising the workmen and tenants on the estate, hunting hawks with friends. She loved to hear him playing the viol. He seemed to have lost none of his old skill. This time when he played a number of selections, there were new faces added to his audience, those of his children and their masters. "As he had great delight, so he had great judgment, in

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, pages 272-273.

music," his wife says, "and advanced his children's practice more than their tutors."¹

Remembering the excellent education her father had provided for her, Lucy was happy to see ^{that} her own daughters were being permitted to study languages, sciences, music, dancing as well as her sons. No cost was spared in helping the children acquire all these "qualities" befitting their station. The colonel supervised their studies and instructed them himself in the abstract virtues, "which he rather strove to make them exercise with love and delight than by constraint."²

Guests from far and near came to the Hutchinson home finding there a warm hospitality. Even those who had been his former enemies "in public contests"³ were sincerely welcomed. Indeed the Hutchinsons enjoyed friendly relationship with all their countrymen, members of all parties visiting them frequently.⁴ With true womanly modesty she attributes their popularity to her husband's conversational powers and pleasing personality, yet she must have contributed fine tact and genuine kindness to these harmonious gatherings. A portrait reveals a gracious lady wearing

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 292.

² Ibid, page 293.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Ibid.

a dress of some rich material in simple flowing lines. She is carrying a wreath of leaves. Her features, rugged rather than beautiful, seem to emanate strength and humour.¹

The Hutchinsons however were not destined to enjoy these liberal pursuits and elegant recreations for more than a few years. The colonel was drawn again into active participation in government affairs. He took his seat as a member of the Long Parliament when the army recalled it to power in May 1659. That year was one of confusion and anarchy in the political life of the country. Mrs. Hutchinson's worries over public affairs were increased by a domestic problem. Two dishonest servants tried to smuggle arms out to Byron, a kinsman who was plotting a royalist uprising. She got rid of these traitors quietly, keeping the whole matter a secret from the colonel because he would have had to punish them, had he known the facts. This episode demonstrated Mrs. Hutchinson's ability to meet an emergency with discretion and efficiency.²

The period of political anarchy led to a desire for the restoration of the Stuarts, and Charles II entered London amid great rejoicing on the 29th of May, 1660. He was no sooner seated on the throne when a general zeal to avenge the execution of Charles I threatened the welfare of the regicides. From the moment a decision was reached

¹ Social England, Vol. 4, page 56.

² Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, pages 304-307.

to punish the regicides, the fortunes of John Hutchinson went steadily downhill, for he was one of those who had signed the sentence¹ against the late king's life. There was a dramatic scene when he and others were brought up for questioning. The result for John Hutchinson was suspension from the House. When this happened Mrs. Hutchinson became thoroughly alarmed. She felt he now stood in danger of his life and was determined to leave nothing undone towards securing his safety. Declaring that she "would not live to see him a prisoner,"² she prevailed upon him to leave their own lodgings and to stay for the time being with a friend in secrecy. She had also bound "him to a strong engagement, that he would not dispose of himself without her."³ Then she sought help and advice from all her friends. "Meanwhile", she writes, "it was first resolved in the house, that mercy should be shown to some, and exemplary justice to others; then the number was defined and voted it should not exceed seven; then upon the king's own solicitation, that his subjects should be put out of their fears, those seven were named, and after that a proclamation was sent for

¹ Mrs. Hutchinson writes that the colonel had been chosen much against his own will to be one of the judges at the trial (Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 265), and had signed the death sentence only after deep consideration and prayer. (Ibid, page 267.)

² Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 322.

³ Ibid.

the rest to come in. Colonel Hutchinson not being of the number of those seven, was advised by all his friends to surrender himself in order to secure his estate, and he was very earnest to do it."¹ But this she would by no means consider. Yet something had to be done. His friends were accusing her of being obstinate. A sudden inspiration showed her a way out of this dilemma. She herself would write to the Speaker in the colonel's name soliciting his liberty on parole. If it were refused she could have her husband still safely hidden, if granted her task of keeping him out of prison would be accomplished. She therefore composed a letter, signing² her husband's name to it, "being used sometimes to write the letters he dictated, and her character not much differing from his."³ The missive was well received. Many spoke kindly of him in the House and it was voted that he be granted his freedom, but be made incapable of holding any office of public trust for ever.

Other regicides were not given the same consideration. "The gentlemen who were the late king's judges, and who were decoyed to surrender themselves to custody by the house's proclamation, after they had voted only

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 322.

² Compare this action with Lady Fanshawe's skilful bit of manipulation. Thesis, page /4/

³ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 323.

seven to suffer", Mrs. Hutchinson writes indignantly, "were now given up to trial, both for their lives and estates, and put into close prison."¹

Lucy's brother, Sir Allen Apsley, had taken great pains to help bring about the verdict granting freedom to the colonel. Although the gentlemen had been opponents in the civil war, there was a steady friendship between them that never faltered throughout the years. Neither had ever failed to stand by the other in time of need. When as governor of the royalist garrison of Barnstaple Sir Allen had been forced to surrender, he had found refuge in the colonel's home² until his composition with Parliament was completed. It must have been a source of deep satisfaction to Lucy to witness this harmony between her husband and brother. She was to feel the comfort of Sir Allen's loyalty during months of harrowing sorrow in store for her and her family. It was not long before he found it necessary to intervene again on behalf of her unfortunate husband. "Although the colonel was cleared both for life and estate in the house of commons", she says, "yet he not answering the court expectations in public recantations and dissembled repentance ... the chancellor was cruelly exasperated

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 325.

² Ibid, page 239.

against him, and there were very great endeavours to have raised him out of the act of oblivion."¹ Largely due to Sir Allen's strenuous efforts the scales were turned in the colonel's favour. He was not excepted in the act of oblivion to anything but offices.

Colonel Hutchinson and his wife returned to Owthorpe as soon as possible, but she saw that he was far from happy. She knew he brooded over the fate of the imprisoned regicides. "He looked upon himself as judged in their judgment," she says, ... "and although he was most thankful to God, yet he was not very well satisfied in himself for accepting the deliverance. His wife, who thought she had never deserved so well of him, as in the endeavours and labours she exercised to bring him off, never displeased him more in her life, and had much ado to persuade him to be contented with his deliverance ... while he saw others suffer, he suffered with them in his mind, and, had not his wife persuaded him, he had offered himself a voluntary sacrifice."² He spent hours re-examining re-evaluating his share in the events of the past. There must have been long searching discussions between husband and wife for she had always stood shoulder to shoulder with him in all his endeavours. Finally he reached the conclusion that believing what he did, he could not have acted differently. She was relieved to see that he had

¹Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 327.

²Ibid, page 329.

found a measure of comfort in this thought. He resigned himself to the idea that God had chosen to preserve him "for some eminent service or suffering in this cause"¹ in the future.

They had not been long at home when he was commanded to see the attorney-general in London. Mrs. Hutchinson waited anxiously for his return. He came back greatly depressed. She learned that he had been summoned in order to see if he could not be prevailed upon to testify against the regicides at the trial. The colonel told his wife he had purposely given vague replies, thus offending the attorney-general, especially when he had verified only the signatures² of three dead men. The following day he had undergone the ordeal of passing by the prisoners' faces though he had not been questioned again. Sick at heart, he had left London as soon as possible after sending word to the attorney-general that he could witness nothing. Both knew that this refusal to give evidence against the prisoners had set a black mark against him with the chancellor and the king.

There was another matter causing the Hutchinsons serious concern. One of the colonel's antagonists, Lord

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 330.

² Ibid, page 331.

Lexington, had been trying to get a bill¹ passed in parliament which would involve a great financial loss for them. Some time after his experience with the attorney-general, the colonel sent his wife to London to see what could be done to prevent the passing of bill. By good luck several strangers in the House of Commons unexpectedly opposed the bill and it was thrown out. While she was still in the city one of her kinsmen, a partisan of the court, came to visit her. He tried to trick² her into betraying some of her husband's friends whom the king's ministers sought to ruin. She kept her head, however, and did not divulge a single thing. Before the visit was over he advised her to see that her husband left England because he would be imprisoned at the slightest pretext and never again be set at liberty. When she reached home she repeated the warning to the colonel and urged him to leave the country, but he refused even to consider it.

For a time Hutchinson was not molested, although

¹ The bill was introduced in the House of Lords, thrown out by the Commons when Mrs. Hutchinson was in London. Another act regarding the same subject was later taken up again and finally defeated through the efforts of the colonel. Had he been unsuccessful the Hutchinsons would have lost control of all their estates until the demands of their enemies had been satisfied. See Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson, pages 328,332,333,335,336.

² Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson, pages 333,334.

by order of the secretary certain pictures he had bought out of the late king's collection were taken away without any re-imbusement. The government was too much harassed in trying to meet the losses incurred by royalists in the war to think of re-imbursing a puritan and a regicide at that. In the meantime the family had increased in number with the passing of the years. There were now four sons and four daughters to share the devotion of their parents. One son had brought home a lovely young bride, whose gentleness and piety were a delight to all the family. Mrs. Hutchinson and the colonel were particularly fond of her.¹ The young woman developed a warm attachment to her new home, Lucy Hutchinson noticed that this seemed to give the colonel a deeper pleasure in improving it. His days were largely given over to such matters as the opening of springs, the planting of trees or the dressing of plantations. There were also periods set aside for giving religious instruction to the children and the servants.

Life for the Hutchinson family continued in this quiet fashion until one day² soldiers suddenly entered their home and seized John Hutchinson. "The colonel was

¹ They did not enjoy her presence very long for she died about one year after her marriage.

(Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 337.)

² October 11, 1663. (Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 342.)

not at that time very well in health", she writes mournfully, "and not having been on horseback for six months before, had neither horses nor saddles at that time in the house; the coachman was also gone away, and the coach-horses turned out, and it was as bitter a stormy, pitchy, dark, black, rainy night as any in that year ... the colonel desired that they would but stay for the morning light, that he might accommodate himself, but they ... forced him to go along with them then."¹ Her eldest son accompanied her husband to where he should be questioned or detained. Neither she nor anyone else in the household were aware of the reason for this sudden descent of the soldiers. She must have felt it boded no good. The times were difficult, old hatreds, vengeful thoughts, intrigues, animosities, had not died down. Who knew what was behind this cruel stroke that came down like a bolt from the blue? She soon learned that the colonel had been brought to an inn in Newark, where he was confined in a room so vile it was thought unfit to serve as lodging for the Duke of Buckingham's footmen. In the meantime a party of horsemen arrived again at Owthorpe after sunset to search for arms. They were very insolent while there, terrifying Mrs. Hutchinson and the children. All these rough soldiers

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 343.

could find was some "birding guns" which they took away with them.

About eight days¹ later the colonel suddenly appeared at Owthorpe without any soldiers guarding him. He told his wife that he had demanded an explanation for his arrest and had been brought to Newcastle, lord-lieutenant² of the county. This gentleman had received him graciously, and had shown him a letter from the Duke of Buckingham, commanding that the colonel be imprisoned on suspicion of being implicated in a plot. Newcastle felt that Hutchinson was innocent and had permitted him to return to Owthorpe without a guard, asking only that he remain at home for one week. Newcastle felt he could remove this suspicion at the next council meeting. But the next move came in less than a week. Soldiers arrived at Owthorpe within a few days and re-arrested the colonel, carrying him off to Newark. When Lucy Hutchinson saw her husband again, he was ill and on his way to the Tower of London. He explained that he had been forced into a miserably cold jail where he had fallen sick. The day after his second arrest he had seen a letter sent by the Duke of Buckingham to Newcastle which contained the

¹ The colonel was first arrested on October 11th (Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 342), carried to Newcastle on October 19th (Ibid, page 346), returning to Owthorpe at once.

² Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 336.

following sentence, "that though he could not make it out as yet, he hoped he should bring Mr. Hutchinson into the plot."¹ The letter had contained orders to keep the colonel a close prisoner, which Newcastle had been obliged to do, though he believed him to be innocent. Later Newcastle's secretary had visited the colonel in jail to inform him that his master had received orders from the king to send the prisoner to London in safe custody. Because he was so ill, Hutchinson had received permission to go to Owthorpe first and take measures to make the journey as comfortable as possible.

The coach in which Hutchinson was to be carried had been broken on the way from Newark and had to be mended at Owthorpe. This gave the prisoner one day at home. It was a day of sorrow and heartbreak for all. Mrs. Hutchinson watched him sadly as he took leave of every one. "His poor labourers ... all wept bitterly when he paid them off", she writes, "but he comforted them and smiled, and without any regret went away from his bitterly weeping children, and servants and tenants."²

Mrs. Hutchinson, her eldest son and daughter, accompanied the unfortunate man to London. A sense of doom seemed to settle in the back of her mind. She

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 347.

² Ibid, page 350.

remembered her kinsman's warning and now saw it coming true. The picture of that long drive never left her. The guards - most of the neighbours - attentive and respectful to the colonel, the pot of marmalade¹ sent in as a peace-offering by one who had tried to do him harm, her deep melancholy and the way in which he had tried to dispel it. The author seems still to retain some sad comfort in the memory of his words. He "told her if she had but patience to wait the event", she writes, "she would see it was all for the best, and bade her be thankful for the mercy that she was permitted this comfort to accompany him in the journey².... to remember how often he had told her that God never preserved him so extraordinarily at first, but for some great work he had further for him to do or to suffer in this cause."³ She remembers too with a sort of sad pride that he had "made himself sport with his guards"⁴ so as to divert her thoughts.

The journey reached its sad destination. John Hutchinson was committed to the Tower "for treasonable

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 350.

² Ibid, page 350.

³ Ibid, page 351.

⁴ Ibid., page 350.

practices"¹ on a warrant bearing the signature of Secretary Bennett. No formal charges were ever drawn up against him, no evidence brought forward as the grounds for his detention. It must have been an added source of grief to Lucy Hutchinson to see her husband enter through the gates of her old home under such tragic circumstances. When she tried to visit him, the way was barred to her. She turned to her brother, Sir Allen Apsley, for help. Through his intercession she was able to see her husband after a delay of several weeks, but only in the presence of his keeper. She found that he was being kept a close prisoner in the Bloody Tower. Three doors were shut upon him every night while a sentinel stood on guard. He "had no air allowed him, but a pair of leads over his chamber, which were so high and cold, that he had no benefit from them."² She looked at his frail body, his thin white face, with deep misgiving. He had been afflicted with uncertain health since the civil war, attacks of illness had nearly proved fatal³ on several occasions. At the moment he was suffering from the ill-effects of poor accommodation and

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 350.

² Ibid, page 353.

³ Ibid, pages 236; 244, 245.

diet.¹ She tried to take lodgings in the Tower but the lieutenant refused to grant her permission. This meant that she had to find lodgings in the city. Travelling back and forth through the mud and the fog "of the sharp winter season,"² put her to great toil and inconvenience besides excessive charge of providing his meat at the Tower."³ At the same time she strove to bring about his release. She complained to his friends in the Privy Council of his unjust imprisonment and his harsh treatment there "contrary to all law from the beginning to the ending",⁴ and was advised to see Secretary Bennett. It happened that their advice coincided with the colonel's request. He was by then becoming convinced that his imprisonment was likely to be indefinite. He wanted her to ask that liberty to visit him be granted to those with whom he had to carry on business transactions.

The interview with Bennett was not a success. As advised she had appealed to him largely on financial grounds. She had told him that creditors and tenants were taking dishonest advantage of the colonel's absence,

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 354.

² See similar hardships undergone by Lady Fanshawe, *Thesis* page 137

³ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 353.

⁴ Ibid, page 356.

that the inconvenience and expense of maintaining his family in three different places would bring them all to sudden ruin. She could not refrain from adding that her husband's health was being destroyed. But Bennett was unmoved. He had questioned her about some gossip letters written by another Mrs. Hutchinson and had not seemed to believe her when she disowned them. She had made one more attempt to obtain what she came for, but in vain - he would grant her no relief.¹

She had maintained a masterly poise throughout the trying interview and had revealed a decided ability to parry awkward questions. Bennett had tried to trap her into some admission of wrong-doing, and though she had trembled inwardly when he produced the letter to which she had signed her husband's name, none of her inward perturbation appeared on the surface. He had also made a reference to the colonel's "former crimes". Whereupon she answered quickly that "she had rather hoped he had been happy in being comprised in the act of oblivion which allowed him not to be remembered as a criminal."² Silence on her part would have meant a tacit admission of guilt and perhaps have served as a justification of his

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 358.

² Ibid, page 357.

imprisonment. It was this quick thinking and ready tact which made her such a valuable ally to John Hutchinson.

Mrs. Hutchinson had the further misfortune of seeing the ill-will held in court towards her husband extended to her children. The chancellor put a stop to arrangements being made for an advantageous marriage for her son, by forbidding the young lady's guardian to proceed further in the affair. He had been heard to express a determination to "keep their family down."¹ By-and-by it came to the ears of Lucy's brother that a warrant had been signed to transport the prisoner to the Isle of Man. Thereupon Sir Allen told the king that he had some private concerns of trust with the colonel affecting his own estate, and was able in this way to obtain a delay of three months.

Mrs. Hutchinson thought she had better put in some supplies for the colonel since he was to be confined for another three months at least. She therefore made a hurried trip north to Owthorpe. On her return she was prevented from seeing her husband, but she found letters from him brought every day to her in secret. She learned that the lieutenant of the Tower - a coarse, ignorant bully - had tried to extort fifty pounds from the colonel. When this had been refused the prisoner was locked up. She wrote two letters to the lieutenant in an attempt to make him change his mind; the second contained a copy

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 360.

of her husband's letter describing the lieutenant's dishonest and oppressive practices which she threatened to put into print. He became alarmed and permitted her to spend all of the next day alone with the colonel, a privilege never before extended to her since his incarceration. She found that his health had become much more feeble. Six months¹ of close confinement had taken their toll of a constitution already impaired when he was first imprisoned. She must have thought many times of the consideration afforded by her father to prisoners in this same place and compared it bitterly with the cruelty now shown to her husband.

A few days after this visit a warrant was issued, transferring Hutchinson to Sandown Castle, on the sea coast, near Deal, in Kent. This second prison was an old ruined structure about a mile away from the town. The rooms were badly in need of repairs. There was no furniture; even the colonel's bed had to be rented at an exorbitant⁺ rate from the innkeeper in the town. The wretchedness of the accommodation assigned to him was so shocking that each detail was vividly impressed upon her mind. "He had to get his chamber glazed, which was a thoroughfare room," she says, "having five doors in it, one of which opened upon a platform, that had nothing but

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 362.

the bleak air of the sea, whilst every tide washed the foot of the castle walls. This air made the chamber so unwholesome and damp, that even in the summer time the colonel's hat-case and trunks, and everything of leather, would be every day all covered over with mould, - wipe them as clean as you could one morning, by the next they would be mouldy again; and though the walls were four yards thick, yet it rained in through the cracks in them, and then one might sweep a peck of saltpetre off of them every day, which stood in a perpetual sweat upon them."¹ The vividness of this description testifies to Mrs. Hutchinson's ability as a writer.

Mrs. Hutchinson used every means in her power to obtain permission to share her husband's imprisonment but without success. She and the two eldest children therefore settled themselves in lodgings at Deal. Every day they walked to the castle and had dinner with the colonel, returning to Deal at night. They gathered cockle-shells for him to help him pass the tedious hours when he had no other recreation. He appeared to find as much interest in sorting and "shadowing" them as he did in the richest agates and onyxes. He endured his affliction with equanimity and great meekness of spirit, consoling himself with the constant study of the Scriptures.

The poignancy of these last weeks seems to linger

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, pages 370,371.

with the author in every sentence that she writes. "His wife bore all her own toils joyfully enough for the love of him," she says, "but could not but be very sad at the sight of his undeserved sufferings; and he would very sweetly and kindly chide her for it, and tell her that if she were but cheerful, he should think this suffering the happiest thing that befell him ... bid her consider what reason she had to rejoice that the Lord supported him, and how much more intolerable it would have been if the Lord had suffered his spirits to have sunk, or his patience to have been lost under this. One day when she was weeping ... she ... said ... I know this will conquer the weakness of your constitution, and you will die in prison. He replied, I think I shall not, but if I do, my blood will be so innocent, I shall advance the cause more by my death ... than I could do by all the actions of my life. Another time, when she was telling him she feared they had but placed him on the sea-shore in order to transport him to Tangier, he told her if they had, God was the same God at Tangier as at Owthorpe."¹

The officer in charge of Sandown Castle was just as avaricious as the lieutenant of the Tower had been. He, too, tried to extort illegal fees from the colonel and when these were refused, to impose further hardship upon him. Mrs. Hutchinson wrote at once to her brother

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, pages 372;373.

explaining the situation. Then George Hutchinson arrived with an order procured by Sir Allen, permitting the colonel to walk along the sea-side every day. The summer months by this time were coming to an end. Mrs. Hutchinson made arrangements to accommodate the whole family for the coming winter at Deal. She was obliged to go to Owthorpe to fetch the younger children and some further supplies which she thought necessary for her husband's comfort. She hated to leave him; her heart was filled with gloomy forebodings. But he seemed quite cheerful. He even gave her some written instructions for the house and gardens and sent their son to accompany her on the journey. Her daughter and brother-in-law remained with him.

She never saw him alive again. His health had been gradually failing and the excessive dampness of Sandown Castle had brought on a sort of aguish fever from which he was unable to rally. He died in the evening about seven o'clock on the eleventh day of September, 1664, "at the same hour, and the same day of the month, and the same day of the week," his wife writes, "that the wicked soldiers fetched him out of his own rest and quiet condition at home, eleven months before."¹

An elaborate equipage wending its way slowly

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, pages 380;381.

through Canterbury and London carried John Hutchinson to Owthorpe where he was laid at rest. There had been very little peace for him in his adult years. He had devoted his best years to the cause, had pursued his path of duty with a single-mindedness of purpose that condemned even his friends when they became obstacles to the ideal before him. "His conscience ... was so upright that the veneration of no man's person alive, nor the love of the dearest friend in the world, could make him do the least thing, without a full persuasion that it was his duty so to act ... he never was ... any man's antagonist, but as he opposed that which appeared to him to be just and equal. If the greatest enemy he had in the world had propounded anything profitable to the public, he would promote it."¹ His firm adherence to righteousness and truth as he conceived it had led not to success, but to ignominious failure, to death in obscurity, harrassed and persecuted amid vile surroundings to the very end.

After the ordeal of the funeral was over, Lucy Hutchinson set herself to the task of facing life without the close companionship of one who had shared twenty-six² years with her. "Let her ... as she is above other women,

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 234.

² Lucy Apsley and John Hutchinson were married on July 3rd, 1638. (Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 51.)

show herself, in this occasion, a good Christian, and above the pitch of ordinary women,"¹ had been his last message to her. These words were ever before her helping to restrain extreme signs of grief. There was much to be done. His debts had to be settled, and doing this kept her occupied for a time. Eventually she was forced to sell² their estate at Owthorpe. She does not seem to have had much money. In writing to her daughter she makes a reference to her adversity.³ She probably lived quietly in very modest circumstances. The days must have been blank and empty to her. The cause for which she and her husband had sacrificed so much was now sadly obscured by a regime which she despised. She had already become aware of the change in style even in his lifetime. A kinsman had told her when she was in London,⁴ "It is not now as God will, but as we will."⁵ The care of her eight children took up much of her energies, but her heart and mind were with her husband. Writing his biography must have eased her somewhat, and have brought her closer to a past that had been so crowded with experience.

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 379.

² Ibid, preface, page 31.

³ Ibid.

⁴ When Mrs. Hutchinson had sought to prevent the passing of Lord Lexington's bill in the Lower House. (Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 332.)

⁵ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 332.

She wrote, too, on other topics, those in which he had taken a great interest. She continued to find refuge in the intellectual pursuits begun in her girlhood, and in this fashion - writing, reading, studying - spent her remaining years. It is not known when she died. A dedicatory letter prefixed to one of her writings is dated 1675.¹ There seems to have been nothing further heard about her from that time.

¹ Dictionary of National Biography, Article by C.H. Firth, Vol. 28, page 341. Among Lucy Hutchinson's writings are translations from Lucretius and the Aeneid, also a treatise "On the Principles of the Christian Religion" and another "On Theology." (Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, Editor's note.)

Chapter 3.

The Fanshawes

While the Hutchinsons were devoting themselves heart and soul to the cause of the puritans, Sir Richard Fanshawe was striving just as hard for the success of the royalists. Unlike the Hutchinsons', the first home of the Fanshawes' was in the midst of military alarms and excursions. Fanshawe had been appointed Secretary of War¹ to Prince Charles before his marriage. He and Ann entered upon life together in the spring of 1644 with hardly twenty pounds between them. Like merchant adventurers they invested this small sum in stock, buying pen, ink, and paper. These were the articles of his "trade" by which the author remarks they "lived better than those that were born to £2000 a year as long as he had his liberty."² Their married life was to be among other things, one of frequent separations and journeyings from place to place. The memory of their first separation remains vividly in the author's mind. Fanshawe had been commanded to accompany Prince Charles to Bristol early in March 1645. A child had been born about a week earlier. "It was the first time we had parted a day since we married," she writes, "he was extremely afflicted to

¹ Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, page 37.

² Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, page 38. There is a story told about this time (1644) of Lady Isabel Thynne who took "fine" Mistress Fanshawe to make an unexpected call upon a misogynist in the person of Dr. Kettel, President of Trinity College. They thought that they could have a frolic out of this surprise visit to the aged eccentric, whose height and sharp grey eyes seemed to give him a forbidding aspect. But though he was 80 years old he quickly perceived their intentions and gave them a severe tongue-lashing. If Mistress Fanshawe was Lady Ann, it would appear that money troubles and war activities had not wholly subdued her high spirits. (Henrietta Maria, page 152.)

tears.....the sense of leaving me with a dying child, which did die two days after, in a garrison town, extremely weak, and very poor, were such circumstances as he could not bear with, only the augment of necessity; and, for my own part, it cost me so dear, that I was ten weeks before I could go alone."¹ Before very long she received a letter containing money and instructions to join him.

Lady Fanshawe arrived in Bristol on May 20 to find that her husband had already provided very good lodgings for her. He gave her a hundred pieces of gold, saying that from that time forward he would put his fortune, as he had done his heart, into her keeping. This little speech made her feel prouder than a princess, "for," says she, "I knew him very wise and very good, and his soul doated upon me."² Another episode which took place about this time throws further light on the domestic relations. Lady Rivers, for whom Lady Ann had a "great reverence," came to visit her one day. She was a kinswoman, one who had lost thousands of pounds on behalf of the king. During the course of the conversation, Lady Rivers "tacitly commended the knowledge of state affairs."³ She pointed out the examples of ladies who at first had been as ignorant as Ann and were now "very happy in a good understanding"⁴ of these matters. Then the lady proceeded to what

¹ Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, page 45.

² Ibid, page 50.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Ibid.

appears to have been the real motive of her visit. She had learned that a post had arrived in the night from Henrietta Maria to the Prince. She now persuaded Ann to find out privately from Richard what the contents were and then to share this information with her. The young bride was impressed; her visitor had opened new avenues of thought to her. "I that was young and innocent, and to that day had never in my mouth what news," she says naively, "began to think there was more in inquiring into public affairs than I thought of, and that it being a fashionable thing would make me more beloved of my husband, if that had been possible, than I was."¹

When Fanshawe returned home from the council meeting, he went directly to his study, carrying a handful of papers. She followed him into the room and asked at once what was it the queen had written to her son. Fanshawe dismissed her gently as he would a child, probably thinking it was a sudden whim which she would soon forget. But he found she had not forgotten it. She repeated her question when he left his study to sit down to supper. Again he avoided it, turning to another subject. This hurt her feelings badly. "At supper I would eat nothing," she writes, "he as usual sat by me, and drank often to me which was his custom,

¹ Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, page 51.

and was full of discourse to company that was at table."¹ That night she cried herself to sleep, unable to understand how he could keep anything secret from her. The next morning she refused to speak to him, but he ignored her mood, treating her as affectionately as was his wont. Then he went to court. When he came home to dinner, she took his hand, saying, "Thou dost not care to see me troubled;" to which he answered, "My dearest soul, nothing upon earth can afflict me like that, and when you asked me of my business, it was wholly out of my power to satisfy thee, for my life and fortune shall be thine, and every thought of my heart in which the trust I am in may not be revealed, but my honour is my own, which I cannot preserve if I communicate the Prince's affairs; and pray thee with this answer rest satisfied." "² That reply put an end to any curiosity about details of his work for all time. "From that day," she says, "until the day of his death I never thought fit to ask him any business, but what he communicated freely to me in order to his estate or family."³ Henceforth when she makes any reference to his activities in her Memoirs, it is always in vague phrases. In this respect the relationship

¹ Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, page 52.

² Ibid, pages 52,53.

³ Ibid, page 53.

between the Fanshawes was very different from that of the Hutchinsons wherein Lucy shared fully her husband's problems concerning public affairs. The bond between the royalist couple was nevertheless quite strong. "He never discovered his trouble to me," she writes, "but went from me with perfect cheerfulness and content: nor revealed he his joys and hopes, but would say, that they were doubled by putting them in my breast ...¹ his most delight was to go only with me in a coach some miles, and there discourse of those things which then most pleased him, of what nature soever."²

The plague in Bristol was increasing rapidly, and the Fanshawes had to leave that place in July. They followed the Prince to Barnstaple, where Lucy's brother, Sir Allen Apsley, was governor at the time. She thought this town was one of the finest in England, and though the accommodations provided there were good, the Prince's affairs made it necessary to leave. The court was moved in turn to Launceston, Truro, and Pendennis Castle. From there the Prince's party embarked for the Scilly Islands. Before taking ship the Fanshawes had left their furniture in care of a friend. They never saw these possessions

¹ Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, pages 5,6.

² Ibid, page 5.

again. They had reason to believe later that the custodian of their furniture had plundered them himself, though he put the blame on the "rebels." Nor did they have better luck on board ship. The seamen broke into one of their two trunks and stole their clothes, linen, and a bag of money, the loss amounting to nearly 300 pounds. Lady Fanshawe was ill at the time and very near to her second confinement. The day after the robbery the party landed on the Island of Scilly. "I was set on shore," she writes, "almost dead ... when we had got to our quarters I went immediately to bed, which was so vile, that my footman ever lay in a better ... when I waked in the morning, I was so cold I knew not what to do, but the daylight discovered that my bed was near swimming with the sea, which the owner told us afterward never did so but at the springtime. With this we were destitute of clothes, and meat, and fuel .. truly we begged our daily bread of God, for we thought every meal our last. The Council sent for provisions to France, which served us, but they were bad, and a little of them."¹ Three weeks later the Prince and his suite were on their way to Jersey Island. Here Ann's second child, a daughter, was born. The Prince left this place to go

¹ Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, pages 59,60.

to Paris.

When Prince Charles left his father's kingdom Fanshawe's employment ceased. In August 1646¹ he took his wife to Caen, where his brother Lord Fanshawe lay ill. From here Lady Ann was sent to England in the same month to raise money. She obtained a pass for Sir Richard to return to London and compound for his estates in the sum of 300 pounds. When he arrived in London they lived in great seclusion until October, 1647. They both visited Charles at Hampton Court, and the king gave him "credentials for Spain with private instructions and letters for his service."² The author describes her last interview with that ill-fated monarch in a very touching manner. "The last time I ever saw him," she writes, "when I took my leave, I could not refrain from weeping: when he had saluted me, I prayed God to preserve his Majesty with long life and happy years; he stroked me on the cheek, and said, 'Child, if God pleaseth it shall be so, but both you and I must submit to God's will, and you know in what hands I am in.'" Then turning to her husband the king continued, "'Be sure, Dick, to tell my son all I have said, and

¹ Dictionary of National Biography, Article by S.L. Lee, Volume 18, page 185.

² Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, page 66.

deliver those letters to my wife Thou hast ever been an honest man, and I hope God will bless thee, and make thee a happy servant to my son, whom I have charged in my letter to continue his love, and trust to you ... I do promise you that if ever I am restored to my dignity I will bountifully reward you both for your service and sufferings.' Thus did we part from that glorious sun," she concludes, "that within a few months after was murdered, to the grief of all Christians that were not forsaken by God."¹

After leaving the king, the Fanshawes continued their gypsy-like wanderings. Before quitting England in 1648 they almost met a violent death. It happened in Portsmouth while they were strolling along the sea-shore. They suddenly became aware of "bullets" flying about them. A glance at the sea told them that Dutch ships, with whom England was then at war, were firing on the town. They were out in the open, a clear target for the enemy, and the "bullets" came so close that they could hear them whizzing by. Ann began to run, calling upon Richard to hasten back towards the town. Said that gentleman, "'If we must be killed it were as good to be killed walking as running,'"² and continued calmly to a

¹ Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, pages 67,68.

² Ibid, page 68.

place of safety. The next day they embarked for France. This coolness under stress seems to have been characteristic of Sir Richard in his public as well as private relationships. Perhaps it was such calmness of temperament and a sense of humour which helped to make him more successful than Colonel Hutchinson in his dealings with men. The latter was inclined to flare up quickly when opposed, and to exhibit impatience at times, antagonizing¹ men where perhaps he might have won them over. His devoted wife was unable to see this or if she did her loving heart came to his defence, understanding as she did the high idealism which motivated him, and the sensitiveness of his make-up.

It is interesting to speculate what would have happened had Fanshawe married Lucy Apsley instead of Ann Harrison - Lucy whose sharp mind and sharper tongue could cut through many a political knot. He could not have kept her interest out of his diplomatic problems as easily as he had done Ann's. But perhaps Ann's sweet acquiescence was what preserved his strength, just as Lucy's strength often added vigor to John's. Ann seemed always content to follow where her husband led without questioning.

In spite of Lucy Hutchinson's desire to present her husband as being perfect, the picture that emerges

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 126.

from her Memoirs shows that he must have been difficult to live with. He was quick-tempered,¹ very sensitive, not always tactful and inclined at times to be stubborn. Fanshawe seems to have been pliant and urbane. He was patient, tactful, even-tempered and had a sense of humour. As regards morals, principles, personal integrity, both men were similar as were their wives.

The need of money terminated Lady Fanshawe's sojourn in France. She had to return to England again to see what sums of money she could raise for their subsistence. Fanshawe had resumed attendance on the Prince and in 1649, found himself in Ireland in pursuance of his royalist duties. His wife joined him there. They settled themselves comfortably at Red Abbey, a house near Cork, and soon made friends among the nobility in the neighbourhood. There was no fighting here at the time, and the Fanshawes were able to live under comparatively normal conditions. Six months² passed by so quietly that they began to consider making this place their home for the duration of the civil war. Cromwell's landing upset this plan.

Fanshawe remained in Ireland awaiting further orders. He had occasion to go one day to Kinsale on business,

¹ See the story of the quarter-master general, Thesis page 67.

² Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, page 75.

leaving his wife at Cork. She was suffering at the time with a broken wrist which had been badly re-set, and was moreover expecting another baby. At midnight she heard the great guns go off and the "lamentable shrieks of men, women, and children."¹ Going to the window to find out the cause of all this uproar she was told that "they were all Irish, stripped and wounded, and turned out of town, and that Colonel Jeffries"² with others had taken possession of the town for Cromwell. The sudden turn of fortune found this royalist lady possessed of courage and resourcefulness similar to Lucy Hutchinson's. Her first thought was to send word to her husband persuading him to stay away from Cork and assuring him that she would find some way of getting out of the town. Then she packed up all his papers, money, clothes, linen, and removable household effects. It was three o'clock in the morning before this task was completed. Though she was in great pain, she set out for the market-place at once, accompanied by only two attendants, one of them lighting the way with a taper. "Passing through an unruly tumult with their swords in their hands",³ she

¹ Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, page 77.

² Ibid, pages 77,78. Jeffries seized Cork in October, 1649. (Dictionary of National Biography, Article by S.L.Lee, Vol. 18, page 185.)

³ Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, page 79.

reached Jeffries and obtained a pass from him for her family and goods. With this precious document the small party - Lady Fanshawe, her small daughter Nan, her sister, three maids and two men - set out from Cork at 5 o'clock in the morning. Two horses and a cart packed with possessions carried them along the ten miles to Kinsale. Since they rode the horses in turn, their progress was alarmingly slow, for they were in constant fear of being overtaken by the "rebels" and brought back to Cork, but little by little they made their way safely to the royalist garrison where they were joyfully welcomed by Sir Richard. It is with no little pride that she writes of having saved his papers from falling into Cromwell's hands by her prompt action. She has great satisfaction in repeating Cromwell's words as later reported to her, when he learned of their removal. "'It was as much worth to have seized his papers as the town; for I did make account to have known by them what these parts of the country are worth.'"¹

As the following incident will reveal, Lady Ann was more a woman of the age, more inclined to share its credulity in dreams and ghosts than Lucy, whose mind was too analytical for such belief. Several days after Lady Ann's arrival at Kinsale, Fanshawe was ordered to carry dispatches to the king of Spain. Before leaving the

¹ Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, page 81.

country they were handsomely entertained by Irish nobility. Among these was Lady Honor O'Brien, daughter of the Earl of Thomond. The visit to the latter's home came however to an abrupt ending, for Lady Fanshawe had been very badly frightened there. "About one o'clock", she says, "I heard a voice that wakened me ... and, in the casement of the window, I saw, by the light of the moon, a woman leaning into the window, through the casement, in white, with red hair and a pale ghastly complexion: she spoke loud, and in a voice I had never heard, thrice, 'a horse;' and then, with a sigh more like the wind than breath, she vanished, and to me her body looked more like a thick cloud than substance."¹ She was so terrified her hair "stood on end."² In the meantime Sir Richard, sleeping soundly, had not heard a thing. She had much ado to awaken him, and he was greatly astonished to see her so upset. The rest of the night was spent in discussing apparitions and they concluded that these appeared more frequently in Ireland than in England because of "the want of that knowing faith" among the Irish, "which should defend them from the power of the Devil."³ At five o'clock their hostess appeared, saying that she had spent the night by the

¹ Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, page 84.

² Ibid.

³ Ibid, page 85.

bedside of a relative who had died three hours earlier. She hoped that her guests had not been disturbed in any way because it was customary for the shape of a woman to appear in the window every night just before a death in the family. This was the spirit of some one who had been wronged and murdered long ago by the owner of the house. "'Truly'", continued Lady O'Brien, "'I thought not of it when I lodged you here, it being the best room in the house.'"¹ Perhaps the true reason of this spectral apparition lay in Cromwell's proximity. Lady O'Brien probably thought it safer not to be entertaining royalists and this was an ingenious method of ridding herself quickly of her visitors.

On their way to Spain, the Fanshawes encountered a danger which had not confronted them before. During this episode Lady Ann displayed a trait of heroism perhaps as striking as Mrs. Hutchinson's. Their boat had just passed the Straits when they saw a "Turkish" galley well-manned, sailing directly towards them. Their own boat was so heavily laden with cargo for Spain that the guns were useless. Everyone on board feared that the "Turks" would carry them off into slavery, a fate well-known in the ^{seventeenth} ~~17th~~ century. The captain ordered the deck to be cleared for action and called

¹ Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, page 86.

for a muster of his men, numbering nearly two hundred. The women were told to remain in their cabins to give the Turks an impression that their ship was a man-of-war. Fanshawe, taking his gun bandoliers and sword, joined the ship's company on deck. In the meantime "this beast, the captain" as Lady Ann calls him, had forcibly locked her up in the cabin. He had probably noticed her impulsiveness and was making certain that she would be out of the way. His action enraged her. "I knocked and called long to no purpose," she says, "until, at length, the cabin-boy came and opened the door; I, all in tears, desired him to be so good as to give me his blue thrum cap he wore, and his tarred coat, which he did, and I gave him half-a-crown, and putting them on and flinging away my night clothes, I crept up softly and stood upon the deck by my husband's side, as free from sickness and fear as, I confess, from discretion by this time the two vessels were engaged in parley, and so well satisfied with speech and sight of each other's forces, that the Turks' man-of-war "sheered off without attacking. When Fanshawe had time to look at her after the excitement had died down, "he blessed himself ... saying, 'Good God, that love can make this change!' and though he seemingly chid" her, "he would laugh at it as often as he remembered that voyage."¹

¹ Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, pages 92,93,94.

Landing safely at Malaga, Fanshawe and his family made their way through Grenada to the court of Madrid. Here they found that many of the royalist exiles were suffering from a lack of necessities. Their holdings in England were for the most part in the hands of the "rebels", and it was difficult to raise money indirectly through friends or relatives. Hyde, acting as an agent for the king in Madrid, was one of the sufferers. In a letter to Nicholas dated April 1650 he mentions the arrival of the Fanshawes and wonders what means Fanshawe can take to supply his family's needs. Hyde complains that he himself does not know how to get either bread or money.¹ But every one was very kind to the new arrivals, helping to make their stay as pleasant as possible. Fanshawe delivered the dispatches to the Spanish king but his mission was not successful. He therefore set out for St. Sebastian and there hired a small French vessel to Nantes. It ran into a severe hurricane the first day they were out at sea, and was tossed helplessly about like an egg shell. Neither sail nor mast was left at the end of the storm. The author conveys vividly the state of terror which existed among the passengers by describing the behaviour of the crew. At first the men "ran swearing about like devils,"² but when hope was

¹ Calendar of the Clarendon State Papers, Vol. 2, page 51.

² Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, page 103.

abandoned "they ran into holes and let the ship drive as it would."¹ The terrible heaving and plunging lasted for two days and two nights. On the third night the storm suddenly ceased. Everyone was exceedingly joyful, but when the crew "began to rummage the bark, they could not find their compass anywhere, for the loss of which they began again such horrible lamentations as were as dismal ... as the storm past."² They drifted about all night without knowing their bearings. When day broke they found that they were miraculously near Nantes. The sea was calm so that there was no difficulty in effecting a landing.

Lady Fanshawe reveals a certain charm of personality and gallantry when she portrays the scene celebrating their deliverance. "We stirred not that night because we sat up and made good cheer," she says, "for beds they had none ... we were so transported we had no need of any; but we had very good fires and Nantz white wine and butter and milk, and walnuts and eggs, and some very bad cheese; and was not this enough, with the escape of shipwreck, to be thought better than a feast? I am sure until that hour I never knew such pleasure in eating, between which we a thousand times repeated what we had spoken when every word seemed to

¹ Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, page 103.

² Ibid.

be our last."¹ She had a youthful buoyancy, a lightness of spirit and a poetic instinct for beauty which made it possible for her to find enjoyment even during periods of adversity. From Nantes she and her family were towed in a boat up the river Loire as far as Orleans. Each night they went ashore to sleep and each morning returned to the boat, laden with wine and fruit, bread and meat. Cooking was done on the boat. "It had a hearth", she says, "on which we burnt charcoal; likewise we caught carps, which were the fattest and the best I ever eat in my life. And of all my travels none were ... so pleasant as this, for we saw the finest cities, seats, woods, meadows, pastures, and champaign that I ever saw in my life."²

From Orleans the party went to Paris, arriving there in November, 1650. They waited on Henrietta Maria, who received them with great favour. The Fanshawes were soon separated again. The queen interviewed Sir Richard privately and dispatched him with letters to Charles then on his way to Scotland. Lady Ann went to England to obtain a fresh supply of money; the long journey from Madrid to Paris had exhausted their funds. When she arrived in England she received a letter from Richard containing unexpected news. He advised her not to look

¹ Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, pages 104,105.

² Ibid, page 107.

for many letters from him due to the conditions in which he found himself. Up to then when they had been forced to separate it was always with a hope that a plan would be formed later to bring them together again. The letter informed her that this was now impossible. He did not seem to know when they would next see each other but hoped that when they "did meet again it would be happy and of long continuance."¹ The letter was a shock to her, filling her with alarm for his safety. Her own condition was far from enviable. She had two children with her whom she had to maintain out of limited resources. She settled herself in London, hardly stirring out of her lodgings, praying constantly for the king and her husband whose danger was ever before her eyes. During seven months she heard from him only four times. Then came tidings of the battle of Worcester and of Charles' vanishing. No one in Lady Ann's circle knew what had happened to Fanshawe. For three days she endured "inexpressible" suspense, unable to eat or sleep, trembling at every motion, expecting at any moment to hear the worst. At last from an item in a news-book, she learned that he was a prisoner. A letter from him followed, asking that she meet him at Charing Cross, because he had managed to obtain permission to dine with her there. On the day appointed

¹ Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, page 111.

for the meeting, she was waiting very impatiently at the designated place with her father and some friends. "About eleven of the clock," she writes, "we saw hundreds of poor soldiers, both English and Scotch march ... on foot, and many with "Richard," who was very cheerful in appearance, who after he had spoken and saluted me and his friends there, said, 'Pray let us not lose time, for I know not how little I have to spare; this is the chance of war; nothing venture, nothing have; so let us sit down and be merry whilst we may.'"¹ With that he began to relate some of his experiences maintaining a cheerful note throughout until guards came to carry him off to Whitehall.

Then began for Lady Fanshawe, as it did later for Lucy Hutchinson, the ordeal of watching her husband's health fail steadily under the hardship of close confinement. He was held a prisoner at Whitehall in a small room for ten weeks. His constitution already weakened by the cold hard marches required in warfare, he contracted scurvy, almost dying of that dreaded disease. Nor was her devotion to him any less than that shown by the puritan lady. "During the time of his imprisonment," she writes, "I failed not constantly to go, when the clock struck four in the morning, with a dark lantern in my hand all alone and on foot from my lodging ... to

¹ Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, page 115.

Whitehall ... there I would go under his window and softly call him, he ... put out his head at the first call, thus we talked together, and sometimes I was so wet with rain, that it went in at my neck and out at my heels. He directed how I should make my addresses, which I did even to their general Cromwell."¹ Her persistent attempts to alleviate her husband's sufferings were rewarded one day when Cromwell told her to obtain a letter from a physician stating that Fanshawe was really ill. As soon as she procured it, she presented it the same day to the council. Her petition for his freedom was granted; Fanshawe was released on bail of 4,000 pounds. He was later allowed to go to Bath, where he recovered his health.

Feeling probably that he and the family would be more comfortable in the north of England than in the south, Sir Richard accepted the Earl of Strafford's² offer of an asylum at Tankersley Park, Yorkshire. The spring of 1653³ found the Fanshawes living contentedly at this place. They took part in the social activities about them, amusing themselves with country sports. Their three children

¹ Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, page 117.

² Ibid, page 120.

³ Dictionary of National Biography, Article by S.L. Lee, Volume 18, page 185.

Ann, Richard, and Betty, were with them and seemed to be enjoying themselves as much as their parents. But this peaceful interlude was destroyed, for the eldest little girl became suddenly very ill. In five days' time Nan lay dead of small pox. She was a child "whose beauty and wit," says her mother mournfully, "exceeded all that I ever saw of her age. She was between nine and ten years old, very tall, and the dear companion of my travels and sorrows ... we both wished to have gone into the same grave with her ... and her death made us ... desirous to quit that fatal place to us."¹ One week later the family were in Homerton, Huntingdonshire, living with Richard's sister, Lady Bedell.

In a period of twenty-two years Lady Fanshawe had fourteen children. The discomfort and danger entailed in following or accompanying her husband on his royal missions sometimes made it necessary for her to leave the infants behind under the supervision of a friend or relative. Sometimes she was far distant when the news of a child's death reached her.² Records reveal that nine children died in the lifetime of both parents. No two children were buried in the same

¹ Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, page 122.

² Anne born in Jersey had to be left ^{there} under supervision when the Fanshawes left for France. (Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, page 64.) While living in Cork, Lady Ann heard of her son's death. (Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, page 76.)

churchyard.¹ Oxford, Madrid, Paris, Yorkshire, Kent, Hertfordshire, Lisbon, were places which held sad memories for the bereaved parents; the wide separation between these places gives further insight into the vicissitudes suffered by this royalist couple. The author barely mentions the loss of her children, with the exception of little Anne. She had gone through so many upheavals in her short life - she was only fifty-four years old² when she died - that re-living all of them was probably too much for her worn spirit. It must have seemed easier in the tired state of mind during which she wrote her memoirs for her to dwell on the lighter, happier phases of her life, thus enabling her to keep her attention focussed on her beloved husband.

After the death of their little daughter, the Fanshawes lived in lodgings or with relatives for several years. The news of Cromwell's death brought hope to Sir Richard of obtaining release from his bonds. One of his old friends, Philip Earl of Pembroke, came to the rescue. He obtained permission for Sir Richard to leave England on the pretext of accompanying his son on his travels

¹ Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, Introductory Memoir, pages 60-63.

² Lady Fanshawe was born in March 1625 and died in January 1680. (Dictionary of National Biography, Article by S.L. Lee, Volume 18, pages 184,187.)

abroad. Fanshawe was delighted and left for France at once. He got into touch with other royalists as soon as he reached Paris and then sent for his wife. But it was no easy matter for her to leave England. The authorities said that her husband had obtained his liberty by a trick and refused to let her have a pass under any condition. This refusal discouraged her, but she did not for a moment relinquish the idea of joining her husband. Like Lucy, she too could be ingenious when the occasion arose. After considering ways and means she decided upon a bold course of action. "At Wallingford House, the Office was kept where they gave passes," she writes, "thither I went in as plain a way and speech as I could devise, leaving my maid at the gate, who was much a finer gentlewoman than myself. With as ill mien and tone as I could express, I told a fellow I found in the Office, that I desired a pass for Paris, to go to my husband. 'Woman, what is your husband, and your name?' Sir, said I, with many courtesies, he is a young merchant, and my name is Ann Harrison. 'Well', said he, 'it will cost you a crown;' said I, that is a great sum for me, but pray put in a man, my maid, and three children; all of which he immediately did, telling me a malignant would give him five pounds for such a pass."¹ Realizing that speed was an important element to the success of her plan,

¹ Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, pages 129, 130.

she hurried home with the precious document and altered the word Harrison into Fanshaw, making "the great H of Harrison, two ff, and the rrs, an n, and the i, an s, and the s, an h, and the o an a, and the n, a w, so completely, that none could find out the change."¹ Things went smoothly at Dover, where she succeeded in passing the scrutiny of the searchers. She must have had a bad moment though, when she heard one of the searchers say, "'I little thought they would give a pass to so great a malignant, especially in so troublesome a time as this.'"² Embarking for France at the English port, she arrived safely at Calais. None too soon, for while she was still resting there from her daring dash across the Channel she learned that a London messenger had been sent after her to stop her from leaving the country. Lady Fanshawe was fortunate that a storm had not swung the boat in crossing right back to the English shore - an occurrence not unknown to sailing masters of the seventeenth century.

More travelling lay in store for Lady Fanshawe after re-joining her husband in France. He had been appointed to the offices of Master of Requests and Secretary of the Latin tongue³ and she had to follow

¹ Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, page 130.

² Ibid, page 131.

³ Ibid, page 128.

him to various cities where his duties carried him, to Newport, Bruges, Ghent, Brussels. Both were at Breda when the happy news of the king's return was announced, and accompanied him on the joyful journey homewards. The occasion was so moving to Lady Ann that she feels even the memory of it beyond the power of words. "Who can sufficiently express the joy and gallantry of that voyage," she muses, "to see so many great ships, the best in the world, to hear the trumpets and all other music, to see near a hundred brave ships sail before the wind with the vast cloths and streamers ... the strength and jollity of the mariners, the gallantry of the commanders ... but above all, the glorious Majesties of the King and his two brothers, were so beyond man's expectation and expression."¹

Where for Lucy the Restoration brought within a short time a profound fear of destruction to John, for Ann it brought bright hope of success for her Richard,² and an end to continuous wandering on foreign soil, to money stringency and other hardships involved for her family in the downfall of royalty. The first two years of the king's return were a mixture of gay celebrations and

¹ Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, pages 137,138.

² Both Charles II and his father had assured her that her husband's suffering and loyalty would be rewarded if ever they were restored to the throne. (Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, pages 134,67.)

disappointment for Lady Fanshawe. The day after Charles' arrival in London she waited on His Majesty to offer him congratulations. Charles gave her husband a rare and costly portrait of himself as a child. Sir Richard was present at the coronation ceremonies and accompanied the king to the opening of Parliament. In spite of these marks of favour, the author expresses disappointment because Charles has broken a promise made at the Hague to appoint Sir Richard Secretary of State. She thinks this was due to the interference of Clarendon, whom she intensely distrusted. Then, too, she believes that her husband as Master of Requests suffered oppression at the hands of Secretary Nicholas, who "engrossed all the petitions," she says, "which really, by the foundation, belonged" to the former.¹ She fretted when Sir Richard was sent to Lisbon to negotiate a marriage for the king with Catherine of Braganza, because she feared it was but a plot of Clarendon's designed to keep Fanshawe away from the king's person. She admits, however, that it was a mission of which any nobleman would be proud. When the future queen landed at Portsmouth Fanshawe was among those sent to welcome her. He was also present at the royal marriage. Several months after this event, Sir

¹ Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, page 139.

Richard was appointed ambassador to Portugal and with his family set sail for Lisbon¹ on the 31st of August, 1662. He was recalled about a year later, and after a short lapse of time, was again sent out as ambassador, this time to Spain. The Fanshaws left Portsmouth with a numerous retinue, arriving at Cadiz² on February 23rd.

From her Memoirs one gathers that Lady Fanshawe regarded life on the Peninsula through the eyes of a tourist. Surface things held her interest. She found pleasure in observing clothes, manners, customs, furniture, household linens and especially food. She had almost the hausfrau's concern in meats, fish and wines. She discusses the details of food³ in almost every country in which she lived, and even lists what was stocked in the boat accompanying Charles II back to the throne. This preoccupation may have been partly due to the harrowing experiences during which necessities became luxuries. Perhaps she never really got over the shock of coming suddenly from a house of plenty to such hardships as awaited her at Oxford, on the Scilly Islands,

¹ Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, page 152.
Dictionary of National Biography, Article by S.L. Lee,
Vol. 18, page 186.

² Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, page 182.
Dictionary of National Biography, Article by S.L. Lee,
Vol. 18, page 186.

³ Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, pages 136, 137, 241, 242.

and elsewhere. On the other hand, it may have been due to the fact that in this respect she represents the average woman of her day, whose training centred around household affairs.

Lady Fanshawe shows keen observation and a remarkable memory in discussing the experiences which impressed her most during her husband's embassies on the Peninsula. She stresses the magnificent receptions afforded them everywhere, the shots fired from ships and forts in salute, the sentries and guards standing at attention, the luxurious apartments prepared for them in the towns on their slow tour to Madrid. She notes with appreciation colourful hangings, Persian carpets, rich plate, a great "brasera" of silver kept filled with fresh flowers, other articles of luxury. Though she had such a keen eye for detail, it is surprising to see that she says little of the architecture of the country. In all these towns there was a constant stream of nobility and gentry who came to pay their respects to the English ambassador and his lovely wife. Among their visitors was the Duchess of Albuquerque, richly apparelled. Her pearls - jewels dear to the feminine heart then as now - seem to have left a marked impression on Lady Fanshawe, for she writes, "Her Excellency had on, besides other very rich jewels ... about two thousand pearls, the

roundest, the whitest, and the biggest that ever I saw in my life."¹

In the midst of describing all this magnificence and splendour displayed before them, the author suddenly inserts, "yet, I assure you ... that your father and myself both wished ourselves in a retired life in England, as more agreeable to both our inclinations."² Probably in the back of her mind still rankled the disappointment that her husband had not been appointed to a position at home. There was not however the slightest hint of the preference she expresses in their manner or preparations for entering into the Spanish capital. The solemn procession through the streets of Madrid to the court was carried out with all due impressiveness. A minute description of the elaborate costume and jewelry worn by Sir Richard on that occasion, his coach of state, the apparel of footmen and pages, the order of procedure, and similar matters take up much space in the Memoirs.³ Lady Ann says no word of her own dress when presented at court, nor in any other part of her book. In this respect she is like Lucy Hutchinson, who also omits all reference

¹ Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, pages 189,190.

² Ibid, pages 187,188.

³ Ibid, pages 213-219.

to her own clothes, with one exception. But both women seem to dwell on their husbands' apparel with great satisfaction.

Fortunately the days were not all taken up with state functions and formal visiting. The Fanshawes found time to do considerable sight seeing. They went privately to see Aranjuez and returning home by Escurias visited the famous wine cellars. Here they marvelled at the great "tanajas," each one large enough to hold five hundred gallons.¹ They also visited the Pantheon and the Escorial. The author seems to be especially charmed by its "seventeen" courts and its gardens and fountains and the smooth walls on which Titian had painted many stories, among them the battle of Lepanto. She loved to listen to legends, tales, and ghost stories told to her on their travels and finds considerable space for them in her Memoirs, but she appears to have had little curiosity about the personalities she met, despite the opportunities presented at the different courts. One can imagine the gold mine of information, criticism, surmise, which Lucy Hutchinson would have gathered, had she been in her place.

Lady Fanshawe gives a number of interesting

¹ Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, page 223.

little touches in summing up her impressions of these countries. On leaving Lisbon she remarks that the people are "generally not handsome" though "very civil and obliging." She praises the fruit of that country but finds the "corn dark and gritty; water bad, except for some few springs far from the city ...their mules and asses extraordinarily good and large but their horses few and naught," and that it has "little wood and less grass."¹ In Spain she notices the custom of using cushions instead of chairs. Even the Queen of Spain was seated "under a cloth of state upon three cushions"² when Lady Fanshawe was first presented to her. She writes with appreciation of the various delicacies Spain had to offer, "especially manger-blanc."³ She seems to have become quite attached to Spaniards and highly commends their courtesy. "I have seen," she says, "a grandee and a duke stop their horse when an ordinary woman passeth over a kennel, because he would not spoil her clothes; and put off his hat to the meanest woman that makes a reverence, though it be their footman's wife."⁴ She admires the women whom she considers "the

¹ Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, pages 170,171.

² Ibid, page 220.

³ Ibid, page 243.

⁴ Ibid, page 245.

most witty in repartees and stories and notions in the world."¹ With regard to marriage Lady Fanshawe evidently believes that English daughters have greater freedom than the Spanish. The latter "never ... marry for any consideration under their own quality," she remarks, "which to prevent, if their fortunes will not procure, they make them nuns."²

Whenever Lady Fanshawe appeared in the homes of Portuguese or Spanish nobility she was entertained with lavish hospitality. She appears to have charmed many by her tact and pleasing manners. No less a personage than the Queen of Spain herself expressed delight in the "person" and "conversation" of this English lady, sending her an ornament of diamonds in token of her esteem.³

But her life was far from being a path of roses. Sir Richard's allowance was often delayed, and it must have been no mean feat to keep up appearances in the face of the splendour and magnificence often displayed by their Spanish hosts. She makes very little mention of this circumstance in her Memoirs, and then only towards the end after her husband's death. Yet his correspondence reveals a condition of serious financial strain. In

¹ Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, page 245.

² Ibid, pages 247,248.

³ Ibid, page 251.

his letter ~~to~~ Sir Philip Warwick dated May 3, 1666, he writes, "There was due to me, on 6th of March last past, upon my ordinary entertainment, the sum of two thousand pounds, of which I have not yet received one shilling, notwithstanding that I was forced to run myself in debt for my late journey to Portugal; as I have written long since to my Lord Arlington, requesting ... the reimbursement of my laying-out therein, as was promised when that case should arrive.

"Moreover, I have both pawned and sold plate for my present subsistence, and if immediately I do not receive a supply of all that is due to me upon amount of ordinaries, the which I do hopefully expect upon former addresses to that purpose, I cannot subsist longer in this Court ... if my brother Turnor's kindness had not advanced out of his own purse, to comply with my bills, above a thousand pounds, before he received the last tallies on my behalf, whereof I have not had any notice, I had been reduced to yet greater extremities than these I am contending with."¹ This difficulty had existed even during his embassy in Portugal. Writing to the same nobleman in March 1663, Sir Richard declared, "I could not have thought it possible for me to have subsisted so long without any

¹ Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, "Extracts from the Correspondence of Sir Richard Fanshawe," pages 357, 358.

of the moneys due to me from the Exchequer."¹ Notwithstanding this hardship he continued to struggle faithfully in the service of his king, asking only that sufficient funds be sent to enable him to perform his duties without loss of dignity to the Crown. His knowledge of Spanish helped to establish and maintain friendly relations with Spanish statesmen and to facilitate negotiations. The government in England was well satisfied with his work until he signed a draft treaty with the Spanish ministers on Dec. 17, 1665.² Charles refused to give his sanction to the treaty, and the Earl of Sandwich was appointed to replace Sir Richard.³

¹ Hist. MSS. Comm., Vol. 102,
The Manuscripts of J.M. Heathcote, Esq., page 68.

² Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, page 266.

³ The "draft treaty was prepared by the Spanish council granting favourable terms to English merchants, but it was presented to Fanshawe with the proviso that it should either be confirmed by his sovereign within a fixed period or withdrawn. Fanshawe felt himself justified in accepting the condition, without communicating with his government ... Clarendon points out that Fanshawe's failure to communicate the terms of the proposed treaty to the home government while pledging it to confirm the articles within a stipulated time, constituted a breach of duty which left the council no course other than the one they adopted. Clarendon's well-known policy of hostility to Spain doubtless made him unwilling to judge leniently the faults of an ambassador who leaned to an amicable settlement of the Anglo-Spanish relations."
Dictionary of National Biography, Article by S.L.Lee, Vol. 18, pages 186,187.

Lady Fanshawe was greatly disturbed by the news that her husband was to be superseded. Her state of mind is reflected in letters which she wrote while he was in Portugal, trying to negotiate a peace¹ between that country and Spain. She takes great pains to comfort him and herself by sending on every bit of encouraging information. In one letter she writes that the Duke de Medina las Torres had come to see her. During the visit he had declared "that the King his master said to him upon occasions that if this ambassador of England, who is so discreet and careful both to follow his master's instructions and to assist me, should either be called home before he hath finished his business here or any other sent over to treat over him, I will never give him more than the accustomed ceremonies of my Court."² Furthermore the duke had told her that he suspected Sandwich of being "a Cromwellist,"³ which will not down (sic) here."⁴ In another letter she says, "From England

¹ Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, page 268.

² Hist. MSS. Comm., Vol. 102,
The Manuscripts of J.M. Heathcote Esq., page 225.

³ Sandwich fought for Parliament during the first Civil War. He was very loyal to Oliver Cromwell and his son Richard. When the latter's power came to an end, Sandwich changed his sympathies. He had no use for the new and unsettled government that succeeded the Cromwells, and became actively engaged in the king's interest. He was one of those who helped to restore Charles II to the throne. (Dictionary of National Biography, Article by Professor J.K. Laughton, Vol. 38, pages 232-233.)

⁴ Hist. MSS. Comm., Vol. 102,
The Manuscripts of J.M. Heathcote Esq., page 227.

I have been shown several letters that upon the receipt of thine of the 20th of the last, new style, the King did express openly a very great joy of the work of thy hands and particularly spoke much in thy praise with great esteem, and so did the Duke of York, with the Secretary, Lord Ar(lington) and all the Court."¹ Later she adds hopefully, "Just as I am making up this letter I am showed one from London that says that Lord San (dwich) hath sent to Bristol for many young merchant men to come with him to be put into Tanager."²

There is a warm note of affection and respect in all these letters. With humility proper in a seventeenth century wife she begs, "Prithé if I do not do well in anything, correct me and I will mend, for I am very diffident of my carriage in this place, as I have great reason to be."³ Perhaps it was this modesty which appealed so strongly to the Queen of Spain and helped to secure her popularity with other ladies of the court. At one time she draws his attention away from weighty matters to a pleasant scene of domesticity. "The Marques(a?) de Liche" she informs him, "this day sent me a little

¹ Historial Manuscripts Commission, Vol. 102
The Manuscripts of J.M. Heathcote, Esq., page 230.

² Ibid, page 231.

³ Ibid, page 227.

greyhound puppy, so fine a creature I never saw in my life, which I take care of much for thee, but Dick lugs her by the ears and is very fond of her. God's name be praised, he grows a lovely fine boy and all the girls are very well and so am I, but wish thee with me a thousand times."¹ Sir

Richard assures her that Dick may "lug his new puppy by the ears very unconcerned."² (This baby son was the third to bear the name of Richard.)

He also announces Sir Robert Southwell's coming visit and asks that his daughters be ready to act the play "Querer por solo querer"³ to entertain their guests. The letter closes on this cheerful note.

Notwithstanding their attitude of cheerfulness, letters from Sandwich announcing his arrival caused no little sorrow to the Fanshawes. Lady Ann blames Clarendon bitterly for Sir Richard's recall, feeling that the latter had been sacrificed to give the Earl of Sandwich employment out of

¹ Hist. MSS. Comm., Vol. 102, The Manuscripts of J.M. Heathcote, Esq., page 234.

² Ibid, page 237.

³ This play by Antonio de Mendoza, was translated into English by Sir Richard Fanshawe. (Dictionary of National Biography, Article by S.E. Lee, Volume 18, page 188.)

England.¹ She has a poor opinion of the Earl's qualifications. "He neither understood the customs of the Court, nor the language," she bursts forth indignantly, "nor indeed anything but a vicious life, and thus was he shuffled into your father's employment to reap the benefit of his five years' negociation of the peace between England, Spain, and Portugal; and after above thirty years studying state affairs, and

¹"Fanshawe appears to have been harshly treated. The reason assigned for his recall, both by Lord Clarendon in his Life, and in the letter of revocation sent to Fanshaw, was disapproval of the treaty of December 17. But the real reason was the wish to provide a retreat for Lord Sandwich, and it appears from Pepys' Diary of Dec. 6, 1665, before Fanshawe's treaty was signed, that it was then already settled that Sandwich should go as ambassador to Spain. The anachronisms in Lord Clarendon's account of this transaction deprive his statement of all credit. He speaks of the treaty as if it had been signed before the death of the King of Spain, which had occurred just three months previously, on September 17; and says that the consequent recall of Fanshawe was resolved, but that the resolution was not immediately acted upon, by reason of "the Plague driving the King from London, and dispersing the council;" that is to say, the recall of Fanshaw, in consequence of his having signed a treaty in December, was resolved upon before July!" (Life and Administration of Edward, First Earl of Clarendon, Vol. II, page 359, footnote.)

Sandwich captured several Dutch ships and kept some of the cargo for himself. This action was illegal and raised a great storm of criticism in England. Clarendon arranged that Sandwich quit his command and go to Madrid as Ambassador Extraordinary.

(Dictionary of National Biography, Article by Professor J.K. Laughton, Vol. 38, page 235.)

many of them in the Spanish Court: so much are Ambassadors slaves to the public ministers at home, who often, through envy or ignorance, ruin them."¹

Fanshawe had seen to it that the new appointee would be welcomed with all the honours due to a representative of his country. He had made a special point of asking his friends at the Spanish court, who regarded his recall with open resentment, to offer the Ambassador Extraordinary a reception as cordial as had been given to himself.² Lady Fanshawe remembers sadly that it was on their twenty-second wedding anniversary that her husband bade his successor welcome to Madrid.³ Some days after he had introduced Sandwich at the Spanish court Fanshawe was seized with an ague which developed rapidly into an inward fever. His condition became worse from hour to hour, death coming to him on the eleventh day⁴ of his illness, June 26th, 1666. Like John Hutchinson, Sir Richard had devoted himself heart and soul to the service of a cause. Both had undergone

¹ Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, page 267.

² Historical Manuscripts Commission, Vol. 102.
The Manuscripts of J.M. Heathcote, page 236.

³ Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, page 283.

⁴ Ibid, page 284.

severe hardships and endured heavy sacrifices making their own interests secondary in their unswerving loyalty to duty, only to come to an unhappy end, to die in disgrace - the one in miserable obscurity, the other in a foreign land.

Her husband's sudden illness and death was a blow from which Lady Ann never quite recovered. Ten years¹ later when she refers to him she says "it makes my eyes gush out with tears and cuts me to the soul to remember."² The warm hearted Spaniards responded instantly to their friend's bereavement with many condolences; their Queen-Regent was particularly kind. She had long before become very fond of this English lady and her children. Now she invited her to remain in Spain, offering her a pension of 30,000 ducats a year with a promise to provide for the children's future, if they would all become Roman Catholics.³ The widow refused this offer as tactfully as she could, and then turned her attention to the problems facing her. The most serious of these was an immediate need of money. "I had not," she writes, "God is my witness,

¹ Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, Preface, page 8.

² Ibid, page 8.

³ Ibid, page 288.

above twenty-five doubloons by me at my husband's death, to bring home a family of three score servants, but was forced to sell one thousand pounds' worth of our own plate"¹ to help defray the cost of the journey. All her horses and coaches had to be sold as well. She had at least the satisfaction of leaving Madrid without owing "one shilling debt in Spain,"² and of knowing that Sir Richard had left no debts in England, "which every ambassador cannot say,"³ she points out. Sir Richard must have found her a good manager considering that his allowance at his death was two thousand pounds in arrears and that five thousand, eight hundred and fifteen pounds⁴ which he had advanced in his services to the crown, had not been re-imbursed.

The Fanshawes had planned to leave Madrid together early in July. Now Lady Ann had to send his body on ahead after the funeral, and alone make final arrangements to leave the Siete Chimineas, the house "so beloved of" her husband and self, where they had spent perhaps the best years of their marriage. She gives vent to her feelings in these moving words - "'O all powerful good God, look down from Heaven upon the most distressed wretch upon

¹ Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, page 298.

² Ibid, page 299.

³ Ibid.

⁴ Ibid, pages 294,295.

earth. See me with my soul divided, my glory and my guide taken from me and in him all my comfort in this life; see me staggering in my path, which made me expect a temporal blessing for a reward of the great integrity, innocence, and uprightness of his whole life, and his patience in suffering the insolency of wicked men, whom he had to converse with upon the public employment, which thou thoughtest fit, in thy wisdom, to exercise him in. Have pity on me, O Lord, and speak peace to my disquieted soul, now sinking under this great weight, which, without thy support, cannot sustain itself."¹

Lady Ann and her grieving family left Madrid very quietly. "Never any Ambassador's family came into Spain more gloriously, or went out so sad,"² she observes mournfully. They reached Bilbao on July 21st where Sir Richard's body awaited them. From here they travelled slowly to Calais, embarking for England on a small French man-of-war. They landed at the Tower Wharf early in November, 1666, and Sir Richard's body which had been with them on the long sorrowful journey, was at last interred in All Hallows Church in Hertford.³

¹ A prayer inserted in the Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, pages 284, 285.

² Ibid, page 291.

³ The body was later removed to a vault in St. Mary's Chapel in Ware Church (Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, page 306.)

Then began for Lady Fanshawe an anxious period of "soliciting and petitioning" the government for the moneys due her. There were delays upon delays, and it was not till three years later, in December, 1669, that she received 5,600 pounds. "This was above two thousand pounds loss to me," she writes bitterly, "besides, these commissioners, by the instigation of one of their fellow-commissioners, my Lord Shaftesbury, the worst of men, persuaded them that I might pay for the Embassy plate, which I did, two thousand pounds, and so maliciously did he oppress me, as if he hoped in me to destroy that whole stock of honesty and innocence which he mortally hates."¹ This disappointment affected her very deeply. She felt it was a poor reward "for near thirty years' suffering by land and sea"² often at the "hazard" of their lives. The humiliation, the general lack of interest in addition to the loss of the money combined to leave a lasting mark upon her. It is a disillusioned woman who writes, "Neither did these circumstances following prevail to mend my condition, much less found I that compassion I expected upon the view of myself, that had lost at once my husband, and fortune in him, with my son but

¹ Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, pages 297, 298.

² Ibid, page 298.

twelve months old in my arms, four daughters, the eldest but thirteen years of age, with the body of my dear husband daily in my sight for near six months together, and a distressed family, all to be by me in honour and honesty provided for, and to add to my afflictions, neither persons sent to conduct me, nor pass, nor ship, nor money to carry me one thousand miles, but some few letters of compliment from the chief ministers, bidding 'God help me!' as they do to beggars, and they might have added, 'they had nothing for me,' with great truth."¹

The last years of Lady Fanshawe were as dark and cheerless as Lucy Hutchinson's. Both lived in reduced circumstances² and in great loneliness, their minds dwelling on the past and in their hearts a feeling of betrayal. Though they had been on opposite sides in the civil war, each had served her cause with utmost loyalty and courage, with piety and idealism. Lady Ann devoted the long years of her widowhood to her children's needs and attempted to instil in their minds the great virtues for which their father had stood. She died in January 1679-80 and was buried beside her husband according to her request.

¹ Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, pages 299,300.

² Lady Fanshawe probably had more money than Lucy Hutchinson. The former's father had left a legacy of 500 pounds to each one of her four daughters. (Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, page 306.)

Chapter 4.

The Newcastles.

Though the Duchess of Newcastle was far distant from the war zones, her life during the years of conflict was not much easier than that of Mrs. Hutchinson or Lady Fanshawe. Her marriage to the Duke in November, 1645, had brought her into direct contact with financial difficulties. Newcastle was a ruined man. He had spent a princely fortune in the service of the king, leaving England with only £90 in his possession. For the next sixteen years he was forced to live largely on credit though he was able to obtain loans amounting to about £2,200. There was, too, a gift of nearly £2000 from Henrietta Maria.¹

What complicated matters was the Duke's determination to live in the grand manner which he felt due to himself; and while his pleasing manner and persuasive tongue were able to keep the creditors quiet more or less, the strain was nevertheless very exhausting both to him and the Duchess. They never knew when this uncertain source would suddenly cease. Newcastle "was put to great plunges and difficulties" the author writes, "insomuch that his dear brother Sir Charles Cavendish

¹ The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, pages 91, 97, 98.

would often say, that though he could not truly complain of want, yet his meat never did him good by reason my Lord, his brother, was always so near wanting, that he was never sure after one meal to have another."¹ Yet a sharper anxiety lay uppermost in the mind of this loving wife. "My chief fear was," she says, "that my Lord for his debts would suffer imprisonment, where sadness of mind, and want of exercise and air, would have wrought his destruction."²

While the creditors were for the most part patient there were times when they grew weary, so much so that the steward was forced to inform the Duke one day that there was no food with which to prepare dinner. "My Lord, being always a great master of his passions," writes his admiring Duchess, "was ... not in any manner troubled at it, but in a pleasant humour told me that I must of necessity pawn my clothes to make so much money as would procure a dinner. I answered that my clothes would be but of small value, and therefore desired my waiting-maid to pawn some small toys which I had formerly given her, which she willingly did. That same day, in the afternoon, my Lord spake himself to his creditors, and both by his civil deportment and persuasive arguments, obtained so much that they did not only trust him for more necessaries, but lent him money besides to redeem those toys that were pawned."³ Despite the difficulties with creditors these

¹ The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, page 124.

² Ibid, page 124.

³ Ibid, pages 88, 89.

royalist exiles managed to remain cheerful, refusing to allow shattered fortunes to crush their spirit. "We ... are so prepared," she writes, "that the worst of fortunes shall not afflict our minds, so as to make us unhappy, howsoever it doth pinch our lives with poverty."¹

The Duke of Newcastle spent the greater part of his banishment at Antwerp. In 1648² he and the Duchess had left Paris for Holland, where he hoped to join Prince Charles who had taken command of a number of ships. But the Duke arrived too late; the Prince was already at sea. The Newcastles passed the next six months at Rotterdam, living "at a great charge, keeping an open and noble table for all comers,"³ especially for men of high rank who might be prevailed upon to aid the royalist cause. Then came news of the defeat of the royalists, destroying Newcastle's hope of furthering his party's aims for the time being. He decided to move to Antwerp where he believed he could live on a more simple scale. The Newcastles settled in a house belonging to the widow of a "famous picture-drawer, Van Ruben."⁴ Credit had to be obtained for the furniture of their new home as well as "for meat and drink, and all kinds of necessaries and provisions."⁵

¹ The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, page 305.

² Dictionary of National Biography, Article by C.H. Firth. Vol.9. page 366.

³ The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, page 96.

⁴ Ibid, page 97. The Duchess is referring to Rubens.

⁵ Ibid, page 98.

The tradespeople waited patiently for several years; then they began to look for payment. It so happened that it became necessary about this time for the Duke's brother, Sir Charles Cavendish, to return to England and compound for his estates. Newcastle arranged for the Duchess to accompany his brother in order to apply for a wife's share of his forfeited estates. So impoverished were the Newcastles that there was barely enough money to bring the travellers to Southwark. There Sir Charles had to have his watch pawned to pay for their lodgings. When they reached London Margaret asked her brother Lord Lucas to put in a claim on her behalf. She herself was far too timid to approach the sequestration committee in Goldsmith's Hall alone. He had to accompany her and act as spokesman. Her old trouble of bashfulness before a group of strangers, particularly such unsympathetic ones, was still with her. She could not conquer it even for the sake of her beloved husband. "I whisperingly spoke to my brother to conduct me out of that ungentlemanly place," she writes of this painful meeting, "so without speaking to them one word good or bad, I returned to my lodgings, and as that committee was the first, so was it the last, I ever was at as a petitioner."¹

Her attempt to obtain a maintenance from her husband's estates led to nothing. "By reason I was married

¹ The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, page 298.

since my Lord was made a delinquent," she says resentfully, "I could have nothing, nor should have anything, he being the greatest traitor to the State, which was to be the most loyal subject to his King and country."¹ Of the men who made this unfavourable decision she says, "I found their hearts as hard as my fortunes, and their natures as cruel as my miseries."²

Like Lucy, the interests of Margaret's brother-in-law seemed to be identical with her husband's, but unlike Lucy, Margaret let her relative take the lead. While Sir Charles' hands were full with the business of compounding for his estates, he had to find credit for their subsistence. He accomplished this "not without great difficulty," she relates, "for all those that had estates, were afraid to come near him, much less to assist him, until he was sure of his own estate."³ To make matters worse, a letter came from the Duke declaring that he would starve if money were not sent to him at once because his creditors would not trust him any longer. Poor Sir Charles began running about trying to raise money for his brother and at last after much strenuous effort, succeeded in sending him £200. In the meantime the Duke's position had improved, Under-

¹ The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, page 298.

² Ibid, page 296.

³ Ibid, page 109.

standing that a remittance might not arrive for some time, he called a meeting of all his creditors. He explained his situation fully to them, presenting it with such skill that he was able to win their sympathy and to regain their trust once more. They sent him all sorts of provisions. "My Lord was then in a much better condition amongst strangers," Margaret writes with some bitterness, "than we in our native country."¹

The Duchess of Newcastle's attempt to be of some practical assistance to her husband does not compare favourably with ~~that~~ ~~of~~ Mrs. Hutchinson's or Lady Fanshawe's. She had been immersed in her world of dreams and fancies for so long that she collapsed at the first touch of reality. She lacked the strength of character, the sturdiness which both Lucy and Ann possessed in such abundance. She lacked the brilliance of Lucy who could meet a man like Secretary Bennett² on his own ground and could, if necessary, deal with an emergency better than her husband³. She lacked Ann's strong practical sense which enabled her to adjust to all sorts of situations during the long years of gypsy-like wandering. Margaret would have been lost if she had been confronted with difficulties like Ann's at the death of Richard — not only to raise money for a large family

¹ The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, page 110.

² Thesis, pages 107, 108.

³ Thesis, pages 95, 96.

in a foreign land but to make arrangements for a long and arduous journey. By her own confession she admits that she lacked physical courage. "I am the veriest coward in nature," she says, "as upon the sea, or any dangerous places, ... nay the shooting of a gun, although but a pot-gun, will make me start, and stop my hearing, much less have I courage to discharge one; or if a sword should be held against me, although but in jest, I am afraid."¹ She qualifies this statement by declaring that she could forget her fear of danger if it threatened a beloved friend,² but there is no evidence to prove that this is true. Everything in her memoirs points to her being the kind of a woman who could not exist without someone to protect her.

Nevertheless she was possessed of spiritual strength, for which she deserves praise. In the midst of the difficulties which beset her while in London, she could compose herself to write "Poems and Fancies," and "Philosophical Fancies."³ Writing was a refuge for her. It helped to keep her from brooding about her husband's difficulties and to turn her thoughts away from her own homeless state. "My rest being broken with discontented thoughts, because

¹ The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, pages 316, 317.

² Ibid, page 316.

³ "Poems and Fancies" was printed in 1653, "Philosophical Fancies" printed in the same year, was later expanded into "Philosophical Opinions." (The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, page 303).

I was from my Lord and husband," she explains, "knowing him to be in great wants, and myself in the same condition; to divert them I strove to turn the stream." Elsewhere she reasons, "Since all times must be spent either ill, or well, or indifferently, I thought this was the most harmless pastime; for sure this work is better than to sit still, and censure my neighbour's actions, which nothing concern me; or to condemn their humours, because they do not sympathise with mine; or their lawful recreations, because they are not agreeable to my delight; or ridiculously to laugh at my neighbour's clothes, if they are not of the mode, colour, or cut, or the ribbons tied with a mode-knot; or to busy myself out of the sphere of our sex, in politics of state, or to preach false doctrine in a tub whereas all these follies, and many more, may be cut off by such innocent work as this."¹ These ideas testify to her tolerance, her kindly attitude towards people.

It is not difficult to understand that one who expresses such consideration for others should herself be exceedingly sensitive. "I am tender natured, for it troubles my conscience to kill a fly," she says, "and the groans of a dying beast strike my soul."² Because she was so shy she gave her affections whole-heartedly to those to whom she became attached. So deep was her feeling

¹ The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, Preface. pages 38, 39.

² Ibid, page 313.

for them that she was never entirely free from worry about their ~~well-being~~^{well-being}. Of their feelings for her she says in her charming way, "Truly I am so vain, as to be so self-conceited, or so naturally partial, to think my friends have as much reason to love me as another, since none can love more sincerely than I."¹ She had a warm affection for her brother-in-law Sir Charles Cavendish, of whom she says, "He was nobly generous, wisely valiant, naturally civil ... his promise was like a fixed decree, ... he had a ready wit and a spacious knowledge, a settled judgment ... he was learned in all arts and sciences, but especially in the mathematics, in which study he spent most part of his time; and though his tongue preached not moral philosophy, yet his life taught it."² ~~Due~~^{Owing} to his unselfish devotion and unflagging zeal he was able to save Welbeck and Bolsover³ for his brother at a great cost to himself. Bolsover had actually passed into the hands of a stranger and demolition of the house already begun, before he could find the required sum to prevent this calamity.

Margaret had been in England for eighteen months when she heard that her husband was unwell. Whereupon she and Cavendish decided to return to Antwerp at once,

¹ The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, pages 314, 315.

² Ibid, page 295. Clarendon seems to have shared her opinion. (Calendar of the Clarendon State Papers, Vol. 2, Letter to Nicholas, March 6, 1654, page 320.)

³ Houses belonging to the Duke of Newcastle.

but he was seized with a fatal illness at the last moment. She left him behind in England, recovering as she thought, in the hands of a capable physician. She had not been long at Antwerp when news came that he had succumbed on February 4, 1654.¹ Sorrow-stricken as the Newcastles were to lose Sir Charles, his death brought some relief to their straitened circumstances, for the Duke inherited what had remained of Sir Charles' estates. Very little of these estates had been saved by the latter, after compounding for them with Parliament, paying outstanding debts and buying out the above-mentioned houses.² Sometime later the Duke received further assistance from his children³ - his daughter Lady Cheiny, and his two sons Charles and Henry, who had made advantageous marriages. The Newcastles were therefore able to pass the latter part of their exile in comparative ease, though in nothing like the grandeur of the pre-war years.

The Duke, always the soul of hospitality, made their home in Antwerp the centre for visiting royalist exiles and dignitaries from foreign states. Even Royalty came to enjoy the Duke's entertainment. Charles II honoured the Newcastles with several visits when he was passing through

¹ The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, page 112.

² Ibid, page 124.

³ Issue of the Duke's first marriage.
(The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, pages 124,133).

the city. At a private dinner given in his honour the king had jestingly remarked to the Duchess that her husband's "credit could procure better meat than his own."¹ Then there was an elaborate ball² held for His Majesty, his two brothers, and the Princess Royal.

The great attraction for visitors was the private riding-house maintained by the Duke. He had begun this costly hobby by buying two horses in Paris and increasing their number to eight while living in Antwerp. His skill with horses was outstanding; the fame of his "manage" or horse-training spread far and wide. No one of importance thought of passing through the city without coming to see his marvellous feats of horsemanship.³ Charles II himself

¹ The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, page 122.

² "At the ball of Lord Newcastle's was the Duchess of Lorraine and her son and daughter, with the King and his brothers and sister, several French people, and some of the town. The King was brought in with music, and all being placed, Major Mohun ... made a speech in verse of his lordship's own poetry, complimenting the King in his highest hyperbole. Then there was dancing for two hours, and then my Lady's Moor, dressed in feathers, came in and sang a song of the same author's, set and taught him by Nicholas Lanier. Then was the banquet brought in, in eight great chargers, each borne by two gentlemen of the court, and others bringing wines, drinks, etc. Then they danced again for two hours more, and Major Mohun ended all with another speech, prophesying His Majesty's re-establishment." (The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, footnote, page 121.)

³ The Duke wrote two books on horsemanship, the result of many years of observation and experiments. (Dictionary of National Biography, article by C.H. Firth, Vol.9, pages 367, 368). These books were so popular that Walpole writes, "as an author he (the Duke) is familiar to those who scarce know any other author from his book on horsemanship." (Royal and Noble Authors, Vol.3, page 175).

came to watch and admire his former governor at these performances. Nor were Englishmen the only admirers; visitors of many nationalities fascinated by his methods, flocked to his riding-house. Among these were the Duke of Aldenburg, the Prince of East Friesland, the courtiers of Dom John d'Austria and his successor, the Marquis of Caracena. So great was Newcastle's passion for his horses that "though he was then in distress for money, yet he would sooner have tried all other ways, than have parted with any of them."¹ To one who offered to buy a particularly fine specimen he said, "The price of that horse is £1000 to-day, to-morrow it will be £2000, next day £3000, and so forth."² The Duke de Guise was no more successful when he tried to buy one of these animals. It never occurred to his wife to find fault with this attitude even though she was keenly aware of their money shortage. She seemed to take delight in his joy and quite willingly permitted her own pleasure to be curtailed in an attempt to adjust to their straitened circumstances. The purchase of a string of pearls illustrates this point. On November 27, 1653, the Duke was evidently making arrangements to buy pearls worth £10 for his wife. Three weeks later on December 18, there was a change in plans, the Duchess

¹ The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, page 100.

² Ibid, page 101.

declaring she would have the lesser size because they were so much cheaper.¹

Entertaining so many distinguished guests must have done wonders for this quiet English girl, in adding to her poise and assurance. In turn this improved confidence perhaps gave freer rein to her natural vanity. One more circumstance which may have served to increase another weakness — that of singularity — was the "tour", a custom then much in vogue with royalist exiles in Antwerp. These gentlefolk were fond of attiring themselves in their best finery and driving in their coaches to the principle points of the town so as to see and be seen by others.² Sometimes the finery was fashionable, sometimes where money was too scarce to indulge in new costumes, originality must have taken the place of fashion. Here one supposes was a fine opportunity for the Duchess to exercise her natural bent for singularity. By the time she returned to England after the Restoration, she was perhaps too well inured to this habit to consider changing it.

Among the Duke's diversions was that of writing. In this he was enthusiastically joined by his wife. No children had been born to her and she devoted herself

¹ Calendar of the Clarendon State Papers, Vol.2, pages 277,284.

² When the Newcastles first arrived in Antwerp there were but four coaches that "went the Tour", towards the end of their stay, these had increased to "above one hundred".
(The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, pages 99,309.)

eagerly to this pursuit. Several of her works¹ were published in London while the Newcastles were still living in Antwerp. She regarded her husband's literary efforts with boundless admiration, dubbing him "the best lyric and dramatic poet of his age."² Two of his plays³ were published before any of her own works. She looked up to him and was happy when he inserted his songs into some of her writings or prefixed adulatory verses to them.⁴ She never seems to have suffered from a lack of subject matter declaring, "I must say this in the behalf of my thoughts, that I never found them idle; for if the senses bring no work in, they will work of themselves, like silk-worms that **spins** out of their own bowels."⁵ Elsewhere she complains, "the brain being quicker in creating than the hand in writing or the memory in retaining, many fancies are lost, by reason they oftentimes outrun the pen, where I, to keep speed in the race, write so fast as stay not so long as to write my letters plain, ... my ordinary handwriting is so bad as few can read it, so as to write it

¹ "The World's Olio" in 1655; "Nature's Pictures by Fancie's Pencil to the Life" in 1656 (some copies in 1655); "Philosophical and Physical Opinions" in 1655; (Dictionary of National Biography, Article by Joseph Knight, Vol. 9, page 356.

² The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, page 201. The Duke's poems are considered inferior to his wife's. (The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, Editor's Preface, page 24.)

³ Dictionary of National Biography, Article by C.H. Firth, Vol. 9, page 368.

⁴ Ibid.

⁵ The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, pages 309, 310.

fair for the press."¹

Margaret, like Lucy, was intellectually curious, but the latter was scholarly, interested in the ideas of old masters, while the former preferred her own fancies to the thoughts of anyone else. With Ann, Margaret shared a similar patience during the hard years of exile, when borrowing from friends and relatives seemed almost the only method of survival. She, too, expresses appreciation for the sympathy and kindness extended by Spanish officials² when she and the Duke had occasion to pass through Spain.

The Memoirs of the Duchess echo the same note of piety as those of Mrs. Hutchinson's and Lady Fanshawe's, "This was the only happiness which my Lord had in his distressed condition," she writes, "and the chief blessing of the eternal and merciful God ... who ruled the hearts and minds of men, and filled them with charity and compassion. For certainly it was a work of Divine Providence, that they showed so much love, respect, and honour to my Lord, a stranger to their nation; and notwithstanding his ruined condition, and the small appearance

¹ The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, page 307.

² Ibid, pages 92, 93.

of recovering his own, credited him wheresoever he lived, both in France, Holland ... that although my Lord was banished his native country, and dispossessed from his own estate, could nevertheless live in so much splendour and grandeur as he did."¹

According to his wife, Newcastle never seemed to regret the sacrifices made on behalf of the royalist cause. She says he "rejoiced rather that he was able to suffer for his King and country."² Neither did he lose hope that the king would eventually be returned to his own.³ He and the other royalists kept an anxious eye on the political situation at home, trying to disentangle the real news from the distortions⁴ and rumours which reached Antwerp. The confusion and anarchy of the year 1659 brought a feeling to the Duke, that the hour of the king's restoration was near at hand.⁵ When the great day came at last, Newcastle's happiness knew no bounds. As the smoke of London came into sight he asked one who stood near him on the boat "to jog and awake him out of his dream, for surely, said he, I have been sixteen years asleep, and am not thoroughly awake yet ... that night at Greenwich ... his supper seemed more savoury to him, than any meat he had hitherto tasted;

¹ The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, pages 113,114.

² Ibid, page 123.

³ Ibid, page 114.

⁴ Ibid, page 360. (Appendix. Letter from Newcastle to Nicholas).

⁵ Ibid, page 361. (" " " " " ")

and the noise of some scraping fiddlers... the pleasantest harmony that ever he had heard."¹

The Duchess does not write as an eye witness of his joyful home-coming. She had been left in Antwerp in pawn for his debts, until such time as he was able to send her enough money to make the required payment. On her arrival in London she was disappointed to find him living in lodgings which she considered too mean for his station. But he found it necessary to live in a modest fashion until a definite settlement about his former estates should be made. All his lands - those which had been confiscated by the Commonwealth or sold to regicides - were restored to him except "those which had been alienated by his sons or by feoffees in trust."² The Duchess declares that he lost lands valued at £50,000 in this way and had to sell others worth £60,000 to pay debts. There was in addition the loss of rents for sixteen years, costly damage to houses, farms and parks. She computes his total losses at about £940,000.³

The Newcastles did not remain long in London. The Duchess seems to have persuaded the Duke to retire to Welbeck, Nottinghamshire, where surroundings were far more to her liking. The license and excesses of the Restoration Court were equally repugnant to her as to the Hutchinsons.

¹ The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, page 127.

² Dictionary of National Biography, Article by C.H. Firth, Vol. 9, page 368.

³ Ibid,

The Duke was probably not sorry to go north either; there could be little in the life of the new court to attract one who remembered the dignified ways of the former one. He spent his days on his estates, as Colonel Hutchinson was doing not far distant, removing the havoc of the wars. That there were points of sympathetic accord between the two families is revealed by Mrs. Hutchinson's favourable description¹ of Newcastle and by the account² she gives of his kindness to her husband. The Duke had shown his goodwill to this former opponent from the very beginning of his degradation. In December 1660, - several years before the colonel's arrest - soldiers plundered his home during his absence. His eldest son appealed to the Duke and the latter immediately "gave him an order to have the swords and other things back."³

The Newcastles spent most of their time at their country home, coming to London on occasional visits. While Newcastle devoted himself largely to the serious business of restoring his estates, Margaret continued her literary efforts. She was a voluminous writer⁴ - plays, poems,

¹ Thesis, page 66.

² Ibid, page 103.

³ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 336.

⁴ The Duchess is credited with 13 volumes. (Dictionary of National Biography, Article by Joseph Knight, Vol.9. page 356.)

orations, letters, stories, among other works, seemed to flow from her pen with ease judging from their number. Toward the end of her life she gathered around her a number of young ladies who it is said, were expected to be within call to take her dictation at any hour of the night, so eager was she not to lose any of her conceptions.¹

As the years passed by, her reserve seemed to decrease, while her vanity and eccentric tendencies increased to astounding proportions. Her oddities were the talk of the day. People discussed her habit of wearing theatrical apparel and her addiction to quaint poses and gestures, no less than they did her beauty and her books, so that her infrequent appearances in London caused a mild sensation. Crowds² followed and surrounded her coach, the rabble on foot and the more select in coaches. Nor were the Londoners the only ones to take note of her appearances. In the summer of 1665, Sir Charles Lyttelton wrote from York, "Hard by ... mett us on the way my Lord of Newcastle and my Lady, whose behaviour was very pleasant, but rather to be seene than told. She was dressed in a vest, and, instead of courtesies, made leggs and bows to the ground with her hand at head."³ Her peculiarities were such that when

¹ General Biographical Dictionary, Vol. 8, page 493; Dictionary of National Biography, Article by Joseph Knight, Vol. 9, page 356.

² Diary of Samuel Pepys, Vol. 6, pages 282, 295.

³ Correspondence of the Family of Hatton, 1601-1704, Vol. 1, page 47.

she asked to be invited to one of the meetings held by the Royal Society some of the members expressed a fear that the town wits would make ballads of the event.

Pepys present on the day of her visit May 30, 1667, writes, "The Duchesse hath been a good comely woman; but her dress so antick ... that I do not like her at all."¹ A month earlier Evelyn had taken his wife to visit the Newcastles in their town house at Clerkenwell. They were old friends, Mrs. Evelyn's mother having befriended² Margaret during the difficult period of her secret betrothal to Newcastle. Evelyn came home after this visit "much pleas'd with the extraordinary fanciful habit, garb, and discourse of the Dutchess,"³ Nine days later when he saw her again he writes, "went again with my wife to the Dutchess who receiv'd her in a kind of transport, suitable to her extravagant humour and dresse, which was very singular."⁴

The Duchess was interested in many subjects, among these philosophy and science. She wrote a whole series of works on natural philosophy. Had her education been less faulty⁵ these writings might have met with a

¹ Diary of Samuel Pepys, Vol. 6, page 324.

² Diary of John Evelyn, page 405, 406. The Newcastles were married in the Chapel of Sir. R. Brown, Evelyn's father-in-law.

³ Diary of John Evelyn, page 404.

⁴ Ibid, page 406.

⁵ Thesis, pages 41, 46.

better fate.¹ As it is one finds Evelyn dubbing her "a mighty pretender to learning, poetrie, and philosophie."² She was herself conscious of this defect, for she writes, "I confess that for want of scholarship, I could not express myself so well as otherwise I might have done, in those philosophical writings I published."³

Though politics had not the same interest for the Duchess of Newcastle as they had for Mrs. Hutchinson, she seems to have been much concerned with the position of women in her day, to resent the limitation of educational facilities and professional outlets imposed upon them, and she used her pen to voice her indignation in no uncertain terms. "We are become like worms that only live in the dull earth of ignorance, winding ourselves sometimes out, by the help of some refreshing rain of good educations which seldom is given us; for we are kept like birds in cages to hop up and down in our houses ... we are shut out of all power, and Authority by reason we are never employed either in civil nor marshall affaires, our counsels are despised, and laught at, the best of our actions are troden down with scorn, by the over-weaning conceit

¹ "The ponderous tomes on science and philosophy which the Duchess published are entirely valueless."
(The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, Editor's Preface, page 34.)

² Diary of John Evelyn, page 406.

³ The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, Author's letter to the Duke, Preface, page 49.)

men have of themselves and through a despisement of us."¹ It is interesting to note that these ideas are not dissimilar to those expressed in recent years.

Unlike Lady Fanshawe, the Duchess was very far removed from the world of domestic skills. She describes an attempt to invade this area in an amusing letter.

"My thoughts, although not my actions, have been so busily employed about huswifry these three or four dayes, as I could think of nothing else.

"I sent for the governess of my house, and bid her give order to have flax and wheels bought, for I, with my maids, would sit and spin. The governess hearing me say so, smiled, I asked her the reason, she said, she smiled to think what uneven threads I would spin, for, said she, though Nature hath made you a spinster in poetry, yet education hath not made you a spinster in huswifry. I was very much troubled to hear what she said, for I thought spinning had been easie, as not requiring much skill to draw and twist a thread, nay, so easie I thought it was, as I did imagine I should have spun so small, and even a thread, as to make pure fine linnen cloth, also, that my maids and I should make so much, as I should not have needed to buy any, either for household linnen, or shifts. Then I bid her leave me, to consider of some other work; and when I was by myself alone, I called into my mind several sorts of wrought works, most of which though I had will, yet I had no skill to work, for which I did inwardly complain of my education, that my mother did not force me to learn to work with a needle, though she found me alwayes inapt thereto; at last I pitched upon making of silk flowers, wherefore I sent for the governess of my house again, and told her, that I would have her buy several coloured silks, for I was resolved to imploy my time in making silk-flowers. She told me, she would obey my commands; but, said she, Madam, neither you, nor any that serves you, can do them so well, as those who make it their trade, wherefore you had better buy those toyes, if you desire

¹ The Learned Lady, page 50, quoting from the Duchess of Newcastle's "Philosophical and Physical Opinions; Address to the Two Universities."

them, for it will be an unprofitable employment, to wast time, with a double expense of mony . Then I told her I would preserve, for it was summer time, and the fruit fresh, and ripe upon the trees; she asked me for whom I would preserve, for I seldom did eat sweetmeats my self, nor make banquets for strangers, unless I meant to feed my household servants with them; besides, said she, you may keep half a score of servants with the mony that is laid out in sugar and coals, which go to the preserving only of a few sweetmeats, that are good for nothing but to breed obstructions, and rot the teeth. All which when I heard, I conceived she spoke reason; at last I considered, that I and my maids had better be idle, than to employ time unprofitably, and to spend mony idely."¹

Mrs. Hutchinson, Lady Fanshawe, and the Duchess of Newcastle are admirable patterns of conjugal devotedness and affection. In writing about their husband all three ladies express a fear that they may fail to do justice to their subject, While Mrs. Hutchinson often exaggerates the good qualities of the colonel the Duchess goes far beyond the former in an effort to enhance the worth of her "Lord". She speaks of him always in superlative terms, looks upon him as an oracle of wisdom, devoting a whole section to his opinions and maxims as if they were so many priceless pearls.

She says she wrote about her husband during his lifetime so that he could correct her statements if necessary, and declares she has shown no partiality. Then she proceeds to say, "Parliament's forces were never powerful, nor their

¹ English Women in Life and Letters, pages 62, 64, quoting from the Duchess of Newcastle's "Sociable Letters" published in London 1664.

commanders or officers famous, until such time as my Lord was overpowered¹... there were no great battles fought, but by my Lord's army."² She does not hesitate to compare him with Caesar declaring that though he "had not Caesar's fortune, yet he wanted not Caesar's courage, nor his prudence, nor his good nature, nor his wit. Nay, in some particulars he did more than Caesar ever did."³ Her praise for him is endless, so that Pepys writes in disgust, "Stayed at home, reading the ridiculous History of my Lord Newcastle, wrote by his wife, which shews her to be a mad, conceited, ridiculous woman, and he an asse to suffer her to write what she writes to him, and of him."⁴ On the other hand the Senate of Cambridge University expressed its approval of the Duke's biography in terms of high admiration. "Hereafter, if generous and highborn men shall search our library for a model of a most accomplished general, they shall find it expressed to the life, not in Xenophon's Cyrus, but in the Duchess of Newcastle's William! ... we cease not to bestow ten thousand embraces upon every page of that book which hath so noble and immortal a subject as is his grace the Duke of Newcastle."⁵

¹ The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, Author's Preface, page 62.

² Ibid, page 260.

³ Ibid, page 257.

⁴ Diary of Samuel Pepys, Vol.7, page 344.

⁵ The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, Editor's Preface, page 8.

The Duchess received much praise as a writer. Presentation copies of her works to various heads of universities brought forth the most flowery acknowledgements.¹ Nevertheless she had her troubles with the critics, due she believes to jealousy and the general attitude of disapproval or condescension in England at this period toward women writers. "I, a woman, cannot be exempt from the malice and aspersions of spiteful tongues," she complains, "which they cast upon my poor writings, some denying me to be the true authoress of them ... those books I put out first to the judgment of this censorious age, were accounted not to be written by a woman, but that somebody else had writ and published them in my name,² ... but though the world would not believe that those conceptions and fancies which I writ were my own, but transcended my capacity, yet they found fault that they were defective for want of learning; and on the other side, they said I had plucked feathers out of the universities; which was a very preposterous judgment."³

¹ These acknowledgements are contained in a folio volume, "Letters and Poems in Honour of the incomparable Princess, Margaret, Dutchess of Newcastle, Written by several Persons of Honour and Learning." (Dictionary of National Biography. Article by Joseph Knight, Vol.9, page 357).

² The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, Author's letter to her husband, Preface, page 48..

³ Ibid, Author's letter to her husband, Preface, page 49.

The Duke, who was proud of his wife, resented these criticisms as much as she did. He wrote an epistle which was prefixed to one of her writings, assuring everyone that the works were really her own.¹

The relationship between the Newcastles was exceptionally fine. There was a genuine companionship, a sharing of interests and affection which made their life together one of complete domestic harmony. But the Duchess knew that her husband was not altogether happy. Though most of his lands had been restored to him, it was a saddened man who moved about the general waste and destruction wrought during his absence, gathering up laboriously and rebuilding what he called the "chips" of his estates. Victory for his party had taken its toll of him as well as of the defeated. There were no more lavish entertainments at Welbeck on the grand scale of pre-war years, no participation in the life of the new court. It was a subdued life for a man of the Duke's temperament. He spent most of his leisure at his wife's side, acting as her guide and philosopher, exchanging courtly phrases and verses with her. When her death came in December 1673, it must have been a deep loss to him. She was buried in Westminster Abbey in January 1674.² The Duke survived her by three years.

¹ The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, Author's letter to the Duke, Preface, page 48.

² Ibid, Editor's Preface, page 40.
Dictionary of National Biography, Article by Joseph Knight. Vol.9, page 355.

The inscription on their monument, built in his life-time, reads as follows:-

"Here lyes the Loyall Duke of Newcastle, and his Dutches, his second wife, by whom he had noe issue. Her name was Margaret Lucas, yongest sister to the Lord Lucas of Colchester, a noble familie; for all the Brothers were Valiant and all the Sisters virtuous. This Dutches was a wise, wittie, and Learned Lady, which her many Bookes do well testifie; she was a most Virtuous and a Loveing and carefull wife, and was with her Lord all the time of his banishment and miseries, and when he came home, never parted from him in his solitary retirements."¹

¹ The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, Editor's Preface, page 41.

Chapter 5.

Conclusion

In considering the three books as literature, Lady Fanshawe's work has the greatest appeal for the beginner to whom this branch is entirely new. She writes with the ease and naturalness of a woman of good breeding, who expresses herself easily simply and with much charm. It is true that the topics about which she writes are often ordinary, but they have an attraction for that very reason. She pictures the difficulties, the problems facing her in terms that easily hold the attention of the uninformed as well as the enlightened. But for the reader who has a cultivated interest in memoirs and in the history of those distressed times, Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson has a great deal more to offer. She has greater power as a writer, gives more analysis of the struggle, a more detailed picture of contemporary life, characters, and personalities. Her area goes beyond her own immediate circle to take in the larger view.

There is, too, the same difference in personalities. Lady Fanshawe, natural, impetuous, loving, appeals more quickly than Mrs. Hutchinson. Nevertheless a growing acquaintance with the latter arouses respect and admiration for her deeper penetration and her wider interests.

The Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson

were written between 1664-71, and first published in 1806.¹ The author's purpose in writing the book was to explain the character and deeds of her husband to their children. Lady Fanshawe wrote for the instruction of her only surviving son Richard, to whom she directs her thoughts. Her Memoirs written in 1676 were first printed in 1829.² The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle consists of two separate books published with an interval of eleven years between them. The author's autobiography forms the last book of her "Nature's Pictures Drawn by Fancie's Pencil to the Life" published in 1656, while the life of her husband was published in 1667. Both lives appeared together in one book in 1886, edited by Professor C.H. Firth³ and have been treated as one unit in this thesis. The Duchess states that she wrote the story of her own life because she did not wish to be confused with the Duke's first wife. "I intend this piece," she says, "... to tell the truth, lest after-ages should mistake, in not knowing I was daughter to one Master Lucas of St. Johns ... second wife to the Lord Marquis of Newcastle; for my Lord having had two wives, I might easily have been mistaken."⁴ Her reason for

¹ Dictionary of National Biography, Article by C.H. Firth, Vol. 28, page 341.

² Dictionary of National Biography, Article by S.L. Lee, Vol. 18, page 189.

³ Dictionary of National Biography, Article by Joseph Knight, Vol. 9, page 356.

⁴ The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, page 318.

writing her husband's biography she declares is to inform the world of his "loyal, heroic, and prudent actions ... as also of his sufferings, losses, and ill-fortunes."¹

There is a certain similarity in plan between the Memoirs of the Duchess and those of Mrs. Hutchinson . Each has a short account of her own birth and breeding separate from that of her husband's. Mrs. Hutchinson's autobiography forms only a fragment,² closing abruptly in the middle of a sentence, with several pages torn out at the end. In the opinion of Mr. A.H. Upham³ Mrs. Hutchinson was inspired by the work of the Duchess, using it as a model for her own because both writers take up similar points for detailed treatment. She may have done so; the two ladies were practically neighbours and had much in common with regard to intellectual interests and standards of morality. Nevertheless the fact remains that Mrs. Hutchinson's book moves forward from her own mainsprings.

Lucy Hutchinson's account of herself ends with the fragment; any further information about her after marriage, must be gleaned from her husband's biography. While the

¹ The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, Author's Preface, page 57.

² Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 15.

³ Anglia, Band 36, 1912. "Lucy Hutchinson and the Duchess of Newcastle," pages 200-211.

Duchess allots the main portion of the biography to the Duke, she allows herself a subordinate position. Mrs. Hutchinson on the other hand keeps herself entirely in the background, writing of her husband as if he were disassociated from her. The puritan lady is not altogether as altruistic in her motives as is Lady Fanshawe. Combined with her desire to give a portrayal of the colonel, is the urge of the pamphleteer to spread the opinions and tenets of her party. Her style is tortuous, having long involved sentences frequently burdened with too many adjectives. She seems to lack selective powers; her passages sometimes need re-reading in order to sift the ideas lying like wheels within wheels. "Colonel Hutchinson not being of the number of those seven, was advised by all his friends to surrender himself, in order to secure his estate, and he was very earnest to do it; when Mrs. Hutchinson would by no means hear of it; but being exceedingly urged by his friends, that she would hereby obstinately lose all their estate, she would not yet consent that the colonel should give himself into custody, and she had wrought him to a strong engagement, that he would not dispose of himself without her."¹

Lady Fanshawe's Memoirs reveal as much about herself as of her husband. They are more personal in tone than the other two works. Though she has a more direct

¹ Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 322.

flowing style than Mrs. Hutchinson, her story is interrupted by anecdotes and long accounts of ceremonial procedure, tedious to the reader but natural in one who spent so much time in royal courts. At times the book becomes like a diary with a succession of short entries and lists of names. Writing from memory the author goes back and forth in point of time. This weakness is further complicated by the new and old styles of dating.

Of the three writers, the Duchess of Newcastle is the only one who has a professional attitude towards her work. She directs her thoughts to an unseen audience, not to a member of her family. She makes an attempt to plan her subject-matter methodically, dividing the Duke's biography into four sections. There are three letters and a preface attached to his book and an Epistle to the Reader prefixed to her own autobiography. She expresses her thoughts more clearly in the former work than in the latter, the result no doubt of several years of experience in writing. Her style is much smoother than that of Mrs. Hutchinson, but her work as a whole is not as interesting. It has not the colour, the warmth, not the intimacy, that the Memoirs of the other two writers have. Moreover the Duchess has a tendency to repeat herself in the account of her own life, as if she had forgotten what she had previously written. This might well be, for she confesses "I did many times not peruse the copies that were transcribed, lest they should disturb my following conceptions; by

which neglect, as I said, many errors are slipped into my works, which yet I hope learned and impartial readers will soon rectify, and look more upon the sense, than carp at words."¹ She lacks too the dramatic power of the other two writers, particularly in the section dealing with her husband's war-like exploits. This may be due in part to the fact that she obtained her knowledge at second hand, either from her husband or his secretary.²

Despite her involved style Mrs. Hutchinson's book is rich ~~with~~ ⁱⁿ fine descriptive passages. There is directness and economy of language, for example when she writes of the colonel's prison by the sea. "Though the walls were four yards thick, yet it rained in through the cracks in them, and then one might sweep a peck of saltpetre off of them every day, which stood in a perpetual sweat upon them."³ Another vivid description might not be amiss. Referring to "enemy" invaders she says, "For two miles they left a great track of blood, which froze as it fell upon the snow, for it was such bitter weather that the foot had waded almost to the middle in snow as they came, and were so numbed with cold when they came into the town, that they were fain to be rubbed to get life into them, and in that condition were more eager for fires and warm meat than for

¹ The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, Author's letter to the Duke, Preface, page 51.

² Ibid, Author's preface, page 53.

³ For full passage, see Thesis pages 110, 111.

plunder."¹

She is best in her character delineation, using her extensive vocabulary with an arresting force. Charles White "was of mean birth and low fortunes, yet had kept company with the underling gentry of his neighbourhood. This man had the most factious, ambitious, vainglorious, ... nature imaginable ... he was the greatest dissembler, flatterer, traitor, ... that ever was, and herein had a kind of wicked policy; knowing himself to be inferior to all gentlemen, he put on a vizard of godliness and humility, and courted the common people with all plausibility and flattery that could be practised ... to keep up a fame of godliness, he gave large contributions to puritan preachers, who had the art to stop the people's mouths from speaking ill of their benefactors. By a thousand arts this fellow became popular, and so insinuated himself into all the gentlemen that owned the parliament's party, that till he was discovered some years after, they believed him a most true-hearted, faithful, vigilant, active man for the godly interest."² A few deft touches sum up Cromwell and his family. "His wife and children were setting up for principality, which suited no better with any of them than scarlet on an ape; only, to speak the truth of himself, he had much natural greatness, and well became the place

¹ The Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 164.

² Ibid, page 103. See also character sketch of Chadwick. Thesis, pages 72, 73.

he had usurped. His daughter Fleetwood was humbled, and not exalted with these things, but the rest were fools. Claypole, who married his daughter, and his son Henry, were two debauched, ungodly cavaliers. Richard was a peasant in his nature, yet gentle and virtuous, but became not greatness."¹

In her simple unstudied fashion Lady Fanshawe shares with Mrs. Hutchinson a definite dramatic ability. She too has descriptive powers which bring her adventurous life vividly before the reader's eyes. One feels the chill dreariness of the "rain that ... went in at" her "neck and out at " her "heels"² as she stood in the storm underneath Richard's window. The sorrow of the last parting from Charles I is as real today as then.³ One shares with her the hardships at Oxford in 1643,⁴ - "to lie in a very bad bed in a garret, to one dish of meat and that not the best ordered, no money ... nor clothes more than a man or two brought in their cloak bags." Few can fail to be touched at her account of her first quarrel with her husband.⁵ Both writers make liberal

¹ The Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, page 294.

² Thesis, page 137.

³ Ibid, pages 123, 124.

⁴ Ibid, page 35.

⁵ Ibid, pages 118, 119, 120; Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, pages 50-53.

use of direct speech to convey moments of high tension, much more so than does the Duchess of Newcastle. While Mrs. Hutchinson puts her emphasis on the description of people and events, Lady Fanshawe leans more towards events and things. Writing about a piece of rich embroidery shown to her at Grenada she says it is "of the true tirian dye ... so glorious a colour, that it cannot be expressed; it hath the glory of scarlet, the beauty of purple, and is so bright, that when the eye is removed upon any other object it seems as white as snow."¹ The charm of her book lies mainly in its sincerity and absence of affectation.

All three writers have a deep poetic instinct which reveals itself in their works - Mrs. Hutchinson and Lady Fanshawe in religious outpourings, the Duchess in the delicacy of her fancies. In a preface to her first book she pleads for the reader's indulgence. "Be not too severe in your censures ... because I had not so many years of experience when I wrote this book, as could make me a garland to crown my head; only I had so much time, as to gather a little posy to stick at my breast."² Explaining why she takes but little exercise she writes, "My thoughts run apace in my brain, so that the motions of my mind

¹ The Memoirs of Lady Fanshawe, page 96.

² The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, Editor's Preface, page 38.

hinders the active exercises of my body; for should I dance or run, or walk apace, I should dance my thoughts out of measure, run my fancies out of breath, and tread out the feet of my numbers."¹

Altogether the time given to reading these interesting memoirs is time well spent both for the information contained and the personalities revealed. / The value of Mrs. Hutchinson's book lies in the picture it gives of puritans at their best with their cultural and lofty ideals; ~~while~~ that of Lady Fanshawe's, in the close view of common discomforts and hazards of life in those distressed times. The importance of the Duchess of Newcastle's centres around the pictures of a large family living in luxury before the wars, the struggle to keep up standards during exile, and the gradual rehabilitation after the Restoration.

¹ The Life of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, Editor's Preface, page 309.

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