Pages 9 to 16.

PROGRESS.

Pages 9 to 16.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1899.

RELICS OF CROMWELL

A COLLECTION THAT RECALLS THE GREAT PROTECTOR.

A Descendant of the Famous Oliver has Many Relics of his Ancestor—Some Hitherto Unpublished Incidents in the Life of the Great Man—Interesting Facts.

It is a generally accepted fact that King Edward III. and the Black Prince once honored a Hampden with a visit, and that while the Prince and his host were exercising themselves in feats of chivalry a quarrel arose, in which the Prince received a blow in the face, an indignity which occasioned him and his royal father to quit the place in great wrath and to seize on some valuable manors belonging to his host, a proceeding quite in harmony with the usages of that period. Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King of Arms, commenting on that, says that conjecture, in default of proof, immediately fixes on it as the probable origin of the bloody nose said to have been given by young Cromwell to Charles I. Now the Cromwells of Hinchinbrook, as compared to the Hampdens of Great Hampden, were of higher consideration previous to the great rebellion than after their great Oliver had protected the Commonwealth. They came from Wales and bore the surname of Williams.

The first who took that of Cromwell was Sir Richard Williams, and he did so as nephew of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, called by old Fuller 'the mauler of monasteries.' Sir Richard enjoyed the favor of Henry VIII, and his son. Sir Henry Cromwell, designated from his liberality and opulence, 'The Golden Knight' remodelled Hinchinbrook and there entertained Queen Elizabeth. One of Sir Henry's daughters was the mother of John Hampden and one of his sons was the father of Lord Protector. Sir Henry's eldest son, Sir Oliver Cromwell, was so impoverished by his exertions in the Kings cause during the civil war that he was obliged to sell Hinchinbrook to the Montagues, afterwards Earl of Sandwick. Sir Oliver's sons suffered for their loyalty in the form of debt and difficulties, and this, the elder branch of the Huntington Cromwells, expired in 1673. Oliver's posterity was prolonged more conspicuously through Henry Cromwell, his second son, but this branch also came to great pecuniary distress. Henry, the Protector's grandson, wrote to his aunt, Lady Fauconberg: 'Our family is low and some are willing it should be kept so; yet I know we are a far ancienter family than many others. Sir Oliver Cromwell, my grandfather's uncle and godfather's estate that was, is now let for above $50,000 a year.' Not long after this the writer's distress was so great that he petitioned the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to give him some employment, but prayed to be excused from going over with his Excellency, as he was in want of the necessaries of a gentleman to appear in the Viceroy's suite. One of his sons, Thomas Cromwell, carried on the business of a grocer on Snow Hill, London, and died in 1748. Oliver, next in succession, was an attorney and clerk to St. Thomas's Hospital, and with this attorney (son of the grocer), who died in 1821, the male line of the Lord Protector's family expired. The last Cromwell had an only daughter, Elizabeth Oliveria Cromwell, who married a Mr. Russell in 1801.

Of other descendants of the Protector through Henry Cromwell, two females married—one a shoemaker at Soham, a town near Cambridge, and the other, one Saunders, a butcher's son, who was a fellow servant in the family in which she herself lived. Others were reduced to almost begging their daily bread, and gradually sank into the lowest class in society. One, after seeing her husband die in the workhouse of a little Suffolk town, died herself a pauper, leaving two daughters. So far goes the story regarding the descent of the once splendid Cromwells of Hinchinbrook.

But history is full of surprises. Where now, or when, the race of Cromwells was revivified, it is impossible to say, but the fact is incontrovertible that after three hundred years from the birth of the great Oliver a lineal descendant has been discovered in the person of the Rev. T. Cromwell Bush, rector of Hornblotton, Somerset, England. This gentleman has much to say of great value to the world at large, and he possesses many remarkable Cromwellian relics, in fine preservation and with apparently unimpeachable histories. The mere enumeration of a portion will be convincing. All these are not a collection in the ordinary sense of the word, but claimed to be an accumulation from members of the family. An original oil painting of 'Old Nole,' believed to have been commenced by Van Dyck and finished by Walker one of his pupils, is a striking object which presents every characteristic of a speaking likeness. The receipt, signed by Walker, the painter, is in the possession of W. Bush. Along with the Protector's portrait, there are original portraits of each succeeding generation down to and including the last Oliver Cromwell, the grocer's son, who died in 1821. Added to these there is a portrait of Elizabeth Cromwell, the Protector's wife, by Sir Peter Lely. These portraits of Richard and Henry Cromwell arrest attention, and raise wonder about the different course events would have taken had Henry instead of Richard succeeded the great Protector. Richard looks what he really proved himself—weak vacillating, timid and quiet—utterly incompetent to cope with the turbulence and fierce malignity of his father's enemies, who were only kept in check by the masterful ability of the Protector. Richards face was handsome, but it was more the beauty of a girl than of a man. Henry on the contrary, had an air of firm command, almost of sternness, with dignity of character in every feature. Fate, however, ordained that Charles II. should be favoured through Richard taking his father's place and royalty was restored, not because it was deserved, but because the weakness opposed to it was such a fargile, unimportant barrier. One other noticeable portrait is that of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex; a small picture by Holbein in an old carved frame. Other curios unquestionably genuine are the high-crowned, broad-brimmed hat; the very one which Cromwell wore on the memorable occasion of his dissolving the Long Parliment, when he ordered one of his soldiers to 'take away the bauble,' meaning the mace, the venerated emblem of authority. Out of this historic hat there is a piece chipped from the crown, and, strange to tell, that identical fragment was, not so very long ago, offered for sale among a collection of articles of the Commonwealth period. The other relics possessed by Mr. Bush comprises Cromwell's stirrups, of brass, very beautifully chased, his powder horn, quite artistically inlaid and with the Protector's name engraved on it; his gaiters, a breast piece, a back piece, ten swords (one with Cromwell's name on it) and some helmets. One of these helmets, it is said, was that worn at the battle of Naseby. All of these curious things are in a fine state preservation, as is also a cast of Cromwell's face, taken after death. Only three were made, and that which Mr. Bush possesses shows the facial alterations brought about by the Protector's last illness, the beard having evidently been allowed to grow slightly and physical collapse showing plainly on the features. In addition to the things named Mr. Bush has books and manuscripts, including Cromwell's family Bible and the 'clerk book' of the priory of Carisbrook. This last named is unique, as there is no copy in the British Museum. Three of the letters are in Cromwell's handwriting, with signatures appended. A medicine chest, a case of soaps and perfumes (the odors still perceptible), the escutcheon carried at his funeral, a quilt very beautifully worked and many other articles, all the property of the Protector, make the whole remarkably interesting. Mr. Bush was solicited to exhibit them at the South Kensington Museum, but declined to do so.

One can fairly estimate what manner of man Cromwell was from the description given, no doubt truthfully enough, although indited by a royalist Sir Philip Warwick, who was recretary to Charles I. and member of the long Parliament, also author of a 'Discourse on Government' and 'Memoirs of the King.'' This is the curious notice he gave of Cromwell's personal appearance: 'His apparel was very ordinary, for it was a plain cloth suit, which seem to have been made by an ill-country tailor. His linen was plain and not very clean, and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little band, which was not much larger than his collar. His hat was without a hat-band. His stature was of good size, his sword stuck close to his side, his countenance swollen and reddish, his voice sharp and untunable and his eloquence full of fervor.'

Mr Bush claims to have a pedigree of the family, once the property of Sir Henry Cromwell, grandfather of the Protector, known as already stated, as 'The Golden Knight,' and also one or two legends about the family. One of these is startling and interesting. It runs thus: 'The most curious story has reference to the relations between Oliver's daughter Francis and Charles II. who, it is said, wanted to marry the girl. That is referred to in Noble's book, so that there is very likely some truth in it. My great great ggrandfather, Oliver Cromwell, who died in 1821, knew a good deal about the matter and made a note about it. Here it is; 'After the wars of Ireland were finished, and that country settled, Parliment was called, composed of members chosen from the three kingdoms. Oliver was Protector. Lord Broghill was an M. P. and had opportunities of secret correspondence with persons about the King. He found that Charles II favoured the idea of a match between himself and Oliver Cromwell's daughter Francis, Lord Broghill obtained Charles's leave, and then approached the Protector through his wife and daughter and then let a rumor of it spread through London. One day Cromwell asked him where he had been (when he came to him in his house). He said 'to the city 'Is there any news?' Yes very strange news. 'What news said Cromwell. Broghill only smiled and repeated 'strange news,' which made Cromwell more eager to know. Lord Broghill said, 'Perhaps you'll be offended at it,' Cromwell said he would not, and begged him to tell it. In a joking way Lord Broghill said all the news in the city was that he one going to marry his daughter Frances to the King. Cromwell then said: 'And what do the fool's think of it?' He said: 'Every one likes it, and thinks its the wisest thing he could do it he could manage it.' Upon that Cromwell stood still and looking straight in his face, said: 'And do you believe it too?' He said: 'Yes I believe it is the best thing he could do to secure himself.' Cromwell walked up and down the room, with his hands behind him, thoughtfully, and then asked Lord Broghill why he thought so. He showed him how unlikely it was for Charles to continue long as he was, and should be ready enough in his present straits to listen to any proposition rather than live in exile. He might make his own terms and be master of all the forces during his life. The royal party would join with him, and if his daughter had a son, he would then be endeared to the King and country &c. However Cromwell told Lord Broghill that the King would never forgive him the death of his father. Lord Broghill tried to persuade him to get some one to sound the King, and himself wanted to go to him, but Cromwell would not consent, and repeated 'the King cannot, and will not forgive the death of his father.' And he left Cromwell without daring to tell him that he had already sounded the King.

How differently history would have been written had 'Old Noll' been overpersuaded by Broghill, who was, if the story is true, no doubt acting in concert with Mistress Elizabeth Cromwell, the Protector's wife. However, the Roundhead chief's family became in the end, by some devious means too complex to dwell upon, closely allied to the Stuarts, and their descendants now live in harmony.

TRICKS OF SELF-DEFENCE.

Skill is Made to Tell Against Superior Strength and Numbers.

'There is a lot of talk about new methods of self-defence,' said an old sporting man, 'but it seems to me that it is only an elaboration of what almost every man who followed the game in past days had to know or go under. Now, take the case of that Jap a few weeks ago in New York. He had drunk a little wine and was making a noise, and so was arrested. He was a little man, but it took ten big policemen to handle him without hurting him. He did not strike them, simply slung them around. All he did was to upset their balance; this is a wonderful speciality of these people. Now, I remember seeing the same thing done years ago in a row at New Orleans. I and another man were set on by the men on the levee because we had made some big winnings, and I was for pulling my gun, when my pal said: 'No; you'll bring the whole roost on us. There are only six of them. You take the big one and I'll attend to the others' He was a tall muscular Irishman, and the first man he tackled was a big mulatto with muscles like an ox. He rushed at him and the mulatto stepped to one side, throwing his balance on his left leg as he lifted his right arm for a swing. My pal caught him by the right elbow as the arm went back, slid to the wrist, twisted it, caught him by the trousers waist and lifted him and threw him at the others, felling two and breaking the mulatto's right arm. One of the others rushed at him with a knife, and he reached as if to shake hands, caught the man off his balance and pulled him forward, placed his foot behind the man's nearest leg and then throwing his chest and full weight against the man tripped him and fractured his skull. The other fled and I had my man down and was sitting on him. My pal's cigar never even went out and I could not understand how he did it until he told me afterward.

'I went down to the West Indian Islands once. Well, I learned a trick there. There was a big row one night in the street. One man on foot was attacked by three men. He carried only an ordinary stout cane, and as they set on him he backed against a wall, holding the cane in both hands across his chest. One man rushed in on him from the left, another from the right, the third remaining a little way off in case he should slip past the others and run. Quickly stepping to one side, he dodged the left man. Both hands went up in the air, the left hand pointed the lower end of the cane at the base of the man's throat, there was a quick swing of the arms downward, the lower end of the cane jarred on the upper part of the sternum, and the fellow dropped as if shot, howling with pain. The next man followed, and the third bolted. Then the man rolled and lit a cigarette, and walked away. I have tried that trick with good effect. Done rightly it is a dead sure fall, and a pretty hard one. It is even better than the old trick of leading at the forehead with the open palm, thrusting the head back and getting in with the left under the jaw.

Another good plan is, if tackled by two or more assailants, to get with the back to the wall and with a light cane or umbrella prod at their eyes. A well-known dry goods man was attacked four years ago and put one fellow's eye out and tore a second man's nose.

'Not long ago some one asked Bob Fitzsimmons what was the best thing for a man unversed in self-defence to do when tackled, and he said: 'Whip off your hat, or pull out your handkerchief, dash it in the face of the man and quickly follow it up with a left-hand blow on the solar plexus. Not accustomed to the gloves or the punching bag can hit a blow worth bothering about with the left hand? Let some of them try it and they will be astonished!' Bob's idea is all right however.

HORSE CLIPPING.

Done Nowadays in Far Quicker Time Than Formerly and at Much Less Cost.

In the old days, with comb and shears it took a man eight hours to clip a horse, and he had to be an expert to do it in that time. With the introduction of the hand clipper, such as is used for clipping men's hair into this use, the time required for clipping a horse was reduced to half a day. Later these clippers came to be operated with hand power, by use of a crank, and then the time required for clipping a horse was still further reduced.

In one of these hand-power clippers the clipper is attached to the end of a flexible shaft which is made up of short lengths of steel wire linked together like a chain. To keep this flexible shaft from kinking and twisting when it is turned it is incased and carried in a flexible tubing. The shaft is made to turn by attaching one end of it to the axle of a wheel which is turned by means of a belt from it to another wheel, which is turned by a crank. These wheels are supported, the larger one, to which the crank is attached, on a standard resting on the floor; the smaller one, to which the inflexible shaft is attached, at the end of an arm supported by the standard. Turning the wheel turns the flexible shaft within its flexible tubing. The shaft is attached to the clipper with an eccentric. When the shaft turns the eccentric works the clipper just as an ordinary clipper with handles would be worked by hand, only many times faster. The operator simply holds the clipper and guides it over the surface to be clipped. Nowadays this sort of clipper is operated also by machine power, a gas engine being used for this purpose, and with power clippers horses are clipped in less time still.

In a horse clipping establishment where machine power is used the gas engine is bolted to a shafting made fast to the ceiling from which the power is transmitted by belts to two pulleys, one on either side of the room, attached to the ceiling by hangers in the usual manner. Hanging from each of these pulleys is a long, flexible shaft within its flexible casing, with a clipper at the end. These flexible shafts the tubes that inclose them being an inch or two in diameter, and about as flexible as rope or hose of like size would be, are each perhaps eight to ten feet or more in length; long enough to enable the operator to go all over one side of the horse with the clipper hanging on that side without shifting the animals position. The operator throws the clipper on whichever side he starts into gear at its pulley and begins to work with it. When he has finished one side of a horse he shuts off the power from the clippers used on that side and goes around on the other side, throws that clipper into gear, and with that clipper begins on that side of the horse.

How long it takes now to clip a horse depends very much on the horse. The majority of horses take kindly to clipping, but some do not. If a horse doesn't like to be clipped it may take hours to clip him, but ordinarily in these days, with power clippers and the horse willing, the clipping is done in forty minutes to an hour. A horse has been clipped in twenty-five minutes, but probably an hour would be the time required. In the old days it cost $20 to $30 to get a horse clipped; it is done nowadays for $2 50 to $3.

WITHOUT GLOVES.

The Little Frenchman had his Feelings Deeply Hurt.

An amusing case was tried the other day in Paris, the plaintiff being the Western Railroad Company and the defendant an extraordinarily dainty gentleman who had recently travelled by the Western railroad. He was accused of having refused to present his ticket in response to the authorized demand of the proper official, for the purpose of having it punched.

It was proved, and he did not deny, that when the ticket was asked for, he had glanced disdainfully at the superintendent, and exclaimed:

'But you have dirty hands! I don't want you to touch my ticket. You ought to wear gloves!'

On the other hand, his lawyer argued that these facts did not constitute a refusal to present the ticket on demand; it had, he explained, been produced and shown, so that there could be no doubt of his client possessing it, and being duly entitled to his passage in the train.

He had only refused to allow it to be handled, having a natural dislike of dirt, a strong belief in the germ theory, and a fear that a railway employe, who of necessity must touch all kinds of baggage belonging to all sorts of persons, would be likely to contract some skin disease, such as would be communicated through a ticket or other object which he had touched.

The decision of the court depended upon the interpretation of the word 'presented,' which received at length a formal and judical definition:

'Whereas, the word presented, employed in Article 63 of the Law of 1845, necessitates an effective representation, to wit: the actual delivery of the ticket, to permit the proper officials to control, and it requires to punch said ticket, as prescribed by the regulations of the company.

'Whereas, the refusal of Monsieur X. constitutes a contravention of this requirement.

'Therefore, Monsieur X. is condemned to a fine of twenty-five francs.'

Poor Monsieur X! All that trouble at first with an ungloved, unwashed, dreadful railroad man; and afterwards to have his delicate susceptibilities handled also without gloves by the cruel court!

Competition in the Marrying Business.

In the country, where ministerial salaries are small, the fees which clergyman sometimes obtain from generous bridegrooms for performing marriage ceremonies are a welcome addition to their incomes. They may appreciate, therefore, such a 'pull' for this branch of their busines as a reverend gentleman recently received from the Spiketown Blizzard. It was in the following terms.

'We had a pleasant call last Monday from the Rev. Mr. Hatheway, who spent an hour or two in our sanctum. He made us a present of some of the finest stained honey, made last summer by his own bees' that we ever sampled. Girls when you want to get married, give the Rev. Mr. Hathaway the job of tying the knot. He can do it as neatly as anybody in the country.'

There are places, however, where the minister come into sharp competition with the justice of peace in this business; and he, too, knows the virtue of printers ink. A California paper contains the following advertisement:

'If a man's in love, that's his business; if a girl's in love, that's her business if they contemplate matrimony, that's my business. William Dush, Justice of Peace. Right reserved to kiss the bride. Orders by telephone, telegraph, mail or message promptly attended. Terms liberal,—time it desired,—or will take stove-wood, baled hay, dairy calves, second hand milk-cans, or most any old thing in part payment.'

Tram-car Conductor: 'There is no smoking allowed in this car.'

Pat: 'Well, Oi'm not smoken.'

Conductor: 'You have your pipe in your mouth.'

Pat: 'Well, Oi have my feet in my shoes, an' am Oi walkin'?'