'Sing old Noll the Brewer': Royalist Satire and Social Inversion, 1648–64

One month after the trial and execution of Charles I, a royalist newsbook, *Mercurius Elencticus*, reported on the activities of the man widely thought most responsible. Having murdered his king and destroyed his country, Oliver Cromwell now, according to this account, intended to 'set up his Trade of Brewing againe'. Indeed, he apparently planned to apprentice the king's young son:

> For the other day, being in the presence of the Duke of *Glocester*, he stroak'd him on the head and like a mercifull Protector and faithfull Guardian, saith, Sirrah, what trade doe you like best? would not a Shooe-maker be a good trade for you? Shooe-makers are Gentlemen, I can assure you and so are Brewers too; and if you like either of those Trades, I will provide you a good master ... and move the Parliament to give you something (if you prove a good boy and please your Master) to set up your Trade.[1]

When the young duke replied that he 'hop'd the Parliament would allow him some means out of his Father's *Revenew* to maintain him like a Gentleman and not put him to Prentice like a slave', Cromwell lost his patience: '*Nose Almighty* makes answer; Boy, you must to Prentice, for all your Father's *Revenue* will not make half satisfaction for the wrong he hath done the Kingdom and so *Nose* went *blowing out*'.[2]

The explosion of popular print in England in and after the civil war years included not only parliamentarian but royalist propaganda aimed at a broad political audience.[3] From the mid-1640s, royalist satire gave Cromwell an increasingly prominent role.[4] The events leading up to the regicide and the actual trial and execution of Charles I seemed to signal the disintegration of order in church, state and society. Royalist newsbooks and other popular printed texts not only disseminated accounts of disorder, but actively *produced* images of social inversion, reducing ideological opposition to mere class aspiration.[5]

Recent historical work downplays the extent of class upheaval – in least in

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England – during the civil wars.[6] Yet the image of social inversion, of rule by 'Mechanicks', loomed large in printed discourse. Satire on Cromwell as brewer uniquely evoked social disorder and disruption while at the same time exposing the hypocrisy of the publicly pious Lord General and (later) the Lord Protector. Yet while the brewer image evoked fears of class inversion among contemporaries, it appealed to a wide public in the unpredictable form of popular print. As such, it could also have more complex, even ambivalent effects.

Oliver Cromwell, of course, was *not* a brewer. He was a gentleman who lived off his lands, except for a tenuous period when he sold his property and became a tenant farmer in St Ives before inheriting a maternal uncle's land in Ely.[7] That there may have been brewers in Cromwell's family was convenient.[8] The figure of brewer – as opposed to, say, blacksmith or shoe-maker – was well-suited to stigmatize Oliver's morality as well as his social status. Satire on Oliver as brewer placed a prominent Puritan in the alehouses and popular festivities which, as David Underdown has argued, were a prime target of Puritan moral reformation.[9] But the dominant emphasis was on class. In this satire, the rather nebulous category of 'brewer' was downscaled socially – to the rank of yeoman or 'mechanick', one who labours for day wages with his hands.[10] Above all, the brewer image highlighted the fact that Cromwell was not the hereditary, royal heir to the throne.

Cromwell the brewer was thus a comic inversion of Charles the tragic martyr-king and of the high aesthetics of the courtly beautiful.[11] Such satire shows links with what Bakhtin has termed the aesthetic of grotesque realism, produced appropriately not in court masques and baroque art collections but in newsbooks, doggerel verse, playlets and ballads.[12] This was royalist, rather than republican or radical satire; the image of Cromwell as brewer implicitly reaffirmed single-person rule by stressing how unfit Cromwell was to be that single person.

The first explicit references to Cromwell as brewer came late in the civil wars, when, with military defeat, royalists turned to other means of combatting their enemies. As Cromwell moved to put down new uprisings in Wales, royalist newsbooks professed scepticism about his alleged victories. Rather, texts such as *Mercurius Pragmaticus* (23–30 May 1648) re-envision military encounters as in fact defeats: 'their Forces falling as thick as *Hops*, it is even high time for *Cromwell*, *Pride* and *Horton*, the three *Brewers Generall* for the *State*, to return (if they can) and fall to their old *Trades* again'.[13] The newsbook writer extends the brewing metaphor to the whole of parliament, as the generals return to 'tell the men at *Westminster*, they may even *brew as they bake*, since strange things are *a brewing* abroade, in all parts of the *Kingdom*'.[14] In this rendition of an old proverb, the writer implies that Cromwell and his fellow rebels eventually will get the fate that they deserve.

Other royalist newsbooks continued the ridicule of Cromwell as brewer-general. *The Parliament-kite* (16 May–1 June 1648) derides the 'High and

Mighty CROMWELL' with a cascade of alliterative insults, including 'Monarch of Murder, malice and madness', 'Ruler of Rebbells, Robbers, Reve[n]ues and Ruines', 'Treasurer of Treasons, Tyrannyes, Treacheries and Turn-coats' and less mellifluously, 'chief Brewer of Faction, Schisme and Sedition'.[15] The writer then recounts Cromwell's alleged death, as 'lately with huffing puffing, snuffing and Gun-ne-pow-deer, [he] went stinking out in a pittifull fear: DEAD! shot in the *Nock-Andrew* with a *Welch Pullet*'.[16] Having announced Cromwell's death at the hands of the Welsh army, the writer goes on to offer a mock-epitaph largely composed in the language of beer-brewing:

> Stoop all your spirit-cooling small beer;
> let it run a Tylt here,
> Then bury it; for it is dead,
> so is your Great *Hoggs-head*.
>
> Pierce all your zealous *Kilderkins*,
> weep pure *Graynes* for his sins,
> With Hops and *Yeast* embalm his Coarse,
> who dy'd without Remorse.[17]

This crude but pointed satire aligns the process of grieving for Cromwell and preparing his corpse for burial with the process of making beer. Hence, in a loose analogy, barrels of small beer (with a swipe at its weak, inferior quality) are poured out with the demise of the great 'Hoggs-head', Oliver. The mourners weep as would small casks storing the beer if pierced. Cromwell's corpse is preserved with the hops plant usually added to boiling wort to prevent spoilage (although the yeast, promoting fermentation, would seem to have the opposite effect to that desired). Fittingly, the erstwhile brewer will not receive a church funeral, but his preserved corpse will be drawn away on the dray-cart which he formerly used to transport beer:

> Then lay his Corps upon his *Dray*,
> harnis *Roan* in's best aray,
> So draw him in state to's grave;
> his *Nose* will Torches save.[18]

The verse predicts that Cromwell, buried not in a churchyard but in 'some stinking Ditch', will remain 'hatefull to *Posterity*'.

In the turbulent months leading up to regicide, royalist satire employed the brewer image to caricature and attack Cromwell's (alleged) ambition, well before he in fact became head of state. Perhaps because women had long been associated with brewing, Cromwell's wife Elizabeth also became a target of the brewing satire.[19] *The Cuckoo's-nest at Westminster* in June 1648 mocked the brewer's unfitness to rule through the bickering of 'Queen Fairfax and Madam Cromwell'. Mrs Cromwell brags of her former trade: 'I thank my Maker, we liv'd before these holy Warres were thought on, in the thriving

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Profession of Brewing and [I] could of my vailes of Grayns and Yest wear my silk gown and gold and silver Lace too, as well as the prowdest *Mynx* of them all; I am not asham'd of my Profession Maddam'.[20] In an adumbration of the bodily satire to follow, Mrs Cromwell turns a profit ('vailes') from the waste products of brewing: the grains or grist left over from the malting process (used to feed livestock, particularly pigs) and the yeast removed after fermentation. Like the hangman in Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*, who brags of his honourable profession, Mrs Cromwell's language is comically inappropriate, revealing her pretensions to gentility and her aspirations to climb above her social station.

The satire in *The Cuckoo's-nest* turns directly to body imagery when, after Queen Fairfax protests that she wants to hear not of gowns and lace but of 'Crownes, Scepters, Kingdomes, Royall Robes', Mrs Cromwell energetically defends her own right to be queen:

> And is not *Noll Cromwells* wife as likely a Woman to be Queen of *England*, as you? ... my Noll has a Head-piece, a face of brasse (full of Majesty) and a Nose will light the whole Kingdom to walk after him; I say he will grace a Crown, being naturally adorned with Diamonds and Rubyes already.[21]

Mrs Cromwell (mis)construes the bodily signs of her husband's trade to read majesty and prestige. But to the viewer, the brewer's face – red from the heat of his brewhouse and reflecting the glow of the copper used to boil wort with hops – signals manual labour and trade, while his scabrous countenance (euphemistically renamed diamonds and rubies) evinces the disease and apertures of the grotesque body, in contrast to the classical and closed body of the true king.

The argument between the two wives in *The Cuckoo's-nest* is a potent variation on the theme that the civil wars are an inversion of proper social hierarchy. When Mrs Cromwell goes on to claim that she herself has 'a Person as fit for a Queen as another', Queen Fairfax scornfully highlights the class disorder: 'Thou a Queen, a Brewers Wife a Queen ... that kingdom must need be full of Drunkards, when the king is a Brewer'.[22] Queen Fairfax's subsequent labelling of Cromwell the brewer as a 'Mechanick' raises the spectre of social inversion which Mrs Cromwell's vulgar protests only seem to confirm: 'Mechanick? Mechanick in thy face; th'art a Whore to call me Mechanick; I am no more Mechanick then thy self ... My *Noll* has won the Kingdom and he shall wear it in despight of such a Trollop as thou art'.[23]

By December 1648, with the purging of parliament by a former brewer, Thomas Pride, the satire in royalist newsbooks became less playful and more biting. Once again, brewing imagery was one important mode of attack. *Mercurius Pragmaticus* (12–19 December 1648) describes the reduced parliament – from which 'all men in their *wits*' have been banished – as '*NOL's* own *Brew-house*'.[24] The newsbook explicitly paints an image of social inversion: 'OH, what a fine Trade is driven at *Westminster* with a *Medly* of

Mechanicks and *Politicks*!'.[25] The satire transforms the mysteries of state into the material and physical process of brewing: 'But thus it must be if we *sell* Ale; for, the *Braines* of the *Generall Councell* work as wildly for a *new Government*, as if they were *bottel'd*. The *Devil's* in the *Beer-Brewers* (I think)'. The newsbook denigrates the pious and lofty aims of the reforming parliament by correlating the processes of reform and brewing beer: '*Hops* and *Reformation* are of the same *standing*, and now I think they will be our ending'.[26]

While *Mercurius Pragmaticus* skewers all the leaders of the parliament, it begins with Cromwell as prime actor: 'there is the *Patentee-sinner*, or Brewer-Generall *Oliver*'. Again, the satire reduces ideological difference to material processes. The former brewer Cromwell has now been licensed to produce and deal not in beer but in sin. The newsbook writer also notes the derivation of Cromwell's companions from various brewing backgrounds. Thomas Pride, 'the Parliament *Kill-Cow*', thus merely continued his former trade when he 'delivered the *Members* over to the *Tormenters* and carried them to *Hell*, like a saucy *Carman*'. Hewson, 'that *winkes* with one eye', was 'translated from a *Translator* to a *small-beere-Brewer*', while the parliamentary ranks also included 'Col *Ewer*, Sir *Thomas Baringtons* small-beer Butler', who called upon his former skills as he '*broached* and *tapp'd* the *Remonstrance* in the House of *Commons* and then filled his *Majesty* a *Cup of Affliction* in *Hurst* Castle and forced the whole Kingdom to *pledge* him'.[27]

The writer of *Mercurius Pragmaticus* thus reduces principled opposition to Stuart kingship to class inadequacies expressed in material terms, exclaiming: 'Fie upon these *Barley broth* Merchants, these *nick-and-froth-mongers*, that conspire now at *White-hall* ... to drive *Sack* and *Monarchy* out of *Christendom*'. The grasping, lower-class tradesmen, accustomed to dealing in strong beer and now controlling parliament, contrast with the refinement of true royalty.

Two issues later, the satire in *Mercurius Pragmaticus* (26 December–9 January 1649) has noticeably darkened and focused more intently upon Cromwell alone as antagonist to the king. While Charles is tragic, Cromwell is comic and grotesque:

> But for you *Cromwell* goe on and thus magnificently mounted on your mighty *Mault-Horse* stampe stampe on Royall Majesty; and as you stampe him downe, *Stamp* your owne Image in his dust: 'twill last, till the next blast of misfortune, or the Breath of Gods Indignation blow upon you. Yet goe on a while, and as you have begun to *Brew*, so *Bake*, till you have parch't your Conscience to a crust in the glowing Oven of your scorching zeal, till your heardned heart admit of no repentance.[28]

Again, Cromwell's late support of regicide – and the principles behind it – disappear into an account of the crude, material processes of brewing. Similarly, this issue of *Mercurius Pragmaticus* transforms Cromwell's actions into

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the processes of mashing, boiling, fermenting and aging malt liquor.[29] Cromwell grinds not barley but the image of the king; his own image is similarly pummelled. And instead of heating the mash (dried barley mixed with water and other grains) to form wort to which hops are added, Cromwell bakes his own conscience in the oven of his 'scorching zeal'. The product is not malt liquor but a hardened heart, leading to his damnation. Similarly, this text ridicules the high court of justice as 'Noll Cromwells journeymen', artisans who, having served their apprencticeship by their rebellion in the civil wars, now work for Cromwell for day wages, labouring in the task of brewing rebellion. Their heads become the barrels or 'hogsheads' in which malt is stored, and the sentence against the king becomes the foaming of liquor out of the 'bunghole' (with a scatological double entendre):

> And now knock your right Reverend *Hoggs-heads* together ... and let your *working* Braines *foame* out Rebellion from your *frothy Bung-holes*: Yet know they must one day be *stop'd* with the *Clay* of your owne corruption; and your bellowing Throats be choak'd with the *dust* of your owne Mortality, and your swelling Bowells be fill'd with the *Dreggs* of that Cup you have prepared for others.[30]

The bung-holes, throats and bowels of the transgressive, grotesque body thus provide an apt vehicle for representing the political, social and moral transgressions of rebellion and regicide. If 'high' political theory and debate over royal prerogative were one response to civil war and regicide, royalists also rebutted opposition to the king with the weapon of satire, uncovering the grotesque and disgusting corruption of rebellion versus the ethereal nonphysicality of the true king.

After January 1649, one means by which royalist newsbooks heightened the high tragedy of martyrdom and underscored the inversions of the postregicide world was by continuing to portray Cromwell as a brewer. *Mercurius Elencticus* (21–28 February 1649), for instance, reported that 'the *Commons* (as they call themselves)' had ordered 'That it be referred to the Committee of the *Navy* to raise money by the sale of the late Kings *Crown*, *Jewells*, *Hangings* (they might have reserv'd the Hangings for themselves) and all His other goods'.[31] The newsbook then trained its sights specifically on the brewer Cromwell:

> Nor is the malice of that bloody Brewer *Cromwell* yet half satisfyed with the last *Gyle* of Blood Royall, drawn off from the Father, but is now a *Brewing* more mischief towards his Royall Sonne King CHARLES the *Second*, who (in spight of all the Brewers and Bakers, Coblers, Pedlers, and Tinkers in the Parliament and Army) is rightful King of *Great Brittayn*, *France*, and *Ireland*.[32]

Going beyond derision of the lower-class upstarts who must work with their hands to make a living, the satire deploys the deliberately shocking image of drawing off the royal blood, as one would tap liquor from a beer barrel. Brewing imagery mirrors social upheaval: when the 'proudest *Rebell* in the pack (even *Crumwell* himself)' merely reads the titles of the new

king, 'his black perjur'd soul should make way through the very *Bung-hole* of his *Hoggs*-head, to its *double Damnation*, for Fear and Shame'.[33] Again, the text degrades Cromwell in material, even scatological terms. Like the passing of the malt through the opening at the bottom of a barrel, or the passing of excrement through the '*Bung-hole*' of the body, Cromwell's damned soul moves downward to perdition. Such emphatic ridicule, largely focused on a single person, left little room for sympathy with republican ideals and principles.

The actual sale of the king's goods in the summer of 1649 prompted a drama on the comic strivings of Fairfax and Cromwell for the martyr-king's crown. In *A Tragi-Comedy called New-Market Fayre* (June 1649), the auctioning of the crown and of the possessions of the king reveals not only the lower-class status and behaviour of Cromwell, but his hypocritical desire from the beginning simply to replace Charles I with himself. The First Cryer enters with 'a Crowne and Scepter, a cabinet of *Jewells*, two or three Suits, with some *Robes* of STATE'.[34] His speech juxtaposes the high tragedy of martyrdom with the mundane quarrels of the brewer Cromwell and the more genteel but foolish Fairfax:

> FIRST CRYER. *O yes, O yes, O yes*, Here is a Golden Crowne
> Worth many a hundred Pound: 'twill fit the head of a Fool,
> Knave, or Clowne; 'twas lately tane from the Royall Head, of a King
> *martyred*; who bids most?[35]

The drama sets up a contrast between the transcendence of sacred monarchy and the petty profane values of the market as exemplified by Cromwell and his *nouveaux riches* colleagues. Fairfax and Cromwell, entering with the other Army Grandees, fight over the trappings of royalty, above all the crown:

> CRUMWELL. Where is the *Crowne* that *Martyn* took from the Abby at
> *Westminster* some foure yeers since? I think it fits my Temples ... .
> [FIRST] CRYER. Here 'tis Sir; try it on: So, now 'tis sure and makes you
> look more like a *King*, then *Brewer*.[36]

As Cromwell and Fairfax bid for the crown and as Fairfax makes the (apparently) successful offer of a thousand pounds, Cromwell's protest reveals his ambition and hypocrisy, as well as the social inversion of his striving for the crown: 'I caus'd the Owner of it loose his head; / And shall I loose his *Crowne* now *he* is dead?'[37]

Again capitalizing on the link between women and brewing, *New-Market Fayre* expands the squabbling of the comic pair, Cromwell and Fairfax, in a battle between their equally aspiring wives. Mrs Cromwell's defence of her husband draws from Lady Fairfax derogatory brewing epithets ('What wood ye Mistris *yest* and *graynes*; / marry foh, come up *small-beer*') which culminate in a lewd insult to Oliver's copper-red nose: 'You'd make your

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nose as red hot as your husbands, and thrust it into his *fizzling-place*, woo'd ye not, mistris *Brazen-face*'.[38] Undaunted by Mrs Cromwell's stout retort to Lady Fairfax ('Thou look'st more liker a *Mistris fools-face* then I doe a brazen-face, or a copper-face either'), Fairfax himself joins the verbal fray, assailing Mrs Cromwell with 'You'l peace you-*shee-Otter*, Ile make ye take your *copper* else' and challenging Oliver with another brewing-epithet: 'come *fire-snowt*, draw'.[39] This discordant image of the squabbling couples evinces marketplace values versus the transcendent authority of true monarchy. *New-Market Fayre*, like the newsbooks, continues to transform the values of the new republican state into class aspiration and social inversion, insisting that Cromwell and his cohorts simply want to replace the king with themselves.

Royalist newsbooks also extended to a wide audience the belittlement of Cromwell as brewer, in sharp reaction to the accolades heaped on him by the Parliament for his victories in Ireland and Scotland from 1649 to 1651. *The Man in the Moon* laments: 'Shall the *Froath* of an *Ale-tubb* be adored, and the sacred *Oyle* despised?'[40] This account not only associates Cromwell with an implement of trade, the ale-tub, but makes him even more unsubstantial and insignificant, the froth or small bubbles formed by agitation and fermentation in the process of brewing ale. Such vivid satire replaces intellectual argument, degrading its object in material terms.

Other accounts are more elaborate. *A Sad Sigh* (July 1649) mocks Cromwell 'whose *bright Nose* shines / Like a red Sun, or best of claret of wines' and links his brewing origins with sexual promiscuity: 'Because the Reverend Draymen all know well / For bungeing, slinging, O thou borest the bell / In thy young dayes'.[41] The satire employs sexual innuendo, referring to the bung or large cork stopper for a cask. Further, the satire foregrounds social inversion, professing to mourn that Cromwell has departed for Ireland before the heat of '*Noses* indignation' could burn 'all the Records ith' Nation', replacing them with the notches marked in a stick by one more used to driving a brewer's dray: 'nought but *score* and *talley*, / By some *ingenious Dray-man* rank'd in rally'.[42] The high court of justice led by Cromwell was similarly 'a perjurd Convocation / Of *Brewers*, *Tapsters*, *Tinkers* of good fashion'.[43] Brewing imagery thus enabled royalists to elide ideological difference, focusing on single persons, especially Cromwell, and transforming republican principle to sheer social aspiration.

Although a Presbyterian and former parliamentarian (removed at Pride's Purge), Clement Walker echoed the class aspects of royalist satire in his biting *Anarchia Anglicana* (October 1649). In his overall picture of Cromwell as an ambitious and devious Machiavel, Walker scoffs at the 'state and splendor' of the new Council of State, meeting in Whitehall in 'Roomes as Richly hanged (I wish they were so too) and furnished ... as any Lords States in Europe'.[44] Walker notes ironically that until quite recently 'many of these Mushroomes of Majesty were but Mechanicks, Gold-smiths, Brewers,

Weavers, Clothyers, Brewers Clerks, &c', and he refers caustically to 'our 40 mechanick Kings now sitting in *White-hall*'.[45] Although he denigrates the entire Council of State as social upstarts, Walker attacks Cromwell with particular force as the mastermind of regicide who, after conquering Ireland, will dispense with Fairfax (still first in command) and take possession of the throne: 'And then let all true Saints and Subjects crie out with me, *God save K[ing] Oliver and his brewing Vessels*'.[46] For Walker, the appropriation of traditional forms for a republican state only made things worse.[47]

Another royalist tract from October 1649, *A Curse Against Parliament-Ale. With a Blessing to the Juncto; a Thanksgiving to the Councel of State; and a Psalm to Oliver*, used brewing imagery to characterize – and caricature – the Long Parliament as well as its military champion, Cromwell. The satire cursed the parliamentarians for their 'reformation' of strong ale, drunk only by their social betters:

> Base Miscreants, Rebells, could ye not invent
> Some other *Plague* in your damn'd PARLIAMENT
> To vex *good-fellows*, but you must put down
> *Strong-Ale*, the chief upholder of the *Crown*?
> Sure, sure you fear'd (since you have *mischief* wrought)
> That we should *curse* you every Mornings draught;
> Talk of your usurp'd Power, and in conclusion
> Turn off a *Double Pott* to your confusion.[48]

While such earlier texts as *New-Market Fayre* distinguished between Sir Thomas Fairfax and his social inferior, Oliver Cromwell, this satire uses a broad brush to paint the rebels in general as social upstarts familiar with the yeast-tub and small beer: 'MAY *Tom* of the *North*, with *Pryde* and his *froath*, his Yest-Tubb, Hoggs-heads Barrel; be filled with Small-Beer, that never yet was Cleer, that the Rebels may drink till they Quarrel'.[49] The text goes on to deride Cromwell's military campaign in Ireland in brewing terms: 'May *Noll Cromwels* Grace, with his *Copper* in his Face, drink what a *Bogge* invites him; let his *Nose* stick in Mudde, as his hands are brew'd in Bloud, and a guilty Conscience affright him'.[50]

The 'Hymne to Cromwel' that concludes *A Curse Against Parliament-Ale* ridicules the alleged military champion as a red-nosed brewer:

> Sing old *Noll* the Brewer, sing old *Noll* the Brewer,
> With his Copper-face, and Ruby-*Nose*, now is Routed sure:
> Let *Cromwels* nose still reign, let *Cromwels* nose still reign,
> Tis no disgrace to his Copper-face, to Brew strong Ale again.[51]

The text discounts or denies Cromwell's victories in Ireland, representing his losses in crude scatological terms. Material images replace reasoned argument, aligning both the parliament and the army that was fighting to secure the new republic with the processes of brewing and practices of drinking.

After December 1653, Cromwell's assumption of a more traditional form

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of single-person rule in the office of Lord Protector evoked continued satire on his allegedly true status as brewer. Royalists loyal to the Stuart line were determined not to let Oliver replace the true king. And thus because of, rather than despite, these traditional moves, the denigration of Cromwell as brewer went on apace. Indeed, royalist satire ignored differences between the protectorate and monarchy, depicting Cromwell as a parody-king. 'What's a Protector?', a satiric poem that circulated in manuscript, derided the brewer-protector as:

> A counterfeited peice like one that shows
> Charles his Effigies with a Copper nose
> Phantastique shaddow of the royal head
> The Brewers with the Kings armes quarterd[52]

Such ballads as *An Old Song on Oliver's Court* (1654) depicted the Protectoral court as full of lower-class upstarts led by an aspiring brewer:

> Who sickler than the city ruff,
> Can change his brewer's coat to buff,
> His dray-cart to a coach, the beast
> Into Flanders mares at least
> Nay, hath the art to murder kings,
> Like David, only with his slings
> Let him to our court repair,
> Where all trades and religions are.[53]

In this verse, the topsy-turvy world of Cromwell's court is freed from all hierarchies of religion and class. The brewer climbs up to the rank of a gentleman, his drayhorse becomes a Flanders mare, and the brewer's sling is now used not to secure or grasp bulky barrels of liquor, but, in a parody of the biblical David, to kill a king.

Even the Stuart court in exile capitalized on the fears of social inversion. Perhaps in reaction to the persistent scoffing at Cromwell as brewer, a proclamation by Charles II (intercepted by Thurloe in May 1654) offered a reward for anyone who 'by pistol, sword, or poison, or by any other way or means whatsoever' could contrive to destroy 'a certain mechanic fellow, by name Oliver Cromwell', who had 'most tyrannically and traiterously usurped the supreme power over our said kingdoms'.[54]

Cromwell's riding accident in autumn 1654, when he was injured after taking the reins and losing control of a recently-acquired team of horses, prompted jokes contrasting the upstart brewer with the true (absent) king:

> He did presume to rule because forsooth
> Has bin a Hors Commander from his Youth
> But he must know there's a difference in ye reins
> Of Horses fed with Oates and fed with Granes.[55]

This verse shows the former brewer Cromwell as more accustomed to horses

fed with the grist left over from the mashing process: not the more refined coach horses feeding on oats. Hence the writer concludes in comic and deliberately exaggerated double-rhyme: 'I wonder at his frolick for be sure / Four pamper'd Coach Horses can fling a brewer'.[56] A second manuscript writer similarly ridicules the pretensions of the former tradesman: 'did he thinke to ride as sure this way / As in *Diebus illis* on a dray?'[57]

The actual parliamentary offer of the crown to Cromwell in 1657 provoked (despite his refusal) a counter-attack of satire on Cromwell as brewer, showing that he was unfit to rule as king. *Cromwell's Coronation* urged Oliver to 'take up thy Crown' in order to enhance the elevation of brewers everywhere:

> Then *Oliver, Oliver*, get up and ride,
> Whilst Lords, Knights and Gentry do run by thy side;
> The Maulsters and Brewers account it their glory,
> Great God of the Grain-tub's compared to thee:
> All Rebells of old are lost in their story,
> Till thou plod'st along to the *Padington-tree*.[58]

The Protecting Brewer (written in 1657) similarly ridiculed the political rise of Cromwell in the material terms of brewing. As if participating in the various stages of making ale or beer by infusion, boiling and fermentation, the brewer transforms himself from 'Burgess grave' to 'collonel', 'lieutenant-general' and beyond:

> A Brewer may be as bold as Hector,
> When as he has drunk off his cup of Nectar,
> And a Brewer may be a Lord Protector.
> Which no body can deny.
>
> Now here remains the strangest thing,
> How this Brewer about his Liquor did bring,
> To be an Emperour, or a King,
> Which no body, &c.[59]

In this verse, Cromwell the brewer has not opposed but simply envied kingship. His crude material means of achieving power implicitly contrast with the transcendence of true monarchy.

A manuscript diary by James Fraser, a Scotsman who visited London in June 1657, recounts the brewer jokes that continued with the second inauguration of the Protectorate under the Humble Petition and Advice. Hence, along with flattery of Cromwell as Moses and attacks on him as a Machiavel, 'a desperate Satyr' posted at Whitehall opened by disparaging Cromwell as a tradesman, albeit a skillful one: 'If any Stranger do but ask what Cromwell doth here / He's Profitable to the state for he can brewe good beere'.[60] The verse goes on to assail Cromwell as 'Englands Protector all in yeast' who did 'spring out of the [draught]', and the writer predicts a dire end at Tyburn for

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'his High nose'.[61] Cromwell himself, of course, refused the crown and in his own speech and action continually distanced himself from monarchy. But royalist satire elided such difference, foregrounding links between Cromwell and monarchy in order to highlight the illegality of the new regime and to negate any remaining republican values or ideals.

Cromwell was given in death, however, the fully regal trappings that he had declined in life. Whether the lavish and unequivocally monarchical funeral culminated an inexorable march back to kingship, or whether, as I have argued elsewhere, the funeral was monarchical to *compensate* for Cromwell's failure to become king, the regal trappings presented a prime opportunity for royalist satirists.[62] One of Clarendon's correspondents ridicules the regal pretensions of the funeral:

> 26 November 1658 Our long exspectations weere on tewsday last satisfied, though the little performance answered them not, *parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus*. The gazett will informe you of the particulars, but not of any thinge therein disorderly carried; as the long demur after the first mourners ere the rest followed, which assured us they weare but novices in the garbs of majesty who were the maister controwlers and contrivers therein.[63]

The writer's explanation of the alleged cause for the delay deploys yet another brewer reference: 'a sow accidently gott gruntinge in amongst the chiefe mourners, some said he exspected there would be a dole of graines and would have his share'. Culminating the many jokes about 'ale and grains', this writer posits a pig at Cromwell's funeral, looking for its share of 'grains' or the refuse malt after brewing or distilling. The alleged appearance of the pig confirms for this writer the inappropriateness of the regal funeral, which contaminates its monarchical origins. 'Indeed', he continues, 'one might easily smell from whence they came, for true Royalty cloathed in sacke cloth would have made a braver shew then this did with all the cost bestowed upon it'. The pollution ('smell') of the mock-show debases and pollutes the transcendence of legitimate royalty.

Satire on Oliver as brewer continued in the turbulent months after his death. Such satire kept alive the image of mock-regality, encouraging opposition to Richard's Protectorate from radical sectarians, republicans and royalists alike. After the fall of Richard's Protectorate, one 1659 tract includes a mock order from Parliament to care for his mother, Elizabeth, the mistress of the brewhouse: 'Ordered, that the revenue of the grains of the brew-house at Huntington be payed into the publick Exchequer of the Commonwealth and that Mrs Elizabeth Cromwell, wife of the late Oliver, shall have the clensings of the said brewhouse to maintain her according to her quality'.[64] Similarly, *A Copie of the Quaeries* (published in 1659, but apparently written earlier) included brewer queries in its series of one-line jokes about Oliver Cromwell, his family and his parliaments. Such queries ranged from light and comic ('whether hee that from a Copper hath Rais'd himself to a Crowne,

hath not Brewed fairely') to more threatening ('whether OP and Col. *Pride*, having been Brothers of the *Sling*, would not *Handsomely* hang together') to contrived punning ('Whether OP from the Hogwash of his *Grain-tub*, highly feeding now upon the Fat of three Kingdomes, have not pickt up his Crums well').[65] Again, the motif of refuse or left-over products appears, as Cromwell moves from feeding pigs and other livestock with 'Hogwash' or the swill left over in the brewhouse to himself feeding upon the kingdom.

Other tracts in 1659 likewise occluded genuine opposition to monarchy by using the brewer-image to depict Cromwell as a profane, parody-king. In *The Court Career, Death Shaddow'd to Life* (July 1659), the mock-king Cromwell, residing in hell, converses with the true king, Charles I, residing in heaven.[66] The trappings of royalty, the reader learns, have not adhered to the brewer-protector. Cromwell mourns that his shrine in Westminster, which allegedly cost 40,000 pounds, has been defaced and on the splinters of it, these 'wormwood lines' written:

> O *Huntington*, *Huntington*, little didst thou dream
> That NOL should by *Charon* launch o're the Stygian stream;
> Or become such a *Brewer* where now he remains,
> As to furnish all *Tartary* with Ale and Grains![67]

Always concerned with the marketplace and material values, Cromwell now sets up his trade in hell, again in contrast to the spiritualized martyr-king. Oliver himself acknowledges the ironic justice of his punishment in hell:

> Thus men divin'd; and this have I found
> 'That I should pass o're the Stygian Lake,
> And as I had brew'd, so might I bake'.
> And have I not *brew'd* bravely, when I thirst perpetually,
> and can find nothing to quench me?[68]

Cromwell ends as not a tragic figure but a comic buffoon. Royalist satire negates any difference between Cromwell and kingship, except to emphasize how inadequate and inappropriate he was as a would-be king.

The return of the monarchy in 1660 brought an outpouring of printed satire on Cromwell and the Protectorate. While some fiercely attacked Cromwell as a Machiavel, Jeroboam, devil and tyrant, others used the weapons of laughter and ridicule. As we have seen in the civil wars and Interregnum, such satire elided the perhaps more threatening republican values and ideals by focusing on a single ambitious person, made comic and ridiculous. Satire on Cromwell as brewer reinterpreted the events of the past decade through a royalist lens, reducing political and religious opposition to mere class aspiration. Included in *Rump Songs* of 1662, for instance, was a ballad portraying the life and death of Cromwell in terms of brewing. *The Brewer* focuses on class upheaval, representing Cromwell's rise to power as the rise of all brewers: 'Of all professions in the town / The brewers trade

hath gained renown, / His liquor reacheth up to the Crown / Which no body can deny'.[69] The text belittles the former Lord General as a tradesman busy at his brewery:

> He scorneth all Laws and Martial stops,
> But whips an Army as round as tops
> And cuts off his foes as thick as hops,
> Which no body can deny.

The verse also derides Cromwell's material advancement as his fishing around in the malt tub:

> He dives for Riches down to the bottom,
> And cryes, my Masters, when he had got um,
> Let every tub stand upon his own bottom,
> Which no body can deny.

As in the earlier satire, this verse foregrounds profane market values and coarse physicality in (implicit) contrast to the ethereal transcendence of true kingship.

Further, the satire in *The Brewer* deflatingly links even Cromwell's attempted reform of religion with brewing, with another joke on his nose:

> They cry'd that Antichrist came to settle
> Religion in a Cooler and a Kettle,
> For his Nose and Copper were both of one mettle,
> Which no body can deny.

Underscoring the incongruity with comic, double rhyme, the satire transforms religious principle into material practice. Religion cools off, according to this text, like wort cooled by passing from a copper kettle into a shallow vessel open to the air. Finally, *The Brewer* gives Cromwell's death no 'tragic' dimension. Rather, Cromwell is a figure of fun, denied even the greatness of a villain:

> He was a stout *Brewer*, of whom we may brag,
> But now he is hurried away with a hag;
> He brew'd in a bottle and bak'd in a bag,
> Which no body can deny.

Cromwell will be right at home in hell, having, as a brewer, 'dealt all his life time in fire and water'. The tale of Cromwell's life and death is a drinking song, satiric and festive.

Even the macabre ceremony of exhuming Cromwell's body in January 1661 elicited brewer jokes, providing a framework by which to interpret the display. *The Speeches of Oliver Cromwell, Henry Ireton and John Bradshaw* (February 1661), a parody of scaffold confessions, purports to reveal Cromwell's lower-class origins and his sins of the body. In his speech at the gallows, Cromwell comments: 'I was the Son of a *Brewer* in the Isle of *Elie*,

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which I need not to have told you, for it is visibly to be seen in my *Nose*, being the colour of his *Copper*'.[70] Ironically, Cromwell bases his claim to gentility on his vices: 'I am loth to say either He [John Bradshaw] or I were Gentlemen, because many here would be apt to give me the lye. However, for my part I followed alwaies Gentlemens exercises: Swearing, Whoreing, Drinking and other the like commendable qualities, whilst I was a young man'.[71] The ex-brewer employs his red nose for material gain: 'indeed though I have none of the best Faces, I quickly found 'twas well approved of for a Warlike or Ammunition Face having the advantage of a light from my *Nose*, in all dark and Warlike Stratagems, (not excepting Plundering itself) by which I quickly found a nearer way to get Wealth, then by Brewing'.[72] This account, then, posits Cromwell as tradesman simply moving from one (disreputable) way of profit-making to another, erasing any principles in his opposition to the king.

In the early years of the Restoration, royalist satire continued to deride Cromwell and his wife as social upstarts. In 1664, Cromwell as brewer (or brewer-like) made another appearance in print in the pages of *The Court & Kitchin of Elizabeth, Commonly called Joan Cromwell*. *The Court & Kitchin* was a recipe book mocking Protectoress Joan, 'an hundred times fitter for a Barn then a Palace'.[73] A long prologue before the recipes ridicules the Protector and his family as *nouveaux riches* eager to supplant their social betters. In this account, Joan promptly resells protectoral gifts, turns part of the palace into a brewery, and is at times pitted against her husband by her excessive frugality. Hence, after Cromwell has gone to war with Spain, the commodities of that country, especially oranges and lemons, grow scarce and expensive. The author of *The Court & Kitchin* recounts this anecdote:

> One day, as the Protector was private at dinner, he called for an *Orange* to a Loyne of Veal, to which he used no other Sauce, and urging the same command, was answered by his Wife, *that Oranges were Oranges now, that Crab Oranges would cost a Groat, and for her part, she never intended to give it*; and it was presently whispered, that sure her Highness was never the adviser of the *Spanish* war, and that his Highness should have done well to have consulted his Digestion, before his hasty and inordinate appetite of Dominion and Riches in the *West Indies*.[74]

In other appearances in the tract, Cromwell, although ensconced in Whitehall, behaves like nothing more – or less – than a brewer. At the solemn wedding of his daughter Elizabeth, 'all that was *Hymen*-like in the celebration of it, was some freaks and pranks without the Aid and Company of a Fidler'.[75] These pranks consisted of '*Nol's* military rude way of spoyling of the Custard; and like *Jack Pudding*, throwing it upon one another, which was ended in the more manly Game of buffetting with Cushions, and flinging them up and down the room'.[76]

According to *The Court & Kitchin*, Cromwell's undignified playfulness mars later Protectoral banquets, which were 'none of the liberallest and far

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from magnificence'.[77] In fact, his 'Frolicks' inadvertantly help Protectoress Joan save some money in the omission of sweetmeats from a banquet:

> For a Big Bellied Woman, a Spectator, neer *Cromwell's* table, upon the serving thereof with Sweatmeats, desiring a few dry Candies of Apricocks, Colonel *Pride* sitting at the same, instantly threw into her Apron a Conserve of Wet, with both his hands and stained it all over; when as if that had been the Sign, *Oliver* catches up his Napkin and throwes it at *Pride*, he at him again, while all of that Table were engaged in the Scuffle; the noise whereof made the Members rise before the Sweat-meats were set down and believing dinner was done, goe to this pastime of Gambols and be Spectators of his Highnesses Frolicks.[78]

In *The Court & Kitchin*, as in the newsbooks, playlets and ballads that we have been examining, the comic figure of Cromwell takes centre-stage, implicitly contrasted with the transcendent immateriality of the true (absent) king. If earlier brewer imagery occluded republican values and principles by constructing a single-person caricature, such satire after the Restoration kept alive the spectre of social inversion: blackening the previous decade by reducing opposition to Charles I to the profane mimicry of the Protectoral court.

How successful was this satire? Cromwell and his government had been well aware of the power of print in shaping an emergent public opinion. Cromwell responded to attacks on himself as a Machiavel alleging 'necessity' for his misdeeds, and his supporters defended him in print from charges of tyranny and ambition.[79] But the weapon of laughter, in particular the brewer image, was largely left unanswered in popular print. In this regard, royalists seemed to have the upper hand in the war of (printed) words.

Yet the history of reader response has shown that audiences often used texts for their own purposes, sometimes at variance with the ends for which they were intended.[80] And royalist satire on Cromwell as brewer itself conceded much to the republican values it opposed. Ironically, the popular printed forms of this satire – ballads, drinking songs, playlets, newsbooks and cheap pamphlets – were available to precisely those common people adduced as so threatening.[81] If in fact a wide populace read or listened to accounts of Cromwell the upstart brewer meddling in politics reserved for his social betters, the point of the satire was at least complicated, if not undermined.

It is true that audiences most likely laughed at, rather than sympathized with, the brawling wives of *The Cuckoo's-nest* or *New-Market Fayre* or Cromwell the insouciant upstart of *The Brewer* or *The Court & Kitchin*. But multiple editions of these works and the pervasiveness and longevity of the brewer image indicate that such satire had a broad and lasting appeal. By disseminating in print the comic figure of Cromwell the brewer, royalists themselves unleashed Cromwell in an emergent public sphere. In so doing, they may have inadvertently helped produce the very social inversion that they deplored.

The Pennsylvania State University LAURA LUNGER KNOPPERS

Notes

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1 *Mercurius Elencticus* no. 69 (21–28 February 1649), Sig. Mmm4v.
2 *Ibid.*
3 On the cessation of censorship and resultant growth of print, see, for instance, F. S. Siebert, *Freedom of the Press in England, 1476–1776* (Urbana, University of Illinois Press, 1952), pp. 165–263; Sheila Lambert, 'The Beginning of Printing for the House of Commons, 1640–42', *The Library*, 3 (1981), 43–61; and Anthony Fletcher, *The Outbreak of the English Civil War* (New York and London, New York University Press, 1981), pp. 191–227. With particular attention to print and an emergent public sphere, see Lois Potter, *Secret Rites and Secret Writing: Royalist Literature, 1641–1660* (Cambridge, Cambridge University Press, 1989), pp. 1–37; Nigel Smith, *Literature and Revolution in England, 1640–1660* (New Haven, Yale University Press, 1994), pp. 23–53; Sharon Achinstein, *Milton and the Revolutionary Reader* (Princeton, Princeton University Press, 1994); Joad Raymond, *The Invention of the Newspaper: English Newsbooks, 1641–1649* (Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1996); and Dagmar Freist, *Governed by Opinion: Politics, Religion, and the Dynamics of Communication in Stuart London, 1637–1645* (London and New York, Tauris Academic Studies, 1997).
4 Royalist satire on Cromwell has largely been treated piecemeal under other topics. See Ruth Nevo, *The Dial of Virtue: A Study of Poems on Affairs of State in the Seventeenth Century* (Princeton, Princeton University Press, 1963); Smith, *Literature and Revolution*, pp. 295–319; Roger Howell, Jr. '"That Imp of Satan": The Restoration Image of Cromwell', in R. C. Richardson (ed.), *Images of Oliver Cromwell: Essays for and by Roger Howell, Jr.* (Manchester, Manchester University Press, 1993), pp. 33–47; Roger Pooley, 'The Poets' Cromwell', *Critical Survey*: 5,3 (1993), 222–34; and John Morrill, 'Cromwell and his Contemporaries', in John Morrill (ed.), *Oliver Cromwell and the English Revolution* (London and New York, Longman, 1990), pp. 259–81. On royalist satire on Cromwell more broadly, see my *Constructing Cromwell: Ceremony, Portrait, and Print, 1645–1661* (Cambridge, Cambridge University Press, 2000).
5 John Walter and John Morrill argue that greater printed circulation of news may have heightened the perception of disorder in this period for contemporaries. See J. Walter and J. Morrill, 'Order and Disorder in the English Revolution', in Anthony Fletcher and John Stevenson (eds), *Order and Disorder in Early Modern England* (Cambridge, Cambridge University Press, 1985), pp. 137–65. I would take this important point one step further, to argue that royalist satire produced and circulated such accounts precisely to create the impression of social inversion.
6 Historians have much debated the role and significance of class in the English civil wars, regicide and republic. For instance, Christopher Hill (ed.), *The English Revolution, 1640, Three Essays* (London, Lawrence & Wishart, Ltd, 1941), argued for a 'bourgeois revolution' crucially placed in the development from a feudal to a capitalist society. Hill's later work, for instance, *Society and Puritanism in Pre-Revolutionary England* (London, 1964), has continued to stress economic factors and the importance of Puritanism for the 'middling sort'. Attempts to correlate class and political allegiance continue with Brian Manning, *The English People and the English Revolution* (London, 1976) and David Underdown, *Revel, Riot, and Rebellion* (Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1985). Arguing for the historical importance of the 'middling sort', see Jonathan Barry and Christopher Brooks (eds), *The Middling Sort of People: Culture, Society and Politics in England, 1550–1800* (New York, St Martin's Press, 1994) and, with more focus on gender and the domestic, Margaret Hunt, *The Middling Sort: Commerce, Gender, and the Family in England, 1680–1780* (Berkeley, University of California Press, 1996).
7 John Morrill, 'The Making of Oliver Cromwell', offers an important revisionary treatment of Cromwell's life, in Morrill (ed.), *Oliver Cromwell and the English Revolution*, pp. 19–48.
8 Contemporaries vary on the nature and source of the brewing background. James Heath, for instance, who in his *Flagellum: Or the Life and Death, Birth and Burial of Oliver Cromwell* (London, 1663) spares no insult, denies that Oliver himself was a brewer, but attributes the trade to Oliver's widowed mother (pp. 8–9).
9 Underdown, *Revel, Riot, and Rebellion*. For a different interpretation, see Margaret Spufford, 'Puritanism and Social Control', in Fletcher and Stevenson (eds), *Order and Disorder*, pp. 41–57.
10 Peter Mathias, *The Brewing Industry in England, 1700–1830* (Cambridge, Cambridge University Press, 1959), covers a later period but nonetheless is valuable on brewing processes. Useful too are Peter Clark, *The English Alehouse: A Social History, 1200–1830* (London and New York, Longman, 1983); Sybil Jack, *Trade and Industry in Tudor and Stuart England* (London, Allen and Unwin, 1977); and L. A. Clarkson, *The Pre-Industrial Economy in England, 1500–1750* (London, Batsford, 1971).
11 On the aesthetic of Charles I, see David Norbrook, *Writing the English Republic: Poetry, Rhetoric and Politics, 1627–1660* (Cambridge, Cambridge University Press, 1999).
12 Mikhail Bakhtin, *Rabelais and his World* (Cambridge, Mass., MIT Press, 1968).
13 *Mercurius Pragmaticus* no. 9 (23–30 May 1648), Sig J2r.
14 *Ibid.*
15 *The Parliament-kite* nos. 2, 3 (16 May–1 June 1648), p. 12.
16 *Ibid.*
17 *Ibid.*, pp. 12–13.
18 *Ibid.*, p. 13.
19 Judith Bennett, *Ale, Beer, and Brewsters in England: Women's Work in a Changing World, 1300–1600* (New York, Oxford University Press, 1996).
20 *The Cuckoo's-nest at Westminster, or the Parlement between the two Lady-Birds Queen Fairfax, and Lady Cromwell* (London, 1648), p. 7.
21 *Ibid.*, p. 7.
22 *Ibid.*, p. 8.
23 *Ibid.*
24 *Mercurius Pragmaticus* no. 38 (12–19 December 1648), Sig. Ddd1.
25 *Ibid.*
26 *Ibid.*, Sig. Ddd2.
27 *Ibid.*

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28 *Mercurius Pragmaticus* no. 40 (26 December–9 January 1649), Sig Fff2r-v.
29 On the actual processes of brewing, I have drawn upon Clark, *The English Alehouse*, the *OED*, and two late-seventeenth-century tracts, *Directions for Brewing Malt Liquor* (London, 1700) and James Lightbody, *Every Man his own Gauger ... To which is added The Art of Brewing Beer* (London, 1695).
30 *Mercurius Pragmaticus* no. 40 (26 December–9 January 1649), Sig. Fff2r.
31 *Mercurius Elencticus* no. 69 (21–28 February 1649), Sig. Mmm4v.
32 *Ibid.*
33 *Ibid.*
34 *A Tragi-Comedy called New-Market Fayre* (London, 1649), p. 3.
35 *Ibid.*
36 *Ibid.*, p. 4.
37 *Ibid.*, p. 5.
38 *Ibid.*
39 *Ibid.*, pp. 5–6.
40 *The Man in the Moon* no. 8 (28 May–5 June 1649), p. 68.
41 *A Sad Sigh, with some Heart-Cracking Groanes sent after the Lord Governour and his whole Hoast of Mirmidons* (London, 1649), p. 5.
42 *Ibid.*, p. 3.
43 *Ibid.*, p. 4.
44 [ClementWalker,] *Anarchia Anglicana, or The Second Part of the History of Independency* (London, 1649), p. 186.
45 *Ibid.*, p. 186.
46 *Ibid.*, p. 203.
47 On the aesthetics of the new republic, including ceremony, iconography, the use of palaces and such material forms as coins, seals and the mace, see Sean Kelsey, *Inventing a Republic: The Political Culture of the English Commonwealth, 1649–1653* (Manchester, Manchester University Press, 1997).
48 *A Curse Against Parliament-Ale. With a Blessing to the Juncto; a Thanksgiving to the Councel of State; and a Psalm to Oliver*, p. 3.
49 *Ibid.*, p. 4.
50 *Ibid.*
51 *Ibid.*, p. 7. *The Right Picture of King Oliver* (January 1650) presents a close variation in its mock-praise of Noll the brewer who 'beares his Copper / in his Brazzen *Face*' (p. 1).
52 Bodleian Library, MS Rawlinson Poetry 26, fol. 148v.
53 *An Old Song on Oliver's Court*, in *The Cavalier Songs and Ballads of England from 1642 to 1684*, edited by Charles MacKay (London, Griffin, Bohn, & Co., 1863), p. 101. MacKay dates the ballad as 1654.
54 John Thurloe, *A Collection of the State Papers of John Thurloe*, ed. Thomas Birch (London, 1742), III, 248.
55 British Library, Additional MS 28758, fol. 109v.
56 *Ibid.*
57 Bodleian Library, MS Locke e. 17, p. 81.
58 *The Protecting Brewer*, in *Rump Songs: Or An Exact Collection of the Choycest Poems and Songs relating to the Late Times* (London, 1662), I, 336.
59 *Ibid.*, I, 331–33.
60 James Fraser, *Triennial Travels. Part First Containing a Succinct and Breefe Narration of the Journay and Voyage of Master James Fraser through Scotland, England, and France ... from June 1657 to June 1658*. Aberdeen University Library, Special Collections and Archives, MS. 2538 / 1, fol. 32v. On Fraser see Joad Raymond, 'An Eyewitness to King Cromwell'. *History Today*, 47 (1997), 35–41.

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61 *Ibid.*
62 See Knoppers, *Constructing Cromwell*, chapter 5.
63 Bodleian Library, MS Clarendon 59, fol. 238r.
64 *One and Thirty New Orders of Parliament and The Parliaments Declaration ... together with The Parliament's Ghost* (London, 1659).
65 *A Copie of the Quaeries* (1659), pp. 4–5.
66 *The Court Career, Death Shaddow'd to Life ... A Pasquil Dialogue* (London, 1659). On the Lucianic satires see Benjamin Boyce, '"News from Hell": Satiric Communications with the Netherworld in English Writing of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries', *PMLA*, 58 (1943), 402–37.
67 *The Court Career*, p. 15.
68 *Ibid.*, pp. 24–5.
69 *The Brewer*, in *Rump Songs*, pp. 337–9.
70 *The Speeches of Oliver Cromwell, Henry Ireton, and John Bradshaw* (London, 1661), p. 4.
71 *Ibid.*
72 *Ibid.*
73 *The Court & Kitchin of Elizabeth, Commonly called Joan Cromwel, the Wife of the late Usurper* (London, 1664), Sig B3v.
74 *Ibid.*, p. 38.
75 *Ibid.*, p. 17.
76 *Ibid.*
77 *Ibid.*, p. 44.
78 *Ibid.*, pp. 44–5.
79 For Cromwell's own response, see, for instance, his speech at the dissolution of the first protectoral parliament, 22 January 1654, in W. C. Abbott (ed.), *The Writings and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell*, III, 591. Tracts defending Cromwell include J. P., *Tyrants and Protectors Set forth In their Colours. Or, the Difference between Good and Bad Magistrates* (London, 1654) and Henry Dawbeny, *Historie and Policie Reviewed in the Heroick Transactions of Oliver late Lord Protector* (London, 1659).
80 See, for instance, Roger Chartier, *The Cultural Uses of Print in Early Modern France*, trans. Lydia G. Cochrane (Princeton, Princeton Univerity Press, 1987). Roger Chartier (ed.), *The Culture of Print: Power and the Uses of Print in Early Modern Europe*, trans. Lydia G. Cochrane (Princeton, Princeton University Press, 1989). Lisa Jardine and Anthony Grafton, '"Studied for Action": How Gabriel Harvey Read his Livy', *Past and Present*, 129 (1990), 30–78; James Raven, Helen Small and Naomi Tadmor (eds), *The Practice and Representation of Reading in England* (Cambridge, Cambridge University Press, 1996).
81 On popular access to pamphlet literature, see Tessa Watt, *Cheap Print and Popular Piety, 1550–1640* (Cambridge, Cambridge University Press, 1993); Margaret Spufford, *Small Books and Pleasant Histories: Popular Fiction and its Readership in Seventeenth-Century England* (London, Methuen, 1981); Joad Raymond, *The Invenion of the Newspaper*, chapter 5; and Dagmar Freist, *Governed by Opinion*.

Address for Correspondence

Dr Laura Knoppers, Department of English, The Pennsylvania State University, 119 Burrowes Building, University Park, PA 16802-6200, USA. *E-mail* llk6@psu.edu

Royalist Women Petitioners in South-West England, 1655–62

There is literature on Royalist women in south-west England who defended castles while their husbands and sons were away fighting in the Royalist army during the Civil Wars. These women included the Marchioness of Winchester who withstood the siege of Basing House for two years, Lady Mary Banks who defended Corfe Castle for her husband, and Lady Blanche Arundel who defended Wardour Castle for her son against Parliament.[1] Leveller petitions presented to Parliament in the 1640s by Elizabeth Lilburne, Mary Overton and Katherine Chidley for the release of John Lilburne and Richard Overton are also well documented.[2] But the suggestion of a network of Royalist women petitioners in south-west England during the 1650s and early 1660s has been overlooked by social historians.

After the Battle of Naseby in 1645, the whole of England was under Parliament's control. It led to Royalists being widely sequestered during the 1640s for delinquency, and petitioning against compounding for their estates. In the aftermath of rebellion, Royalists condemned as traitors appealed through law to Parliament for pardon, and women interceded on their behalf as wives, sisters, mothers and daughters. By the mid–1650s, Royalist petitions had escalated in number. This was due to three confiscation acts being introduced in 1651–52 following the Battle of Worcester.[3] It entailed lands and estates of Royalists convicted as traitors being forfeited and sold by the state. Such action was instrumental in the escalation of petitions from Royalist women who petitioned on behalf of their men. However, the majority of these women were wives who petitioned for their husband's pardon, or if that failed, their own subsistence.

This situation is a contrast to the plight of Parliamentarian war widows, as stipends were granted to thousands of women whose husbands had been killed in the service of Parliament by county funds through the assizes during the period 1645–1660.[4] But these women had to prove that their husbands had fought for Parliament and they were living in poverty due to their husband's death.[5]