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NAMING OF PARTS

To-day we have naming of parts. Yesterday
We had daily cleaning, and tomorrow morning
We shall have what to do after firing. But to-day,
Today we have naming of parts.

Henry Reed, 'Naming of Parts' (1946)

Much of a soldier's life is spent in training. Sometimes of the mindnumbing son, in which the speed is set so as not to tax the moronic: occasionally it is rushed at the last moment to throw raw troops into battle. Training fulfils a number of functions. At its simplest it teaches men how to use and maintain their weapons, and helps turn civilians into soldiers. Training imparts the codes that soldiers need, and through lessons and punishments, the penalties exacted for failing to follow them. Like apprentices, recruits are taught the symbols of what Stephen Crane called 'that mysterious fraternity'. They must learn its peculiar language, traditions and hierarchy. Training can be akin to a conversion experience that plays on the novice's emotions as much as it does on his mind, teaching him to feel as well as act in new ways. Training does far more than create individual soldiers (who anyway on their own are not much use in winning battles). Through drill, living together, sharing similar experiences—sometimes the same women, more often the same bottle—training fuses small units—the building blocks of any army, in which, and for which, most men fight, kill and die.

For those happy warriors who go willingly to the wars training can be a pleasure. 'For my part I go with joy and comfort to venture my life in so good a cause, and with a good company as every Englishman', declared Sir Bevil Grenville.[1] Natural soldiers took to training as ducks to water. A friend described Sir Simon Harcourt, who had first joined the army at the age of 16 as a lieutenant and died two decades later in Ireland, as a man 'who loved always to be in action'.[2] Many enjoyed the civil wars for their freedom, opportunities and comradeship. For both Charles I and Oliver Cromwell they were a liberation from the frustrations of civilian circumscription. Sir John Gell, Sir William Brereton, Sir Richard Grenville and Sir Anthony Weldon all had 'good wars'. Sir Thomas Birch recalled that several of his comrades enjoyed theirs so much that they tried to prolong hostilities.

Other young men joined up in search of adventure. William St Lawrence and John Gandy, two schoolboys, ran away from Bury St Edmunds 'to the intolerable grief of their parents' to enlist in Waller's army; William apparently died, while John survived, being fined £28 by the Committee for Compounding.[3] Many of those who flocked to the colours were the naturally restless. Richard Baxter commented how much quieter things were in Kidderminster after royal recruiting sergeants had enlisted all the town's rowdies. A parliamentary pamphlet explained one yokel's reasons for doing his bit for the Crown:[4]

> I will sell my chest and eke my plough
> And get a sword if I know how,
> And each man means to be right
> I will swear and drink and roar,
> And (Gallant like), I will keep a whore.

Most men were, to some degree or other, coerced into enlisting. Samuel Priestly acknowledged that unemployment in the Halifax cloth trade made him volunteer for the parliamentary army.[5] The same reasons would explain why in Devonshire disproportionately far more artisans than agricultural labourers enlisted with the king. Adam Martindale could hardly be described as an enthusiastic volunteer. He became a teacher near Wigan to avoid the draft, but finding the children impossible, and having failed to pass himself off as a crypto-cavalier 'by swearing and debauching', he enlisted as a company clerk in a parliamentary infantry regiment. Here he kept the rolls, and spent his evenings in 'godly discourse', hoping all along to escape combat.[6] 'I did run up and down the country to save myself from being a soldier', Leonard Wheatcroft wrote in his autobiography, 'but at last I was forced to take up arms, and was a soldier for the space of 8 or 9 years.'[7]

Popular magnates could raise and train men fairly easily. 'I caused my drum to be beaten up at York and other places, and there came to me to be enlisted', recalled Sir Henry Slingsby, 'up to the number of 200.' But when Sir Paul Harris, a landowner (whom the locals thought 'a proud imperious person'), aided by Robert Moore and Matthew Bayle, ('the veriest knaves in Pimhill Hundred'), tried to do the same in Myddle, they were chased out of the village.[8] In Lancashire Colonel Tildsley summoned all his tenants, and forced them to march with him to Edgehill 'whence most of them never returned'.[9] The county's lord lieutenant, the Earl of Derby, ordered men to report for duty 'on pain of death', and stationed a sergeant behind them with orders to shoot stragglers as they marched off to war. It was alleged that 'Sir Bevil Grenville hath been a tyrant, especially to his tenants, threatening to thrust them out of house and home, if they will not assist him'.[10] In Somerset, another royalist, Lord Poulett, was

accused of evicting any tenant who did not agree with him. Sometimes tenants, such as Sir William Davenport's, resisted pressure: in September 1642 they petitioned their landlord as he was having dinner that they would not 'venture our lives in causes that our hearts and consciences do persuade us are not good or lawful'.[11]

While many troops who were trained for the civil war were ostensibly volunteers, others were conscripts. Both sides used the county authorities and village constables to draft men. 'Have an especial care', advised Norfolk's High Constable, 'to take idle servingmen, and such other able bodied persons who live dissolutely or idly.'[12] The first to go were the unemployed and misfits. The authorities at Coggeshall, Essex, were delighted to be able to draft William Yorke straight out of jail. He had a long record of theft, receiving stolen goods, and riot that went back to 1625. Parliament exempted the clergy, students, the sons of esquires, and those assessed for taxes as having more than £5 in goods, or £3 on hand. Constables tried to shanghai those whom the community would not miss, or better still, were strangers who might be missed by someone else. When Thomas Browne went from Boston to marry a Bristol girl, he was drafted into the king's forces, and in addition to losing his bride, was eventually fined £260 by parliament.[13]

The draft was as unsuccessful as it was unpopular. In August 1643, for instance, it provoked riots in London that killed five people. The following year diplomats reported that recruits were being virtually kidnapped in the streets of the capital 'with barbarous violence', and were sent to the rendezvous at Maidenhead by barge so they could not escape.[14] At Upwell, Cambridgeshire, the local witch cast spells upon the constable and his assistants for taking her son. (Those local worthies were probably less worried by the threat of sorcery than by the County Committee's policy of drafting officials who did not fill their quota of recruits.) The quality of conscripts was so bad that the Earl of Essex had to dismiss those men whose impressment had provoked the London riots. As a senior officer in charge of the Suffolk draft, Oliver Cromwell was concerned that the mutinous conscripts would slit his throat. 'Most counties press the Scum of all their Inhabitants,' thought Colonel Venn, 'men taken out of prison, Tinkers, Peddlers and Vagrants that have no dwelling and such as whom no account can be given; it is no marvel if such run away.'[15] And desert they did: of drafts of 334 men from Berkshire and 209 from Cambridgeshire, only 121 (36 per cent) and 75 (36 per cent) respectively reached the army for training.

Once they arrived at the army—be it willing, or coerced—it had to turn civilians into soldiers. 'No man is born a soldier, nor can attain to any excellency in the Art Military without practice, but by practice is gained knowledge, knowledge begets courage and confidence', were the opening words of William Barriffe's best selling training manual (plate 17).[16]

Not even the trained bands were really trained. John Corbet thought that Gloucester's volunteers were 'like a cake not turned, a kind of soldiers not wholly drawn off from the plough or domestic contentment'. According to Sir Thomas Fairfax, at the start of the war, parliament's recruits were as impatient to fight as they were ignorant of how to do so. Sir Ralph Hopton's West Country royalists had the same problem, treating mobilization as 'a great fair'. Hopton continued that 'They were so transported by the jollity of the thing that no man was capable of the labour and care of discipline.' As a result Hopton's men were thrashed. Realizing that defeat was the reward of the ill-trained, the Earl of Essex instituted a short sharp refresher course for his troops, which made them 'so valiant and hardy' that they had no trouble capturing Plymouth in February 1644.[17]

According to Edward Cooke's *The Perspective Glasse of Warre, shewing you a glimpse of Warres Mysteries* (1628), the ideal recruit should be alert, straight necked, broad breasted, wide shouldered, with strong fingers and long arms. He should have a taut belly, slender legs and muscular calves. The finest trainees were smiths, carpenters and butchers, the latter being used to the sight of blood.[18]

The material with whom professional soldiers usually had to work was very different. 'I am teaching cart horses to manage, and men that are fit for Bedlam or Bridewell, the ten commandments', fulminated Lord Conway. Sir Arthur Trevor described the inhabitants of Oxford as a bunch of 'foggy Burghers' who needed a good kick in the arse to wake them up.[19] When Sir Hugh Cholmley was training recruits for the Second Bishops' War on Paxton Moor, one Hallden, 'a stubborn fellow' was marched before him for refusing to obey his captain. After the defaulter used 'some unhandsome language' to his commanding officer, Cholmley hit him with his cane, knocking him to the ground. Hallden claimed that the blow had hurt him so badly that he could no longer serve, and requested his discharge— something Cholmley was only too happy to grant. Sir Arthur Aston was scathing in his comments to Prince Rupert about turning English civilians into soldiers:[20]

> *I am so extremely abjected at this business that I do wish with all my heart that either I had some German soldiers to command, or that I could find some German courage in them, for the English soldiers are so poor and base that I could never have a greater affliction light on me than to be put in command of them.*

But well trained, British civilians could become soldiers second to none. With proper tutelage the Gloucester Regiment—whom John Corbet described as half-baked—defended their city with the same tenacity their namesakes displayed three centuries later at the Imjim River.

Other volunteers did equally as well. For instance, the undergraduates at Oxford University sided with the king almost to a man. At the outbreak of war they paraded and drilled on August 18th, 20th and 25th, with great enthusiasm, quickly learning how to handle a pike. Soon afterwards a correspondent praised

'the magnificent valour of the scholars… completely armed…with the title of heroic cavaliers'. He added that the five hundred recruits were better off now than they had been as undergraduates when 'their whole time was spent in whoring, drinking and swearing'. As a bonus, the correspondent continued, the students had actually put some backbone into the dons by persuading many of them to enlist.[21] As a boy Anthony Wood saw the scholars drilling in New College Quadrangle. 'Some of them were so besotted with their training and activity, and gaiety', he recalled, 'that they would never be brought to their books again.'[22] After two years studying at Balliol College, Richard Atkyns confessed that he could no longer 'read a Greek or Latin author with pleasure', and so joined the king's service, becoming a captain. Anthony Cowper described his military career in verse:[23]

> When first to Oxford, fully there intent
> To study learned science there I went,
> Instead of logic, physick, school converse
> I did attend the armed troop of Mars,
> Instead of books, I sword, horse, pistols bought,
> My young head not amounted full eighteen,
> Till I am in the field wounded three times had been,
> Three times in sieges close had been immured,
> Three times imprisonments restraints endured.

The eager Oxford scholars did not fight as units, but acted as leaven for the rest of the king's army. In contrast the Londoners who went off to fight did so as members of the trained bands, units which had been preparing to defend the city for decades.

Henry VIII granted a charter to the Fraternity of St George in 1537 permitting them to hold drills, and thus founded the British Army's oldest regiment, the Honourable Artillery Company. Londoners took to drilling with great enthusiasm; two years after the king issued the charter he reviewed some sixteen thousand soldiers in a march past. The City authorities approved of training as a way of keeping apprentices occupied and out of stews and ale-houses. Preaching to the Honourable Artillery Company in 1629, John Davenport begged the troops to 'abandon your caviling, dicing, chambering, wantonness, dalliance, scurrilous discourses, and vain reveling' in favour of extra square-bashing.[24] To protect the independence of their militia, the corporation refused to accept Charles's appointment of Captain John Fisher as their muster master in 1630.

Apprentices seemed keen to train, turning out sometimes as often as once a week to practise in the Artillery Yard at Spitalfields. 'Well I say, their grave Artillery Yard', wrote Ben Jonson, became 'their seed plot of the War'. In 1642 Londoners responded to 'The General Cry of all is arm, arm, fight, fight'

with the same enthusiasm a later generation of young men showed to the invitation to join Kitchener's Army.[25] The standing orders Colonel Denzil Holles issued for his regiment on 25 August laid down that every soldier should report at six every morning to his company colours. In the first three months of the war the trained bands tripled from six to eighteen thousand men, organized in six regiments. According to the *Declaration of the valiant…Famous apprentices of London* (1642, D774) there were some eight thousand 'brave spirited young men', who were 'with much alacrity and cheerfulness, resolved, to the utmost hazard of their lives, to oppose and resist the Malignant army'. Parliament passed an ordnance that all apprentices who joined its forces should not suffer any penalties, such as the forfeiture of bonds, but be guaranteed their old jobs back at the end of hostilities. Amongst the first to enlist were 71 dyers, 88 butchers, 186 weavers, 157 tanners, 124 shoemakers, 88 bakers and 49 saddlers, all from trades skilled enough to readily learn the arts of Mars.[26]

In addition to being well trained, the London militia was fortunate to have as its commander Major General Philip Skippon, a veteran of the Thirty Years' War, and to have first-rate officers, who had learned their skills in the Honourable Artillery Company, which was (as it is now) partially an officer training unit. Such men were selected for their abilities, not their previous professions. By 1643 the colonel of the Southwark Regiment was 'a Distiller of Strong Waters' while his sergeant-major (or second in command) had been a soap boiler. Captain Hook of the Tower Hamlets Regiment was listed as 'a vinegar man'—presumably a reference to his civilian trade rather than his disposition.[27]

When it seemed likely that they would have to learn how to become officers responsible for leading men in a civil war, many gentlemen purchased training manuals. Of course, the need to train the militia had always provided a market for such works: between 1600 and 1634, some sixty of them were published in England. With the outbreak of hostilities the demand greatly increased, thirty-five appearing in the next seven years.[28] In March 1642 Colonel Edward Harley spent £2 10s Od on eleven manuals. Such works were well used, being carried in battle.[29] Sir John Gell's copy of Thomas Styward' s, *The Pathwaie to Martiall Discipline* is much worn, being stained with human blood, presumably from the wounds Gell suffered at Hopton Heath.[30]

Some of the manuals were next to useless. Gervase Markham's, *The Souldier's Exercise* (1639, STC 17390), was a very complicated text, written by a hack who specialized in 'how to' books based on a quick read of the literature. Much of its information was irrelevant, including the concluding section, a complex battle plan called 'the windmill' that required the deployment of some fifty thousand troops. Edward Cooke's *The Character of Warre* (1626, reissued 1640), and his *The Perspective Glasse of Warre* (1628), were equally complicated and impractical. They included some forty-four commands for

loading and firing a musket, and the suggestion that soldiers learn how to swim because bridges might not be available—a piece of advice that could prove catastrophic to heavily armoured troops. Captain Henry Hexham's *The Principles of the Art Militarie* (which appeared in two volumes in 1637, being reissued in 1642) was a highly complicated and thorough manual, with some thirtytwo orders for the musket and thirty-three for the pike. Based on Hexham's twenty-six years' service in the Dutch Army—in which he had fought 'in many hot engagements, yet the enemy had never drawn one drop of blood from him'—its comprehensive advice on such matters as field kitchens does not appear to have been much heeded in the British civil wars. Even though it was based on his twenty-six years' experience as a veteran in the Low Countries and muster master of the Kent militia, Thomas Fisher's *The Warlike Directions* (first published in 1633, and reissued in 1643 in a pocket version), was much too complicated, with some forty-eight musket orders, and sixty-five for the pike. Published in 1609 'for the young or inexpert', Jacob de Gheyn's *The Exercise of Armes* tried to convey the complexity of officially sanctioned drill movements by supplementing its four pages of text with 119 pages of woodcuts. It sold far better than John Raynsford's *The Young Soldier* (1642, 132), a very basic five-page manual, perhaps because those who went off to the war assumed that something longer was more likely to help them survive as soldiers.

The best-selling works of John Cruso (a fellow of Caius College, Cambridge) and William Barriffe lend credence to this speculation.[31] The former's *Militarie instructions for the cavallrie* (first printed in Cambridge in 1632, and reissued in 1644) was the most important textbook on handling what turned out to be the civil wars' decisive arm (see plate 3). William Barriffe's *Military Discipline* (first published in 1635, and reissued six times in the next twenty-six years), was the most influential drill manual. Clearly laid out, it provided practical information that all sides widely used.

Regular soldiers did not find writing manuals for civilians easy. As William Barriffe admitted, 'I can better manage the Pike than the Pen.' Finding it hard to address their social superiors the rough veteran captains would often fill the prefaces to their manuals with long and fulsome testimonials from the gentry and nobility, and crammed them with classical illusions. Indeed John Cruso, the author of the best-selling cavalry manual, also translated and published *The Complete Captain,* an abridged edition of Caesar, in the hope that knowing how to fight the Gallic wars might somehow help his readers win the civil ones.[32]

For over a century, at least, military theorists had argued that tactics and strategy had never really changed, and that the key to victory was understanding the eternal truths the ancients had first discovered. The problem with this view, which laid down that all one could possibly need to know about, say, handling the pike could be learned from the Spartans, was that it tended to ossify tactics.

Thus for the first two or three years of the civil war there were too many pikemen in a foot regiment, until practical experience demonstrated the need for a higher ratio of musketeers.

Most manuals made military manoeuvres so complicated, admitted one Elizabethan author, that they could only be accomplished in the heat of battle by veterans with at least seven years of service.[33] Captain Thomas Venn's manual laid down three styles of marching, and contained a series of highly complicated orders. One doubts if a sergeant had much chance of being heard—let alone obeyed—during the cacophony of combat as he barked out the commands, 'half double your front to the right and files double your depth to the left', or 'bringer up stand, the rest pass through to your left and place yourself behind your bringer up'.[34] The stand to which Venn referred was used to rest a musket. Yet when he wrote his *Military Observations* in 1672, based on his civil war experiences, the musket stand had fallen out of use. Could he have mentioned it so as to make the profession of arms seem more complicated than it really was, and thus to enhance the status of those captains such as himself, who tried to teach it to civilians?

Unquestionably many thought that the professionals were making their training manuals far too complicated. Sir James Turner, the Scots veteran, admitted that 'It is my private opinion that there be many superfluous works in the exercises.' Lord General Essex told his officers not to burden recruits with involved and mainly ceremonial drills. Even before the war the Privy Council had recognized this problem, issuing an abbreviated set of military orders to the militia, which contained, for instance, only ten pike movements.[35] Modern re-enactment groups have shown that a musketeer can cut corners by, for instance, sharply tapping the butt of his weapon on the ground rather than using a ramrod to tamp down the bullet. He can get by with three basic commands—'make ready, present, fire'—greatly increasing his rate of fire albeit at the expense of accuracy. A reasonably competent pikeman can be trained in six sessions. At the start of the war an enterprising printer put out a one-page sheet that used ditties to teach even the stupidest recruit the rudiments of formation drill:[36]

> In March, in motion, troop or stand
> Observe both leaders and Right Hand.
> With silence note in what degree
> You in the Godly place be.
> That so you may without more trouble,
> Know when to stand, and when to double.

Even though his *Military Discipline*, the most widely used manual, dealt with everything a soldier could ever need to know, William Barriffe devised a six-day training programme theoretically intended

as a refresher for experienced troops, but surely used to train recruits.[37] On the first day, for example, soldiers were drilled at the company level to respond to the drum call to rendezvous at the colours, fall in with their officers and NCOs, dress rank, do left and right turns, double march, about turn and wheel. By the end of the week the men were ready enough for battle.

In the middle ages it took far longer to produce a fully trained archer than it did a seventeenth-century musketeer. Not only had archers to spend years learning how to aim and fire the longbow, but they had to develop the muscle power and co-ordination to draw their devastating weapon. In many respects the longbow was a far superior arm than the muzzle-loading musket. With a firing rate six times faster than that of the standard civil war musket (and twice that of 'the brown Bess' of the eighteenth century), and having a lethal range of 400 yards, the longbow was not exceeded as a standard infantry weapon until the introduction of the bolt-action rifle during the second half of the nineteenth century. Even though Charles tried to get the students of Oxford University to raise a company of a hundred archers, the bow was not used in the civil war (except to fire message arrows). There was not enough time to produce effective archers.[38]

'He that will be a complete soldier must first begin to learn the use of his arms', began Lieutenant Colonel Richard Elton's *The Compleat Body of the Art Military* (1659, E654). To produce complete soldiers both sides desperately needed experienced NCOs. Early in the war Sir William Brereton begged for 'some old soldiers for sergeants', while Joshua Sprigge, the parliamentary chaplain, ascribed the early royalist victories to their cadre of 'old soldiers'. A veteran sergeant managed to steady the parliamentary forces at Powick Bridge, preventing their first defeat from degenerating into a rout.[39] Old sweats could quickly teach recruits how to stand with the pike, and how to fire their muskets. Indeed neither action was very complicated. Muskets had to be kept clean, and not double shotted so they did not blow up, while a little oil was all that was needed to maintain a pikeman and his armour.

The rub came in teaching individuals how to use their weapons as members of units. The origins of drill go back thousands of years. Two thousand years before the birth of Christ, Egyptian armies stepped off marching with the left foot, as has every army since. Drill turns individuals into groups, who by moving together become as one. It helps overcome fear in battle, hesitation in obeying orders, and thought while enduring the unthinkable. During the early seventeenth century Prince Maurice of the Netherlands developed drills that enabled pikemen to form ranks and wheel, so as to protect the musketeers. The latter stood in rows, usually six deep. The first rank fired, then fell back to reload while the next rank moved forward to repeat the process. Such skills needed extensive training and constant practice. Although Sir John Meldrum told the House of Commons that 'long and continuous practice in warlike actions' was vital to produce effective troops, the surviving records say surprisingly little about

time spent in drill. It is unthinkable, however, that most soldiers did not pass many, if not most of the hours, square-bashing, both to keep them out of idle mischief, and to teach them automatic movements, which would both win battles and prevent them from running away.[40]

For cavalry, training was far less formal and routine. Before the war there had been much emphasis on the graceful, ritualized drill of the great cavalry horse, known as the *manège,* both Charles and the Duke of Newcastle being exponents of this complicated style. Once the war began small horses, of no more than 15 hands, were commonly used. Instead of riding up to the enemy, firing pistols or carbines, before retiring to reload, cavalry charged broken units, to hack it out with swords, or else chased routed infantry. In such actions peacetime sports, such as fencing and hunting, were a useful background that the gentry, the backbone of mounted regiments, had all learned as young men before the war.

The skills needed to produce good gunners were far harder to find in civilian life. So poor was the civilian level of maths—a crucial skill for an artilleryman—that John Aubrey declared that ‘a bar-boy at an ale house will reckon better and readier than a Master of Arts at the University’.[41] A shortage of trained gunners had become all too obvious during the Irish rebellion. Because none of the English attackers at the Siege of Limerick in 1642 knew how to blow up some houses the enemy were using as cover, artillery had to be used. Overloaded, a cannon blew up, killing Master Gunner Beech and his mates.[42] To remedy the shortage, manuals such as Thomas Eldred’s *The Gunner’s Glass* (1647, E332) were published, with complete and highly technical instructions.

Training, no matter how complicated, always involves having a group of men work, eat and sleep together. As they learn new skills, they become small cohesive units that fight together effectively.

Asked why his regiment had fought so tenaciously during the defence of Calais in 1940, the adjutant of the First Battalion of the Rifle Brigade answered quite simply, ‘we were with friends’.[43] After closely observing American troops in action during the European campaign of 1944–5, General S.L.A.Marshal concluded: ‘I hold it to be one of the simplest truths of war that the thing which enables an infantry soldier to keep going with his weapons is the near presence or perceived presence of a comrade.’ Three centuries earlier Robert Monro, the veteran of a ‘worthy Scotch regiment’, made much the same point: ‘Nothing therefore is, in my opinion, more worthy to be kept next unto Faith, than this kind of friendship, grown up with education, conformed by familiarity, in frequenting the danger of war.’ Richard Baxter expressed this feeling even more eloquently when he remembered the men with whom he served in Colonel Whalley’s regiment:[44]

> *Many of my dearest friends were there, whose society had formerly been delightful to me, and whose welfare I was tender of, being men that had a deeper interest in my affections than any in the world had before those times…. It was they that stuck to me,*

> *and I to them…. I would not forsake them…my faithful people that purposedly went through with me…so many wars and dangers.*

Ralph Josselin, another parliamentary chaplain, wrote in his diary after his regiment mustered at Saffron Walden in June 1645, 'The Colonel was pleased to honour me to be his comrade. I shall never forget his great love and respect.'[45] Amias Steynings, a veteran of the Thirty Years' War, was convinced that it was comradeship that made fighting possible. From Lord Vere's camp in Maastricht he wrote to his uncle and aunt, 'If one man or two should endure alone, and not thousands, there would be no wars.' [46]

Simply knowing each other, and having been together for some time, helps produce intense comradeship. At the start of the war especially, regiments were raised locally, which, as the Earl of Manchester explained, 'made the soldiers more united amongst themselves'.[47] Crack units often had a regional foundation. Raising his first regiment from the Fen Country, Oliver Cromwell appointed relatives as troop commanders: Edward Whalley, a cousin, Valentine Walton, a nephew, and his son Oliver. All but one of the officers in Sir Bevil Grenville's regiment came from north-west Cornwall, while eight of Sir John Trevanneon's officers hailed from a small area around his father's estates in the south-central part of the county.[48]

Locally recruited units not only tended to fight better but were easier to raise. For instance, in August 1642 the king sent Lord Paget a commission of array authorizing him to recruit an infantry regiment. He focused his efforts in the eastern part of Staffordshire, where the bulk of his estates were located, and in the southern part of the county, where he was able to use the influence of the Dyott family. Although he entrusted training to Captains Bolle and D'Ewes, veterans from outside the county, all his officers were local men, with close links to the villages from which their companies were drawn. Within a month this ramshackle system had raised over a thousand men, and Lord Paget was using it to do the same in North Wales.[49] If officers were removed from men they had known in civilian life they could become deeply upset. On learning of his transfer from the company he had recruited in Holsworthy, Devon, for Sir William Rolle's regiment, Robert Bennet wrote in his diary for 22 August 1642, 'I took some small disrellish and left.'[50]

Although no civil war regiment could flaunt a proud historical tradition of battle honours embroidered on its colours that traced its roots back centuries, most of them had an effective short-term continuity. Of the twenty-seven royalist regiments to fight at Cropredy on 29 June 1644, two were founded in 1640, none in 1641, fourteen in 1642, nine in 1643, and none in 1644. Ten of the regiments had fought at Edgehill two years earlier. The twenty-three royalist regiments that saw action at Marston Moor four

days later, showed a similar pattern: six were raised in 1640, none in 1641, six in 1642, nine in 1643, and one in 1644.[51] Elite New Model Army units evinced even greater continuity. For instance, at the end of the second civil war in one troop in Colonel Whalley's regiment fifty men had at least six years' service, in another there were sixty-five such veterans, while in Whalley's own troop, the largest, there were eighty-seven. Of a total of 726 men listed, 402 had first seen service in Manchester's army and 205 in the New Model.[52]

Training was intended to produce an intense loyalty towards 'us', as well as deep antipathy against 'them'—the enemy. And there was no shortage of scribblers anxious to portray the other side in the most obnoxious light.

Perhaps the most effective such writer was John Berkenhead, a man of vitriolic humour, able to craft a cruelly witty phrase. He edited *Mercurius Aulicus*, which he published weekly in Oxford and distributed, often secretly by carters, throughout the land. The penny paper was so sought after that some parliamentarians were prepared to pay 1s 6d for it—three days' wages for a foot soldier. At times Berkenhead's barbs were worth every penny. In May 1643 he replied to exaggerated parliamentary claims of royalist casualties by printing the announcement that 'Sir Jacob Astley, lately slain at Gloucester, desires to know was he slain with a musket or cannon bullet.' At other times Berkenhead's humour was downright tasteless. He described how a Presbyterian elder purportedly had his dog sodomize a serving girl.[53]

> An Elder's maid near Temple Bar,
> Ah what a Queen was she
> Did Take an Ugly Mastiff Cur
> Where Christians used to be.

The other side could be just as nasty. One puritan propagandist implied that Prince Rupert was having sex with his pet monkey. When William Harrington's wife gave birth to a stillborn hermaphrodite child 'which had no head, but yet having two ears, two eyes and a mouth in the breast', deformed hands, and a cleft back, John Vicars attributed this to Harrington's support for the king's cause. (According to royalist hacks Mrs Harrington replied that giving birth to a child with no head was better than bringing forth a roundhead.)[54]

Without doubt the most ludicrous propaganda piece was *The Wicked Resolution of the Cavaliers* (1642, W2080), which described a drunken conversation between two royalists.[55] They explained how much they were looking forward to the rape, loot and plunder, which they assured the reader was the main reason why they and their mates fought for King and Country. Once they captured London, they

were particularly interested in ravishing the wives of the Goldsmiths in order to force their husbands to reveal where they had hidden their money, boasting that 'We will force them to hold up their wives' smocks, and after this they shall kneel down and thank us.' Next the cavaliers planned to cut off the heads of the merchant tailors to use as tennis balls, and to grind up the bones of old crones to make gunpowder. For a finale *The Wicked Resolution of the Cavaliers* assured its presumably no longer gentle readers that the cavaliers intended violating all the good-looking women, before turning their skins into gloves, as they cooked the master bakers alive in their ovens.

While such patent nonsense might frighten civilians, such as the London artisan, Nehemiah Wallington, it had little effect on the troops in the field, whose view of the enemy was largely determined by the military circumstances of the moment.

Soldiers tended to accept the basic stereotype of the other side, perhaps because it was a projection of the guilt they were loath to see within themselves. Thus after a particular fierce fight a survivor could say of the foe, 'They were devils, not men.' Cavaliers blamed the roundheads (so called because of their brief fad for short hair), for trying to destroy the good old ways of the good old days.[56] When Shakespeare chided Malvolio 'Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale', he anticipated the message of Matthew Parker's highly influential royalist ballad:[57]

> Let's hope for a peace
> For the wars will not cease,
> Till the King enjoys his own again.

Just as Vera Lynn's sadly hopeful songs, with their wistful promises 'till we meet again', kept people going during the Second World War, so the image of the good old days became, for cavaliers at least, an inspiration that they would overcome some day, somewhere. 'And in this pleasant Island Peace did dwell /No noise of war, or sad tale it could tell', remembered Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle. A little like a seventeenth-century J.B.Priestley, during the war Peter Hausted, an Oxford don, waxed lyrical about the virtues of traditional English country life, where a man could eat his wife's cherry pie without some 'grim saucy trooper' plundering his goods. Royalists, from the king down, said a fervent amen to Hausted's conclusion, 'O those were golden days!' Edward Hyde, Lord Falkand, Thomas Crew all used the phrase 'Halcyon days' to describe a happy time when, as a street ballad put it:[58]

> With an old song, made by an old ancient pate
> Of an old worshipful gentleman, who had a great estate.
> Which kept an old house at a beautiful rate,
> And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate.

If royalists sneered at Malvolio, parliamentarians mocked Sir Toby Belch, that swaggering Shakespearian braggart, for the split that divided England was as much a cultural one as anything else. The name ‘cavalier’ alluded to the Spanish cavalry, who were notorious for committing atrocities against good Protestants in the Thirty Years’ War. All this contrasted with their own self-image. ‘Our soldiers from first to the last had prayers and singing of Psalms daily,’ declared one of the parliamentary defenders of Manchester, ‘being religious men, of a civil and inoffensive conversation.’ The convenanters could be just as sanctimonious: ‘There was nothing to be heard almost through the whole army but singing of psalms, prayer and reading of Scriptures by the soldiers’, reported Chaplain Livingstone.[59]

Front-line troops tended to have a grudging respect for each other. While they traded insults across the lines—‘Papist dogs’, ‘rebel rogues’, ‘sons of a puritan bitch’, ‘Essex’s bastards’ and ‘go preach in a crab tree’ being especially popular—they rarely expressed a deep hatred: rather the common soldiers voiced a profound scepticism of official propaganda.[60] ‘By experience we find that many are too lavish of their Pen, and instead of verity, publish their own Fancies’, maintained a trooper in Sir William Waller’s army. A satire had one of the king’s soldiers declare that the royalist newspaper, *Mercurius Aulicus*, ‘kills more in a sheet in a week than we can kill in many months in the field’.[61] Fighting cavaliers agreed, singing:[62]

> To give the rebel dogs their due
> When the roaring shot poured through and hot
> They were stalwart men and true.

Roundheads returned the compliment. ‘And as for the enemy the truth is that they behaved themselves with more valour and resolution then ever man saw coincident with a bad cause’, admitted ‘Captain W. H.’, a survivor of Marston Moor.[63] Another parliamentary veteran found it hard to explain why bad men fought so well. ‘You cannot imagine the courage, spirit and resolution that was taken up on both sides’, he wrote, before sanctimoniously consoling himself with the thought that while there were ‘in their Army the cream of all the papists in England’, his own side contained ‘such as hath the greatest antipathy to Popery and Tyranny’.[64]

Religious differences, as well as brutal fighting, could destroy normal restraints. Just before the final assault on Basing House in September 1645, William Beech preached a sulphur and brimstone sermon to the parliamentary troops. He called the royalists ‘open enemies of God…bloody Papists…vermin’, who deserved the fate the Lord of Hosts had justly meted out to Sodom and Gomorrah.[65] The assault was successful, and the sack of Basing and its defenders was appalling. The brutality, however, could

have been due more to the terrifying nature of a siege and storm, which tends to destroy all regard for the other side, than to the fire of Beech's sermon.

In order to control their men in the heat of battle, as well as during the boredom of camp and campaigning, all sides issued articles and ordinances of war that officers read out aloud before their troops at regular intervals, and which laid down how soldiers were to behave, and the punishments for military crimes. As Captain William Clark observed, 'An army without rule a tumult is.'[66] Veteran generals usually copied those used in their previous service. Thus Alexander Leslie, who had been a Field Marshal in Gustavus Adolphus's employ, used the Swedish version when he drafted the *Articles and Ordinances of War for the…Army of…Scotland* (1644).[67] In the same fashion Lords Ormonde and Castlehaven borrowed Spanish models for the articles they issued to Irish troops in 1641 and 1643. In England the parliamentary and cavalier articles were very similar. Both laid down punishments for desertion, attacking officers, plundering, sounding false alarms, and duelling. Even though the royalist articles prescribed boring through the tongue with a red-hot iron for blasphemers, they tended to be more lenient than the parliamentarian, with only thirteen compared to twenty-eight capital offences. In keeping with their self-image, the cavalier articles were more indulgent to officers who got drunk and duelled.

In practice, however, the strict punishments for a myriad of offences were rarely enforced. While soldiers were usually hung for rape or murder (as were civilians), common military crimes such as plunder, striking a superior or desertion, rarely received the ultimate punishment.[68] Since the articles of military conduct on all sides were very similar, the difference in behaviour was due in part to enforcement, and, in greater part to leadership, and the provision of pay.

Of course, coercion still played a significant part in making men fight. In his *Treatise of Modern War* (1640) John Cruso argued that no profession needed strict discipline more than the military. The pay was poor, and without punishments soldiers could quickly degenerate into 'pillaging rogues'. Citing classical precedents, Cruso favoured the Roman practice of sentencing all found guilty to death, and later choosing by lot those actually executed. In one of the century's most perceptive analysis of battle, General George Monck observed that men fight for two reasons: 'the first is Emulation of Honour, the next is the hopes they have by License to do evil'.[69] Thus severe punishments were vital to curb the evil that war releases in us all.

Sir Ralph Hopton agreed: 'pay well, command well, hang well', he insisted. The gallows impressed some. After seeing a trooper executed, John Aston called the noose 'a bridle to base minds only awed with fear of punishment'. Others thought that carrots were more effective than sticks in motivating soldiers. Before Marston Moor General Fairfax wrote to the Committee of Both Kingdoms: 'with my

want of money my men are likely to run away, for I cannot in justice punish having nothing to pay them with all.' A few weeks later Lord Robartes told the same committee that his 'ill paid' troops 'are low in courage, but loud in complaints'.[70]

Pay was an important reward. 'The soldier is encouraged with nothing but money, or hopes of it', thought the Marquis of Newcastle.[71] Even though lack of pay was the major reason for mutiny, such actions mainly took place after the war, and were more strikes rather than a refusal to fight in the face of an enemy. Occasionally soldiers were promised a bonus for an especially dangerous job. Fairfax gave 6 shillings (in advance) to the spearhead that assaulted Bristol in 1645, while later that year Cromwell gave 5 bob to the privates who survived the storm of Winchester.[72] A royalist officer, charged with providing recruits for the defence of the city, acknowledged that 'new clothes…hath been the chiefest allurement' in persuading them to enlist.[73] But (as we will see in chapter 11) for most troops the hope of plunder was a far more tangible, lucrative and certain reward than the promise of pay.

Promotion was a relatively cheap and effective way of rewarding officers, particularly those cavaliers who were motivated by an intense sense of personal honour. At the suggestion (and at the expense) of Thomas Bushell, Master of the Oxford mint, Charles ordered gold medals struck to reward those taking part in dangerous assaults.[74] John Staynings was presented with two captured colours for his bravery during the attack on Malborough in December 1642.[75] Between 1643 and 1645 the king created thirty-seven new peers, including Sir Edward Lake. Wounded sixteen times he kept on fighting at Edgehill by holding his horse's reins in his teeth so he could use his remaining good hand to wield his sword.[76] During the first civil war the king dubbed sixty-six men as knights, many of them for bravery on the field of battle.[77] Captain John Smith was made Sir John for recapturing the royal standard at Edgehill. For leading the King's Lifeguard in a crucial charge at the same battle Charles not only dubbed Lieutenant Troilus Turbeville a knight, but had Oxford University make him a Doctor of Civil Laws. The king ordered the university to promote Richard Rallingson of Queen's College from a Bachelor to a Master of Arts for his work in designing the city's fortifications. So common did this abuse of the academic process become that in February 1643, after awarding 140 Master of Arts degrees on the king's command, the University objected, and Charles agreed to stop the practice. Only once did the other side follow suit.[78] In May 1649, Oxford had to make Colonel John Okey, an Anabaptist no less, a Master of Arts for signing the king's death warrant and for helping Cromwell crush the Leveller mutiny at Burford.[79] Five years after Laud's death, and five months after Charles's, so far had that proud bastion of Anglican royalism sunk!

One of the most important mechanisms (and surely the one most ignored by historians), in persuading men to fight as they stare battle in the face, has been drugs, usually alcohol. Excessive drinking was (and still is) a crucial part of the male bonding that produces an effective small unit. In addition it anaesthetizes fear and post-combat stress. Reports of soldiers flushed with Dutch courage were legion. One reason for the failure of the king's forces to take St John's, Worcester in 1646 was that they were 'half drunk'.[80] Two years later Sir John Gell gave his roundheads £40 to get well and truly smashed, after capturing Belvoir Castle. According to a parlimanetary prisoner taken during the Siege of Gloucester in 1643, the governor always plied his raiding parties with 'as much wine and strong waters as they desired'. This was 'the only means to make them stand', sneered the royalist newspaper *Mercurius Aulicus*, and 'to pour out their blood in the act of rebellion'.[81] The following year a cavalier officer remembered taking a gunner at Lostwithiel 'who was pitifully drunk, having shot off his cannon but once'. In March 1645 two hundred of the king's men got so smashed in Winchester that for a lark they decided to capture the nearby enemy position at Marwell Hall. They continued drinking as they galloped towards the enemy, shooting a sentry who challenged them. Alerted, the roundheads returned fire, hitting Sir Thomas Phillips in the head, which sobered his comrades fast enough to persuade them to ride post-haste back home. At Preston four years later, Captain Hodgson recalled, 'we got a pint of strong waters amongst several of us', to encourage them to pursue the broken Scots. In 1650 Charles II gave his cavalry 2 shillings apiece to buy drinks before sending them into their first battle.[82]

Ritual has an important role in all armies. Soldiers take oaths, revere totems, such as their regimental colours, salute their superiors and wear marks signifying their rank. While such rituals were not as marked in civil war armies as they are today, they still played a significant part in persuading men to fight.

The formal declaration of war was a ritual. The ceremony took place in Nottingham on 22 August 1642. Before a guard of honour of three troops of horse and six hundred foot, the royal standard was marched out of the castle to a nearby park, to be formally raised in the king's presence, as a herald read out the proclamation declaring the Earl of Essex and his followers rebels. The standard was a large flag bearing the royal coat of arms and the motto 'Give Caesar his due.'[83]

Battle standards were important symbols in persuading men to fight, often defining the cause for which they were asked to give their lives. Sometimes they did so graphically. The Earl of Carnarvon's showed six dogs baiting the royal lion, while Lieutenant Colonel Caryll Molyneux's mocked Essex's cuckoldry, by portraying a reindeer (with large horns), supported by five hands (the five Members of Parliament who started the rebellion). More often the standard's message was verbal. 'Monarchy the best of Governments', and 'Ruin is the Fate of Discord', proclaimed two cavalier flags. Parliamentary

standards stressed religion and law: ‘For Reformation’, ‘If God be with us who can be against us’, ‘The Supreme Law is the Welfare of the Country’, ‘Not against the King I fight, but for the King and Commons’ Right’. Battle cries reiterated these messages. At Naseby the royalists shouted ‘God and Queen Mary’, at Newark they yelled ‘King and Queen’, while the roundheads bellowed back ‘Religion’. When it was discovered during the Battle of Cheriton that both sides had chosen ‘God with us’, the parliamentarians promptly changed their war cry to ‘Jesus with us’.[84]

Soldiers attached great importance to battle-cries and standards. With loving detail Lieutenant Richard Symonds recorded in his notebook all the flags of the London trained bands.[85] They were prized possessions, symbols of the unit, as well as rallying points in the chaos of battle. Colours were especially significant when many units lacked uniforms or centuries-old identities, and needed some common symbol around which they could group, both during training and in the mêlée of battle, when it was hard to tell friend from foe. An ensign, the most junior officer, carried the standard into combat. He and his bodyguard of sergeants were expected to protect it with their lives. ‘Indeed a Greater act of Cowardice cannot be found’, thought Captain Thomas Venn, ‘than to suffer the Colours to be lost.’ When the Prince of Wales’s troop surrendered their standard at Hopton Heath on 19 March 1643 they could not carry another until they had redeemed their honour as a unit by capturing one from the enemy—which they did three months later at Chalgrove.

As they marched into battle parliamentary soldiers often chanted psalms. Occasionally this lessened their effectiveness. At Powick Bridge, one of the war’s first skirmishes, Captain Sandys caught the roundheads unawares as they were singing a psalm, routing them. Mostly psalm-singing was, to quote John Vicars, the puritan chaplain, ‘a blessed badge’.[86] Lord Brooke’s troops stormed Lichfield cathedral chanting the 149th Psalm:

> Let the saints be joyful in glory…
>
> Let the high praises of God be in their mouth, and the two edged sword in their hand…
>
> To bind their kings with chains and their nobles with fetters of iron.

Whether his Lordship approved of the bit about nobles and fetters of iron is not known. Without doubt Chaplain Vicars applauded the mien of his troops at the Battle of Winceby: ‘So soon as our men had knowledge of the Enemy’s coming, they were very full of joy and resolution’, he recorded, ‘our men went on in several bodies singing Psalms.’[87] Sir Edward Walker recalled seeing the enemy advance against his position singing hymns at the Second Battle of Newbury. Psalm singing made the difference between victory and defeat for the parliamentary forces that assaulted Leeds on 23 June 1644. Sergeant-Major Forbes led a frontal incursion against the cannon the rebels had placed to cover the bridge at Beeston, but failed. So Fairfax infiltrated some musketeers across the water meadows, to provide

enfilading fire at the artillerymen. Forbes and his men once more attacked the enemy trenches, as the Reverend Jonathan Scholefield, minister of Croston Chapel in Halifax, led the rest of the troops against the cannon, singing the 68th Psalm, 'Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered: let them also that hate him flee before him.' And flee His enemies did. After killing the gunners, Scholefield's troopers, many of whom had only been recruited the previous Saturday, waged a fierce house-to-house fight to take the town.[88]

Writers of civil war training manuals agreed on one thing—that the primary purpose of training was not just to teach men military skills, but to steel them for the ordeal of war. In other words its function was, to use the modern jargon, 'battle-proofing'. As the motto of the British Army's Parachute Training School puts it 'knowledge dispels fear'. (It didn't work in the author's case.) John Raynford affirmed in *The Young Soldier* (1642, Y132) that 'By practice is gained knowledge, knowledge begets confidence and courage.' In his *Military Observations* (1672, V192) Thomas Venn concurred that 'knowledge in all things belonging to war giveth courage'. 'Knowledge of war', wrote Edward Cooke, would make soldiers 'the more bold to fight'.[89]

Training also taught the civilians who formed the civil war armies that war is a serious business.

> Methinks the proverb should not be forgot
> That wars are sweet to them that know them not.

So observed John Taylor in the summer of 1642. About the same time Donald Lupton, a veteran of the Thirty Years' War, wrote *A Warre-like Treatise of the Pike* (1642, L3496) reminding civilians of the harsh realities of his profession. 'Soldiers are not for sport and joust, but for earnest. Neither is war to be accounted a May-game, or a Morris dance, but as a Plague and Scourge.'[90]

Veterans reiterated this point. In some of the finest verse to come out of the experience of the civil war, Captain Sam Jervis warned:[91]

> Till now we did but butcher victories
> And were but sloven Death's men. What our eyes
> Were wanting to our hands, we fell upon
> A Miscellaneous Execution.
> We that grieved the slain, that they must die Without method and disorderly,
> But now we have obtained the handsome skill,
> By order, method, and by rule to kill.

Those who did not learn this lesson, or were not taught it, or forgot it, too often paid the ultimate price. Even though Captain John Gwynne was an experienced drill master, having exercised the king's children, he had only a day or two to prepare his soldiers before marching them off to the Battle of

Brentford. It was not long enough. When a powder barge full of men blew up, Gwynne recalled, 'the fearful crash it gave, and the sad aspect of it, struck such a terror unto the rest of the recruits that they all vanished.' The Scots troops whom James Turner noted as 'lusty, well clothed, and well monied, but raw, untrained and undisciplined, their officers for the most part young and inexperienced', were repulsed with great loss during a night attack on Newcastle in 1644.[92] The Westminster Trained Bands who assaulted Basing House in November 1643 were in fact a pretty scratch lot—the more experienced troops having been allowed to go home. Thrown into one of the war's most desperate actions, they opened fire out of range, and instead of doing so by rank, shot all together. As a result those in the rear ranks hit many of their comrades in the front. Seeing the snafu the royalists showered them with grapeshot, and the parliamentary troops ran. 'Some on both sides did well, and others did ill and deserved to be hanged', concluded one of their officers, trying to make the best of a bad job.[93]

Of course, training can never really proof you for battle. As a veteran of the 1944 Burma campaign put it, 'Nothing, I believe, can prepare a man for the experience of being fired upon.' The differences between a soldier's preconceptions of combat and the reality of fighting, plays a great part in determining his ability to survive his baptism of fire. Thus modern training works hard to get him used to the noise of weapons being fired, the sights and sounds of explosions, the tiredness of marching, and, through such ordeals as parachute training and 'death slides', overcoming, or at least becoming familiar with, the experience of fear.[94] During the seventeenth century a greater reluctance to admit to fear may have facilitated this process. Today troops will readily confess to being afraid. 'War scares the hell out of me', admitted the American correspondent, Ernie Pyle, just before he was killed in the Pacific campaign. 'I was', confessed Michael Herr about Vietnam, 'scared every fucking minute.' But soldiers in the British civil wars (like those in the American) rarely talked about being afraid in combat, not, I suspect, because they were braver, but because their culture prevented them from making what they believed was a dishonourable admission.[95]

Unlike modern soldiers, those in the British civil wars rarely relied on personal rituals or talismans, such as rabbits' feet or lucky charms, to try to control fear. Sir Lewis Dyve, the royalist sergeant-major, was unusual in that he used to carry around his neck a bent gold piece that had stopped a bullet, saving his life. John Hampden's totem was less efficacious: the silver locket he wore about his neck inscribed 'Against my king I never fight/But for my king and country's right', did not save him from being fatally wounded at Chalgrove.[96] Contemporary reports do not mention the nervous pre-battle cleaning of

already immaculate weapons or sharpening razor-honed bayonets, that is common before combat today. Indeed because the weapons on all sides were basically identical, soldiers could not pin their hopes of survival on the superiority of their arms.

Wherever possible soldiers were eased into combat by stages, new units being first sent to a quiet sector of the front. Thomas Raymond recalled how he was first exposed to war in Dutch service, besieging the Spanish. ‘At my first coming my courage began to fail me’, for he was convinced that every enemy cannon was aimed directly at his hat, in which he sported an Orange feather, the colour of the Dutch ruling house. After a few days, having survived shell and shot, ‘I took myself to be a very gallant fellow, and had no more dread of danger than if I had been in a fair.’[97]

As the rout of the Westminster Trained Bands at Basing House suggests, there is, however, little indication that such battle-proofing was a deliberate part of civil war training and planning. In the seventeenth century men preferred to put their trust in God. Such should not be surprising, for while the modern cliché that there are no atheists in fox-holes may be true, three hundred and fifty years ago there were very few atheists anywhere in the British Isles.

A good sermon could whip up martial ardour. ‘The Lord’s Day we spent in preaching and prayer, whilst our gunners were battering’, recalled Hugh Peters, that grating puritan chaplain, of the Siege of Winchester (see plate 10). Just before the New Model Army attacked Bridgwater on 20 July 1645 ‘Mr Peters preached a preparatory sermon to encourage the soldiers to go on’, remembered Joshua Sprigge. Then after another homily from the Reverend Bowle, the drums beat, the troops attacked, and with ‘fresh exhortation to do their duties with undaunted courage and resolution’ from indefatigable Mr Peters, the roundheads took the town.

When John Sedgwick preached before the parliamentary soldiers at Malborough one of the congregation recalled that he ‘thrashed such a sweating sermon that he put off his doublet’.[98] His brother, Obadiah, was an equally passionate preacher, who in Taunton church roused the troops to such a fury that they seized the prayer books, ripped out the prayers for the bishops, clergy and royal family, and smashed up the organ (which had just been bought for £400). In a very different tone (but with its humour and macho references equally effective), Dr Grossmede’s sermon to the royalist defenders of Gloucester was ‘a very gross one, wherein he called women meddlers, open Arses, with much ribaldry’.[99]

During war prayer became even more important than it had been in peace. Philip Skippon, the commanding general of the London Trained Bands, composed *A Salve for Every Sore* (1643, S3951), a devotional work which he admitted ‘cost me no small labour’. He explained: ‘I am not a scholar, I desire to be a Christian.’ Both sides composed prayer manuals for their troops. Parliament put out *The Soldiers’*

Catechism (1644, S4420). Thomas Swadlin replied with *The Soldier's Catechism composedfor the King's Army* (1645, S6224). 'W.C.', the chaplain who wrote *A manual of prayers collected for the use of Sir Ralph Dutton's Regiment* (1643, C158), began by explaining why his were so brief, 'for soldiers are not at leisure for long prayers'. The chaplain's invocation was just aspractical:

> *O Lord, that art the sun and shield in all that trust in thee, and who in times of danger hast ordained the calling of soldiers, to which thou wast pleased to move me, thy servant; put upon me, I beseech thee, thy whole armour, and give me courage against my Ghostly and bodily enemies.*

The manual included prayers for the king, for peace, for and against the enemy, for one's officers, against swearing, for a successful raid, for thanks in victory, and 'for a good end'.

Bibles—usually in cheap abbreviated versions that troops could easily carry on the march—were equally popular. The most widely used was *The Souldier's Pocket Bible* (1643, S4428). It contained prayers as well as pertinent extracts dealing with matters such as courage, temptation, battle, God's concern for men in combat, and the reassurance that He will bring His people to final victory. Not surprisingly all but seven of its 125 extracts were from the Old Testament. Although such works were not issued free to soldiers, they were so common, and efficacious, that Chaplain Richard Baxter recalled that 'the marvelous preservation' of soldiers' pocket Bibles stopping bullets was so frequent an example of divine providence that 'I will not mention them'.

When the training was over, and all the parts had been named, the soldier set out on campaign to face the actuality of war. 'I would have such know', wrote that distinguished general, George Monck, 'that soldiers go into the field to Conquer and not to be killed.'[100]