

and, worst of all, his favorite daughter, Mrs. Claypole. Her last illness was prolonged and painful. She died, it was thought, of cancer. For fourteen days and nights Cromwell was a constant attendant at her bedside.\* It was said that his refusal of the request that the life of Dr. Hewett should be spared, weighed so heavily on the mind of the dying woman that her last words were those of bitter reproach. This Dr. Hewett, who was executed for high treason, was the divine who had officiated at the marriage of Mary, his third daughter, to Lord Fauconberg. All these melancholy causes are said to have so affected him in body as well as in mind as to be considered at the time sufficient cause for the return of his ague. An attack of gout still further reduced him, and his haggard appearance became an occasion of alarm to those who knew him well. Fox,† the Quaker, met him riding in Hampton Court Park, and says: "I saw and felt a waft of death go forth against him; and when I came to him he looked like a dead man."

The physicians of Cromwell were Harvey, Bates, Maidstone and Worth. At this time intermittent fever set in, and the heart, perhaps fattily degenerated, showed early signs of giving out. Dr. Bates tells us that although all were anxious about him, he had sufficient strength to walk about and attend his duties. "But one day," says Bates, "after dinner, his five (I know of but four) physicians coming to wait upon him and having felt his pulse, said it intermitted; at which, being suddenly startled, he looked pale, fell into a cold sweat, almost fainted away, and ordered himself to be carried to bed, where, being refreshed with cordials, he made his will." Strangely enough, in his last illness he was possessed with a firm belief in his recovery. Observing the anxious countenances of the physicians, he is reported to have said: "Ye physicians think I shall die. Don't think I am mad; I speak the word of truth upon surer grounds than Galen or your Hippocrates furnish you with; God Almighty himself hath given that answer, not to my

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\* An account of the last hours of the late renowned Oliver Cromwell. London, 1659.

*Fox Journal*, Vol. I, p. 485-6. Quoted by Mr. Cooper.