

kings, who was executed July 5th, 1643. The two last lines may serve as a specimen :—

“From your black doom we this conclusion draw,

You live: no Gospel, Tomkins had no law.”

Some of those whose last days are here described were not the King's friends, but parliamentarians who had betrayed their trust. Sir Alexander Carew, Bart., was beheaded for treasonable correspondence with the enemy; Sir John Hotham for betraying Hull.

From his position, the most important of all the victims of the Parliament was Dr. William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury. His speech on the scaffold is half a sermon, beginning in due homiletic form with a text. Two prayers of his are given, one long, offered after his address; the other, just before his execution. In the latter he prayed God to “bless this kingdom with peace and with plenty, and with brotherly love and with charity, that there may not be this effusion of Christian blood amongst them, for Christ's sake, if it be thy will.” *Quantum mutatus ab illo!* Is this the proud prelate who seemed to take delight in slitting noses and lopping off ears, as if these useful and ornamental appendages to the human head were too great luxuries for non-conforming Roundheads?

The Earls of Cambridge and Holland, and Lord Arthur Capel, were all executed on the same day, March 9th, 1649. There is nothing remarkable in any of their speeches. Lord Holland said that he had “endeavoured to do those actions that became an honest man and a good Englishman, and a good Christian,” while, at the same time, he acknowledged that he was a great sinner. His conversation with his chaplain, Mr. Bolton, is long and not without interest.

The following is an extract from

the prayer offered on the scaffold by Col. John Morris, executed August 23rd, 1649 :—

“Welcome, blessed hour, the period of my pilgrimage, the term of my bondage, the end of my cares, the close of my sins, the bound of my travels, the goal of my race, and the haven of my hopes. I have fought a long fight in much weakness, I have finished my course, though in great faintness, and the crown of my joy is that through the strength of thy grace, I have both kept the true faith and have fought for my King's, the Lord's anointed, cause, without any wavering, for which and in which I die. I do willingly resign my flesh, I despise the world, and I defy the devil, who hath no part nor share in me.”

One of the most interesting of all these sad obituaries is that of James, Earl of Derby, executed at Bolton on the 15th of October, 1651, for corresponding with the absent and unacknowledged King. He was much beloved by the common people; so much so, that, at the hour appointed for his death, the scaffold, for want of workmen, was not ready. “Shall the good Earl of Derby die?” was the general pathetic exclamation in the streets. “On his way to the scaffold the people prayed and wept and cried aloud,” and, while he was delivering his address the excitement was so intense that “the soldiers fell into a tumult, riding up and down the streets, cutting and slashing the people, some being killed and many wounded. His Lordship, looking on this sad spectacle, said thus: ‘Gentlemen, it troubles me more than my own death that others are hurt and, I fear, die for me.’” The panic interrupted his speech and he could not finish it, but the manuscript was preserved. “The executioner,” we are told, “did his work at one blow, all the people weeping and crying