

When Secretary Thurloe, on the 19th of January, related the discovery of Sindercomb's plot to the Commons, and the House resolved to congratulate the Protector on his escape, Mr. Ashe, a member of no great mark, moved that it be added to the congratulatory address, that his Highness would be pleased to take upon him the government according to the ancient constitution. Great was the clamour. The ancient constitution was Charles Stuart's interest. Was a kingly government now to be set up, against which the Lord had borne testimony. The matter was dropped. On the 23rd of February, alderman Pack requested leave to read a paper "tending to the settlement of the nation." The House was again in most disorderly condition. But the alderman did read his paper, in accordance with the desire of a large majority. Thurloe described the occurrence in a letter to Monk: "Yesterday we fell into a great debate in Parliament. One of the aldermen who serve for the city of London, brought in a paper called a Remonstrance, desiring my Lord Protector to assume kingly power, and to call future Parliaments, consisting of two Houses. * * * * I do assure you it ariseth from the Parliament only; his Highness knew nothing of the preambles until they were brought into the House." Four days after Pack's Remonstrance had been read, a hundred officers, with several of the Major-Generals, amongst whom was Cromwell's son-in-law, Fleetwood, waited upon the Protector, to say that they had heard with great dismay that there was a project in hand to make his Highness King—a hazardous project—a scandal to the people of God. Cromwell somewhat resented this interference. He had not been caballing about this project, either for or against it. They need not, however, start at this title King, a feather in a hat, for they had themselves pressed it upon him when this government was undertaken. He thought the Instrument of Government did need mending. That a House of Lords, or some other check upon the arbitrary tendencies of a single House might be useful. Look at the case of James Nayler. May it not be any one's case some other day? The deputation went their way; and the debate upon the great question proceeded in the House with little interruption. Through the whole of March it was debated; and it was at last voted, by a majority of sixty-one, to address the Protector in these words: "That your Highness will be pleased to assume the name, style, title, dignity, and office, of King of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the respective dominions and territories thereunto belonging; and to exercise the same according

to the laws of these nations." On the 31st of March, the House proceeded to Whitehall, to present the document which they now called "Petition and Advice." It was an Instrument of eighteen articles,—touching Kingship, second House of Parliament, mode of electing members, permanent public revenue, exclusive Protestant religion, provision for tender consciences,—with lesser matters. The Speaker presented these articles for the Protector's acceptance, saying that they requested that all should be adopted—the rejection of one article might make all the rest impracticable. Cromwell's reply was to the effect that he asked time for consideration: "That seeing you have made progress in this business, and completed the work on your part, I may have some short time to ask counsel of God and of my own heart."

Three days after this interview Cromwell requested that a Committee might be appointed to receive his answer to the Petition and Advice. He spoke briefly, and with a tone somewhat different from his usual decision. "You do necessitate my answer to be categorical; and you have left me without a liberty of choice save as to all"—all of the articles. "It is a duty not to question the reason of anything you have done, * * * * But I must needs say, that that may be fit for you to offer which may not be fit for me to undertake. * * * * I must say I have been able to attain no farther than this, seeing that the way is hedged up so as it is to me, and I cannot accept the things offered unless I accept all, I have not been able to find it my duty to God and you to undertake the charge under that Title." The deputation returns to the House; reports the reluctant negative of his Highness—perhaps not exactly in the words of Casca, "There was a crown offered him, and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus."* The House will prepare reasons for adhering to its Petition and Advice, and will go again to Whitehall. On the 8th of April they declare, in a body, to his Highness, that they do so adhere as "the Great Council and Representative of the three nations," and again desire his assent thereto. He still hesitates. "I had, and I have, my hesitations as to that individual thing. If I undertake anything not in faith, I shall serve you in my own unbelief; and I shall then be the most unprofitable servant that the People or Nation ever had." He wishes for more particular information upon certain points. Casca again comes in to interpret this "coy, reluctant, amorous delay:"—"He put it by again; but, to my thinking, he

* Shakspere, "Julius Cæsar," Act i. sc. 2.

was very loth to lay his fingers off it." The next day, London is in a tumult upon other questions of monarchy—not the poor temporary question of protector or king, but whether the Fifth Monarchy—the Assyrian Monarchy, the Persian, the Greek, and the Roman, being all four extinct—the greatest monarchy of all—the reign of the Saints on earth for a thousand years,—be not visibly at hand. It is to be proclaimed this day the 9th of April, on Mile-end Green, by its great herald, Thomas Venner the wine-cooper; with its standard of the Lion of the Tribe of Judah. A troop of horse settles the Fifth Monarchy with small difficulty; and, without bloodshed, its lieges are lodged in the Tower. This attempt to put down all carnal Sovereignities passes quietly away, without trial or punishment. The Parliament has to debate the question of real Kingship with his Highness, which it does, for many days, by the voices of a Committee of ninety-nine, talking, and listening to my Lord Protector at Whitehall. Lord Whitelocke, and Chief Justice Glynn, and Lord Commissioner Fiennes, and lord Broghill, all have their say; and Cromwell has his comment. He still wants a little more time to consider. He takes counsel about this business of the kingship, with Broghill, Pierpoint, Whitelocke, Wolseley, and Thurloe—as Whitelocke records—and "would sometimes be very cheerful with them; and, laying aside his greatness, he would be exceedingly familiar; and by way of diversion would make verses with them, and every one must try his fancy. He commonly called for tobacco, pipes, and a candle, and would now and then take tobacco himself. Then he would fall again to his serious and great business." On the 13th of April, he speaks at much length; but he still hesitates: "I have nothing to answer to any arguments that were used for preferring Kingship to Protectorship. . . . I am ready to serve, not as a King, but as a Constable. For truly I have, as before God, often thought that I could not tell what my business was in the place I stood in, save comparing myself to a good Constable set to keep the peace of the Parish. And truly this hath been my consent and satisfaction in the troubles I have undergone that you yet have peace." The real objection which Cromwell had to a higher dignity than that of Protector-Constable is very manifest: "If I know, as indeed I do, that very generally good men do not swallow this Title,—though really it is no part of their goodness to be unwilling to submit to what a Parliament shall settle over them,—yet I must say, it is my duty and my conscience to beg of you that there may

be no hard things put upon me,—things, I mean, hard to them, which they cannot swallow." Another conference in another week. The same reluctance to accept; the same unwillingness to offend by a refusal. It is a tedious farce, say some;—and yet a farce with something serious about it; quite enough of pressing solicitation to make a vain ambitious man put the precious diadem in his pocket;—not enough to make Cromwell peril many interests, including his own, by a rash consent. His Highness and the Committee now go into discussion of the other articles of the Petition and Advice, to which the Protector has offered a paper of amendments. Long are the discussions; though full of real meaning amidst a maze of words. The Parliament adopts most of the Amendments; and, at last, again attends my Lord Protector in a body, to receive his final answer upon the great question. There was no mistaking his meaning now: "I think the Act of Government doth consist of very excellent parts, in all but that one thing of the Title to me. . . . I am persuaded to return this answer to you, that I cannot undertake this Government with the Title of King." The other parts of the Instrument of Government were adopted, the term Protector being substituted for that of King. "The Protector," says Whitelocke, "was satisfied in his private judgment that it was fit for him to accept the Title of King, and matters were prepared in order thereunto. But afterwards, by solicitation of the Commonwealth's men, and many officers of the army, he decided to attend some better season and opportunity in the business, and refused at this time." Ludlow tells a little anecdote of this interference of "officers of the army," which may conclude this somewhat tedious relation of the discussions about Kingship, which had gone on from the 23rd of February to the 8th of May:—Cromwell, says Ludlow, whilst "he scrupled to take upon him the Title of King, as a thing scandalous and of great hazard"—yet "in the meantime he endeavoured by all possible means to prevail with the officers of the army to approve his design, and knowing that lieutenant-general Fleetwood and colonel Desborough were particularly averse to it, he invited himself to dine personally with the colonel, and carried the lieutenant-general with him, where he began to droll with them about Monarchy, and speaking slightly of it, said it was but a feather in a man's cap, and therefore wondered that men would not please the children, and permit them to enjoy their rattle. But he received from them, as colonel Desborough since told me, such an answer as was not at all suitable

to his expectations or desires. For they assured him that there was more in this matter than he perceived; that those who put him upon it were no enemies to Charles Stuart; and that if he accepted of it, he would infallibly draw ruin on himself and friends. Having thus sounded their inclinations, that he might conclude in the manner he had begun, he told them they were a couple of scrupulous fellows, and so departed. The next day he sent a message to the House, to require their attendance in the Painted Chamber the next morning, designing, as all men believed, there to declare his acceptance of the crown. But in the meantime meeting with colonel Desborough in the great walk of the Park, and acquainting him with his resolution, the colonel made answer, that he then gave the cause and Cromwell's family also for lost; adding, that though he was resolved never to act against him, yet he would not act for him after that time."

The public mind of England is kept sufficiently alive during the early summer of 1657. First, the long deliberations about Kingship, and the unexpected refusal of the Title—unexpected by most men, for the story went that the crown was made, and was ready at Whitehall for the coronation. Then came out the daring pamphlet of "Killing no Murder," recommending the duty of putting the tyrant to death, and threatening that, in imitation of Sindercomb, "there is a great roll behind, even of those that are in his own muster-rolls, and are ambitious of the name of the deliverers of their country; and they know what the action is that will purchase it. His bed, his table, is not secure; and he stands in need of other guards to defend him against his own." Such words made men anxious and alarmed. But the bitterest enemies of Cromwell felt that his reign was not an indolent one. The news came of a great victory by Blake over the Spanish navy at Santa Cruz—one of those daring exploits in which there is the greatest safety in what the timid call rashness. Under the fire of tremendous batteries the great admiral attacked the Spaniards in their own harbour, and burnt their entire fleet. Oliver sent Blake a jewel in the name of the Parliament and the Protector, with instructions to return home. The noble sailor,—the true successor of Elizabeth's heroes,—the honoured predecessor of a long file of England's bravest sons—died on board his ship within sight of Plymouth. Then, six thousand English troops land in May near Boulogne, and a fleet is cruising off that coast—an army and a fleet to co-operate with the French in an attack upon the Spanish power in the Netherlands.

Meanwhile the Session of Parliament is coming to a close: but first is to be performed a great national ceremony—the inauguration, under the new Instrument of Government, of him who, without the Title of king, is to be clothed with regal honours and powers. In Westminster Hall there is a gorgeous assembly on the 26th of June. The coronation chair, with the famous stone of Scotland, is placed beneath a canopy of state. The Protector stands up under his canopy; surrounded by his Council and foreign ambassadors; the Speaker is seated beneath him; the members of Parliament in seats built like an amphitheatre; the Judges on his right hand; the Corporation of London on his left; the great hall crowded with spectators. The Speaker invests the Protector with the Robe of Purple, "emblem of Magistracy;" presents him first with a Bible, the book of books, which "doth contain both precepts and examples for good government;" then with the Sceptre, "not unlike a staff, for you are to be a staff to the weak and poor;" lastly, with the sword, "not a military, but civil sword." Then Cromwell takes this oath: "I do in the presence and by the name of Almighty God promise and swear, that to the uttermost of my power I will uphold and maintain the true Reformed Protestant Christian Religion, in the purity thereof, as it is contained in the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, to the uttermost of my power and understanding; and encourage the profession and professors of the same; and that to the utmost of my power I will endeavour, as Chief Magistrate of these three nations, the maintenance and preservation of the peace and safety, and just rights and privileges, of the people thereof; and shall in all things, according to my best knowledge and power, govern the people of these three nations according to law." A prayer was then made; the heralds proclaimed Oliver Cromwell Protector of England, Scotland, and Ireland; and the people shouted "God save the Lord Protector." In all but the name, these three nations were now a kingdom.

The second Session of Parliament is to assemble in January. It is to be of a different composition from that of the first Session. The excluded members are to be now admitted. There is to be a "Second House." England appears approaching very nearly to its old form of government—one supreme man, by whatever name called—Lords, Commons. Still there is one something wanting—that something which lord Broghill especially pointed out in the conference about Kingship: "By your Highness bearing the title

of King, all those that obey and serve you are secured by a law made long before any of our differences had a being—in the 11th of Henry VII.—where a full provision is made for the safety of those that shall serve whoever is king.” It was this want of the ancient title in the head of the government of which the lawyers availed themselves at the Restoration of Charles II., when they held that his regnal years must be computed from the death of his father, because no one had in the interval between the 30th of January, 1649, and the 29th of May, 1660, assumed the title of king. The same absence of the ancient designation of the supreme governor unquestionably influenced the aristocracy during the life of the Protector, and compelled him to form a “Second House” of a very anomalous character. He had, however, strengthened his interest with the old nobility to some extent. In November, 1657, lord Falconbridge married his daughter Mary; and Robert Rich, grandson of the earl of Warwick, married his daughter Frances. But of the members of the old House of Lords only seven accepted the Protector’s writ of summons. He filled up its number of sixty-three with great civil officers, generals, and some eminent country gentlemen and citizens. Ludlow tells us of the neglect which sir Arthur Haslerig paid to the summons to be a member of the Upper House, and of the anxiety of the old Speaker, Lenthall, to be a lord. Only one of those Peers who had accepted the writ took their seats. “The earl of Warwick himself,” says Ludlow, “though he ventured to marry his grandson to one of Cromwell’s daughters, could not be persuaded to sit with colonel Hewson and colonel Pride, whereof the one had been a shoemaker, and the other a drayman; and had they driven no worse trade, I know not why any good man should refuse to act with them. Divers of the gentry did not appear; yet others, and particularly such as were related to those in power, were prevailed with to be of this assembly.”

The scheme of A Second House was not favourable to the disposition of the Commons to uphold the Protector’s government. Forty members took their seats as quasi-lords, who would otherwise most probably have been in the Commons, and have given their support to the existing authority. The members who had been excluded in the first Session were competent to sit in this second Session, if they took the oaths. They did take them; and were ready for a vigorous opposition. On the 20th of January the Parliament met. His Highness is now in the House of Lords,

and the Commons are duly summoned thither by Black Rod, as of old; and the protector begins his speech, as of old, with “My Lords, and Gentlemen of the House of Commons.” He made a short speech. “I have some infirmities upon me. I have not liberty to speak more unto you; but I have desired an honourable person here by me to discourse a little more particularly what may be more proper for this occasion and this meeting.” Nathaniel Fiennes, one of the commissioners of the Great Seal, made a figurative speech, recommending unanimity. The Commons, upon their return, went at once upon heady debate—day by day—as to what the new House should be called. Haslerig will not be a member of “the other House.” He will obey no writ of summons. He will sit as an elected Representative. Clearly the new Constitution is going very fast to pieces. Cromwell summons the Parliament to the Banqueting House, five days after the opening of the Session. He addresses the members in a manly speech. He speaks firmly and boldly, and says some truths that are universal: “Misrule is better than no rule; and an ill-government, a bad government, is better than none . . . I know you are rational, prudent men. Have you any frame or model of things that would satisfy the minds of men, if this be not the frame, which you are now called together upon, and engaged in.—I mean the two Houses of Parliament and myself? What hinders this nation from being an Aceldama, if this doth not? . . . I never look to see the people of England come into a just Liberty, if another Civil War overtake us. I think, at least, that the thing likely to bring us into our liberty, is a consistency and agreement at this meeting. . . . I shall be ready to stand or fall with you, in this seemingly promising Union, which God hath wrought among you, which I hope neither the pride nor envy of men shall be able to make void. . . . I trust, by the grace of God, as I have taken my oath to serve this Commonwealth on such an account, I shall—I must—see it done, according to the articles of government. That every just interest may be preserved; that a godly Ministry may be upheld, and not affronted by seducing and seduced spirits; that all men may be preserved in their just rights, whether civil or spiritual,—upon this account did I take oaths and swear to this Government.” This appeal—“the words as of a strong great captain addressed in the hour of imminent shipwreck” *—was in vain. The discontented are powerful in the Commons.

* Carlyle, vol. iii. p. 247.

No real business can proceed, whilst the question of "the other House" is daily debated. Oliver Protector will bring the matter to an end. The Commons are again summoned by the Black Rod. "What care I for the Black Rod?" cries Haslerig. But they obey the summons. And then the Protector speaks with an angrier voice than was his wont, even in former disquietudes: "You have not only disjointed yourselves but the whole nation, which is in likelihood of running into more confusion in these fifteen or sixteen days that you have sat, than it hath been from the rising of the last Session to this day—through the intention of devising a Commonwealth again—that some people might be the men that rule all. . . . It hath not only been your endeavour to pervert the army while you have been sitting, and to draw them to state the question about a Commonwealth; but some of you have been listing of persons, by commission of Charles Stuart, to join with any insurrection that may be made. . . . If this be the end of your sitting, and this be your carriage, I think it high time that an end be put to your sitting. And I do dissolve this Parliament. And let God be judge between you and me."

The Parliament is gone; but the Protector is not left to repose. There are dangers around him of no common magnitude. He meets them bravely. The Parliament is dismissed in the morning of the 14th of February. In the afternoon Oliver is writing to his captains of militia in the country, to "be most vigilant for the suppressing of any disturbance which may arise from any party whatsoever." He summons his officers to Whitehall, and asks if they are willing, with him, to maintain the Instruments of Government? Most answer, they will live and die with him. A few look gloomy, and are silent. In a day or two he removes suspected officers from the army. "The cavaliers," says Mrs. Hutchinson, "had not patience to stay till things ripened of themselves; but were every day forming designs, and plotting for the murder of Cromwell, and other insurrections; which, being contrived in drink, and managed by false and cowardly fellows, were still revealed to Cromwell, who had most excellent intelligence of all things that passed, even in the king's closet. And by these unsuccessful plots they were the only obstructors of what they sought to advance, while to speak truth, Cromwell's personal courage and magnanimity upheld him against all enemies and malcontents."* Lambert encouraged the disaffected officers, who desired to set him up in Cromwell's place:

* "Memoirs," vol. ii. p. 214.

"His ambition had this difference from the Protector's; the one was gallant and great; the other had nothing but an unworthy pride, most insolent in prosperity, and as abject and base in adversity."* Mrs. Hutchinson says that the disaffected officers—"some of the Lambertionians"—proposed to gain admission to Cromwell with a petition, and then, whilst he was reading it, throw him out of a window at Whitehall into the Thames. Colonel Hutchinson became acquainted with the plot by chance; and revealed it to the Protector, "judging that Lambert would be the worse tyrant of the two." Hutchinson warned Cromwell against petitioners; but could not be prevailed upon to give any more information than was necessary to prevent the design. Royalists and fanatics, republicans and levellers, were all ready to assail the man who would not suffer them "to imbrue their hands in blood." On the 12th of March Cromwell received the Corporation of London at Whitehall, and explained the reasons which had induced him to dissolve the Parliament, in order to avert the dangers with which the government was threatened—invasions and insurrections—the Spaniard and the exiled being in league,—Royalists and Anabaptists plotting together. The marquis of Ormond only left London on Tuesday last, he told them;—the marquis of Ormond, who had come disguised to London on a mission from Charles Stuart. Ormond had gone away "on Tuesday last," upon a very intelligible hint. "There is an old friend of yours in town," said Cromwell to lord Broghill. "The marquis of Ormond lodges in Drury Lane, at the Papist surgeon's. It would be well for him if he were gone." Ormond was very soon at Bruges, and reported to Charles that Cromwell had better be left alone for the present. Nevertheless, London is ready for trying insurrection upon a limited scale. There was to have been a great outbreak on the 15th of May. The royalist leaders have lost heart now Ormond is gone; but there are malcontents ready for a rising—wild apprentices and other rash persons, who propose to fire houses, and do a considerable amount of slaughter. The Lieutenant of the Tower comes out with five pieces of artillery, and the apprentices get within their masters' houses as fast as possible. The ringleaders of this intended insurrection are seized at "the Mermaid in Cheapside." Others are arrested in the country. A High Court of Justice, appointed by Act of the last Parliament, is summoned for trial of the conspirators. Fifteen were arraigned; amongst whom were sir

* "Memoirs," vol. ii. p. 214.

Henry Slingsby, and Dr. Hewit, an episcopal divine. These two were condemned and executed; although the highest interest was made to save their lives. Six of the insurrectionists were also condemned, of which number three suffered. There were no more insurrections during the life of Cromwell.

That life, like a brilliant sun-set in a stormy sky, has its parting glories. The foreign policy of the Protectorate was triumphant. The alliance with France was not a mere pretext for combined action rendered impossible by national jealousies on our part. When the English troops landed at Boulogne, the young king Lewis XIV. came to review them. Lockhart, Cromwell's ambassador, said: "Sire, the Protector has enjoined both officers and soldiers to display the same zeal in the service of your majesty, as in his own." The French government construed this too literally, and thought that England was to have an equal share of danger and expense but a very disproportionate amount of advantage. The English were employed by France in securing fortresses in the interior, instead of in combined operations against Gravelines, and Mardike, and Dunkirk, on the coast, as stipulated by treaty. Cromwell was not a man to be duped. He ordered his ambassador to see that the treaty was carried out, or send the English troops home. Mazarin was not inclined to quarrel with the Protector, and so Mardike was besieged, and delivered provisionally to the English general. The next spring, amidst all his home distractions, Cromwell renewed the treaty of offensive alliance with France, and sent more troops. On the 25th of May Dunkirk was invested by the allied French and English army. Turenne was the commander. The town was defended by the marquis of Leyden. Don John of Austria marched from Brussels with a Spanish force to drive back the besiegers. Condé was with this army, and also the dukes of York and Gloucester. The Spaniard persisted in giving battle, against the advice of Condé. "Did you ever see a battle fought?" said Condé to the young duke of Gloucester. He had not. "Well: you will soon see a battle lost." The English, commanded by Lockhart, fought for four hours, and carried the most difficult posts. They were often opposed to their own countrymen, headed by the duke of York. This battle on the Dunes was a complete victory. On the 25th of June, Dunkirk surrendered; and the town was placed in the hands of the English. It was a compensation for the loss of Calais, as the nation thought. To have a footing on foreign ground was a proud thing for Eng-

land—a mistaken pride, but not an impolitic one in those days. Dunkirk was an English garrison, till—but it is unnecessary to anticipate the coming time of national degradation.

Triumphant abroad; freed from insurgents at home; Cromwell again looked towards a Parliament. Were the popular desires for monarchy to be gratified by a change of name? Was the nation to accept the subtle argument of Lord Broghill, "there is at present but a divorce between the pretending king and the imperial crown of these nations, and we know that persons divorced may marry again; but if the person be married to another it cuts off all hope." Such might have been the Protector's thoughts, until something more absorbing than worldly power or dignity obtruded itself to make him as anxious and wretched as the lowliest of those he ruled. His daughter, lady Claypole, was dying. In every domestic relation, son, husband, father, we see the tenderness of this man's nature. In 1648 his eldest son was killed in battle. There is not a trace of his father's sorrow in any letter or memorandum of the time; till the new affliction calls up bitter remembrances out of the sacred depths. Lady Claypole died on the 6th of August, her father having been fourteen days watching by her bedside at Hampton Court, "unable to attend to any public business whatever." A few days after, says Harvey, groom of his bedchamber, "he called for his Bible, and desired an honourable and godly person there, with others present, to read unto him that passage in Philippians fourth: 'Not that I speak in respect of want: for I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. I know how to be abased, and I know how to abound: everywhere and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need. I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.' Which read, said he, to use his own words as near as I can remember them: 'This Scripture did once save my life, when my eldest son died; which went as a dagger to my heart, indeed it did.'" A few months before, Cromwell had lost his son-in-law, Rich; and then Rich's grandfather, the earl of Warwick, the Protector's one constant friend amongst the nobility, also died. Oliver's stout heart was sorely bowed down by public cares and private griefs. He roused himself, however, and was out again at his duties. George Fox tells us something about the Protector's looks, at this season, soon after the time when London was gay with ambassadors extraordinary from France; and Mazarin's nephew was there to assure the Pro-

lector of the profound veneration his uncle had for him—"the greatest man that ever was." The day was past for pomps and flatteries. "Taking boat I went to Kingston," says Fox, "and from thence to Hampton Court, to speak with the Protector about the sufferings of Friends. I met him riding into Hampton Court Park; and before I came to him, as he rode at the head of his Lifeguards, I saw and felt a waft of death go forth against him; and when I came to him, he looked like a dead man. After I had laid the sufferings of Friends before him, and had warned him, according as I was moved to speak to him, he bade me come to his house. So I returned to Kingston; and the next day went up to Hampton Court, to speak further with him. But when I came, Harvey, who was one that waited on him, told me the doctors were not willing that I should speak with him. So I passed away, and never saw him more." On the 24th of August, Cromwell left Hampton Court for Whitehall. Ten days of acute suffering, and then the end.

On the 30th of August, a mighty storm of wind filled the land with dismay. There is deeper cause for alarm to most men, for the Protector is dying. What is to come next? By the Instrument of Government he is to name his successor. His eldest son, Richard, is an idle country-gentleman, harmless, but somewhat incapable. Thurloe puts the question of Succession to the dying man. There is a sealed-up paper in a certain place at Hampton Court. The paper is not to be found. On the night of the 2nd of September, the question is put again. The answer, faintly breathed out, was said to be "Richard." That night, again one of terrible storm, was to usher in Cromwell's "Fortunate Day," the 3rd of September, the anniversary of Dunbar and Worcester. The prince and soldier passed away, in a state of insensibility, in the afternoon of that 3rd of September. The prayer which he addressed to Heaven a night or two before his death has a consistent reference to his public life; in connexion with his religious belief: "Lord, though I am a miserable and wretched creature, I am in covenant with Thee through grace. And I may, I will come to thee, for Thy people. Thou hast made me, though very unworthy, a mean instrument to do them some good, and Thee service; and many of them have set too high a value upon me, though others wish and would be glad of my death. Lord, however Thou do dispose of me, continue and go on to do good for them. Give them consistency of judgment, one heart, and mutual love; and go on to deliver them,

and with the work of reformation; and make the name of Christ glorious in the world. Teach those who look too much on Thy instruments, to depend more upon Thyself. Pardon such as desire to trample upon the dust of a poor worm, for they are Thy people too. And pardon the folly of this short prayer:—Even for Jesus Christ's sake. And give us a good night if it be Thy pleasure. Amen." At this time, "wherein his heart was so carried out for God and His people," says Harvey, "he seems to forget his own family and nearest relations." His last notion,—a wrong or right notion as men may differently conclude,—was that he had been an instrument of good to England. The night before his death he said, "I would be willing to live to be further serviceable to God and His people: but my work is done. Yet God will be with His People.