

statements, and a declamatory speech from Pym gave a sketch of all the charges against Strafford, and endeavored to destroy all the merit of those parts of his administration which the accused could appeal to. The regular business of the court followed; twenty-eight charges of treason and maladministration were formally preferred against Strafford; every high proceeding and act of power, every harshness, and every case of grievance of the subject, noble and aristocratical, that they thought could tell upon the court; all the knots and rough spots and corners that an administration of unparalleled activity had, in the full swing and impetus of its course, contracted, were brought up, singly and isolatedly enlarged upon, and exhibited in the very worst color. Strafford was asserted to have done every thing with a view to the most selfish ends, to establish his own tyranny, oppression, and extortion; and the very idea of a respectable *intention* in what he did, of any view to public good, mistaken, irregular, as they might think it, but still real, was not alluded to.

Strafford was fully equal to the emergency, and played off his host of papers with all the self-possession and dexterity possible. No knowledge of what a thread his life hung by ever unsteadied for a moment his thorough coolness and presence of mind; no unfair play, time after time, throughout the trial, put him the least out of temper; he let nothing pass without a struggle, he fought for a point of law or court practice stoutly, determinately; when decided against him, the fine, well-tempered spirit was passive again, took, with a *nil admirari*, what it could not help, and worked upon the bad ground as if it were its own choice. A charge was made with every skillful exaggeration and embellishment; he simply asked time to get up his reply—it was refused; without “sign of repining”—it is the unconsciously beautiful expression of Baillie—he turned round and conferred with his counsel. For a few minutes a little nucleus of heads, amid the general turmoil, were seen in earnest consultation, eyes bent downward,

and hands shuffling and picking out papers: the defense arranged with that concentrated attention which shortness of time and necessity inspire, Strafford was ready again, and faced the court. Great was the contrast of the rest of the scene; these pauses were the immediate signal for a regular noise and hubbub, and it was with laughing, chattering, walking about, eating and drinking, close to him and echoed from all sides, that the tall, black figure of Strafford was seen, “serious with his secretaries,” and life and death were at work in his small isolated knot. The general behavior in court throughout was gross and vulgar in the extreme, and scandalized Baillie. There was a continual noise, movement, and confusion of people leaving and returning, doors slamming, and enormous eating and drinking; bread and meat and confections were dispatched greedily; the bottle went round from mouth to mouth, and the assembled company manifested by the freest signs their enjoyment of the occasion.

 XXXIX.

ATTEMPT TO ARREST THE FIVE MEMBERS.—GARDINER.

[Strafford was condemned and executed in May of 1641. In the summer of that year Charles visited his northern capital. His plan was to make peace with the Scots, which he did by yielding all the points in dispute, and then to turn upon and crush the English opposition. Returning to London toward the close of the year, he brought a charge of high treason against five of the leaders of the House of Commons. There were constitutional methods by which these men might have been arrested, and, if guilty, punished. But Charles disdained constitutional ways and chose to resort to force. He grossly violated the privileges of the Parliament by going to the House of Commons at the head of a body of armed men and attempting to arrest his enemies in their places in the House.]

If the blow had not already fallen, it was because Charles had been involved in his usual vacillation. According to a

not improbable account, he had that morning sought out the queen, and had given strong reasons against the execution of the plan. Henrietta Maria was in no mood to accept excuses. "Go, you coward!" she cried, "and pull these rogues out by the ears, or never see my face more." Charles bowed to fate and his high-spirited wife, and left her, resolved to hang back no longer. Again there was delay, perhaps on account of the adjournment at midday; and before Charles actually left Whitehall the queen had trusted the secret to her ill-chosen confidante, Lady Carlisle, and Lady Carlisle at once conveyed the news to Essex.

Before dinner was over the five accused members received a message from Essex, telling them that the king was coming in person to seize them, and recommending them to withdraw. They could not make up their minds as yet to fly. In truth, Charles was still hesitating, in his usual fashion, and it might be that he would never accomplish his design. When the House met again at one, satisfactory replies were received from the inns of court. The lawyers said that they had gone to Whitehall, because they were bound to defend the king's person, but that they were also ready to defend the Parliament. The Lords, too, had shown themselves resolute, and had agreed to join the Commons in styling the attorney-general's articles a scandalous paper.

It may be that the contemptuous term applied to the accusation which he had authorized had at last goaded Charles to action. Late—but, as she fondly hoped, not too late—the queen had her way. About three o'clock Charles, taking with him the elector palatine, hurried down stairs, calling out, "Let my faithful subjects and soldiers follow me." Throwing himself into a coach, which happened to be near the door, he drove off, followed by some three or four hundred armed men.

Such a number could not march at any great speed. A Frenchman, named Langres, who had probably been set to

watch by the ambassador, La Ferté, pushed through the crowd, and ran swiftly to the House of Commons. He at once called out Fiennes and told him what he had seen. The five members were at once required to withdraw. Pym, Hampden, Hazlerigg, and Holles took the course which prudence directed. Strode, always impetuous, insisted on remaining to face the worst, till Erle seized him by the cloak and dragged him off to the river-side, where boats were always to be found. The five were all conveyed in safety to the city.

It was high time for them to be gone. Charles's fierce retinue struck terror as it passed. The shopkeepers in the mean buildings which had been run up against the north end of Westminster Hall hastily closed their windows. Charles alighted and strode rapidly through the Hall between the ranks of the armed throng. As he mounted the steps which led to the House of Commons he gave the signal to them to await his return there. About eighty of them, however, probably in consequence of previous orders, pressed after him into the lobby, and it was afterward noticed that "divers of the late army in the north, and other desperate ruffians" had been selected for this post.

Charles did his best to maintain a show of decency. He sent a message to the House, informing them of his arrival. As he entered, with the young elector palatine at his side, he bade his followers on their lives to remain outside. But he clearly wished it to be known that he was prepared to use force if it were necessary. The earl of Roxburgh leaned against the door, keeping it open so that the members might see what they had to expect in case of resistance. By Roxburgh's side stood Captain David Hyde, one of the greatest scoundrels in England. The rest were armed with swords and pistols, and many of them had left their cloaks in the Hall, with the evident intention of leaving the sword-arm free.

As Charles stepped through the door, which none of his predecessors had ever passed, he was, little as he thought it, formally acknowledging that power had passed into new hands. The revolution, which his shrewd father had described when he bade his attendants to set stools for the deputies of the Commons as for the ambassadors of a king, was now a reality before him. He had come to the Commons because they would no longer come to him. To Charles the new constitutional fact was merely a temporary interruption of established order. In his eyes there was visible no more than a mortal duel between King Charles and King Pym. As he moved forward, the members standing bare-headed on either side, his glance, perhaps involuntarily, sought the place on the right-hand side near the bar which was usually occupied by Pym. That seat was empty. It was the one thing for which he was unprepared. "By your leave, Mr. Speaker," he said, as he reached the upper end of the House, "I must borrow your chair a little." Standing in front of it, he cast his eyes around, seeking for those who were by this time far away.

"Gentlemen," he said at last, "I am sorry for this occasion of coming unto you. Yesterday I sent a serjeant-at-arms upon a very important occasion to apprehend some that by my command were accused of high treason, whereunto I did expect obedience, and not a message; and I must declare unto you here that, albeit no king that ever was in England shall be more careful of your privileges to maintain them to the uttermost of his power than I shall be, yet you must know that in cases of treason no person hath a privilege; and, therefore, I am come to know if any of these persons that were accused are here."

Once more he cast his eyes around. "I do not see any of them," he muttered, "I think I should know them." "For I must tell you, gentlemen," he went on to say, in continuation of his interrupted address, "that so long as those per-

sons that I have accused—for no slight crime, but for treason—are here, I cannot expect that this House can be in the right way that I do heartily wish it. Therefore, I am come to tell you that I must have them wheresoever I find them."

Then, hoping against hope that he had not come in vain, he put the question, "Is Mr. Pym here?" There was no reply, and a demand for Holles was no less fruitless. Charles turned to Lenthall. "Are any of these persons in the House?" he asked. "Do you see any of them? Where are they?" Lenthall was not a great or heroic man, but he knew what his duty was. He now gave voice, in words of singular force and dexterity, to the common feeling that no individual expression of the intentions or opinions of the House was permissible. "May it please your majesty," he said, falling on his knee before the king, "I have neither eyes to see, nor tongue to speak, in this place but as this House is pleased to direct me, whose servant I am here; and I humbly beg your majesty's pardon that I cannot give any other answer than this to what your majesty is pleased to demand of me."

"Well," replied Charles, assuming a cheerfulness which he can hardly have felt, "I think my eyes are as good as another's." Once more he looked carefully along the benches. "Well," he said, "I see all the birds are flown. I do expect from you that you shall send them unto me as soon as they return hither. If not, I will seek them myself, for their treason is foul, and such a one as you will thank me to discover. But I assure you, on the word of a king, I never did intend any force, but shall proceed against them in a legal and fair way, for I never meant any other. I see I cannot do what I came for. I think this is no unfit occasion to repeat what I have said formerly, that whatsoever I have done in favor, and to the good of my subjects, I do mean to maintain it."

So Charles spoke, and so, no doubt, he thought. He did not intend to assassinate the five whom he accused, any more than Pym had a year before intended to assassinate Straf-

ford. But he meant again to be king of England, as he and his father before him had understood kingship. It would not be his fault if resistance brought bloodshed with it.

He knew now that, for the time at least, he was baffled. As he left the House, with gloom on his brow, he could hear the cries of "Privilege! Privilege!" raised behind him. His armed followers were exasperated at his failure. Those minutes of waiting had sadly tried their patience. Strange words had fallen from the lips of some of them. "I warrant you," said one, cocking his pistol, "I am a good marksman, I will hit sure." "A pox take the House of Commons," growled another, "let them be hanged if they will." When the king re-appeared, there was a general cry for the word which was to let them loose. "How strong is the House of Commons?" asked one. "Zounds!" cried another, as soon as the absence of the five was known, "they are gone, and now we are never the better for our coming." The general feeling of these men was doubtless expressed by an officer on the following day. He and his comrades, he said, had come, "because they heard that the House of Commons would not obey the king, and therefore they came to force them to it; and he believed, in the posture that they were set, that if the word had been given, they should certainly have fallen upon the House of Commons."

Such was the shape which Charles's legal and peaceable action took in the eyes of those whom he had called on to execute his design. The Commons at once adjourned, with the sense that they had but just escaped a massacre.

Charles could not afford to acknowledge that he had failed. The next day he set out for the city, hoping to obtain there what he had not obtained at Westminster. He took with him in his coach, Hamilton, Essex, Holland, and Newport, perhaps with the idea of sheltering himself under their popularity. The rumor spread that he was carrying them with him in order to imprison them in the Tower. Multitudes

poured into the streets in no gentle humor. At last he reached Guildhall, and made his demand to the common council. After he had spoken there was a long silence, broken at last by shouts of "Parliament! Privileges of Parliament!" The meeting was, however, not unanimous. Cries as loud of "God bless the king" were heard. Charles asked that those who had any thing to say should speak their minds. "It is the vote of this court," cried one, "that your majesty hear the advice of your Parliament." "It is not the vote of this court," cried another, "it is your own vote." "Who is it," asked the king, "that says I do not take the advice of my Parliament? I do take their advice; but I must distinguish between the Parliament and some traitors in it. Those I would bring to a legal trial." On this a man sprang on a form and shouted out, "Privileges of Parliament!" Charles repeated what he had said, in a slightly altered form. "I have and will observe all privileges of Parliament, but no privileges can protect a traitor from a legal trial." In spite of the division of opinion, it was evident that there would be no surrender of the members. As the king passed out, there was a loud shout of "Privileges of Parliament!" from the crowd outside. He stopped to dine with one of the sheriffs. On his way back to Whitehall the streets rang with the cry of "Privileges of Parliament." One bold man threw into his coach a paper, on which was written, "To your tents, O Israel!" The allusion to Rehoboam's deposition was one which Charles could not fail to understand.

XL.

EXECUTION OF CHARLES THE FIRST.—GUIZOT.

[The attempt upon the five members resulted in a triumph for them, and the country rapidly drifted into civil war. During the first eighteen months of the struggle the advantage lay with the king, owing chiefly to his superiority in cavalry. But the formation of Cromwell's famous "Ironsides" turned the scale in favor of the Parliament. At Marston Moor the royalist army, under Rupert, was disastrously defeated in July of 1644, and the king himself was overthrown at Naseby in June of 1645. Charles took refuge with the Scots, who had joined the side of the Parliament in the war; the Scots, failing to convert him to their creed, delivered him over to the English Presbyterians, and from the hands of the latter he passed into the keeping of the army, which was composed chiefly of Independents, and whose ruling spirit was Cromwell. The king played a shuffling game with all parties. In 1648 a reaction took place in his favor. The Scots and the English royalists and Presbyterians united against the Independent army to place him back upon the throne. The army crushed the movement, and resolved to call the king to account for the blood that had been shed. He was tried and condemned by a tribunal, which was virtually a court-martial.]

THE king, after a few hours of tranquil sleep, left his bed. "I have a great affair to terminate," he said to Herbert, "I must get up immediately;" and he went to his toilet. Herbert was agitated, and did not comb his hair with his usual care. "I pray you," said Charles, "take as much pains as usual; though my head is not to remain long upon my shoulders, I will be dressed like a bridegroom to-day." As he was dressing he asked for a second shirt; "the season is so cold," he said, "that I might tremble; some people would attribute it to fear, and I would not have such a supposition possible." As soon as day dawned the bishop arrived, and began his pious office; as he read, in the twenty-seventh chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew, the passion of Jesus Christ, the king asked him, "My lord, did you choose this chapter

as applicable to my situation?" "I beg your majesty to observe," said the bishop, "that it is the gospel of the day, as the calendar indicates." The king appeared deeply affected, and continued his devotions with greater fervor. At about ten a gentle knock was heard at the door; Herbert paid no heed to it; a second, rather louder, though still gentle knock succeeded. "Go," said the king, "and see who is there." It was Hacker. "Tell him to come in," said the king. "Sir," said the colonel, with a low and trembling voice, "it is time to go to Whitehall; your majesty will still have an hour there to compose yourself." "I will go directly," answered Charles; "leave me." Hacker went out; the king bent for a few moments more in silent prayer; and then, taking the bishop by the hand, "Come," he said, "let us go; Herbert, open the door, Hacker knocks again;" and he went down into the park, through which he was to pass on his way to Whitehall.

Several companies of infantry awaited him, forming a double line on each side of his road; a detachment of halberdiers marched on before, with banners flying; the drums beat; not a voice could be heard for the noise. On the right of the king was the bishop; on the left, with his head uncovered, was Colonel Tomlinson, the commander of the guard, whom Charles, touched by his attentions, had requested not to leave him till his last moment. He talked with him, as they advanced, of his funeral, of the persons to whom he wished the care of it to be intrusted, with a serene air, a beaming eye, a firm step, walking even faster than the troops, and wondering at their slowness. One of the officers on duty, probably thinking to confuse him, asked him whether he had not concurred with the late duke of Buckingham in causing the death of his father. "My friend," answered Charles, with gentle contempt, "if I had no other sin than that, I call God to witness that I should not have any need to beg his forgiveness." Arrived at Whitehall, he ascended the stairs with a light step, passed through the long gallery, and gained his bedroom, where he

was left alone with the bishop, who was preparing to give him the communion. A few Independent ministers, Nye and Goodwin among the rest, came and knocked at the door, saying that they wished to offer their services to the king. "The king is at prayers," answered Juxon; yet they still insisted. "Well, then," said Charles to the bishop, "thank them in my name for their offer; but tell them frankly that after having so often prayed against me, and without any reason, they shall not pray with me in my agony. They can, if they like, pray for me; for that I shall be grateful." They thereupon retired; and the king knelt down, received the communion from the hands of the bishop, and then, rising with alacrity, said: "Now let these rascals come; I have forgiven them from my heart, and I am prepared for all that I have to go through." His dinner had been prepared, but he refused to eat any of it. "Sir," said Juxon, "your majesty has long been fasting; the weather is so cold, perhaps on the scaffold some fainting . . ." "You are right," interrupted the king, and he took a piece of bread and drank a glass of wine. It was then one o'clock; Hacker knocked at the door. Juxon and Herbert fell on their knees; "Rise, my old friend," said Charles, holding out his hand to the bishop. Hacker knocked again, and Charles ordered the door to be opened. "Go on," he said to the colonel, "I will follow you." He advanced through the banqueting hall, still between a double line of soldiers; a multitude of men and women, who had rushed in at the peril of their lives, stood motionless behind the guard, praying for the king as he passed; the soldiers themselves were silent, and did not insult him. At the farther end of the hall an opening had been made in the wall leading immediately to the scaffold, which was entirely covered with black. Two men, dressed as sailors and both wearing masks, stood by the block. The king arrived, carrying his head erect, and looking on all sides for the people to speak to them; but, seeing that only soldiers filled the place, and that none could approach, he



Execution of King Charles.

turned toward Juxon and Tomlinson, and said, "I cannot be heard by many but yourselves, therefore to you I will speak a few words;" and he delivered to them a short speech which he had prepared, and which was calm and grave to coldness, and merely intended to maintain that he had been right; that contempt of the rights of the sovereign was the true cause of the people's misfortunes; that the people ought not to take any part in government; that upon this condition only would the country ever regain peace and its liberties. While he was speaking, some one touched the ax; he turned hastily, saying, "Do not spoil the ax, it would hurt me more;" and when he had finished his speech, some one again approaching it, "Take care of the ax, take care!" he repeated, in a tone of terror. The most profound silence reigned; he put a silk cap on his head, and, addressing the executioner, said: "Is my hair in the way?" "I beg your majesty to push it more under your cap," replied the man, bowing. The king, with the help of the bishop, pushed his hair aside. As he was doing this he said: "I have on my side a good cause, and a merciful God." "Yes, sir," said the bishop, "there is but one stage more, which, though turbulent and troublesome, is yet a very short one. Consider, it will soon carry you a great way; it will carry you from earth to heaven!" "I go," replied the king, "from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can take place!" and, turning toward the executioner, "Is my hair now right?" he said. He took off his cloak and George, gave the George to Juxon, saying, "Remember!" He then took off his coat, put on his cloak again, and, looking at the block, said to the executioner, "Place it so that it will not shake." "It is firm, sir," replied the man. The king said: "I shall say a short prayer, and when I hold out my hands, then . . ."

He stood in meditation, said a few words to himself, raised his eyes to heaven, knelt down, and laid his head upon the block; the executioner touched his hair to push it still farther

under his cap; the king thought he was going to strike. "Wait for the signal," he said. "I shall wait for it, sir, with the good pleasure of your majesty." In about a minute the king held out his hands; the executioner struck; the head was severed at a blow. "This is the head of a traitor," he cried, as he held it up to the people; a long, deep murmur spread around Whitehall; many persons rushed to the scaffold to dip their handkerchiefs in the king's blood. Two troops of horse, advancing in different directions, slowly dispersed the crowd. When the scaffold was at length clear, the body was taken away; it was already inclosed in the coffin when Cromwell wished to see it. He considered it attentively, and, taking up the head in his hands, as if to make sure that it was severed from the body, said: "This was a well-constituted frame and promised a long life."

XLI.

THE DECISION AT WORCESTER.—FORSTER.

[The execution of Charles was followed by the overthrow of the monarchy and the establishment of a republic or "commonwealth." But the new state was forced at once to enter upon a struggle for existence. Widespread disaffection existed in England; in Scotland, the son of the "martyr-king" was called to the throne; in Ireland there was open rebellion. Cromwell's vigorous campaign restored order in Ireland, and in the summer of 1650 he was sent against the Scots. He defeated them disastrously at Dunbar, but they rallied the next year, and staked all on an invasion of England. Cromwell followed and overtook them at Worcester.]

WITH the advance of winter an attack of ague seized Cromwell, but after severe suffering he rallied, and in time for that ill-judged movement of the young king of Scots which brought on the battle of Worcester.

The Presbyterian army, restored to a numerous and most effective force, now held a strong position near Stirling.

Charles II. commanded it in person. Taught by the fatal experience of Dunbar, however, he kept acting on the defensive, and could not be drawn from his well-selected ground. As a last effort with this view, Cromwell, with singular daring, transported his army into Fife, and proceeded toward Perth, which he captured after a siege of two days. The stratagem succeeded, in one sense, but, besides moving the Scots from their stronghold, it had also induced Charles to adopt the plan of marching into England. It is said that in this he yielded to the advice of his English followers, who overruled the more prudent Argyle, looked with contempt upon the Parliament, and counted upon the numerical majority of the English nation as unquestionably in his favor. On the 31st of July he broke up his camp near the Torwood, and on the 6th of August reached Carlisle.

Cromwell was engaged in the superintendence of a new citadel by means of which he designed to hold Perth in subjection, when the news reached him of the movement of the Presbyterians and the king. His spirit rose to that crisis with a renewal of the excitement which men noted in him at Dunbar. He wrote at once to London to give all necessary courage and confidence to the council and citizens. After informing them of the meditated invasion hanging over them, he observed that it "was not out of choice on our part;" and did not conceal his fear that it would trouble some men's thoughts, and occasion some inconvenience. But, he adds, "this is our comfort, that, in simplicity of heart as to God, we have done to the best of our judgments, knowing that, if some issue were not put to this business, it would occasion another winter's war, to the ruin of your soldiery, for whom the Scots are too hard in respect of enduring the winter difficulties of this country, and have been under the endless expense of the treasury of England in prosecuting this war. It may be supposed we might have kept the enemy from this by interposing between him and England, which I truly