

and recompenses, and no mercy at all shall be showed but to them that are the sons of mercy; for the other, their portion is such as can be expected from these premises. . . .

The Judge shall appear clothed with wisdom, and power, and justice, and knowledge, and an impartial spirit, making no separations by the proportions of this world, but by the measures of God; not giving sentence by the principles of our folly and evil customs, but by the severity of his own laws and measures of the Spirit. "God does not judge as man judges."

RICHARD RUMBOLD



RICHARD RUMBOLD, an English soldier, a malster by trade, and connected with the famous Rye-House Plot, the Whig conspiracy to kill Charles II, and also with the Argyle rising in Scotland, which brought Argyle, and Rumford with him, to the scaffold. The latter was born about the year 1622, and entering the Parliamentary army at the age of eighteen was one of Cromwell's own regiment who guarded the scaffold at Whitehall at the execution of Charles I; he also fought well under Cromwell at Dunbar and Worcester, in 1650-51. Rumbold is said to have been a man of courageous heart and of clear understanding, though corrupted and led astray by the fanaticism of party. After the Restoration, Rumbold, who owned a farmhouse called the Rye, in Hertfordshire, seems to have been a party to attempt the assassination of Charles II and his brother the Duke of York. The attempt failed, though Russell and Sidney came to the block, while Rumbold escaped, only to take part in Scotland in Argyle's insurrection in May, 1685, which brought Rumbold into the custody of the Scottish authorities, who put him and his leader Argyle to death, at Edinburgh, June 26, 1685. In a speech before his execution, Rumbold declared his innocence of any treasonable intent against the King; from this speech the following memorable sentences are taken.

SPEECH FROM THE SCAFFOLD

DELIVERED AT THE MARKET CROSS AT EDINBURGH, JUNE 26, 1685

GENTLEMEN AND BRETHREN,—It is for all men that come unto the world once to die, and after death to judgment; and since death is a debt that all of us must pay, it is but a matter of small moment what way it be done; and seeing the Lord is pleased in this manner to take me to himself, I confess, something hard to flesh and blood, yet, blessed be his name, who hath made me not only willing but thankful for his honoring me to lay down the life he gave, for his name; in which, were every hair in this head and beard of mine a life, I should joyfully sacrifice them for it, as I do this. And, Providence having brought me hither,

I think it most necessary to clear myself of some aspersions laid on my name; and first, that I should have had so horrid an intention of destroying the king and his brother.

[Here he repeated what he had said before to the justices on this subject.]

It was also laid to my charge that I was anti-monarchical.

It was ever my thought that kingly government was the best of all, justly executed: I mean, such as by our ancient laws; that is, a king, and a legal, free-chosen Parliament, the king having, as I conceive, power enough to make him great; the people also as much property as to make them happy; they being, as it were, contracted to one another. And who will deny me that this was not the just constituted government of our nation? How absurd is it, then, for men of sense to maintain that though the one party of this contract breaketh all conditions, the other should be obliged to perform their part? No; this error is contrary to the law of God, the law of nations, and the law of reason. But as pride hath been the bait the devil hath caught most by ever since the creation, so it continues to this day with us. Pride caused our first parents to fall from the blessed estate wherein they were created; they aiming to be higher and wiser than God allowed, which brought an everlasting curse on them and their posterity. It was pride caused God to drown the old world. And it was Nimrod's pride in building Babel that caused that heavy curse of division of tongues to be spread among us, as it is at this day one of the greatest afflictions the Church of God groaneth under, that there should be so many divisions during their pilgrimage here; but this is their comfort that the day draweth near where, as there is but one shepherd, there shall be but one sheepfold. It was therefore in the defence of this

party, in their just rights and liberties, against popery and slavery —

[At these words they beat the drums: at which he said they need not trouble themselves, for he should say no more of his mind on that subject, since they were so disingenuous as to interrupt a dying man; only to assure the people that he adhered to the true Protestant religion, detesting the erroneous opinions of many that called themselves so, and continued:]

— and I die this day in the defence of the ancient laws and liberties of these nations. And though God, for reasons best known to himself, hath not seen fit to honor us as to make us the instruments for the deliverance of his people; yet, as I have lived, so I die in the faith, that he will speedily arise for the deliverance of his Church and people. And I desire of all you to prepare for this with speed. I may say, This is a deluded generation, veiled with ignorance, that though popery and slavery be riding in upon them, do not perceive it; though I am sure there was no man born marked of God above another; for none comes into the world with a saddle on his back, neither any booted and spurred to ride him; not but that I am well satisfied that God hath wisely ordered different stations for men in the world, as I have already said: kings having as much power as to make them great, and the people as much property as to make them happy. And to conclude, I shall only add my wishes for the salvation of all men, who were created for that end.

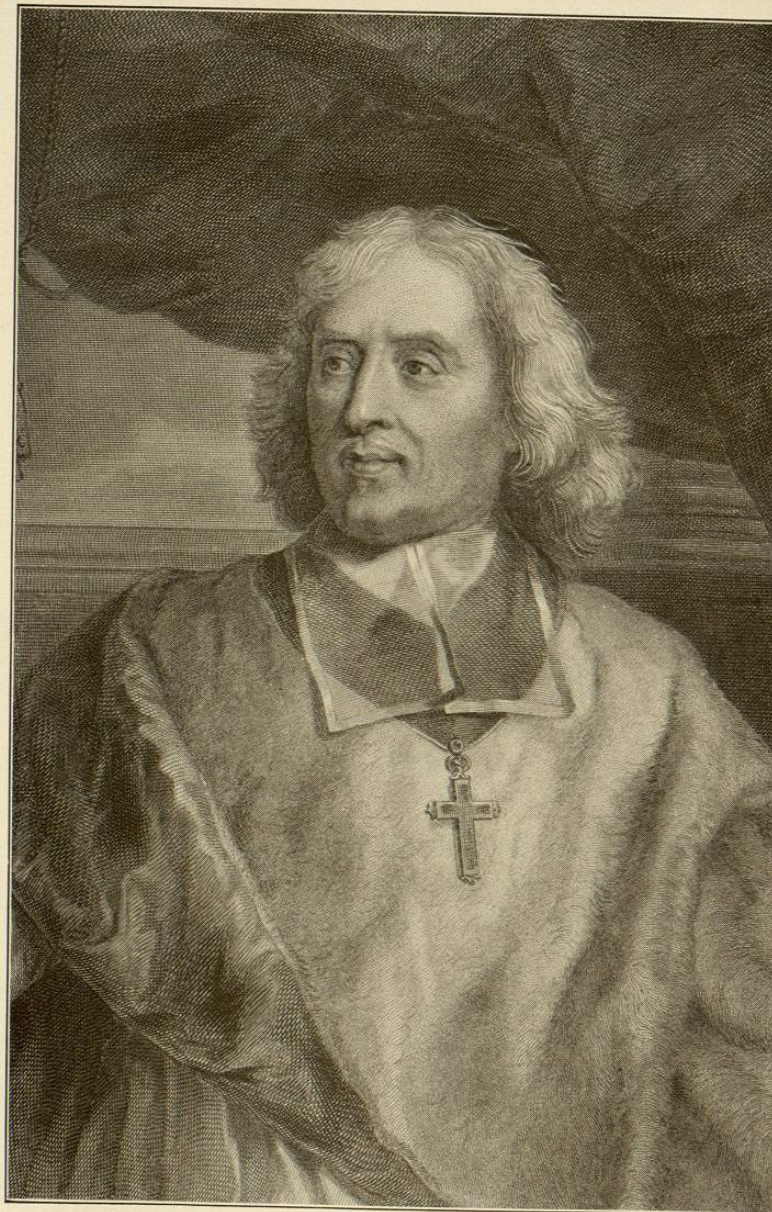
BISHOP BOSSUET

ACQUES BÉNIGNE BOSSUET, bishop of Meaux, and a great French pulpit orator and theologian, was born at Dijon, France, Sept. 27, 1627, and died at Paris, April 12, 1704. Receiving his early education at Dijon, at the College of Jesuits, and completing his studies at the College of Navarre, Paris, he proceeded to Metz, where he became a licentiate and later a doctor in theology, and was ordained to the priesthood. The great aim of his life was now the conversion of Protestants back to the Catholic faith, and actuated by this motive he undertook an ecclesiastical mission to Lorraine, but in 1657, becoming celebrated for his sermons, he was called to Paris, where he preached for three years in the convent of St. Thomas Aquinas. The fame of his preaching brought him to the notice of the King, Louis XIV, who made him preceptor to the Dauphin and nominated him to the bishopric of Meaux. He had special gifts in the composition and delivery of funeral orations, those on the deaths of the Queen Dowager of England, widow of Charles I, and of Henrietta, daughter of Charles I, who had married the Duc d'Orleans (brother of Louis XIV) being specially notable. They were characterized by an eloquence almost sublime. In the survey and grasp of his subject, as well as in his religious enthusiasm, Bossuet was remarkable, while he was also remarkable for his abounding and beautiful metaphors. On his acceptance of the bishopric of Meaux, Bossuet's career was devoted to his writings in defense of the Catholic faith, and to controversy with men such as Fénelon—an unfortunate incident in Bossuet's life. He died at the age of seventy-seven. In his eulogy, part of which is here reproduced, on the Prince of Condé, one of the greatest captains of the 17th century, Bossuet is deemed to have composed his masterpiece, and to have reached the height of sublimity.

FUNERAL ORATION ON THE PRINCE DE CONDÉ

IN BEGINNING this address, in which I purpose to celebrate the immortal glory of Louis de Bourbon, Prince de Condé, I feel myself overweighted both by the grandeur of the subject and, to be frank, by the fruitlessness of the effort. What part of the inhabited world has

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BOSSUET

not heard of the victories of the Prince de Condé and the wonders of his life? They are recounted everywhere; the Frenchman who boasts of them in the presence of the foreigner tells him nothing which the latter does not know; and in no matter how exalted a strain I might sound his praises, I should still feel that in your hearts you were convinced that I deserved the reproach of falling far short of doing him justice. An orator, feeble as he is, cannot do anything for the perpetuation of the glory of extraordinary souls. Le Sage was right when he said that "their deeds alone can praise them"; no other praise is of any effect where great names are concerned; and it needs but the simple story of his deeds faithfully recorded to sustain the glory of the Prince de Condé. But, while awaiting the appearance of the history which is to tell the story of his life to coming ages, it is necessary to satisfy as best we may the public recognition of his merit and bow to the order of the greatest of all sovereigns. What does not the kingdom owe to a prince who has honored the house of France, the French name, his century, and, so to speak, all mankind? Louis the Great himself shares these sentiments; after having mourned this great man, and by his tears, shed in the presence of his entire court, rather than by words, uttered the most glorious eulogy he could receive, he assembled together in this celebrated temple all that is most august in his realm, in order that the last rites to the memory of this prince might there be celebrated; and he wishes that my feeble voice should animate all this funeral equipage. Let us try, then, to forget our grief. Here an object greater and worthier of this pulpit presents itself to my mind: it is God who makes warriors and conquerors. "It is thou," said David unto Him, "who hast trained my

hand to battle, and my fingers to hold the sword." If He inspires courage, no less is He the bestower of other great qualities, both of heart and of mind. His mighty hand is the source of everything; it is He who sends from heaven generous sentiments, wise counsels and every worthy thought. But He wishes us to know how to distinguish between the gifts He abandons to His enemies and those He reserves for His servants. What distinguishes His friends from all others is piety. Until this gift of Heaven has been received, all others not only are as naught, but even bring ruin on those who are endowed with them; without this inestimable gift of piety what would the Prince de Condé have been, even with his great heart and great genius? No, my brethren, if piety had not, as it were, consecrated his other virtues, these princes would have found no consolation for their grief, nor this pontiff any confidence in his prayers, nor would I myself utter with conviction the praises which I owe so great a man. Let us, by this example, then, set human glory at naught; let us destroy the idol of the ambitious, that it might fall to pieces before this altar. Let us to-day join together (for with a subject so noble we may do it) all the finest qualities of a superior nature; and, for the glory of truth, let us demonstrate, in a prince admired of the universe, that what makes heroes, that what carries to the highest pitch worldly glory, worth, magnanimity, natural goodness—all attributes of the heart; vivacity, penetration, grandeur and sublimity of genius—attributes of the mind; would be but an illusion were piety not a part of them—in a word, that piety is the essence of the man. It is this, gentlemen, which you will see in the forever memorable life of the most high and mighty Prince Louis de Bourbon, Prince de Condé, first prince of the blood.

God has revealed to us that He alone creates conquerors, and that He makes them serve his designs. What other created a Cyrus if it is not God who named him two hundred years before his birth in the Prophecies of Isaiah? "Thou art as yet unborn," He said unto him, "but I see thee, and I name thee by thy name; thou shalt be called Cyrus. I will walk before thee in battle; at thy approach I will put kings to flight; I will break down doors of brass. It is I that stretch out the heavens, that support the earth, that name that which is not as that which is," that is to say, it is I that create everything and I that see, from eternity, all that I create. What other could fashion an Alexander, if it is not this same God who caused the unquenchable ardor of Daniel, his prophet, to see from so great a distance and by means of foreshadowings so vivid. "Do you see him," he says, "this conqueror; with what rapidity he rises from the west by bounds, as it were, and touches not the earth?" In the boldness of his leaps, and the lightness of his tread like unto some powerful and frisking beast, he advances by quick and impetuous bounds, and nor mountain nor precipice arrests his progress. Already has the king of Persia fallen into his hands. "At his sight he was exasperated; efferatus est in eum," says the prophet; "he strikes him down, he tramples him under foot; none can save him from his blows nor cheat him of his prey." But to hear these words of Daniel, whom would you suppose you perceived, gentlemen, under that figure of speech—Alexander or the Prince de Conde? God gave him that dauntless valor that France might enjoy safety during the minority of a king but four years old. Let him grow up, this king, cherished of Heaven, and all will yield to his exploits; rising above his own followers, as well as his