April 30, 1953

To the Graduate Council:

I am submitting herewith a thesis written by Harry G. Merrill, III, entitled "REGII SANGVINIS CLAMOR AD COELUM, By Dr. Peter du Moulin the Younger (1652), Translated Into English and with an Introduction." I recommend that it be accepted for nine quarter hours of credit in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts, with a major in English.

John L. Lievsay
Major Professor

We have read this thesis
and recommend its acceptance:

Alvin Kalez

Arthur H. Moser

Accepted for the Council:

E. G. Walters
Dean of the Graduate School

REGII SANGVINIS CLAMOR AD COELUM

By Dr. Peter du Moulin the Younger (1652)

Translated Into English and with an Introduction

33

A THESIS

Submitted to
The Graduate Council
of
The University of Tennessee
in
Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements
for the degree of
Master of Arts

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by

Harry G. Merrill, III

June 1953

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Harry G. Merrill, III

Knoxville, Tennessee
24 May, 1953

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INTRODUCTION

The beheading of Charles I on the black-draped scaffold outside Whitehall on 30 January, 1649, horrified the monarchs of Europe, for on that planking by the palace banquet room had been taught the most sanguine of all lessons concerning the relative effectiveness of Divine Right and popular will. The dismal negotiations to end the eight years of the English Civil War had aroused the fears of the Continental princes, and Charles' execution confirmed them; this baneful tide of successful rebellion, refuted by theory and hedged by arms, against despotism must be halted at the Channel shore.

As the progress of the English Civil War made clearer its possibilities for European thrones, Continental scholars and theologians alike swelled the accompanying paper war with partisan works on the English question. Conspicuous among these writers were the Huguenot humanists, and their occasional enthusiasm for the Royal cause was motivated by something more than a Gallic admiration for the English king's bearing in adversity. The Edict of Nantes was a fiat easily to be swept away by a French king of more constricted view than Henry IV; moreover, St. Bartholomew's Day, the Isle of Rhé, and La Rochelle were recent reminders

of the contingency. Therefore, the need to prove loyalty to the French crown was alone a stimulus sufficient to stir the Huguenot scholars to defend the foreign Church of England and monarch who was its head.

There appeared surreptitiously the day after Charles' death a volume entitled EIKON BASILIKE, The Portraicture of His Sacred Majesty in his Solitude and Sufferings. This work, felicitous both in timing and style, dressed his late Majesty's bearing as a martyr in a persuasive and limpid prose apparently composed by the King during his imprisonment. With some justice it excited a fresh sympathy for the Royal cause. Almost simultaneously with its publication the noted French humanist Claude de Salmaise produced a work of large political impact abroad, the DEFENSIO REGIA pro Carolo I, Rege Angliae. Both works were printed by William Dugard, according to his deposition dated October, 1661, in the Record Office.[1] For printing the Salmasius DEFENSIO, the deposition states, Dugard "was cast into Newgate, his wife and six children turned out of

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[1]Reproduced in facsimile in the Bibliography of the King's Book, by E. Almack, Introduction, p. 7; reproduced by F. F. Madan in "Milton, Salmasius, and Dugard," The Library, Series IV, iv (1923-24), 119. ---Article hereafter Madan.

doors, and had been tried for his life by an High Court of Injustice, had not Sir James Harrington saved him from that danger, and procured his release. . . ." Originally printed in English, the EIKON attained its first effect at home whereas Salmasius' Latin book enjoyed its vogue in the capitals and the humanistic centers of Europe.

To refute the combined attack of Charles' EIKON and Salmasius' DEFENSIO, the Commonwealth government ordered John Milton, Cromwell's Latin secretary, to compose the necessary replies. Drawing upon a learning fully equal to that of Salmasius and upon an intellectual dexterity greater than the Frenchman's, Milton battered the EIKON with his EIKONOKLASTES, and the Defensio Regia he smothered with Joannis Miltoni Angli pro Populo Anglicano Defensio contra Claudii Anonymii, alias Salmasii, Defensionem Regiam. This latter book was printed in 1651, according to Madan, by Dugard who, since his committal to Newgate in February, 1650, had been released, restored as headmaster of the Merchant Taylors' School, and had even been appointed printer to Oliver.[2]

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[2] Madan, p. 119.

Salmasius set about a rebuttal of Milton--which his untimely death robbed of effectiveness--and during the period of its composition preceding Salmasius' death a new book was published anonymously in Holland that was destined to protract the quarrel, cost Milton his sight, and a comparative bystander, Alexander More, his reputation.

This book, here translated into English for the first time, was entitled Regii Sangvinis CLAMOR AD COELUM Adversus Paricidas ANGLICANOS, and its author--assailed by Milton as being Alexander More--later was ascertained to be Dr. Peter du Moulin. The essentials of its publication are recorded by Anthony a Wood (1691) in the Fasti Oxonienses:

> But so it was, that in 1652, a certain book entitled Regii Sanguinis clamor, &c. being published Salmasius was highly extolled in it, and Milton had his just character given therein. The nameless author of which being for a considerable time sought out, but in vain, by Milton, he at length learned by certain ministers of state sent to the Republic of England, (who would sometimes visit him as a learned man) that it was written by one Alex. More, formerly a professor and minister at Geneva, then living in Holland. Whereupon he published . . . Pro populo Anglicano, defensio secunda . . . Lond. 1654, and at Hag. Com. the same year in oct. Upon the writing of this book, the author, Milton, lost the other eye. . . . This book entitled Regii sanguinis clamor &c. though written by Dr. Peter du Moulin, Prebendary of Cantebury, as it afterwards well appeared, yet Milton upon the reports before mentioned, could not be convinced to the contrary, but that it was written by the said

> More, and therefore not only abused him in his answers, but by his friend Needham in his Politicus, whereby the reputation of that learned person was severely touched. . . .[3]

The "answers" of Milton mentioned by Wood were the Defensio Secunda, and the Pro Se Defensio published in 1655 after More dared to protest his innocence of Milton's charges.

Dr. Peter du Moulin (I use Peter for his first name to distinguish him from his father Pierre) was a member of a Huguenot family illustrious in the humanities, and the friend and kinsman of European humanists who dominated contemporary literature. The family tradition explains much to be found in Clamor ad Coelum.

Dr. Pierre du Moulin, the father of our author and sometimes confused with him, was one of the greatest Huguenot theologians, and was able to serve without difficulty both Anglican parishes and French Calvinist churches. He was the son of Joachim du Moulin, a pastor at Orleans, by Françoise Gabet, widow of Jacques du Plessis, and was born 18 October, 1568, at Buhy in Vexin Français, where his father had taken refuge and was acting as chaplain to

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[3] The Early Lives of Milton, ed. with introduction and notes by Helen Darbishire (London: Constable & Co., Ltd., 1932), pp. 44-45.

Pierre de Buhy, brother of the "Huguenot pope" Philippe de Mornay.[4]

When Pierre was four, his parents fled the St. Bartholomew's massacre, and left their four little children in care of an old Catholic nurse at Coeuvres near Soisson. When the pursuers came, little Pierre's cries, although stifled by a mattress, would have attracted the approaching murderers' attention had not the nurse rattled pots and pans in pretense of cleaning them and his sister Esther put her hand over his mouth.[5]

In 1588 his persecuted father sent him with twelve crowns to England.[6] He first was educated at Sedan[7] and then studied at Cambridge, after some studies at Leyden,

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[4]The Dictionary of National Biography, ed. Sir Leslie Stephen and Sir Sidney Lee (London: The Oxford University Press, 1917), XIII, 1098.---Series hereafter DNB.

[5]DNB, XIII, 1098.

[6]Loc. cit.

[7]Biographie Universelle (Michaud) Ancienne Et Moderne, Nouvelle Edition, rev., corr., et aug. par Une Société de Gens de Lettres de Savants (Paris: Chez Madame C. Desplaces, 1854), XXIX, 449.---Series hereafter BU.

until 1592,[8] and while at Cambridge was a pupil of Whitaker and tutored the son of the Countess of Rutland.[9]

In 1592 he became a teacher for two months in a Leyden college and was then appointed professor of philosophy at the University.[10] He lodged with Scaliger, and Grotius was one of his pupils.[11]

In 1599 he was called to the Huguenot church at Charenton, was named chaplain to Princess Catherine de Bourbon,[12] and wed his first wife Marie de Colignon, upon whose death in 1622 he married Sarah de Geslay in 1623.[13] When the Princess Catherine lay dying in 1604, Henry IV sent Cardinal du Perron to convert her to Catholicism, and when the cardinal tried to push Du Moulin from the room,

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[8] Nouvelle Biographie Générale Les Temps Les Plus Reculés Jusqu'a nos Jours, sous la direction de M. Le Dr Hoefer (Paris: Firmin Didot Frères, Fils et Cie, Editeurs, 1856), XXXVI, 769.---Series hereafter NBG.

[9] DNB, XIII, 1098.

[10] Loc. cit.

[11] Loc. cit.

[12] BU, XXIX, 449.

[13] DNB, XIII, 1098.

the Huguenot bested the prelate by clinging to the Princess' bedstead until Du Perron retired in chagrin.[14]

In 1615 King James I of England charged him to draw up a confession of faith for a projected union of the Anglican and Presbyterian churches, a project which did not bear fruit but which earned the Du Moulin family the lasting patronage of the English Crown.[15] Du Moulin next employed his pen against the Arminians, and the National Synod at Alais, over which he presided,[16] condemned the sect.[17]

At the instance of the British ambassador to Paris, Edward, first Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Du Moulin in 1620 wrote to James I on behalf of the elector palatine. When his letters were either intercepted or treacherously divulged by the Duke of Buckingham, the missives were construed as inciting a foreign sovereign to interfere in

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[14] Loc. cit.

[15] NBG, XXXVI, 770.

[16] BU, XXIX, 449.

[17] NBG, XXXVI, 769.

French affairs,[18] and Du Moulin fled from Paris to Sedan upon orders from Louis XIII for his arrest.[19]

Going again to England, Du Moulin served as rector of Llanarmon-in-Yale, Denbigh, from 1625 to 1635. He later returned to France, and died at Sedan 10 March, 1658, aged 90.[20] He wrote his prolific theological works under the Latinized name of Molinaeus.

He was the father of two sons, Peter (1600), the author of Clamor ad Coelum, and Lewis du Moulin (1606). Peter du Moulin studied at Sedan and Leyden, where he became a polished Latinist, studied Greek, and acquired a knowledge of Hebrew.[21] His birth at Paris on 24 April, 1600, would put him in his teens during his father's two trips to England, and we do not know whether he accompanied the elder Du Moulin or not. About 1625, after an imprisonment at Dunkirk, he was appointed to the living of St.

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[18] DNB, XIII, 1098.

[19] NBG, XXXVI, 769; DNB, XIII, 1098.

[20] Alumni Cantabrigienses, compiled by John Venn and J. A. Venn (Cambridge: At the University Press, 1924), Part I, iii, 197.---Hereafter the series Alum. Cantab.

[21] DNB, XIII, 1097.

John's Church, Chester, a post which his father had refused, but there is no trace in the church books of his having resided there.[22] In any event, he must have taken English orders by 1633, when he became rector of Witherly in Leicestershire; this parish was succeeded by Llanarmon-in-Yale, Denbigh, 1635; Wheldrake, Yorkshire, 1641-6, where he was sequestered; and the vicarate of Bradwell in Buckinghamshire, 1657.[23] In 1633, Du Moulin married Anne, daughter of Matthew Claver of Foscott, Buckinghamshire, by whom he had a son Lewis.[24]

During the Civil War Du Moulin is known to have been in Ireland as a tutor in the Boyle family, and was next tutor at Oxford to Richard Boyle and Lord Dungarvan. At this time he frequently preached at St. Peter-in-the East.[25] In 1640 he had taken a doctor of divinity degree from Cambridge, incorporated from Leyden, and again at

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[22] Loc. cit.

[23] Alum. Cantab., I, iii, 197.

[24] DNB, XIII, 1098.

[25] DNB, XIII, 1097.

Oxford in 1656.[26]

Upon the return of Charles II and his troupe of comedians from Breda in 1660, Du Moulin was named chaplain to the King and Prebendary of Canterbury Cathedral.[27] After serving also as rector of Adisham (1662-1684) and of Staple, Kent, he died on 10 October, 1684, at the age of 84, and was buried in Canterbury Cathedral.[28]

During the Civil War, his brother Lewis had sided with the Puritans. After incorporation from Leyden to Cambridge for an M.D. degree in 1634, and again at Oxford in 1649,[29] he had served as Camden Professor of History at Oxford from 1648 to 1660. Following his death on 20 October, 1680, he was buried at St. Paul's, Covent Garden.[30] His works show him to have been an ardent Puritan.

Peter du Moulin apparently produced no work before 1650, when he wrote, obviously for the benefit of French Protestants and Protestantdom, a Defense de la Religion

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[26] Alum. Cantab., I, iii, 197.

[27] Loc. cit.

[28] Loc. cit.

[29] Loc. cit.

[30] Loc. cit.

réformée et de la monarchie et Église anglicane. This was followed in 1652 by Clamor ad Coelum where, amidst other things, he is at pains to identify true English Reformed Religion with the Established Church rather than with the Presbyterians actually the counterpart of his Huguenot friends, or with the Puritans who are depicted by him as hellish forces incarnate. Du Moulin, however, did not acknowledge authorship of Clamor ad Coelum,[31] and produced no further work until 1657 when he published a Treatise of Peace and contentment of mind. A French version (Sedan, 1660) went through a number of editions, and when the book was attributed to his theologian father, Peter du Moulin proved it to be his own by rendering it into Dutch and German.[32] Also in 1657 he published a Week of soliloquies and prayers, (London).

After a period sufficient for the Regicides' blood to slake Royalist thirst, du Moulin published in 1663 his Vindication of the sincerity of the protestant religion in the point of obedience to sovereigns (London). In 1669 at Cambrai Du Moulin published a more creative endeavor, Poematum Latinorum Libri III, apparently his devoir as a

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[31] DNB, XIII, 1098.

[32] NBG, XXXVI, 771.

figure of some celebrity. This he followed in 1671 with Reflexions sur la Politique de France (Cologne), and in 1674 denounced Papistry in The papal tyranny as it was exercised over England (London). In 1677 he republished the Reflexions sur la Politique &c. with some additions. His last work was a collection of Ten Sermons published in the year of his death, 1684.

CLAMOR AD COELUM

The suggestion for Clamor ad Coelum seems to have come from King Charles' EIKON. The king's book furthered Charles' deportment as royal martyr so well that it became as Holy Writ to the oppressed Royalists. Its general theme became that of Du Moulin, and his title--(translated) The Royal Blood's OUTCRY TO HEAVEN Against the English Parricides--apparently derives from this passage in the EIKON Basilike:

> When they have destroyed Me, (for I know not how farre God may permit the malice and cruelty of My Enemies to proceed, and such apprehensions some mens words and actions have already given Me) as I doubt not but My bloud will cry aloud for vengeance to heaven. . . .[33]

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[33] EIKON BASILIKE, Or the King's Book, ed. Edward Almack (London: Alexander Moring, Ltd., The De La More Press, 1904), p. 261.

This is clearly mirrored also in Du Moulin's epistle "To the Christian Reader" prefixed to the book, where he declares that

> Assuredly if men were lacking for this duty, yet the holy blood still would cry out from the earth; & until it brings down a just vengeance from heaven it will not cease to cry out day and night, "Arise God of Vengeance, O mighty God of Vengeance arise."

Other internal similarities of thought and parallel passages are to be found throughout Clamor ad Coelum, and Du Moulin's estimate of the EIKON is emphatic:

> Yet by the greatest beneficence & providence of the Most High God did that mellow Work survive the heartless search, the EIKON BASILIKE, or, it you will, a volume of Royal soliloquies, with which he whiled away the long tedium of jail. Compared to this Christian book, nothing more worthy of a King has come out since Apostolic writings. All ages will marvel at such serenity, patience, prudence, and fortitude of mind in such exigencies; at such great eloquence in such simplicity, not bedizened with alien hues, but strong in the bitterest awareness of actual events, & of piety and prudence, brilliant with perpetual light. Surely one can justly doubt which of these stands out more in the Royal Work. . . . (p. 92)

Du Moulin's primary purpose in writing the Clamor ad Coelum is utterly to discredit everywhere the Puritans and their adherents, to prevent the recognition of Oliver's government imminent because of the English Republic's success in arms. The motivation for this modest undertaking is to be found in the staunch Anglicanism of Du Moulin, and

in his wish to protect his Huguenot former compatriots and correligionists from a French crown all too ready to extirpate them.

Although festooned with the flowers and fustian of seventeenth-century rhetoric, Du Moulin's methodology is simplicity itself: after Chapter I he considers the execution of Charles in different categories of crime. Sometimes the proof of a contention occupies but little space, and the rest of the chapter will be given over to rhetorical flourishes; in the best homiletical tradition, Du Moulin will assume what he wants to prove and harangue upon it to a reasonable certainty that the reader has surrendered.

Accordingly, whoever has written or spoken for the Royal cause is truly a marvel of genius and learning; whoever has lent his talents to the Puritan cause is a depraved scoundrel. Salmasius is mentioned with only the profoundest veneration, but no stain is too black to adorn the character of Milton. The premature death of Salmasius has given Milton the victor's palm by default; but he who reads Du Moulin on Salmasius or Milton should examine the judgment of Thomas Hobbes in his Behemoth (1679):

> A. . . About this time came out two Books; one written by Salmasius, a Presbyterian, against the

> Murder of the King; another written by Milton, an Independent in England, in Answer to it. . . B. I have seen them both; they are very good Latin both, and hardly to be judged which is better; and both very ill reasoning, and hardly to be judged which is worst: like to Declamations Pro and Con, for exercise only in a Rhetoric School, by one and the same man; so like is a Presbyterian to an Independent.[34]

We know that Clamor ad Coelum was the work of possibly four different hands: Du Moulin; Vlaccus the publisher, who signed the dedication to Charles II; Du Moulin's cousin Samuel Bocharius, from whose "Epistle to Dr. Morley" were taken several pages of prose to introduce two appended poems; and possibly Alexander More as the editor.[35]

Discounting the portions which the other three may have touched, from the pages of Clamor ad Coelum one may learn several facts about the author.

He is distressed at and boils with anger over the Puritan confiscation of the lands and benefices of the Church of England, and in Chapter IV dwells on the matter at length and with fulminatory bitterness.

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[34] The English Works of Thomas Hobbes of Malmesbury; Now First Collected and Edited by Sir William Molesworth, Bart. (London: John Bohn, 1840), VI, 368.

[35] DNB, XIII, 858.

He prudently avoided incurring the wrath of Milton, who could in his attacks in Latin against Alexander More as the supposed author launch such withering sallies as this:

> He by chance conceived a passion for a certain maid of his host, and continued to pursue her even though she shortly after was wed to another; the neighbors oft would see them together by themselves enter a certain little garden cottage . . . now he could praise the garden beds, or desire nothing but the shade, or might merely be allowed to insert a more into a fig, and from thence with the utmost speed to beget many, many figamores--a most delightful stroll: he could have shown the maiden the method of engrafting: that he could have done these and many others, who denies? . . .[36]

Or, concerning More's alleged seduction of Pontia, Salmasius' maid, a scorching sarcasm closer home to Du Moulin:

> . . . From this union there at length befell a certain thing marvelous, & prodigious beyond wont of nature, that both woman & man brought forth--Pontia, forsooth, a Morelet . . . More this addled & windy egg, from which burst forth that dropsical drum, the Royal Blood's Outery. This indeed, was at first a most gratefully pleasing sop for our royalists starving in Belgium; now that the shell is cracked open, they turn away from the discovery's corruption and stench. . . . Whence someone--of a droll wit, too, whoever he was--wrote this couplet:

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[36] I have here used my own translation of the Latin text of the Defensio Secunda as it is found in The Works of John Milton, ed. Frank Allen Patterson, 18 vols. (New York: Columbia University Press, 1931), VIII, 30-33---Hereafter Defensio Secunda cited.

That nicely moor'd on Gallic More's sweet couch,
Enamour'd Pontia swell'd, who'll not avouch?[37]

The author dwells with pleased morbidity upon the details of the execution of Charles I, but he does paint the King's hearing on the scaffold with a veracity and sympathy which almost redeems the book.

He could hardly be called a poetic soul. Although in the appended iambics against Milton he achieves a lofty disdain in itself enough to infuriate Milton without the biting invective, Du Moulin scarcely elevates his "Thanksgiving Ode to Great Salmasius &c."--the conceit is a triumphal paean for a grammarian disguised as conquering hero--to the Horatian level. In the lines against Milton, not even the cento technique employed can excuse this lapse:

Yet I alone might bear all save that God,
Yea, God would "suffer threshing of that pod."

Du Moulin, in the very nature of the topics to which he addresses himself in the various chapters, displays a pomposity at once fascinating and amazing which not even

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[37] Defensio Secunda, p. 36. My own Translation from the Latin. Milton's famous distich,

Galli ex concubitu gravidam te, Pontia, Mori
Quis bene moratam, morigeramque neget?

contains three puns on More's Latinized name Morus, that I have retained in translating the couplet.

his occasionally telling sarcasms at Milton and the Puritans can shake off.

His formal learning is respectable. His grasp of the complexities of Latin prose is sure, and his style smacks of Livy, Seneca, Sallust, and Tacitus. He familiarly quotes Vergil, Horace, and Juvenal in the prose section of the book; and if the two verse appendices are his, also knew Cicero, Ovid, Cato, Seneca the tragedian, Gellius, Pliny the naturalist, Pliny Secundus, Hyginus, and exhaustively the comedians Plautus and Terence. Even Milton could find little fault with his formal Latinity.

Du Moulin thus seems to have been possessed of some erudition, a pedantic temperament, a certain prudence, and poetic insensibility. All in all, Clamor ad Coelum, as with most polemics, is of most value as it mirrors its times and as an important piece of a major literary mosaic. One might truthfully say it holds the quintessence of all that provoked the two great English revolutions of its century and the two greater ones of the next.

The Royal Blood's

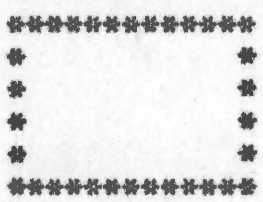
O U T C R Y

TO

HEAVEN

Against the English

PARRICIDES.



At the HAGUE-ASSOCIATION

From the Press of ADRIAN

VLAC. M DC LII

To Charles II:

By Grace of God

OF GREAT BRITAIN,

France & Ireland

KING,

Defender of the Faith, &c.

A Spectacle to be seen by men and angels, LORD, is shown by the lamentable calamity of your Kingdoms, which bereft of legitimate rulers have come into the sacrilege of Parricides & (since suitable words are lacking, we use a Tertullian term) into the power of 'Deicides': the calamity of your Kingdoms, I say, is not properly yours, except to what extent you think of those things which your people are suffering as no impersonal concern. Indeed, when we inspect this Stage of the universe, yet just as marvellously varied as are the countenances of men, so also are their judgments, and the same consideration does not support the minds of all. There are those who complain of the Fates' envy, "they call both Gods and Stars cruel," they bewail their vain hopes, and they do not bear themselves becomingly when ejected from fortunes, driven into exile, & expelled to seek divers lands. Others better observe here a certain hidden power, which casts

down & holds human affairs for sport, or rather the rod of divine Will by whose nod and sway the lowest, highest, and middle of things are governed: but meanwhile they never turn dry eyes on friends & kinsmen, on wife and offspring. Still others, after considering private gain as well, uniquely curse in the death of your Parent of blessed & immortal memory, an accomplished crime inexpiable and unheard of since the creation of man. Nor are those lacking who are most powerfully affected by your trials. But when I inspect this Drama more closely, though no man lives more eager for your happiness, I confess that your peoples bound with the iron chain of horrid tyranny are indeed well mourned: I do think, however, that you need not be too excessively grieved in your mishaps. Those, those ought to weep, who tacitly gazed on laws silent among arms, clamoring and haranguing Furies girt with the sword, the reverence of God overthrown, right to wrong entrusted, good and bad reversed, & I know not what excrescences, swindlers, and peasants riding their necks instead of Princes, & their "faces paller white infix, and shatter'd minds grow dumb." You also, LORD, grieve and sigh together with us their vicissitudes assuredly more than you do your own. For why did Fortune, hostile to you, take away anything, except because if she had not snatched it, you would

not trample and tread her underfoot, that is to say, you would not triumph so magnificently? She took gold, gems, diadem, the scepter, all of tinsel--regalia, but not Royalty. But that sacred Unction she did not take away, nor the Divine character, nor the stamped image of the Most High God, nor that celestial essence which we marvelled at in you: she did not snatch away the hearts of your people, where you reign more truly than if you ruled a hundred Britains otherwise: nor did she take that soul, King of itself and subject to God, which thus governs more widely than if it were subjecting many worlds by force. Your misfortunes have taken nothing from you to such a degree that they ascribe and assign that much else is hardly to be hoped. They have awarded a soul well prepared and exercised by dangers, and a courage not presumptuous in vows, not fashioned from feigned praise, but proved and tested by experience itself; a judgment not polished in the shade by industry of an artificer, but in the sunshine and dust subdued under the discipline of God himself. At least from your foes and mortal enemies you are plucking this fruit of a usefulness not to be despised, which you mastered in the same school where David of old and more recently that Henry the Great your Grandfather plied themselves long and hard, and finally they afforded for managing

the reins of the Kingdoms, which from you taken you shall regain from the ravishers, a spirit fit for its own destiny. As we avidly watch at the prison gate, O KING, whilst you revolve so many disasters and enter into the same labors with them, we pray and expect because our zeal is with you and our faith is in God, that you will draw by lot that same outcome which they obtained. But I say no more, for as many as are more comprehending of man's affairs and who are unknowing neither of the slipperiness of a glittering Court, nor of the treacheries of blandishing Fortune, will confess this with me. God removed and hid thee away from that herd of Princes (because whatever the Order, the mob in the end is its own master) lest some Siren take thee. And had the happiness of your Genius avoided all rocks, when, pray, would you have sailed into that port where the tempest bore thee? But scarcely ever does one understand that to his own misfortune he owes the fact that he has learnt to Philosophize seriously. Marvel not, LORD; for I call this, in brief, to Philosophize: to repose just as if in an untroubled port, not to indulge in the sad labor of foolishness, not to emit tuneful trifles of wasteful burblings with a profitless effort, but to meditate and be informed by deep experiments what is the σχῆμα of a changing world, what is the nature of mortals,

what the nature of things, what are the fates of kings, by how thin a hair matters hang, and how insignificant are all human ventures. All of these you must needs have learnt, and even if that outstanding intelligence which is in you were not, yet you could not ignore these teachings occurring to all your senses & so oft repeated. You did not merely salute this wisdom, but embraced it; you did not just touch it to your lips, but drank deep into it; & since it has been swallowed, you that have tried and tested & have perceived "through trials varied, many dangers multiplied," as if by a certain weighing, whatever he beheld from the lofty watchtower of the mind at leisure in the bosom of peace, are going to be no less learned than your other, wisest Kingly Grandfather. For my part, I think that he who said Kingdoms would at last be happy when Kings philosophized should not be taken otherwise than to the effect that from this doctrine, not garrulous & obscure, but efficacious and penetrating deeply into the breast (as the guilty find & which Kings scarcely learn except from Mistress Experience), we may acquire that holy joy of the Author to the Hebrews by example of the King and Lord of Lords, who "through what he suffered, learned." Immortal God! How many books, how many sleepless nights, how many pedagogues, how many years you would need to get

by heart what you acquire from one volume of your Kingdoms, drained for a quicker and more certain result. But now let us pretend in our mind that none of those things which you suffered befell you, and that happy and flourishing you sat upon the ancestral Throne: who knows whether you then had been so great as you now appear & whether you had ever been such as you promise to be someday? Even if I were minded to indict war as a sin and treat of virtue, there would be no leisure. Even though you were the bravest, the occasion to show your fortitude was lacking. Not now would we have your unforgettable example, which blazed forth in that battle which God allowed to be unfavorable, lest with your hand you struggle too much (this we have from eyewitnesses) with the foe's unbroken lines, when your forces were shattered and those of the few who followed you a crowded handful, as you charged into all avenues through enemy wedges with sword wielding like a thunderbolt, as you threw your followers into a fear solicitous for your life, and indeed, you transfixed & astounded the enemy themselves with admiration of a courage so great and so youthful. Nor would we have that mark or rather that marvel of Divine Providence--certainly it bore testimony of a care more paternal than yours--that from

the mouth of Lions (or better Wolves) God himself with His own hand led forth and vindicated thee, & from the snares in which you were entangled, that selfsame God as if from a machine and not by human means nor art of maid, extricated thee, "A Woman Leader of the deed." But to lose the victory was scarcely of such importance that you should make this trial of divine love. I am called to great hope that destiny decrees for God to preserve thee for great things, snatched in so marvelous a manner from the very jaws of Cerberus' heads, thou whom he will exalt as much as he has cast thee down. Meanwhile, O KING, do you not squander these evils. Consider what reputation you have for him that would have you owe everything to yourself and not to chance of birth nor ancestors, not to your virtue; although you are rightfully what you are called, "KING by Grace of God," he denied victory but not life to you lest by your own Mars you should reign through yourself. Use therefore your nagging fortune by bearing well its excesses and by shunning follies; and so be cherished by God, guarded by Angels, and by all mankind (nor do I style those butchers thus, for they are Demons, not men) acknowledged KING, all-hailed, & thus to be seen wiser & consecrated by suffering itself. In this way Chiefs of the Christian name

have proceeded: this way to Eternity has been prepared. Your θεάγιος Parent trod that course, concerning whom if all had flowed according to his heart's desire and opinion, if he had lived placidly, or if when you closed your eyes he had gone to his fate like a boon companion filled with life, he would not live today in the mouth and heart of all good men wherever they are in the whole world, nor would so much longsuffering, such constancy, such piety be going down in Annals where by deeds and immortal writings he has left his clear mark. Let the generations praise and not wonder at him only; let us hold his memory of worth, and not merely attend what we do with the greatest veneration; of such veneration let this book be witness, until it has avenged the Royal blood with strenuous and spirited eloquence: a book which, O KING, we are going to dedicate to your name if you will permit. After these distinctions, and glorious ones too, a terrifying trumpet he will blow, that ὁ θαυμάσιος SALMASIUS, who has neither peer nor second in the entire world of science & letters, and who brought to your Majesty's cause a truly stupendous & infinite learning joined to celestial genius. It is a Work eternal, more lofty than the Royal site of the Pyramids, some few assailing it, which they can scarcely comprehend

for all their nibblings. As much more sagacious and contained are the greatest Lawyers of your Britain, who cannot leave off marvelling because a Frenchman, who never foresaw it coming that such a province would concern himself, so quickly illumines English affairs and their most remote recesses: laws, decrees, treaties, instruments, & acts going back many generations; & whatever he considers most difficult of explanation, he examines, comprehends, and lays bare so that he seems to have done nothing else in life. But as soon as he stops the mouth of the Theons by another attack which he is composing against the Rebels, then he will serve up Milton to be thoroughly castigated as he deserves,

That monster horrid, huge, its sight removed:

although it is not "huge," yet nothing from the race of the mosquitoes is more wizened, bloodless, or more shrivelled, which as they sting the more sharply, injure less. It will amuse you to see your Champion rending in pieces that blot of the human race, & "hoisting Antaeus afar from the earth." And now is the opportune time for this matter, when speech like sympathy is open to us & powers like presses here in Holland are against these

cancers & Monsters that with no respect for Religion or the laws of Man, prey on our ships and are nourished by the blood of widows & orphans, & the more insolently bare their teeth, growl, and rave as they are soothed with many funerals:

nor any fouler Pest
and wrath of Gods arose from Stygian waves.

What like this ever was against us, what indeed! Nay, rather say what adversity did your greatest and wisest ancestors in their clemency and kindness fail to find a name for? These have always transacted with the Federated Provinces as peacefully, liberally, and in such friendship as is the murderous, barbarous custom of rabid Tigers. Your humble servant desires for these Provinces nothing more agreeable than that they may end this war as easily and happily as Salmasius will overcome Milton. Which, just as παροιμιώδες, I believe, posterity will bear out. But at some place or other which I set--certainly not too far from this--against my wish must this be closed and the Epistle signed. May Christ the Highest of the High restore, Most Serene KING, not a throne to thee, but thee to the Ancestral throne of Your kingdom, pitied by your own people and the Dutch; & more and more may it come to

pass that you realise you are in God's care. Farewell and live in your faith, O KING, unconquered by evils and dearest to God; unless, like a Kirk for kindling, you take the Gospel for wind & words.

Your MAJESTY's

Most Devoted

A VLAC.

To the Christian

READER

Since at the slaughter of the Wisest & most Pious King, of all crimes from the creation of the world the most heinous,

Confounded by quick ruin's terror stark
Is mankind, horror-struck the entire Globe.

Aroused are the souls of European Nations for inquiring deeply into this matter. Most of all our French who profess the Reformed Religion, not merely astounded by the foul deed but burdened by an unjust reproach, have labored greatly so that they might know the entire affair from the start. By this inquiry they assuredly may discover that from the outset of the conspiracy much was constituted otherwise than they previously had accepted from, indeed, the word of the conspirators themselves.

For my part, I have enjoyed a familiarity with Englishmen of better note, so that I might dare to say I knew inwardly & in the flesh those monsters of men which Hell sent forth for this inhuman parricide, & it could be expected that the present condition of England is indeed more fully and better known to me than by one unskilled

in the English tongue & who has not seen the Britannic shores. The English with whom I am accustomed to hold intercourse might easily demand that I set down my name; yet neither do I seek some small glory from this modest work, as one scarcely worthy of glory; but rather I seek & claim the glory of God alone, to whom the English Parricides do the greatest injury, clothing their crimes with the word of God, & imposing the foulest and the most detestable disguise of Piety upon the most unspeakable crime of all while the World records and shudders.

Of particular help to me for the ordering of history were both other Writers and especially the Index of the recent commotions in England collected by a prudent & sagacious Man, whoever he is. For although I do not compose an History, yet at least I raise the Royal Blood's Outcry to Heaven, & the seriousness of the crime could not be urged before God & man without some narration of the criminal deeds.

Indeed, I thought after great Men that outcry must be renewed & lifted up again, lest now in almost the third year after the crime's perpetration, the affairs of the cutthroats, flowing (alas!) too well & a delay of divine vengeance induce some indifference to these crimes into weak souls. Here is the patience and trust of Saints.

Let all the devout imbibe that divine document of the profoundest wisdom, Eccl. 5.8. "If you see trampling of the poor, and the twisting of law and justice in a province, do not marvel at the will of God; for He highest above even these stands guard; yea, the Highest is far above these."

Indeed, what things are done unjustly from secondary causes are justly done from the prime cause, whose hidden judgments and marvelous ways as light from darkness shine forth a glory from the depravity of man.

And furthermore, this purpose, divinely broad indeed, decrees for the muttered plans of silent, hateful Tyranny successes to the rejoicing, & does not reply to curses. Nay, the love of God gladdens us even as we sorrow under this reproach to the Gospel and the Church, & the bitterest sense of injury done to His holy name compels us to raise up suppliant hands and burning groans jointly to God, & if men were lacking for this duty, yet the holy blood would still cry out from the earth; & until it has brought down a just vengeance from heaven, it will not quit crying day & night, "Arise God of vengeance, O mighty God of Vengeance arise."

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THE ROYAL
BLOOD'S OUTCRY
TO HEAVEN
Against the English Parricides

CHAPTER I

THE OCCASION OF WRITING AND SUMMARY

Even though the Majesty of Kings was sacred to all generations as being the image of divinity, the safety of the people, and the living law; and even if in silence & patience they reverenced their injuries like heavenly wraths as much as the laws of Majesty and the duties of subjects teach; yet at no time were there lacking subjects' hostile arms against Lords, plots, poisons, & parricides; so much is this true that few in the succession of Emperors & Kings died their last day by a death natural & bloodless, and correctly indeed did he portray the lot of rulers who suspended by a slender hair the naked sword over the head of Damocles banqueting among the golden vases and symphonies.

Yet these trials of Kings are trite, commonplace, & are drawn from the middle of fortune's heap: nor will the condition of Kings be safer as long as men are made perverse by hate, anger, greed of ruling, & the affectation of a

false liberty forever fatal to peoples, & destined to end in the tyranny of a few & the slavery of all.

This age suffers other Demons, other Furies besides. Our world sees & is stupefied, & our generation groans that for it are reserved monstrous crimes unheard of by all ages past. After so many Kings, the Vicars of God, were slain in battle, carried off by poison, or murdered by instigated assassins, it only remained for the Wisest & Greatest King to be dragged before a fictitious show of public judgment: the King, I say, who possessed full rights of Majesty if anyone ever did, & Who from ten centuries and more obtained the line of legitimate succession, before the lowest dregs of his own people as a Judge by office through power seized, was accused of treason, tried as a defendant, condemned, and finally (Woe, faith of God and men!) was killed with the axe by the public hangman; the entire kingdom looked on, almost pouring forth blood with tears & the vital spirits with sobs at the severed head of its own King.

This outrage, as monstrous as huge, shocked us of other lands, & at the rumor of it we were quite confounded; not merely by that horror which surprises those unprepared for new & sudden events and soon grows quiet as the matter

is understood; nor by that grief which though harsh at the outset, as in the death of dearest parents or children, decreases by time and the counsels of reason. For indeed, the more deeply we look into this, and the more thoughtfully we weigh all the disturbances of this horrible crime, the more vehemently does horror smite us, the more bitterly does grief burn, and it does not sting as at the beginning, but kills: truly our sense follows the nature of evil in that it acquires strength in going on, while the crime of parricide grows into custom, custom into doctrine, and doctrine into the likeness & trappings of the most excellent piety.

The tongues of men do not discover a name for this huge evil, for 'tis "a monster neither of our race nor blood"; and a name ought to be borrowed of its parents, who when besieging in hordes said as one man, "Our name is Legion since we are many"; for such a varied, manifold, & almost infinite Hydra of crimes & prodigies is seen in one crime. Yet he who called that creature a <u>Crime of Majesty</u> will scarce have been λεπτολογος enough, since they attack so packed together that it snatches away each other's sight: to the Foulest Parricide of all are added frightful Sacrilege, the overturn of all Laws, the violation of all

divine & human Rights, the extinction of Nature, the slaughter of Justice, the obliteration of three Kingdoms at a blow, the destruction of the Church, the trampling of Religion, the defamation of the Gospel throughout the world, the subjection to their masters' hostile axe of all Reformed nobles living everywhere at the foot of the cross; and, to cap the matter, a horrid injury is offered the Most High God, even to His name's glory, & on the pretext of Divine inspiration, this whole scene of utterly loathesome criminality is enacted with a radiant show of piety amidst prayers & fastings. Finally, all misdeeds which Hell ever produced flow on to fuse together into this one crime.

To this, the crime of the Jews Crucifying Christ was nothing, whether you compare the intent of the men or the effects of the crime: for the Apostle himself bore testimony for the Jews that they never would have begun to crucify the King of glory if they had recognized him; but by those portents the man whom they violated still was known of men as a King legitimate & their own more than enough for their own condemnation. Then great safety for the Church emerged from the death of Christ, and surpassing glory arose to God: but the Church of England has been

cut off by the same axe together with the Greatest King and kindred churches cast into the greatest shame & disgrace, while to all the Reformed churches is charged the same fatal insanity which had attacked a few who falsely take the name upon themselves.

Yet I doubt not that glory will yet rise hence to the Most High God. For God, whose ways are marvelous, is wont to elicit this glory from its very opposites. I might truly dare to assert that since the world's creation nothing has existed more adverse to the glory of God, nothing which cast fouler filth on holy Truth: for although by the vice of human reason the sins of men are usually ascribed to doctrine, here is in addition the fact that the grand ἄγος (I shudder to think) protects itself with the doctrine of the Gospel & is done to the detriment of the Reformed Religion.

This enormous injury pierces to the quick with sharpest points all those reformed to truth, particularly the French and Dutch. On all sides there are tears, outcries, gatherings, and freest indignation against the villainous Parricides; 'tis clearly not as if they had destroyed some strange King, but rather the social order, speech, & safety. Hence come so many books of learned men breathing out the justest wrath, who have nothing in common

with English affairs except religion: so much can Zeal of home and love of God & Religion do. They would have produced many books indeed if all owned Hand presses, & good men everywhere were permitted to think and to speak alike. Never did the poetic fire blaze forth with more vivid flames, never did it thunder with more grievous curses. Yet a discourse untrammeled & free & suitably long, a hearty and learned defense is demanded by wounded Religion, by the Church arraigned as defendant for a strange crime, by the sacred Majesty of Kings placed in a new & unspeakable example under the judgments of subjects and the axes of assassins.

And so that great Prince of Letters Claudius Salmasius stepped forth & took this defense upon himself, a worthy Defender for such great Clients. Kings will owe to him while the World stands the legal claims of dignity & their own safety; the Church, too, will owe him, and Religion; nor will any generation be silent at such merit of this First Man. Samuel Bocharius, that other great glory of our age, trod the same passageway with a book brief indeed, but great God, how learned, how packed with these sinews of reason! Why should I remember Vincent, Herald, Porraeus, and the other learned & sagacious men

who with happy result descended into this arena? But Great Salmasius entirely reweaves the web of the English crime & drags those hell-hounds to an unwelcome daylight; he is as strong in imagination, doctrine, and an almost infinite familiarity of things as he waxes in fame & public admiration; he gave himself entirely to the Royal Defense & poured forth the inmost store of sacred and profane Law for this golden work.

All will marvel indeed at these things, even those who peer dully at so sublime a glory of erudition. As for me, far outstanding indeed is that frank vigor of aroused speech by which he crushes the nefarious Parricides as if with a thunderbolt. Injured Piety & a holy passion add vigor to eloquence, & an inspired indignation spontaneously carries it to a more lofty, a more sublime speech: never will the Great Man higher rise, never will Salmasius be more lofty. But I spare praises, for that Man (even more pious than erudite) does not seek his own glory but rather God's.

The Parricides rave at the report of so great a work, but not at the reading of it; for how many of these scoundrels understand Latin? They continued to hear that this truly Royal Defense was exalted by the favorable

reports of all people, that Salmasius himself was cherished in favor & the Defender of Princes was the darling of Princes, & that he was invited with the greatest rewards by the Wisest Queen of Sweden; and that their own Tyranny erected on a parricide was denounced everywhere with every curse. And so those monstrosities which ignorance spawned sought out some starveling grammataster that would lend a cheap Pampipe to the defense of the parricide. One such was found, who dared to scribble Latin after a learning loosed beyond its proper bounds, truly a great hero, whom they might oppose to Salmasius, John Milton. From whom & whence is there doubt whether this be a man or a worm but lately brought forth from a dung hill? What could they do? Selden shrugged the hateful task from his shoulders; the Academes were dried up, zealously purged of learning by themselves; then if any learned men dragged a weary spirit under their Tyranny, they had exhausted sanity from that very learning. And so, as the need of defense is pressing, destitute of all weapons they even hurl mire & excrement, these men for whom "madness ministers arms" and in the greatest dearth of learned men they seized upon Milton, and hurled that ignoble reed at Salmasius.

'Tis said that this person, expelled by the University of Cambridge on account of his wickedness, fled

disgrace & fatherland & wandered into Italy. When this rebellion broke out, he was recalled thence into England by the hope of revolution, & was accepted as a brother by that impious faction: for men infamous at home are always most acceptable to traitors; indeed, those who despair of attaining fame and fortune among honest men are ever hopeful of gaining power in the company of thieves. Having returned, he wrote a Book on Divorce, wherein he maintained that by the decision of either party, any marriage at all, though rightly contracted, could be dissolved; and he was Unpunished for This, in a Republic, to be sure, where they vindicate to themselves the license of scoundrels by the injury of God except that they might also attribute this license to men of their own parts.

But the man made for the violation of all laws did not stop at these, for soon he passed from the breaking of wedlock to the divorce of Kingdoms. And so, when it was being argued among the conspirators about the King's head & many were dismayed at so monstrous a crime, this Hellish gallows-bird wrote to them and drove the doubtful into the evil party, especially urging that this be done for the sake of their own heads, for indeed either they or the King must die. Therefore the inquisition ended which at length severed the King's sacred neck with unspeakable axe; we

account him the murderer who persuaded the crime; indeed, I note that he himself said so, he admitted the crime and clutched it to him, guarded it, praised it. This he did in a most indecent book to which he gave the title Ikonoklastes, where that foulest ruffian insults the holy Memory of King Charles; this he does in the infamous pages against Great Salmasius, where he paints the most unbelievable and most heinous parricide which the World ever saw with the colors of piety & justice. That such a monster of a man and his similar parricides live, nay even reign, is the greatest proof of God's patience & the exercise of our own; meanwhile, we expect that the one who is destined to trample the old serpent under our feet will bruise the noxious heads of those dragons, and that someday he will vindicate his own truth & justice from the injury of these sacrilegious assassins.

What then? Are we bound by the duty of Christian patience to bear & only mutter at these injuries, particularly we against whom these Tyrants are powerless? Milton the Defender of Parricides wishes this, who enjoins laws which he himself violates upon the English who do dare to murmur under Tyranny, so that, of course, "we are subject to powers" since Paul commands; he clamors to Salmasius

examining this most truly improper crime in the scales of piety & justice, "Where does the evil war which the English wage among themselves concern you?" He does excellently and well indeed, 'Sblood, if he thus in security renders himself and his Masters safe from both internal and external enemies. And concerning internal affairs, indeed we remark that they not only ought to be subjected to tyranny but to acknowledge its dominion when there is utter despair of a legitimate Lord, and it has been tried so long & vainly to bring the Tyrants to justice. Yet the English despair of neither. Indeed, Milton scarcely checks the tongues & pens, mayhap even the swords, of foreign races before Cromwell will have brought to effect his own vow which he pronounced often & openly to many witnesses, that "he was minded, if God prolonged his life, to overturn all Monarchies and give all Kings over to ruination." He himself will guard against failing in this, no momentary attempt--let Kings in turn attend to their own safety.

We of course are conducting the affair in this case with drawn points not of swords but pens, that perchance yet may sharpen the swords; and we are contending that this defense pertains most to those who are not concerned with England, and that to Salmasius has been given just cause

for raging with the efforts of ingenuity & the sinews and spears of learning. For the English can be thought to behave the more bitterly in this defense because of a partisan interest, and to champion not the cause of justice but their own. But on the other hand, it is agreed that the French (who have no personal reason for being interested in a strange Republic)--even if they censure in free speech the veil of piety drawn over gory tyranny, & inveigh against the Tyrants in bitterest rebuke--considered the merit of the matter and not of the men; and that, aroused by the injury of traduced Religion & of the Church led into the greatest disgrace & reproach, they boiled over into this wrath.

Great Salmasius so performed this task that he alone is the model of all, and it is unnecessary for anyone even to descend into this field. For who would ply a paintbrush after Apelles? For my part, I am not so entirely empty-headed that I am going to offer succour to Salmasius, or would invade a province taken up by him. Nor did I award myself the task of imparting the Rights of Kings & defending the Most August Martyr against the parricides: the Royal Defender has completely accomplished this task, and brought all Laws divine & human, & an infinite store of learning to so great a work. But both erudite and unlearned

ought to raise to heaven the outcry of the King's blood; those who sit in the cheapest seats no less than those in the orchestra ought to exclaim, "Arise, God of vengeance, arise, & avenge this parricide horrible & shameful to the Christian world."

And what of the fact that I undertake to do what would hardly become a great Man? For I can hear those δοκηβιβοφους brawlers screaming out that the entire page is swollen with bubbling clamorings for Salmasius, that arguments dipped in bitterest gall are introduced into affected attacks more than into reason's light; that this is not dissertation but quarrelling; and finally, that a Christian ought to deal with Christians in another way, for this vehemence is not meet with Christian clemency. It is worthwhile, therefore, to show that others whom I affirm to be far more numerous & better agree with that vehemence of Salmasius.

I assert, I say, & all sagacious & good men with me, that it had to be done thus with the Parricides, those foulest & vilest of all monsters, and that this vehemence did not sin by excess but rather by want, & that those whom he called "bloodhounds" ought to have been called "Hellhounds." Salmasius indeed possessed a whole thesaurus

of words, a universal instrument of eloquence, which he never used more splendidly, never more happily. But the most experienced knight cannot do anything beyond the strengths & spirits of his steed, nor the greatest Rhetorician beyond the wealth & aptness of the tongue by which he is carried along as if on a horse--words fail, the richest torrent of eloquence subsides before the magnitude of this crime. Nor would it be remarkable to want for Latin terms by which might be signified a crime unknown to Latium as long as judgment & right and the laws of rhetoric were in the power of the Romans. You will accomplish nothing more if you call for assistance on the Greeks & Hebrews & the more recent tongues. For what race will have prepared a vocabulary for a crime which no nation saw, and no generation heard? Except, of course, we might imitate the Jews who, when they cannot exactly fit the object with a term, double the word, & call it רעה רעה which is evil beyond measure; for truly in this crime we have evil added to evil, impieties heaped up, treasons & parricides. Salmasius could not have attained to this overflowing accumulation of villainies with his explaining wealth of richest Latinity, alas! too simple for such a complexity of crime.

Who therefore would accuse Salmasius of wrong on account of that vehemence? Who except a manifest dullard would touch these monsters of crime without cursing? No man reads of Nero's parricide after so many centuries without immediately loathing it. What if it were committed only lately? What if close at hand? What if the parricide had been celebrated with sacrificial rites & Nero had poured out a libation with maternal blood? And furthermore, what if from this a huge stain had been cast on the Religion of the pious reader, the Church had been named defendant of an alien crime, & even God Himself was called an accomplice to the crime? Nay, behold, the World now groans under a crime's weight such as not even Nero's evil deed imposed upon consciences. Do the Parricides think that the sense of justice inborn to all men has been so stupefied at this parricide that no indignation would follow this unworthiest crime at home or abroad? And we who were born under another sky see & understand that Law, Religion, the Church, and finally our Heads are pressed down by the most ponderous opprobrium for our parties; will we revere the strange and partial dignity of a master's parricide so much that we stiffen, whether at the splendor of such dignity or at reverence for such holiness, & not even dare to open our mouths against it?

Let us not even dare a word original & pronounced enough for the realm, "How does the evil war which the English wage among themselves concern you?" Yet they shall have learnt how it concerns us & shall learn more fully, I think, and not without their own great discomfort. And while the crosses & sacks which they so richly deserve are being prepared for the Parricides, we will sacrifice with curses to the greatest indignation and turn back on its unspeakable authors the horrible infamy done to the Reformed.

Nor need it be feared that the passions are moved at the expense of reason. For a long time now, reason has been given its own rights in this matter: the Royal Defender used up this province so copiously, so minutely, that nothing could attain to such plenitude. But since the law is not only written but natural & drawn from Nature's purest founts, that "it is unnatural for subjects to turn against a prince," for my part I think far too much is conceded to the Parricides when one deals with them by arguments. Aristotle says, I. Top. cap. 9. "Not by Reason but by Torments must those be taught who doubt whether God is to be venerated & Parents honored." That Great Genius of reason thinks that reason, a sacred thing, is profaned

when engaged in arguing with those who have forsworn sanity & extinguished the lights of natural justice among themselves. The Royal Defender indeed excelled most of all in judgment when he even illumined with invincible reasons a matter best known by nature, and by divine & human authority confirmed that Royal Majesty is ἀνυπεύθυνον, and that nothing against the head of a King is permissible to subjects.

Indeed, in my judgment he accomplished even more what the matter required when he followed up with clubs the men that despoil man, & trampled them with hostile soles like poisons & vipers deadly to the human race. This wrath, this vehemence inflamed with Zeal of God is acceptable to God and men: this zeal demands the neck of the Parricides' cause and leads forth robbers to be scorned and stoned by the entire Christian world.

And just as Phineas' sacred attack put an end to the sinful Epidemic at Baal-Peor, which the admonitions of Moses could not do, so matters have relapsed to the point that the only hope of checking this rioting insanity, puffed up against the meaning of divine & human law, must be expected from a consecrated attack smouldering into the justest detestation and ready at any moment to burst into

vengeance of arms.

You could object that Kings and Commonwealths alone can manage the matter with arms, and that anyone can execrate & excite Envy from a crossroads. I say otherwise: everything does not become every man. A Maid overcomes a Hercules with clatter & curses; yet to curse in such a way that the spirits of Kings & Republics are inflamed to just loathing & vengeance against public enemies, that is the part of our Gallic Hercules, who leads Princes & Peoples bound with chains proceeding from his speech. The Royal Defender accomplishes this not because he is savage, but because he is Salmasius; no crossroads rabbler did this.

> If anything becomes Pholoe enough,
> And thee, O Chloris, not befit. . .

But I hear those enemies of Kings & letters alike ruffling it; and indeed, you will twit those Bookmongers as Warmongers whom you ought to run through with a sword; I reply, anyone can use the sword and very few the pen, and that the pens whet the swords. Nay, try out, ye loathesome monstrosities, what the pens can do, what blasts our writings stir up from anywhere at all, by which this overstuffed company of traitors is dissipated as if by a

thunderbolt sent from heaven. The day will be yours along with those that prefer to do rather than to speak!

Yet one must satisfy those who think that we sin violently against Christian mildness by this vehemence, and that one should not do so with Christians. But I think it decidedly pertains to Christian clemency to prosecute most severely the Parricides who exterminated clemency from Religion, as he used to say who heard that the Prince's departed spirit was heaped with praises of good will, "How will he be good to good men who is not evil to the evil ones?" Whoever details the monstrous cruelties that those Hellhounds perpetrated will not wish to say to us, "I seek after Good Words."

I might afford from their many crimes a few examples which, besides that Demonic wildness against their own King, they committed against their Neighbors & Fellow Citizens.

After Naseby's slaughter, they put to the sword in a huge number all the camp followers fleeing the tyranny of the traitors

After the massacre at Preston, wearied by butchering & slaughtering, they ended by starvation some thousands of Scots penned in grassy enclosures, where by eating grass &

roots some protracted their starvation rather than their life.

Others taken in the same battle, both English & Scotch, they sold to slavers like cattle. By these men they were transported as captives to the American isles and drafted for raising sugar, and were compelled to work in place of Negroes, until, when a great avenger of injuries was near, they shook off the horrid yoke & snatched that wealthiest isle of Barbados from the Tyrants.

To these things add the cruelty against the Presbyterians surviving the battle of Dunbar, whom they delayed to kill with the result they were held prisoner in Durham for so long that they thought all would die; for how many from those thousands survived that jail? To these add Worcester's most recent shambles. Because the noble city opened its gates to Charles II, its own legitimate King, it was torn apart in a miserable manner: and the soldiery satiated, by walls levelled with the ground, its wrath with murders and its avarice with plunderings. It spared neither sex nor age. The Tyrants reserved & presently led forth to capital punishment the English captives taken in that battle and loaded with chains; indeed, they held the Scotch captives by day & night under the open sky until

killed by starvation, cold, and dysentery, they were carried out in troops. That blessed liberality of London held forth clothes to the naked, money in sufficiency to the needy, but the kindness was so much booty for the robbers: for soon those barbarous guards snatched away the clothing & coin from the miserable souls. They even were accustomed to intercept food sent to the prisoners. Earthen jars of raw meat were overturned by the greedy guards, and when the famished captives snatched up the morsels that had rolled forward in the mud, they were beaten down with clubs and pigs invited to the scraps. Captives who were treated more mercifully were sold to traders for sending to American confinements. But there were few buyers, and few survived their sale a short time and were consumed by famine virtually every day within vain eyesight of the city's wealth and kindness. And lest all die one death, sixty were unhappily loaded aboard a poorly ballasted ship, and immediately after the anchors had been weighed, the river swallowed them because the boat capsized.

The unjustifiable murder of the most Illustrious Count of Derby, contrary to the promise given at the battle of Worcester, crowned their cruelty & perfidy; even as he deprecated it in Parliament the nefarious butcher Cromwell

agitated it amidst the army. Perhaps French Princes of the Blood Royal someday will avenge so dastardly a crime, they to whom that heroic woman the Count's widow is connected with the closest kinship. And just how minute is the part of cruel deeds by which the new Tyranny has distinguished itself? And will anyone confer euphemisms upon such cruel deeds? Why not, they say, when Christ commanded His own to bless any enemy whatsoever? What if they are Christian enemies? Would that they were Christians in truth! For who indeed would believe that Christ clothed those who stripped man? Well, whatever they be, let us bless the men and deplore the crime. We will pray for our enemies' soul & repay them good deeds for their evil ones if ever they come into our power.

Finally, since the second table of Law succeeds the first, if you would demonstrate from the collusion of these murderers that the Most High God is an advocate for the defense of horrid crimes, great infamy then is created for His Gospel by damned scoundrels, the foulest shame is branded on the reformed Churches; they would be drawn into the greatest danger by these men's crime, and there would be no cause for accusing us of having wounded charity, if we have defended God's glory and the reputation & safety

of good men everywhere against a few freebooters: particularly is this so if we have shown that this reproach, deadly & heavier than death itself, & (alas!) not only hanging over but even descended on our heads, could not be cast down & removed otherwise than by this bitterest detestation and vehemence. Assuredly none of the Reformed will condemn this, except those who have not gazed deeply into it, or do not have that which they ought, a sense of shame & of their own danger.

And so it falls upon us to demonstrate two things: "What crimes the Parricides did at home," and "What injury is done through these crimes to God, Kings, and all true Churches abroad." From this it will be clear that everyone ought to resist with words & deeds as bitterly as can be these monsters of crimes at home and abroad, & appeal to God the avenger.

Let us begin with the very crime by which three principal things have been violated at home: the King, the People, & the Church.

CHAPTER II

THE PARRICIDES' CRIMES AGAINST ROYAL MAJESTY

We do not touch upon your province, Great Salmasius; you have defended the Royal rights, you have pleaded the Royal cause--Who would dare to after you? You are upholding the part of the Defender, we that of the prosecutor, the Reader who wishes to that of the Judge. Since, therefore, the cases are tried in the open court of public Law, may it be mine to lay this far too horrible tragedy before the eyes of Readers.

He who wished to repeat from the beginning the wrongs done to the glorious King & Martyr ought to start from the calamitous Parliament's first year, when wearied by the most excessive demands the King presently by tumults, threats, and arms was driven at last from home as a frenzied mob was kindled by a Senate even more lunatic, & one which was at that very time attacking Royal authority & majesty.

Then, when the lock of law & decency had been pried (so to speak), the torrent of rebellion poured itself forth and equally drowned three Kingdoms with one deluge. In this engulfment, O Great God, Thy faith! what have they

done, or left undone? Tributes, Taxes, and Royal crops have been pilfered & perverted against the Lord, Citadels have been captured, the Purse purloined, the Fleets occupied, and Arms assumed; the ones who continually refuse to use these against their own King were nailed to the cross, and as for all those who preferred their life to their conscience, they stood as an example of patient acquiescence in the rebellion. Next, when war's chance permitted, the Royal letters were taken & published and the King's great Seal smashed so that it would be evident to all that the Royal Authority was shattered.

Even the Queen herself, Alas! (France's blood Royal) was outlawed & accused of treason and finally was driven into exile; while the King, ruined by many battles, after changing his dress slipped away from besieged Oxford, and through trackless paths and hostile forces at long last threw himself upon the scarcely more friendly army of Scotch, like a stag fleeing hounds into the hunting nets. Meanwhile, all roads were everywhere blocked, & by an edict of the Senate providing pain of immediate death precaution was taken lest anyone receive the King into his own home without immediately informing on him. Besides, his very subjects do not leave off styling themselves as

such in the haughtiest & most impudent conditions which they thrust upon the King in custody of the Scotch. Then redeemed from these, the Greatest King exchanged masters and not slavery, but rather was dragged by the English into another captivity. And this was the last power the Presbyterians had against the King.

Since I embrace them as friends to us while looking for a way to free these dearest brothers of reproach for the injuries done on that day to their own legitimate King, the only thing that occurs to me is that with the greater, Presbyterian party of the Senate there was admixed an Anabaptist ferment that from the very beginning leavened almost the whole lump in such wise that many yet did things even though they disapproved of them, for zeal of a good purpose winking at the wrongful means; that meanwhile the Independents, unhappiest of men, were suggesting that all great transactions have some injustice which afterwards is counterbalanced by public usefulness; that after the whole matter was concluded, whatever was committed less justly and fittingly before might be repaired at pleasure. Thus was it imposed on the Presbyterians until those imprudent & (I concede) unwilling ones had brought the matter to that place whence one could not safely withdraw.

For Public factions are like ships which, once the passengers have entered & they have set forth over the deep, necessarily go not whither the mind moves but where wind & wave carry them; and only the fewest souls have such an unswerving purpose that they would descend from a galleon into a canoe, ready to paddle against tide & winds; particularly so if when one resists the torrent of factionalism the household and the family itself & life are brought into danger.

To be sure, the more prudent sniffed Anabaptism in that English Parliament during the very first year, when the laborers & entire dregs of London upon summons of the Lower Chamber of Parliament came to the upper house more like besiegers than suppliants; and that selfsame Lower Chamber bore their demands to the Lords, demanding "that the Chamber of Peers having been dissolved, Lords should sit in the House of Commons, and that they make one house out of two, so that since equality had now been brought into the Commonwealth, with preparation it might proceed to introducing the same equality into the Church"; for then the Bishops were still standing firm. I see nothing here save that it be out and out Anabaptism: and the matter was transacted according to this example, with success

surpassing promise Lords having been removed and the Monarchy overturned, the Republic changed to equality of its own ministers; so it is obvious that the same spirit flourished then which eight years later ruled the trial for the King's unspeakable parricide.

How could so many good men then in the Senate concoct this infection so horrible and (we shudder) so open? Obviously they swallowed it, whether blinded by the heat of contention or whether because in this most perturbed & clamorous of all tumults some knew not what others did; or even whether because the scum frothing & menacing before the doors & delighted at this, exalted the souls of the very few Independents in Parliament and crushed those of the rest.

Therefore, even if the Presbyterians played their part in this drama of rebellion, yet the entire first and last acts of the crime belong to the Independents. Even before it was made clear whither they were heading, they inspired pernicious counsels into the Presbyterians; they were managing everything according to their dictate even at the time when the Presbyterians were gaining power and seeming to rule. Doubtless by their own boldness they so forestalled the plans of the Presbyterians that they

necessarily took counsel from an accomplished fact before it had been debated in the Senate whether the thing should be done. For although the Presbyterians sat in the Senate in larger number, yet in the army the Independents (indeed always strong in soldierly courage & prudence) at last waxed even greater in number: and for the next six years this Tyranny was a mere στρατοκρατία (as I use your word, Great Salmasius): for either the nod of the militia influenced the edicts of the Senators, or else those daring to disagree were dislodged from their seats by the soldiery: and the woebegone Presbyterians learned too late how unsafe it is for men to wish to be wiser than God, who forbids us "to do evil so that good will result, and has no need of help by crime of men to bring His kingdom to pass, nor add we anything to the glory of God to be good steadfastly." Satan indeed tried no reward more potent that this fallacy to drive good men into the evil party, no machine more certain to batter down the Church. Let these observations be made freely & lovingly to our Presbyterian brothers. Let them know we will neither wrongly approve their deeds, nor yet change our affection towards them.

Let our quarrel be with the Independents, whose reign truly began at the moment when they received the

King removed from the custody of the Presbyterians into theirs, though it was freer in the early stages, to be sure. The King's children were restored and his attendants admitted, the Camp was converted into a Court, and showy promises of restitution were made to the King; but meanwhile, the King and Royal Family having been touched by so great a hope & the odium of harshness to the King having rebounded against Parliament, the army was being looked on by the City of London & the entire populace as the King's liberater and the restorer of peace.

Soon by these and other arts, but chiefly by strength & having fetched up the army, they took over the City of London & the armory, and made Parliament their own after the Presbyterians had been squeezed out & wrongfully fined; and suddenly the dislike for the King, poorly dissembled before, became open. His confinement became closer and access more difficult, and harangues for killing the King were heard all through the army, glowering & malevolent guards, threatening murder with their very eyes, were chosen for the King. When, meanwhile, the very one who was stirring up these wraths, Cromwell the basest of bipeds, was feigning the greatest fear for the King's safety & increasing the King's danger

into a greater one still, and a Soldiery victorious & despising Leaders' orders was thirsting for the Blood of Kings, the King was betaking himself from present dangers, & in the dead of night secretly directing his course to the Isle of Wight, where he would be safe in a very strong castle until these storms grew silent.

This basest tormenter cast fear into the greatest King, though he himself was pained with a greater fear that the King might go back to London (which he could do in four hours' space), borne by a favorable stream, and that the Londoners would join him as satellites, refusing to bear a new tyranny and detesting the yoke of the army. Moreover, the King's mind was inclined by the greatest promises, whose executioner was not at all sparing in the last assembly, equally smooth & treacherous in his speech and known alike for promises & perfidy, & as a consummate artisan of falsehood: He would seize the King's hand when it was advanced for him to kiss, and would sprinkle it with tears and would swear and promise by his own and his children's safety that he would not rest before he had restored the King to his pristine dignity: Only let him come & yield to this gale, and he would return in a short time with peace & dignity.

And so the sainted King went where his fates were leading him, and confined himself in that place whence he never again was led forth save to the prepared death. The hang-dogs did not dare to issue a decree touching the King's life in the very center of the realm, almost in sight of the Principal City, since the state was not yet thoroughly cowed, nor the Senate well strengthened, nor the Army harmonious enough, & the People (raised up by the most recent promises of Leaders) were aspiring for the King's liberty & their own. Therefore, they wished to hold the King in their own power, hedged around by the shores of the tiny Isle, where approach was shut off & imprisonment was easy, and could be set up according to the decision of a few concerning him.

Why he was not straightway slain there by steel or poison their deeds revealed later. They were wishing not only to blot out the King but even the Royal name and to arrogate the Royal power to themselves; for this purpose it was imperative that he not die uncondemned: but that scene, as times were then, did not yet have willing actors or submissive spectators.

Having entered the Island citadel, the King found quick obeisance from the Governor: but soon him whom he

had thought a friend & associate, he discovered to be his Jailer, according to the order of a Senate made so obedient to Cromwell's hand. Having a more lenient guard during the early stages, he writes to the Senate requesting that he himself be present for a conference where conditions of peace would be negotiated. Those who dreaded nothing more than peace & understanding send him four conditions which they wish to be met before entering into negotiation. But they wished for nothing less than the King to concede anything, wherefore they had prepared conditions which he would necessarily reject.

These were "that the King in the future divest himself of Military power; that all Edicts of the King against the will of Parliament should be voided; that all whom he had increased in dignity after his own departure from the Senate should be diminished in rank; that Parliament could assemble at any time whatsoever without awaiting the King's authorization." Indeed, this was (as I might say to Logicians) to demand the Conclusion before the Premises had been agreed upon: for where would a conference on Royal Rights end if the King had ceded all his Rights before the conference even began? The Scottish Legates, to be sure, did oppose these conditions with the greatest vigor.

When therefore this miserable choice was left to the King, "either to abdicate himself or be abdicated by others," he preferred to die by others' crimes rather than any of his own. He replied, "he could not yield those things through which he would lose the faculty of governing & protecting his own people; that the Kingship was owed by him to his posterity, and he did not wish to deprive himself & them: But even if he yielded entirely to these conditions, yet they would still be invalid, having been conceded by the King under duress, & protected by his seal unlawfully procured: But as for the conditions which ought to be settled in a conference, it would be unsuitable that they be settled before; which, so that it could be as early as possible, he demanded again, in an Epistle written for the purpose, which he handed sealed to the Delegates of the Senate."

But the Delegates made clear before they stirred a foot from the Isle in what spirit the conditions had been sent to the King. For indeed they forthwith unsealed the King's Letter to the Senate, saying that this was in their instructions. When it had been read, they ordered the King to be drawn into a more rigorous custody; immediately his known attendants were removed and hostile ones moved

in, the windows were barred, and ill-tempered guards were placed around the cell. Without delay, that great champion of Royal safety & liberty Cromwell offered this motion in the Senate, "Hereafter, let no familiarity pass between the King & Parliament; let no messenger be sent to him; let it be unlawful for any man to go to him lacking the Senate's permission; let him who does otherwise pay the penalty of a traitor."

Yet before this monstrosity was thrust upon the Senate, some fifty Leading Senators, whom they despaired of being able to lead to such a crime, were sent abroad to raise funds for the troops. Nor did the horrible Motion even then easily pass into Law: It was disputed from dawn almost to bed time until very many weakened by delay & famished by hunger left, and a few more persistent ones, fortified perchance (as 'twas familiarly known amongst them) by their "dessert" against starvation, sat tight & passed the motion.

And these things indeed were done in the Lower Chamber; for the Upper Chamber could only with the greatest difficulty be brought to such a crime, until at last after two Legions had been sent against the Palace a few Lords (after many had defected) were compelled to approve the

vote. For this service six military Tribunes sent to the Lords promised on the word of the entire army that they would defend all the Rights & Privileges of the Upper Chamber. We shall soon see how they fulfilled this.

A prolix accusation against the King followed the infamous Decree (for the Senate's authority against the Mob had been dissipated), which all the Clergy were to read from the pulpit to present to the people the reason for such a direful deed. And Emissaries were suborned to stir up Heretics through all Counties for rendering thanks to the Senate for a deed so horrible, & for demanding the punishment of the King. But neither did this disgraceful order find compliance among Ministers of the Gospel nor after the Emissaries had scraped together the entire dregs of England did they accomplish much with their three supplicating libels that thanked the Senate for its wrongful treatment of the King or demanded that it be attending to him. Nay rather, the People were aroused thence as if from Lethargy, even those who had been following the Senate's arms, with one voice (so to speak) through the entire Kingdom to demand and to urge that a conference with the King should be set up and that the Soldiery should be discharged. In a huge number nearly all the Counties

(the boroughs having been deserted) rushed to Parliament's doors to demand these things: until at length the Senators who permitted nothing to be demanded from them other than what they themselves ordered, slew by turning the Soldiery loose on them many supplicants, rustics, unarmed, and sighing for peace & liberty. Slain, they were despoiled by the Soldiery as if by war's right; and to the Soldiery thanks were tendered by the Senate for so gallant a crime.

Yet likewise the other Counties, even the more remote ones, were hastening together in great droves so that you would have thought the countryside had flocked into the city, and that other cities had migrated together into London. Moreover, the Scots were anxiously demanding their King, indignantly suffering access to their own most potent Prince to be denied to them. But all were singing the tale of woe into deaf ears. The English were put off with delay and ambiguous replies that would have befitted the Delphic Oracle, and the Scotch were received even with contempt & threats.

At last trampled patience flared into fury. England would not bear the yoke of cruel and unaccustomed Tyranny, nor Scotland the injuries of the neighboring race. Everywhere were murmurs, groans, & freely displayed wraths, and

nearly all were aroused to avenge the affront with arms. First, seventeen ships deserted from the Tyrants' fleet; the Scotch were openly laying the groundwork for an invasion; the English in divers Counties were fomenting secret plans for war.

But what should I marvel at more--the Royalists' unhappiness or their enemies' craft? There were differences of every opinion, now of the Royalists and now of the Presbyterians (for both often secretly joined forces), a thing which was ruination for the Royalists: For it was easy for anyone who had followed the arms of Parliament to feign penitence and attach himself to the Royalists, and to pry into & to inform on the party's plans.

Using these tools the Independents penetrated the minds of the Royalists, & compelled them (as it were) by premature birth to abort their plans; concerning this they were unremittingly painstaking that the Counties neither together nor separately would take up arms, and also that they would have men readied to suppress the unprepared conspirators at almost the very moment of inception; and lastly, that those who took up arms should waste their effort in vain attempts before the Scots invaded, so that they should have to deal only with detached units. All of

these, of course, they arranged so opportunely through pretended desertions that the Royalists seemed according to an agreement to have set their undertakings so ajar with the times as to hand an easy victory to the foe.

And so after the components of the Royalist party through inactivity & one by one were broken up, the Independents turned themselves entirely against the Scots, and got a huge & almost bloodless victory from them; thus was God (Whose judgments are hidden, punishments just, and decrees unshaken) willing that the hallowed King should fall into the hands of scoundrels, & that all who had charged to his just defence should incur equal misfortune. Not even now was an outcome favorable to this justest cause ruled out. Yet he who denounced the injustice of men also will uphold the justice of the cause; and very many who could not bear aid for the King will appease his Shades with the Parricides' blood.

Matters at sea followed fortunes ashore. For the minds of sailors (as it were) having tides reciprocal with the sea, again were turned to the Senate under the leadership of the Admiral Count of Warwick, their friend, who after so outstanding a victory performed for the Senate, speedily was left stuck in the mud when the tide of favor

receded.

Amidst these disturbances, while Cromwell was away with the army, the Senate, prompted by the complaints of the entire Kingdom and also terrified by the tumults (which suppressed at the moment, to be sure, at length like snorting flames enclosed by subterranean caverns could burst forth into a huge convulsion of the earth), turned its mind to saner counsels: And now a weariness of Cromwell possessed them, and they were ashamed of voting at the nod of the Soldiery. Therefore, those who recently had been expelled by the Senate were recalled, & now the number of those who were longing for the King & Peace was growing. At once the Edict against holding further parley with the King was rescinded and talks with him were begun. But this was done on the Isle of Wight. Why not in mid-England, if they were wishing the King to be freed, the People contented, and, lastly, Peace? What should they do? The King was not in the Senate's power, but that of the Army. Among the Soldiers scarcely anyone was faithful to the Senate, for they almost to a man adored Cromwell's star. 'Twas no less ridiculous than miserable to see the Senators debating over those things which were in another's power, Ruler & Realm to be sure; it was rather as if they

had voted on an Ottoman Prince held in the clutches of Janissaries.

However, the prison bolts were shot back for the King and he was permitted to enjoy the free air, but according to the law he should not leave the Isle until after forty days from the Conference's termination. Lest he do this, he was nobly provided with a most inflexible guard of soldiers.

I am not disposed to follow up each separate Act of that Conference, for I do not weave an History; I will review those that most powerfully make for perennial praise of the Greatest King and the perpetual infamy of his enemies. Too few Presbyterians returned to the Senate to prevent the Independents from being the stronger party, not in number, indeed, but in influence. And the very ones who were burning against this party with great hatred were too unfriendly to the King & quite estranged from the Royalist party; and those who had favored it six years before had been removed from the Senate and others had replaced them. Consequently, neither loathing for the Independents, nor even love of personal safety, could wring from these men conditions favorable to the King. Yet the King assented beyond all expectations to any number of

completely hostile conditions, although the warning was given beforehand, "Let anything conceded in this Conference have no effect, unless he agree at last on all points."

The Senate had selected six of the Lords for its side in this Conference, ten from the House of Commons, & some Theologians of especial note; on the King's side, the very few whose counsel he used were admitted with much wariness on the part of the Senate. Yet none of these was permitted to attend the King in the Conference itself. Against all those whom the victorious faction considered its most judicious & learned, the King by himself filled the roles of both Politician & Theologian more amply & better than all of his adversaries. The enemies were stupefied at the King's wisdom, learning, vigor of speech, sagacity in dispelling arguments with an unwearied patience, his strength and unbelievable presence of mind. They were indeed marvelling the most at his Heroic generosity, so governed by mercy & piety that although with the greatest readiness he allowed his own prerogatives & emoluments to be encroached upon, yet not even by threats & ever-present danger to his head did he suffer aught to be extorted from him whence damage to Religion or to the dignity of his own Posterity might emerge; and throughout the Conference he held to two things more ancient than

his Kingdom & Life, from which he departed not a hair's breadth--his Honor & his Conscience.

This signal Love of the Most Excellent King for the People (for after so much carnage he was willing to repair public damages at his own loss) made the Senate's delegates from enemies into friends; they were pouring out groans, & ill concealed the tears squeezed out by pity, as they reflected on what a King they had injured and were about to lose, and how miserably they were mocking the task as they treated on the Realm & Religion & Treaties with a King who had been placed in the power of inhuman monsters, & who already had been destined for assassins' daggers.

The Senate had demanded that "all the King's Edicts against the Senate be withdrawn; that the Order of Bishops & the Anglican Liturgy be abolished; that the King cede the power of the Militia & election of Magistrates for twenty years; that the governance of Ireland be in the power of the Senate; that payment of public debts pertain to the Senate; that dignities conferred by the King since the war's start be voided; that a new Seal be struck; that London's privileges be confirmed; that the Orphan's Chamber be abolished, and be compensated by annual payment of fifty thousand pounds English."

The King very readily expressed his consent to such harsh conditions, which the Soldiers themselves had repudiated as outrageous even as they were softening the King. He granted everything, provided that these exceptions be made: "He desired the Order of Bishops to remain; he granted the Senate payment of public debts, provided that they render a biennial accounting; for the abolition of the Orphans' Chamber, he demanded a hundred thousand pounds annually."

These having been conceded, the Senate still was seen condemned to fulfill its vow, whence there was great consternation & trepidation for not a few of the Senators: For where could they turn themselves if every opportunity for complaint were denied? Therefore a huge quarrel was started against the King over Episcopal Orders, on which they had some inkling that the King would not yield. Here indeed shone forth at its greatest the holy Hero's natural Piety & undisturbed constancy in Religion. For he, who had tied his own hands for many years in matters of peace & War & had yielded up the greatest emoluments, was immoveable in the matter of Religion and as mindful of God as he seemed forgetful of himself & his own children. Yet so that in this constancy you might marvel at his ease

paired with equal wisdom, he allowed to be abolished in the Episcopacy "whatever was not entirely of Divine Law"; to wit, "the Episcopal Jurisdiction & Archepiscopal grade." Yet he never could be brought to concede that Presbyters & Deacons were created without an Episcopate, just as a Bishop had never before been able to confer Holy Orders in the Church of England without Presbyters. Since, indeed, the dispute was whether this Power most particularly pertained to the Bishops or the Presbyters (which not even a day was needed to judge) & Peacemakers were urging the ever-present sword of necessity, the King conceded that for three years this function would not be exercised by Bishops save with the assent of the Presbytery, while some agreement about Ecclesiastical Discipline could be established by Theologians selected on either side for this matter. And so for the three years thereafter they would make an experiment of the Presbyterian rule.

Soon they more sharply disturbed the King's good intents concerning the Lands & Revenues of the Bishops, especially with this argument: "A good part of these had been sold by the Senate and the monies paid out into public uses, and it would be difficult to regain the land from the new owners." The pious King was stricken with horror

at the other side's Sacrilege, and by no arguments or no necessity could he be driven to permit the Church's Land to be taken away. Yet he yielded this to necessity, "that the Lands be farmed out for ninety-nine years, with a small sum reserved annually as a sign of Hereditary Right & Bishops' Alimony; that when the period of years had elapsed, they would revert to the Crown's right for use in Church expenses." Those who knew the mind of that most religious King swear that he had decided to buy back those Lands with his own money & then restore them to the Church.

In addition to demands above, the Senate continued to urge that the King punish most severely all who had been for him in the war. In a long & spiteful list they had noted those to lose their heads, those to be deprived of all their fortunes, those to be fined a part of their goods, and those to be deprived of any office in the Republic or benefice in the Church. How repugnant this was to the most Glorious King, I leave for anyone to think on. Yet since he alone could not stem such a torrent of iniquity, he permitted many moderate penalties to be imposed on certain ones--some were prohibited from Court, some were banished from the Realm, and others lost the right of sitting in Assemblies for three years; but he permitted none to be attainted of treason, or to forfeit

his head, or to be deprived of his fortunes; then he granted that the Senate might try any of the Royalists if he had done anything against the laws enacted before the war.

In this last condition the King was especially looking out for his own friends: for according to the Laws no prosecution could be started against anyone for assuming arms on behalf of His Majesty. The King would have been able to mitigate the rest if he had been restored to his solid dignity.

The matter was even looking to an agreement & was being transacted for the King's recall (either to London or to some one of the Royal residences) & concerning ratification of a Law of amnesty. To be sure, the Senate had even assented that the King would get all revenues & emoluments of the Crown and that just compensation would be rendered for the Royal rights, which the King had suffered to be abrogated.

But at this point, the Soldiery at the mention of peace was raving, threatening, and complaining that nothing would be achieved by so many protracted labors, by the defeat of so many enemies, by so many difficulties overcome through their courage if the King should recover by a free gift of the victorious Senate and army the dignity he had

lost by arms; that they should perish if the King did not. Consequently the victorious army flies to the gates of London, before, however, the Conference's dissolution & before they had demanded punishment for all the accused and now without circumlocution they demand the King's head for punishment, the payment of military stipends from the Royal census, and the hawking of the Church Lands for the same use. They ask these now in the army's, now in the people's name (What impudence!) when not even a thousandth part of the People would have consented.

The Senate (the Soldiers' petition having been put aside) earnestly persisted in treating with the King without a change. The Soldiers were angry & now thought it superfluous to seek from others what was in their very hands. Therefore men were sent to the Isle of Wight to seize the King in the midst of the conference and carry him away to the Castle at Hurst--mean, cramped, dank, set in the sea itself, quite inaccessible. Between London and Westminster the Army set its camp; all places near the Senate were occupied by the Soldiery. Nor did they doubt that with the King removed & the Army occupying the Senate's very doors, that all Senators who were wishing for the King & Peace would fall away, and the rest would vote at the Soldiers' command.

But this hope deceived them; for a Senate even more crowded both assembled & debated still more freely touching an ultimate agreement with the King as weapons rattled on every side, although the Independent Senators vainly contrived delays until all their forces should have arrived: Yet at last they prevailed in all the allotted difficulties that had been able to hold them so long because of the anxious peevishness of the race itself & the untamed obstinacy of that faction, and they were descending to this proposition, "The Royal Concessions afford a suitable basis for Peace." Two hundred cast their votes for this proposal, and scarcely sixty for the opposite party.

And indeed the Senate could have pronounced this opinion & defended the pronouncement while the army was busied far away with the Scots or English Royalists, those faithful & firm aids to the band of Londoners: It had been able, I say, had not its mind been foolish and if their hate for the Royalists had not possessed for them greater priority than their own safety. Yet Phrygians are wise late, unless perchance you'll deny them wise because their wisdom came too late.

The Upper Chamber agreed with the Lower. Men were sent to signify the Senate's decision to the General &

Leaders of the Army. The Army indeed made known its own opinion at the next sitting, and in a military way, to be sure. For they barred around two hundred Senators from the Senate and even locked up forty of them in jail, and the certain ones whom they approved of less and who had secretly stolen into the Senate they dragged back and forcibly thrust out of doors. O wisdom of God! O justice--marvelous, fearful, adorable! Behold the stars of the Senate, the glories of the Militia, those Leading Men, who drove their own King by force & counsel to the direst straits, grabbed by their own soldiers in a summary fashion and driven from the Senate which they had defended with so many crimes, behold them cast down in chains, overcome with the foul stench of the prison: worthy rewards for such misdeeds, paid by those to whom they themselves were paying hire for the rebellion, and whom with the greatest strength & art they had led into deceit & the damnable crime of treason.

Already the Senate, which was supposed to consist of five hundred Senators, had been reduced to forty men, worthless & the Senate's dregs (so to speak) adhering in the jug after the Senate had been poured out. For who that is born in an honorable station or in whose fibers

some decency or generosity leaps, would have wished to sit in the Senate which was going to vote on the King's head? The Nobles & Honest Men feared to violate the King as being the fount of Nobility & Dignity. One should scrape together laborers, butchers & tuppence scoundrels & then pick out the foulest of the lot, if one would name those Judges for the King.

Those few Senators remaining were this sort of filth, and a great part of them were military Tribunes, & the Generals, the basest sort of men, members simultaneously of the Senate & Army, were referring the sentiments of the Soldiers to the Senate: for in the Senate was the Name of Authority, but the Authority itself was in the Army.

Therefore, at once new laws are passed in a new Senate, a new form of Rule is hammered out, and the most ancient foundations of English Government are torn out by the roots. From the sacred triped it is decreed that all authority for Government is in the power of the People, that the People's authority is in the power of Assemblies, that the authority of Assemblies is in the power of the House of Commons, which in addition holds the power of Lords. It was proclaimed that to make war against the House of Commons was a treasonable crime; and that the

King be arraigned as a traitor, and suffer capital punishment on account of arms assumed against such Majesty.

No sooner said than done. They set up a Court and call it Supreme, where it may be decreed concerning the King's head. To this they name only six Lords, some ordinary Judges of the Courts, and from the House of Commons some absolutely insensible to the King. Others are added from the dregs of London & the Anabaptist neighborhood, of whom one or another is a cobbler, and the others are brewers, goldsmiths, & joiners. How can I describe the spendthrifts who quitted the square, the Blackmailers, Embezzlers, Gluttons, Loungers, the most notorious Whoremasters, the foulest slaves of pleasure's whim; many of these new Judges were selected from the Army and were veteran conspirators against the Royal head.

Yet a House of Lords still more crowded convened. It condemned the plebiscite on appointing Judges for the King and perceived its own existence doubtful, and that in the case of the King, as the very root & trunk of dignity, all branches of honor are pruned. Behold penitence at last, Alas! how late! For they had brought the matter to the point whence not even they could hope to retract it by their votes. Yet they did what they could and

branded eternal infamy on so horrible a Decree.

Deeply disturbed, the conspirators yet at present did nothing more serious than to expunge every Lord from the number of Judges chosen against the King. The last Judges of the Courts were eradicated, that is, those who, when questioned about this business, replied, "It is against English Laws for the King to be placed before the bench."

Behold then a Court of justice without judges, without Law, and without shame. A President is set up, worthy of the sordid & secoundrelly Court, a most obscure & wanton wretch, and an Orator his equal is elected to accuse the King. Whence, as I reflect on the deed and its doers, it seems less amazing to me that a venture so horrible to God & hateful to men was carried out than for the men whom they found to sustain it even to undertake it. To be sure, a great many both from the Senate and from the number of picked Judges betook & hid themselves away whilst this inhuman Tragedy was acted.

Meanwhile, virtually all the pulpits of London resound against this miserable madness, and all of the Pastors as if with one voice by assemblies, letters, conferences, and supplicating tracts were praying, asking,

and imploring the Senate that if they respected Religion, the Faith of their fathers, and finally God as the Parent & Protector of Kings, to avoid spilling the King's sacred blood, which would weigh heavily on their own heads & the whole Kingdom. So many promises are urged, so many sanctimonious professions are emitted to the people from the Senate that the King's safety would be their greatest care and that their own intentions towards him were of the best. The Laws of the Realm, the Authority of Scripture, the Law of Nations, the Fair & Just Notions ingrained in all mortals, the reproach of Reformed Churches everywhere, and even danger abroad, argue against an execution. What more? All these taken together are those which could have moved hearts of iron; But not those

for whose crime Dame Nature lacks
A name, no metal base affords her one.

Hugh Peters, a rabble-rouser unique in the whole realm, from his stump continually incited the Senate & Army to the King's death. But who is this man? He is one who in times past disowned the Ministry, the most impudent & falsest of all knaves, a most bawdy buffoon, and a most foul adulterer, who even now compels a noble man to be in

exile among us whilst he himself abuses that man's wife at his pleasure.

But while prayer was offered in England for the King, the Scots conducted the matter with greater confidence. They demand & all but order that the King be preserved & restored to them as being theirs more completely. They bring up the treaties entered into at the start of the war & sworn to on a sacred oath, by which splendid provision was made touching the welfare of the King and his Posterity, & over maintaining the Rights of the Kingdom in repair among either race. They remember the more recent promises of the Senate, when the Scots had handed the King over to the English, to see to it "that the King would be held with the greatest honor, & would enjoy a solid security"; the Senate made this newest profession of all scarcely four months before at the time when the Delegates of the Scottish Senate were treating with the English Senate concerning the King & Royal rights, whence they carried this response, that "They did not wish to alter the form of English rule, in which the King would reign & would share his plans with a Senate consisting of two Chambers, one of Lords and the other of Commons." And what said the Senate to these words? "At that time,

they had not wished to change Kingship into Popular Rule, but would now: theirs was an unrestrained liberty either way, either of pleasure or displeasure, according as the safety of the Republic required."

This trick of these loathesome gallows-birds, of course, overturned all compacts, all credit of trade between man, and common sense itself, for credit is neither extended or exacted concerning present affairs but future ones. If any King through his Envoys transacted with a neighboring Ruler touching the establishment of peace & restitution of stolen property, he would accomplish naught if agreements could be escaped by this avenue: "It pleased me then, to be sure, but it doesn't suit me now, and past agreements present no restraint for my later intention." This way there would be nothing except past agreements, for whatever we say is past as soon as we say it. Certainly, with these huge monstrosities that have forced reason & faith out the door, there remains one method of dealing--Force of Arms. Accordingly, the Scots employed this & would that the whole Globe had with them: for monsters that blot out faith from human affairs ought to be attacked with everybody's collected strength.

The most powerful Orders of the Belgian Federation, which had labored strenuously to redeem the King's sacred head by offering both prayers & price for him, could do nothing more toward softening their fierce hearts. English Nobles even offered their own heads as surety for the King's, ready to suffer punishment themselves if the King had sinned in any way. The People, indeed, were raging on all sides, and were not merely muttering at the injury, but protesting openly, accusing, growing angrier, and even threatening, alas, how vainly! for the soldiers had been stationed with care; yet the People's outcries were not checked by the soldiers' menacing looks, words, and blows as well: let them return the King to them, for the People had not borne so many burdens and paid so many exactions to the end that their most beloved King should be killed under his People's eyes. If they fight for the People, let them not remove the King & Royal Power from the midst of an unwilling people; all wish the King to stay and for him to live.

Indeed, nothing else was achieved by the People's outcry than the hastening of the unspeakable parricide. And so, surrounded by an armed guard, King Charles, that Sacred & August Head, is set down before the eyes of a

Chamber new & unheard of by ages past. In the name of the people of England he is accused of Treason, Tyranny, Slaughters, & Rapine, and even, God wot, of having started a war against Parliament (woe, villainous leaders!) which, indeed, they themselves had begun according to their very own words. Yet the same People in whose name he was being accused gazed on wailing, & with their own tears were reproaching the accusers' falseness, while the King, his demeanor revealing innate Majesty & by the serenity of his face shewing a composed mind, seemed to address the grieving people with his eyes, "Grieve not over me, but rather grieve over yourselves & your children."

After he had heard the indictment, the King asked these novel Judges, "By what authority were they judging a King legitimate & their own, and that too against a public promise quite recently given by either Order? By what legitimate authority," he asked. "For he did not conceal that he everywhere obtained many powers relying on no laws, such as those of punishing pirates & robbers. Let them then and there proclaim by what right they arrogated this power to themselves, for he was prepared to reply; but if they could by no means do this, let them turn away this crime from the heads of the people and themselves.

Indeed, it was fixed among them not to claim that this province had been committed to them from God & transmitted to them by the most ancient descent."

To the Presiding Judge, who growled that he was hailed into Court by the authority of the English People, by whom the King had been elected, the King replied, "That in no wise by election, but by a succession of over a thousand years had the Kingship devolved upon him; the rights of the English People asserted themselves better & more fully in refusing authority illegitimate & set up by whim than by their adding to the same. But if they would show the authority of Parliament, he saw no man here" (he was looking around the teeming gallery) "from the order of Nobles, without whom Parliament could not be constituted: A King also should be there to judge a King; indeed, neither one nor the other House of Parliament, nor any other tribunal on the Globe had the right against custom to compel the King, much less to set up some pretended Judges, feigning for themselves the Lower House's authority, which they themselves had promulgated. Let them declare that henceforth they would, like a criminal, grant themselves their own Authority for Tyrannic Power & for struggling against a Legitimate one." Very often the

President would rail at the King as he spoke, and ordered the captive remanded into custody.

A second and a third time the King was fetched by the Parricides and was ordered to reply to the charges, or else hear a capital sentence, He "orders them, in turn, to show cause for usurping power against their own King: For himself, Life is of little value compared to Reputation, Conscience, Laws, & the People's Liberty, all of which would be weakened by defending himself before such Judges. For what power do Subjects have of naming Judges for a King, or by what laws is it sanctioned? Not, at any rate, by Divine Laws, which teach that obedience should be shown Princes; and not by human & National Laws, since English Laws order all cases at Law to be conducted in the King's name: in fact, they grant to the Lower House not even the slightest power of punishing the lowest subject, much less power against the King. If the People principally held this power, they themselves took it away before they had consulted the people; but not even every tenth man of the people had been consulted." He could have said every thousandth.

That most insolent President interrupted the King and ordered him to be mindful of his lot, the Judge himself singularly forgetful of his own; he said that its own

Right as a Court was abundantly known to the House, nor did it wish to hear reasons which might cast its own Authority into doubt. "But what, pray, or where in the world," asked the King, "is that Chamber in which there is no place for reason?" The King persisted in calling this Novel Authority to the examination of Law & Reason, until, empurpling with wrath, that magnificent President commands the captive to be taken away. The King, however, said, "Do thou remember that he is your King, from whom you turn your ears." Then turning to the People, he said, "Behold, what Justice can be expected for Subjects from these men who do not wish to hear their own King."

Even a fourth time is the most August King brought and set down before this tribunal of rogues; where the President "contemplated on Tyrian cushion" most violently attacks the King's contumacy, prates of the Chamber's long patience, and commands the King at last to submit himself to the Court, to reply to the accusations; he warns him that unless he obeys, he will hear without delay the sentence of death. The King acknowledged the Court's authority as became him by constantly refusing to discuss the case in their presence, & he desired leave to impart to the Senators of either order some things that

pertained to the welfare of the People and the peace of the Realm. The President of those assassins denied it; for thus indeed would delay be contrived & Justice deferred. The King retorted that "a delay of one small day or another is undergone better than a vote hurried through, whence a perennial tragedy of miseries may arise for the Realm & infants yet unborn: He himself could, if he took the occasions of delay, plead his own case & lengthen it, and at least postpone an evil sentence; He would indeed rather wish to lay down his life as the Law and Defender of the Laws & Martyr of his own People, than to prolong his life by prostituting these; indeed, he demanded the briefest liberty of speaking before the black and foul sentence was pronounced that would be retracted with even more difficulty than prevented."

Arrogating, forsooth, that liberty of speaking to himself, the President of the Parricides commenced a long oration, which I leave to be recounted by their own Historiographers; how repulsive, lying, and impudent it was, this kriterion will indicate: the King, mildest & kindest of all who have governed England, they compare to Caligula, saying that he wished the whole English People had one neck that he could sever at a blow.

At last the sentence was recited: "Since Charles Stuart, accused by the People of Tyranny, Treason, & Misgovernment, has replied nothing on his own behalf, let him be accounted guilty of the crimes charged & of contempt of court as well, let him be adjudged to die, and let his head be severed from his body."

Now that the sentence is pronounced, those invited by the President arise, the rest of the Judges, in number sixty-seven although the Senate had selected a hundred and fifty, would congratulate the judgment; but horror at the crime had smitten many, among whom was Fairfax the General.

Thence his sacred Majesty was led between files of armed men who clamored, "Justice! Justice!" Of these the King with a countenance composed not in wrath but compassion said that "these unhappy souls would venture to do the same to their own Leaders if they were hired with a paltry sum." The Anabaptist Soldiers spat upon his clothes as he passed by; one even violated the August face with his saliva, which the King, rejoicing the more, wiped away placidly because that had happened to Christ also, saying, "Christ suffered much for my sake." We will not be permitted to praise that truly pious patience of the King concerning those who roundly applauded the Soldier's rascally impudence: For the very moment that it was done,

the military Tribune who had sat as Judge against the King told the deed to others of his ilk and not without a commendation for that magnanimous soldier.

And so, since Charles suffered many things like Christ, the Soldiers now redouble their mockeries against him. Nicotine fumes which they know are oppressive to the King, they blow in his face, and throw fragments of law-books before his feet as he walks, and call him a Tyrant, continue their railings, and fell with a club those who dare salute him as he passes, and even slay at his feet a man praying that God have mercy on the King. Let the good Judges who pronounced murder even on the King say what inquiry was holden into this murder perpetrated by the common Soldiery? particularly since the King was innocent, the Soldiery was manifestly criminal. If they should say it was not safe for the Judges to move against the Soldiery because of the armed & angry army standing about, let them say also that it was the determining force in the King's condemnation, and that the whole matter was not carried out by law but by arms. But if indeed it was a great crime & punishable by death to pray for the King they had condemned & openly consigned to Hell by their vows, that murderous Soldiery labored at the strenuous & laudable task like another Phineas: Ah! how many thousands of men bound for

the same crime were condemned to death! For if the entire People had possessed one neck when it prayed in entirety for the welfare of the King destined for the axe, these men would have severed it in that one man. But if an inquiry into this murder could not be held in the turmoil of things whilst the Soldiers' minds were provoked, then why, in the deepest quiet following restoration of discipline in the Soldiery, did no just punishment avenge so public and cruel a deed? It may very well seem ridiculous for us to demand from those who committed a nefarious parricide against so sacred & public a head a satisfaction for a private death, and yet we cannot allow a murder to lie hid under the parricide.

And so I return to the King. Having been destined for punishment, in St. James' Palace (an Edifice formerly his Royal residence and now a jail) he applied himself entirely to the offices of piety, after obtaining with difficulty the ministry of Juxon the Bishop of London, who formerly had been his own chaplain, a most pious & prudent man, and hated less than the rest of the Royal Theologians by the Senate & the People of London, because he had discharged with the greatest integrity & mercy the duty of the Highest Inquisitor in England, obliging to the Londoners

even too often. Therefore the King chose him as the assistant of his last fortitude & piety; with him he used the time for sleepless Prayer & Fasting, fortified himself by the viaticum of the Eucharist, and strengthened his soul with sacred reading & religious discourse, he who soon would join battle with death.

Yet he was not permitted to enjoy that solid liberty of Religion which is not usually denied to defendants in the last straits; the vengeful insolence of the profane Soldiers was barbarous in the extreme; by night & day they would break into the Royal chamber and with guffaws take exception to the praying King, follow him with biting sarcasms, and distract him with frivolous questions, although he himself with a marvelous firmness of mind dissembled the jeers & jests (contempt assisting patience), & by his Royal gravity and right reasoning he so blasted the Anabaptists' childish prattle that many retired, struck dumb & overcome by the vanquished.

It was brought up in the Military Council by the most trustworthy men, what tortures and what disgraces should be added to capital punishment; for they thought it would be far too little for the King merely to die. At length the clemency of the saintly parricides prevailed,

so that he should be killed by the axe on a scaffold erected at the mournful place inside the area they call White Hall, hard by a huge banqueting room set aside for state dinners & receiving Ambassadors, by far the most sumptuous in the whole Realm, in order that his Majesty would be slain in supreme disgrace where he had shown forth the most. And because they had heard that the King was unwilling to submit his neck to the axe of subjects, the scaffold was built with iron hooks by which the head and struggling shoulders would be contained.

Although these are actions of the greatest animosity against the King, yet, so that it may be clear they were inflamed with the greater hatred against Royal dignity, and that Charles was hated less than King, I certainly must not overlook that the day before he departed life, there came to him Soldiers with certain conditions, to which if he would subscribe, he could keep both Life & the Royal title. These the King rejected after one or two readings of them, saying that "He would undertake a thousand deaths for himself before His Honor & the People's Liberty would be prostituted."

At last on the fatal day (indeed less so to him than to the entire Realm), the holy King was led forth

from St. James' Palace to White Hall, & as he made the half mile's journey afoot through the intervening enclosure, he seemed by a lively countenance & speeded step to fly rather than go to his death, repeatedly chiding the halberdiers for tardiness, and now reminding them that he was even going before them, less troubled now, though about to strive for a celestial crown, than he oft had been before when preparing to lead his own Soldiers into battle for an Earthly diadem.

Placed in a cell, he passed the space of an hour in prayers. Thence he was led forth on a scaffold covered with a blackish cloth; in sight were the axe & two Masked Executioners, and at the foot of the scaffold some armored men had been prepared for action, if the King did not conduct himself quietly enough. It was roped off & dense swarms of horsemen kept the People at a distance so that they could not hear the King. Therefore if he had considered any speech to the People, he suddenly changed plans, compelled to set forth his words to only the enemy & the Parricides' Ministers, whom he thus addressed:

"I would have preferred to make no speech before you, save that I was fearful that my silence would be constrained into the argument of a defendant by some, & that

they would distort my patiently suffering punishment into an admission of the crimes charged.

"I call on God as a witness of my innocence, before whose tribunal I soon shall stand, that it never occurred to me to imperil the just Privileges of Parliament, nor even to have conscripted an army, before those hostile forces had prepared troops against me: which history I indeed might narrate, & which will be clearly established by looking up the Calendar of Documents and State Papers.

"Meanwhile, I acknowledge & venerate with the greatest submission of spirit the Divine Justice which through an unjust sentence inflicts upon me a just punishment because I did not set free an innocent Man when he was oppressed by an unjust punishment."

He was referring to the Earl of Strafford, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, who, accused of treason, had been condemned seven years before by an extreme conspiracy of the English Parliament & the Scotch Army & the Irish Lords, although the King resisted & was against it; nor could the King by the collective strengths & prayers of the three Kingdoms have been brought to grant permission for his condemnation, until Theologians of great repute in the Realm persuaded his weary soul that "The voice of the

People is the voice of God, and three nations are going to be equally set ablaze with a deadly war unless one man were handed over to the agitators to become the victim of public hate, and that it would be better for one to die than all." The King was no match for such violence of all directed against one man, and at last waved his hand, and ordered that it be done as they wished. Therefore even if you should divide up the blame for his blood among its authors, not even the smallest portion will belong to the King, and as for the Senate that condemned the King, it took the crime entirely upon itself; and yet this assent that had been extorted from him by force & deceit seared the King's soul to his dying moment, and he acknowledged God's justice on account of the blame (more of others, to be sure, but yet his own) in the unjust judgment of the assassins. He said, as a lesson to all, that "For a sinner there is no just excuse: Persuaders to crime indeed do draw others' sins to themselves, but they do not remove them from those whom they have impelled into the evil part: It is most dangerous to try to stave off harm by means of sin; and lastly, even those things which one does wrongly according to a good expectation will stain one with sin, & sting like a thorn which remains in the wound."

Yet I say that both this confession of the King in the last act of his life & the whole business from the start, as men are now, redound especially to the King's praise. For if that condemnation, which his authority so long prohibited to all Orders of the Realm and only permitted at last when he was asked with threats by the Scotch army and deafened by the clamors of England, Scotland, & Ireland, so preyed on his conscience that even while holding his neck under the axe after an unjust condemnation he paid its just dues by this acknowledgement, how unsullied and how holy will you account him who was King? As a field is level where a narrow molehill raises up the soil so slightly as to seem hardly unequal to it, so is that soul unstained, to whom its own warts seem tubers and which does not overlook in itself the smallest faults which would go unnoticed among greater ones in other people. For how many princes do not blame their own faults upon their Ministers? Yet he does not even cloak the will of Assemblies & the voices of three Kingdoms under his permission, mindful that he should have protected justice contrary to his own interests. Indeed, what mortal could have stood up against this torrent? whom would this swiftest tide not have carried away? If he had plundered his people or spilled innocent blood through his own desires or wrath

(to which rulers' license loves to relax the reins), his mind would not have purposely dwelt on a permission extorted through force for the condemnation of one man, as he on this threshold of grim Death was dragged by the more severe chains of an accusing memory before the seat of the most high Judge.

But let us hear the holy Martyr say more. "With what charity," said he, "I may enfold raging enemies to me, let that good man be witness for me" [he was pointing at the Bishop of London]. "From my inmost heart I grant pardon to all these men, and with all pity's strength I ask God that He will deem to grant a late penitence to them & forgive this crime.

"Yet I cannot even now distract my spirit from troubling itself over the peace of my Realm, for which, since there are no better counsellors as my fortune now stands, I will plainly point out the way from which it has wandered far, & by which you Soldiers must return it to peace & prosperity.

"In this matter I see that you are in a most grave error because you think you should seize the Governance by the power of the sword and without a trace of Law, not even the slightest. You are striving to stabilize the Realm not

by the authority of Laws, but by that of victory. Yet you must expect no Vindication from Victory either for repelling injuries or recovering rights unfairly withheld, unless a just cause for war shall have preceded them. If indeed Victors do not extend Victory beyond what is just & good, & measure the Justice of their cause from its success, what reason would there be for not calling the Kingdoms which are founded, great though they be, Piracies, as we read a Pirate once taunted Alexander.

"As for the rest, by no other course are the erring permitted to return to the right road of Peace, by no other counsel (believe me) can they avert divine wrath than by paying their own dues severally to God, King, and People. You shall have rendered to God the things which are God's if you have restored to the Church, now so long downcast & violated, His pure worship & right order according to the standard of Holy Writ: this a National Synod called in due form & free to determine could quite properly have settled. If you should restore in entirety what the Laws command & call for, his rights will endure for my successor as King. And finally, you will impart to the People its Rights & true Liberty, not, indeed, by elevating it to a familiar Association with Sovereignty,

but rather by tempering with laws a Prince's authority & the People's obedience; since I could in no wise be brought to assent to the curtailment of these by the power of a huge sword, behold me now led forth here to become a Martyr of my people."

The King was silent a moment, when the Bishop of London drawing near advised him to profess his belief touching Religion, although no man was calling into doubt that it was radiantly attested by the whole tenor of his life, which yet would be useful in that regard for satisfaction to the People & custom.

"For my part" (said the King turning to the People) "I have left the testimony of my faith with this good man" (namely the Bishop). "But rather do I expect witness concerning it from all by whom my Life & Profession have been seen. As for the rest, I die in the Christian faith according to the same profession of the Christian Church which my Father of most blessed memory bequeathed me."

Then looking over the Tribunes, he thus spoke: "Trusting to the most merciful God, & quite certain of the Justice of my cause, I both trust & cheerfully expect that I straightway will replace this mortal Diadem with another incorruptible Crown, and that as a soul entirely free I

shall cross from every turmoil & tumult into another Kingdom."

Then leaning forward on his knees, and having prayed briefly, he offered his sacred neck to the fearsome axe: and in a moment the criminal blow decapitated three Kingdoms in that august head.

They say that the King a few hours before had doubted whether he should peacefully submit his neck to the subjects' axe. It seemed more Royal by seizing a sword from someone or by snatching the axe itself to kill one or another of the assassins with his bare hands, & to die in a most just defense. But the Bishop of London, that mildest of men, persuaded him that he should close the last Act of his life with the gentleness & gravity with which he had hitherto conducted it; that it was no more unworthy for the King to offer his neck to the swords of Subjects than it was for Christ the King of Kings to carry the cross imposed by His own subjects; that he would not lose in death the likeness to Christ which he had already taken on in his condemnation; not by struggling with base spirits to depart from that serenity of soul which had been achieved by fastings & prayers, & which was necessary for preparing himself for an eternal sleep; that it was noblest to forget

his enemies: Blessed are they who suffer. Now more prepared for Christian patience, the King's mind did not waver a second into this doubtfulness.

Now that the King is slain, these barbarous assassins make sport of the lifeless trunk and dip hands into that warm gore destined to be on their own heads, and, not content with their hands alone, they daub their very staffs with the Royal blood for a joke. Yet, so that you might know that the King was worth much to them, they even sell his hairs, the sand stained with his blood, and reeking fragments of the block where the Royal neck had reposed for chopping. The body was handed for disembowelling to a certain Quack & camp Doctors quite hardened to the Royal name, with orders that they diligently search out whether he was infected with Venereal disease or any other vice you will; by their masters was the falsehood ordered & dictated to ministers who were the likes of them and clearly understood their mind. But a certain more honorable Physician, who unbidden thrust himself in at the Royal body's dissection, valiantly contended against the calumny, and confirmed that all the organs were undiseased & sound in the August body and promised firmest health & a very long life if the untimely fates had not cut it short.

Now that the King had been taken up, the Bishop of London immediately was thrown into jail after the papers which the King had entrusted to him were taken away; the King's robes were ripped apart, his writing cases searched through so that no Royal memoirs would get out to the public, and there is no doubt but that they would have deprived the world of many glorious monuments of piety & prudence.

Yet by the greatest beneficence & providence of the Most High God did that mellow Work survive the heartless search, the EIKON BASILIKE, or, if you will, a volume of Royal soliloquies, with which he whiled away the long tedium of jail. Compared to this Christian book, nothing more worthy of a King has come out since Apostolic writings. All ages will marvel at such serenity, patience, prudence, and fortitude of mind in such exigencies; at such great eloquence in such simplicity, not bedizened with alien hues, but strong in the bitterest awareness of actual events, & of piety and prudence; brilliant with perpetual light. Surely one can justly doubt which of these stands out more in the Royal Work. For what is more holy than this piety, what more fervent or more moving to the emotions? What more wise than this prudence of the King

learned in divine & human law, & more exercised by the long struggle with so many adversaries? Now do all good men sense the kindness arising from so holy a volume. But envy kindled thence for its enemies burns them to the very quick, not will it cease burning until it shall have consumed them down to the last ash with a fire kindled on all sides by popular & foreign cuteries.

Yet thrust into prison the Bishop of London was being guarded for no ordinary reason--The King had been heard on the fatal scaffold crying "Remember! Remember!" to the Bishop. Consequently it would have to be forced out of the great man what it was that the King, though next to death, had with such care ordered him to remember. The Bishop, brought before the Judges of the King, and ordered, not without the gravest threats, to disclose that matter, was silent for some time. At length, after being commanded to speak only the whole truth, he said, "My Lord the King had ordered me, that if I could get through to the Prince his son & heir, I should bear to him this last command of his dying Father, that when restored to his own Reign & Power, he should pardon you the authors of his own death. Indeed, the King ordered me to remember this again and again." O King to be venerated even by his own slayers!

O holy parent of his own People! O true disciple of Christ, who even after death doth pray for his enemies!

A sudden bolt of unmerited compassion smote the parricides & admonished them for their crime. Shame & sad silence sat in the face of all, as if too late they worshipped him whom they had only recently immolated, & the very mention of the pity which they had denied their own King cast fear into the assassins. So engrafted is a sense of Justice even in those who have foresworn the right & good, that they who had given themselves up with loose reins to every injustice quake at Justice as a name of mercy. Therefore the Judges, questioning no further, remanded the Bishop to gaol, whence afterwards his own integrity & obliging manners liberated him unharmed.

Meanwhile, there were through all England & equally through the three Kingdoms tears, wailing, distaste for public matters, neglect of private ones, words & every holy thing of angered or despondent men, & very nearly an ultimate desperation. For what spirit would you think survived for sagacious men after the Father of his Country was slain under the eyes of the People, the Monarchy exterminated, Religion disfigured, and the Church suffocated? Into what hope could they raise up children who would be

destined to sigh at the most miserable slavery of an utterly wretched tyranny under an Anabaptist yoke of conscience; or--which is worse--in place of Religion to partake of fanatic insanity? Wherefore should they save or increase property only to have it ravaged at the whim of military insolence & confiscated for use against the legitimate heir of the Kingdoms, with the result that they would lose their safety by their own hands, so to speak, & would be going to put out the one star of the prostrated sovereignty, which yet breathed some sort of life into that great body through hope.

The crime would still have been huge but the damage less if they had killed Caligula or someone like Peter of Castile of Demetrius of Russia. But, alas! they butchered another Titus, the People's Love, the Darling of Human Kind. The entire succession of British Kings does not show such justice, clemency, and piety; indeed, all Histories scarcely afford his like in any man. What force of reason was his! what sanctity of habits! what moderation in prosperity! what fortitude in adversities! what reverence for the Most High God! what love for the people! what love of Religion & the Church to the last, for which he at the very end poured out his life! His mildness alone cast a

stumbling block before all his virtues, for it preferred quickening dulled souls to their duty by full confidence in them rather than keeping them at it by force & Power, even when it could do so; whence came ruin to himself and his own people, whom he clearly would have counselled better if he had indulged them less.

Let Kings learn that most things are denied to the People with a greater clemency than if they were conceded; that the Father of a Country ought rather to estimate what profits them than what the people might demand. That Prince best looks out for public welfare, who serves his own, and will not trust himself to any power save his own, or permit any other to wax in his own Kingdom without him: For authority unaccustomed & beyond their proper sphere dements & seizes the minds of Subjects besides themselves; for indeed those who can do more than is right do still more than they ought, & by the very ease of contemplated crime are not admonished beforehand.

The Father having been slain, both Son & heir was the next task. They soon had pronounced him a defendant for treason, and now by a public proclamation they attaint of treason all those who called him King, or have prayed for his safety under the name of Charles II, or Prince, or

King of Scotland, or as the Royal firstborn. They made it doubtful whether one might pray for him merely as a man. Equal care was taken lest prayers be made on behalf of the Duke of York or any Royal Offspring. The Royal progeny by decree are cut off from all Royal right & fortune.

By another Edict Monarchy is abolished, the House of Lords is done away with, and the most ancient Kingdom of England is changed into a Popular State. And so that you may be the more indignant, all these were done by a paltry council of forty common knaves.

The Mayor of London is ordered to promulgate the Edict; refusing & offering his pristine rights in obedience to the Royal offspring, he is deprived of his Magistracy, is held in the Tower of London, and is punished with a fine of twenty thousand pounds English. Nor did this severity pass by the lesser officials, and all the city Councillors who were horrified at this new Edict were booed, ejected, and fined; even those who had obtained Conversation with the King for their own petitions were attended to.

Why should I enumerate now all their injuries to Charles II? whom they bar from his own Kingdoms England & Ireland, whom they are pursuing on sea and on land, against whom they are devastating Scotland with a hostile army, and

for whom even as for a traitor they are preparing an axe so that he may be in every wise cut off from paternal inheritance. One who examined the several parts by the rule of justice made the apt remark that it was "Indeed where right and wrong were reversed." Villainy daily grew & knew no bounds, & crimes heaped on crimes smite heaven; and the holy blood spilled by impious hands perpetually cries out to heaven, "O powerful Jehovah the God of vengeance, O strong God of vengeance, appear: Arise, O Judge of the earth, return retribution to the proud. How long, O Jehovah, how long shall the wicked rejoice?"

CHAPTER III

THE PARRICIDES' CRIMES AGAINST THE PEOPLE

We have now shown the cruelest crimes against the People, the King's unjustifiable murder. For since a King does not reign over himself but over the People, he who violates a King sins more against the People than against the King. As usually happens to strengthen the hand of the most disgraceful & demented impudence, this murder of the King & abrogation of the Monarchy were done for the sake of the People. To this end three things had to be proved. First of all, it must be shown that the People have authority over the King; secondly, that the King was punished & the Realm sustained by the authority and will of the People; then thirdly, that thence would emerge that profit to the People which would abundantly compensate for the crime's gravity & perpetual war's misery.

Now indeed the Royal Champion has brilliantly exposed & crushed the scoundrels' fiction of the People's imaginary authority over the King, a monstrosity only yesterday constructed by the English Assassins. I might seem in the second of these to be uniting two qualities very far removed, "the People's authority and will,"

since Tyrants do everything by the authority of the people but against the will of the same. But I am considering not what might be done contrary to right & reason, but rather what right & reason demand: For we are the authors of those things which we wish & do and those which others do at our behest, not of those things done against our will. But if indeed they do confound the name of authority with the power, as experience has shown, what an affront it is to display a power of the People which it neither has nor seeks, while they themselves so encroach on that power of the People that they thwart the People's will? Must we endure for whatever deed the Tyrants perpetrate that is dire, criminal and loathesome, to be assigned to the People, for it to be a reproach against the People, and for the blame to rebound upon the People while they themselves snatch the revenues?

Moreover, what profit is there from this for the People, that all should be invited to take upon themselves the crime of a few? Nay, rather, what a Hydra of evils, how infinite a mass of both crime & misery has the assassins' detestable villainy placed upon the heads of the entire People?

It is agreeable to hear the People's voices abusing their own Delegates to a horrifying degree in the name

of Popular power and calling them to an accounting:

"Did we entrust this to you in commands, ye most perfidious Delegates, when we chose you to represent us in Assemblies, that you should exercise a judgment on our King and a Tyranny over us by an assumed authority which the people never gave to you? You were told to guard Religion, Laws, Liberty, and all our rights; which of these have you not violated or not lost?

"First, you have miserably cast down Religion by having introduced the license of all schisms & errors, by the removal of all orders of prayers & Sacraments, by trampling on the ordination of Presbyters, by having loosed upon the commons stump preachers with no education, no shame, no rightful mission; by having admitted soldiers, weavers, laborers, & every base man to the pulpit; even you cannot deny that you defend your case amongst the People with these Advocates: for the legitimate Pastors refuse the evil task. What have you left us that is clean? We have seen horses baptized with impunity; we hear the People daily forgetting Godly Instruction & the Apostle's Creed; in public letters from the Army we read that there ought to be no regular calling of pastors; the first Temple of the nation's capital has been changed into

a stable, and the others on all sides turned inside out or desecrated; the church's growth is stunted. And what caps the matter is that if we seek the nourishment of God's Holy Word, it is corrupted; if the Sacraments, they are denied; so that now it is the plan of men ill disposed towards the Republic to reserve the use of Sacraments.

"Thus indeed you did to Religion; how, too, did you treat the King, to whom we had sent you Orators as subjects to plead for subjects? You persecuted him with a most unjustifiable war after much more had been conceded to us by Royal bounty than was right for us to expect or ask; you despoiled him of the Rule of war and peace; you deprived him of his entire property, wife, children, friends, liberty, & the benefit of divine worship, and at last, O most accursed, you decapitated him with the awful axe, long tormented in miserable ways after the jail's prolonged stench, and tried as a defendant before you.

"You have even made this injury to Royal Majesty one to our laws: for by the eternal God, what authority do the Laws give either you or us against the King's sacred head? You have overturned the foundation on which the Laws stand, you have cut off the root from which the Laws draw life, wherefore all laws are utterly overthrown, cut down, dead. And so immediately after the King had been killed &

the Monarchy abolished, the authority of the Laws lay prostrate, & now in the place of Leaders & Law only the whim of the King's murderers reigns. When the King was flourishing, quite often we opposed Laws to Royal will, & the King reverenced the Law's name and did not impose the ship money before it had been approved by Judges & skilled lawyers. When you were taking from us by public Edict a twentieth part of our goods, you replied to us as we appealed Laws & citizens' rights that 'Your chamber is the Laws' oracle, that your wish is to be accounted as Law, that an appeal can be made from the King' (for Charles I still lived) 'to Parliament, but that no appeal can be made from Parliament.' And then this vague, unstable Law, checked by no limits, and spawned on the spot, that 'Whatsoever pleased Parliament without the King was permissible,' progressed to such a pitch of criminal insanity that you did not fear to remove the King himself from our midst, and after the King the Laws, and after the Laws were repealed, to take the life & goods of citizens at pleasure, right or wrong.

"Therefore, the Laws having been taken off with the King, Liberty & our Rights died together. For who in the entire Kingdom dares to claim his own property for himself?

Dare he ask Goods, ancestral Lands, Liberty, or Life? Good! freed of Laws, your power can snatch away all these at a nod, and does so far too often. For by what law are so many citizens cast into chains, so many put to the torture, for no crime save that they refused to bear arms against the King? And by what law are all bound for the crime of treason who dared to offer food to their fleeing & starving King? You have penalized by death, jail, exile, & confiscation of their inheritance all those who campaigned under him, even though they had fought for the country's laws & now are performing well the duties of Subjects. 'Twas done more mildly with others--they were compelled to buy back their own lands with the revenues of some years.

"To this end, collection shops, or rather butcher shops, were set up through all the Counties, which disembowelled and skinned members of nearly every Noble family (for how many Nobles did not adhere to the King?). These defendants for fidelity to the King are recalled two or three times to those Rhadamanthuses, nor are they quit as defendants before they are made paupers. Therefore anyone who is dragged there

Doth stricken pray, & smash'd by cudgels fawn,
That with some teeth he thence may get him gone.

"The noble families maimed & bloodless lie, while a few vagrants from the lowest of the low & fattened on the sap of Nobles & the public blood, stroll around & the madness of the most monstrous Cyclops

Is fed by victims' guts & blacken'd gore.

"But these " (you say) "are our enemies concerning whom prudence orders sinews severed & bones broken lest they arise against us anew. 'Tis a marvel, then, that you do not reckon the entire People as an enemy, whom you, good guardians of Liberty, do miserably skin alive. For what riches of two Kingdoms, what most fierce exactions against the People would be sufficient to sate your avarice? Hope was manifested that from the King's most ample patrimony & the revenues of Bishops and Deacons, immunity from any burden of tribute would come to the People; this had been abundant enough for wars, garrisons, fleets, & would have been continuous. Whatever the Bishops & Deacons had, you now possess. Furthermore, you have accumulated immense wealth from the sale of private patrimonies. Laverna never favored any robbers more. Where now is that immunity from grievous taxation which you used to promise us? You took excellent care--which was your

kindness towards us--that no profit should come to us from your misbegotten ventures. You have taken to yourselves the offence of rapines, to yourselves an undeserved reward, O most benignant pirates!

"Yet as long as you cram your hideous maw with so many rapines, we must (alas!) husband well and tax our own ingenuity, so that we may be equal to the immense tributes which you squeeze out of us with the greatest cruelty. Doubtless so that we may know ourselves to have many Kings instead of only one do we weigh out for you much more tribute than for ten of Charles, if all of them had reigned at once. Whence prevails such desperation amongst the People, whose bones you break & marrows suck dry, that they unarmed oft have risen against the constabulary, burnt the taxmen's ledgers, and have committed suicide, due to pay soon the grave penalty of hot-headed wrath? So cheap is life to men from whom life's necessities have been snatched.

"Nor was it enough for our means to be taken from us--they are taken & our children too. Sons from their Mothers' arms, Husbands from their Wives' embraces are plucked; & they are even compelled through the greatest pressure to campaign against King & country. The

inexperienced youths are led into the fatal fraud equally with bodies & souls, so that it would be less for them to render us miserable than to make us evil.

"You will allege as a pretext the most inflexible sword of necessity: that war is being waged at home, in Scotland, and in Ireland; that the seas which ought to be patrolled are a prey for pirates; that England without a militia is undefended, and the militia not kept up without funds; that in conscripting the militia danger will come to a few and safety to all; that the magnitude of public danger must be considered in monies, and that the common cause ought to be sustained by the treasure of all.

"Yet how can you so injuriously throw off on us a necessity which you yourselves created? Indeed, a 'necessity compelled by a spike' makes us as subjects to you, cruelest Tyrants, go where you drag us. Dire necessity also drives you to defend each crime with another; that a common necessity here rests upon us alike we utterly deny. Wherefore? because after the King had been dealt with in a most unworthy manner, and no hope of pardon was left for the handful of ringleaders, it obviously was necessary to decapitate the King, to abolish the Reign, and to pursue the legitimate heir by land and sea; but must we necessarily

partake of both your crimes and dangers? 'Tis doubtful whether it be the more cruel to impose or to impute this necessity, forsooth, arising from your own most unnatural crime, to the entire Realm that is plainly longing for the heroic son of its own King. We threaten arms or pay out hire against the King! Nay, we love the King, we want the King. But if you fear a cross from the King, there are other Republics that will afford a quiet Asylum for your heads, and a good market for your wares. Get ye thither, & free the nation from war and yourselves from fear, and return the King & Peace to the realm. This would be better & wiser, as any surviving speck of good sense will show, than to oppress a People raging & muttering threats at the iron yoke, than to maintain your Tyranny by the murder of innumerable citizens, to see as many enemies as men, & to walk amid the curses & groans of your people. Any good or prudent man surely would prefer even the cross itself to this completely crushing burden of hate.

"Here, to be sure, you protest, '0 ye men born to servitude, who charge liberty up to injury! At last, slaves of Kings, we permit you to be freed unasked.'

"Thus we reply: 'We indeed are not the likes of you who think us born to be ruled; we were then free indeed

when their proper rights existed for both King & citizens. For our Royal Republic was so governed that neither did regal Authority detract from Liberty, nor Liberty from obedience. You came ostensibly to liberate us though we were already established in that happy arrangement. What Liberators! You so prevailed that with every care and effort you promoted our Liberty and not our Dominion, nor did you snatch away Rule from the King so that you might transfer it to yourselves: Too late did a Democratic People realize they had been duped by your promises of liberty for equal suffrage. Just as soon as the King had been removed from their midst, they inveighed by Writings & Discourses against the Oligarchs' Power.

"Truth burst from Rebellion's profoundest pit to men quite hostile to Monarchy who were openly clamoring & writing against it, that the Regicide was illegal & supported by no laws, done by no authority, & that the People had merely exchanged and not shaken off a yoke. They preferred to live a thousand years under the Sway of the worst of Kings than one year under the Tyranny of the godly. Their little finger was more unbending than King Charles' back. When at last will there be an end to this Parliament? So many tasks of the most difficult

warfare have not busied them, they have not exposed their head to so many dangers the whole seven years that they should create a perpetual power for their own fellow citizens sitting in Parliament, or sell themselves as slaves to their own Representatives. Immediately after the complaints, arms were taken up, & the defection of an appreciable part of the army was carried out. But after being invited to a Conference, they were put down by a trick of the Oligarchs, & were condemned and butchered by a military tribunal principally of Levellers.

"Thus indeed you did curb the Levellers once or twice, but to control the Monarchists is your daily labor. Everywhere squadrons of cavalry range about to prevent preparation of arms: For a free People restlessly & immediately shake off the yoke of the most disgraceful servitude. Four times only lately have arms been tried among a few souls with an unripe & unhappy struggle; and at last public prayers have brought to justest arms the King, toward whom on every side turn pious & courageous hearts, where dwell a love for the King &, out of the reproach of slavery, a contempt for death--hearts devoted to either freeing the fatherland of tyranny in the company of their own incomparable King, or else seeking out an honorable death,

which indeed has been attempted more bravely than successfully.

"Meanwhile, the law courts of the Tyrants seethe with trials for Treason; the jails can scarcely contain the defendants for it; 'the fullest measure to be borne in chains.' Daily do axes & the stocks defend this new sort of Treason. For a long time before the latest paroxysm it was forbidden to all formerly following the King--that is, to the many & better ones--to go beyond the fifth milestone from home; because of this, each man's home is almost a jail, the roads are deserted, and the towns empty of commerce. Tyranny's lesser lights bluster about the crossroads, menacing to travelers and ferocious to visitors, scattering damage & fear around, and taking arms, horses, & their masters' bodies captive: hired 'cuckoos' sneak into the free homes, and injecting talk of public affairs fish up charges of Treason. Behold the countenance of England, behold the People's liberty, which you guard as chains do a captive: This way you clearly are the 'Protectors of English liberty,' so that not without a certain justice have you laid upon yourselves the name of tyranny. Alas, iron hearts, men born for national ruination; and now that the parent has been publicly slain, you vipers

feast upon the mother's viscera. Plot, destroy, pour out, and after the fatherland has been mangled, trample the miserable remains underfoot, for you will reign as impotently as briefly."

And so these are the People's voices, this slavery is by far the most miserable, and will have no limit under these custodians, who indeed acknowledge openly that they cannot keep power born of arms & of the greatest strength without an army that is perpetual & very strong sitting on the necks of the unwilling People.

Meanwhile, the unhappy & noble People knew neither how to shake off the yoke nor to champ the bit in silence. The very atrocity of this foulest tyranny, & the sacred blood's clamor destined at last to prevail on divine justice & patience, nourish inborn hopes.

CHAPTER IV

THE PARRICIDES' INJURIES TO THE CHURCH

Even as the matter of the principal crime against the Church was done, we heard the People complaining that Religion was contaminated & taken from them. A People loving Religion is the Church itself, it is the Church's foundation. Therefore, the same crimes that are committed against the English People are also committed against the Church. Nor does it occur to the parricides' dark souls what they did when they put the King & People to the sword. They were killing the King of Israel, and mangling the People of God. Many of the Tyrants acknowledge that Christ's pure Gospel did flourish in England, and certain ones deny it; the Army is the Hydra of all heresies; yet all continually stirred up for King & Cavaliers a controversy not about doctrine but trifles of ritual. Whence, therefore, comes such fierceness against a King & People professing a holy doctrine?

No wonder they never learnt that divine saying, Isaiah 11, 9: "They shall not injure neither shall they destroy in all my holy mountain, for the earth will be full with an awareness of God. . ." Although I properly understand this promise to concern eternal repose, and

not as a command or prophecy on attacking the Church, yet no good or sane man will doubt but that the promise carries the command with it. Indeed, whoever hopes to have a place in that sacred mountain of God, from which all ruin and all injury are far away, ought while enjoying this life to take warning from this kindness of divine knowledge lest he go to wound & ruin any man furnished with this sacred knowledge, much less the entire earth full of the holy precept. Nor will he put on hostile spirits against God's Church, into whose breast sinks that new analogy of Isaiah, Ch. 65 V. 8, Thus speaks Jehovah, "Even as one who discovers new wine in a grape says, 'Destroy it, since goodness is in it,' so I am about to do on account of my slaves, lest I damn them." The Lord withholds his avenging hand from the sinners of his own People because of some juice of sacred knowledge & divine love remaining in them. Yet the Tyrants offer bloody fruit to those greatest ones in whom a certain fragrant vintage of piety breathes out the sweetest odor. Then what, by the eternal God, what piety was sweeter, more fragrant than that of Charles, King & Martyr? You, foulest parricides, obliterated that juice with nefarious soles. You exercised your cruelest madness against heroic examples of piety towards God, faith towards the King, and love towards country. O vilest scum,

you have violated & trampled ministers of the Gospel and the Ministry itself. I remain silent about the tortures, jails, confiscations, and the gravest injuries which are being done to men. Why, indeed, do you declare war on the Ministry itself, now that fanatic knaves, never seen in an Academe and who were never acquainted with the rudiments of theology, and who had accepted no Χειροτονιαν from Ecclesiastical authority, have been substituted in place of pious & learned Theologians? The Tyrants & satellites of Tyranny, whose mind rages with the most unnatural villainies, grow pale & quake at the approach of sacred Truth's messengers and at the sight of them think that their own parricide & sacrilege is cast in their teeth: Truth's heralds can not but repeatedly pronounce some Truth repugnant to the assassins, for otherwise they would preach neither justice nor mercy, doctrines which indeed do utterly thwart the Parricides' designs. Therefore, these troublesome guardians must be removed, and this unwelcome wisdom eliminated: for what have parricides to do with a Gospel which agrees not at all with their Tyranny? False prophets, bawling loudly & manufactured by their masters, must be employed, among whom knowledge of wrongful compliance will not disturb the conscience. Let them rant to the People that a golden age has dawned and that Saints

have come, divinely sent for transacting judgment on the nations; that they have come for binding Kings with their chains & aristocrats with iron shackles; that the happy day is come when the saints shall bathe their feet in the blood of the impious, & the meek inherit the earth; that the Kingdom of God then shall have arrived at last if the Scots have been killed in a massacre, the King beheaded, and Monarchs exterminated; and that those who acknowledge King Charles deny Christ the King. From this came that doctrine, "Bring hither mine enemies who did not wish me to reign over them & slay them in my presence," a text which, indeed, we saw prefixed to anti-monarchical books of these fellows.

Furthermore, men utterly ἀθεολόγοι stayed very busy around the election ballots, intermingling with themselves a certain visibility of the militant, invisible church, & obviously making the election itself their own business; for they declare no others elected than the ones whom they themselves choose. Moreover, they do not wish them to seek forgiveness of sins from God, however Christ ordered to the contrary: for this would be to act to no purpose, & cast the election into doubt.

By these men no Sacraments were administered, and wisely too, since they were furnished with no faculty for

doing it; yet it was wicked that they ordered these necessaries utterly omitted, forgetful that there is no greater necessity than obeying God's orders. The new Republic accounts them the most faithful Ministers of its own Tyranny & the most useful next to the soldiers, the couriers of their own commands & the heralds of their victories. The sickened Church of England labors under these abcesses, these cancers; and it senses & groans that its stomach is eaten up, appealing for the resources of the greatest Physician for the cure of this worst disease.

Equal injury has been done what they call the eternal Land of the Church. When the Tyrants stripped the Bishops, Deacons & Canons, they professed that they did not wish for anything consecrated to holy purpose to be converted to profane uses. Thus was it imposed by sacrilege on many pious men of Episcopal rank, yet even more so on the property of others. It was expected that the wealth seized from the Bishops would be demanded for the Pastors of Churches where the labor was huge and there was no land for sustaining the holy work, a sort of which England had many. How many Hospitals, how many Poor-houses did they promise? But after the booty had been heaped up, Tyranny was seen to be a thing of greater

profit if they considered themselves alone & accounted that as put to a holy use which was put to their own: Then (which is piety to these men) they did not wish to summon God to the society of thieves: and so they swallow the whole sacrilege themselves.

Yet so that they might have many sharing the blame they entice the People with easy prices to buy the Church's Lands. Likewise, where the King's patrimony was concerned (which on account of the inviting prices buyers everywhere were bidding to sell by the parcel), this group favored the Tyrants' party, not without some justice fearing that upon the King's return to his own they should yield up the lands they had bought & even incur punishment with a fine.

Obviously under this tyranny, avarice, forever the dire plague of piety, particularly corrupts the Church. For the sustenance & income of the many necessarily depend on the men who rule on land and sea & either possess all the Republic's offices & emoluments or distribute them at pleasure: And for this reason it is impossible for the influential blandishments of that wealth not to influence very many who either sympathize with the Tyrants or else pretend that they do. Even those who have no part of the Republic are not exempt from this pressure, since every

man's right to conduct trade, or try a lawsuit, or take a trip is restricted, except when confidence has been established by an oath to the tyrants.

Nor does this pressure overlook the Rustics either. For a fear pervades men, troubled more over livestock & harvest than over their conscience, that no action against a thief can be gotten in court by those who have refused this bond. I omit the Soldiers, those vile souls, that make no scruple over what is just or unjust, & measure both law & right & even religion according to salary & spoil.

And so this greatest plague of the Church arises from the Tyrants' sway, because of the fact that many are drawn into the evil party by love of property & the exercise of civil commerce as if by a certain torrent; they are prepared to say with Nahum, "May the Lord pardon us as often as we incline ourselves in the house of Rimmon."

CHAPTER V

THE PARRICIDES' INJURIES AGAINST GOD

We see the injuries which the parricides have thus far introduced at home against the King, the People, & the Church. Now let us have a look at the ones which they have done abroad to the Most High God, to all Kings and Peoples, & particularly to the Reformed Churches.

First, there comes to mind the holiest divinity of God concerning whom, although he knows how to defend himself & to repel & avenge an injury done to himself, yet all who love & cherish Him should account an injury offered to God as one done to themselves, & object to it with the greatest indignation: Yet neither have we set out to weigh one by one the Parricides' sins against God. They have a Judge to call them to account. Let us not judge another's slave. May they stand or fall in the presence of their God. For my part, I pray for them a ripe repentance & a merciful Judge.

It is desirable at this point to censure this crime against God, which is one against all good men, namely that God is called as a party to the crime and is styled as the patron and even author of the foulest misdeeds: Which

obviously is the most extreme wickedness of this Tyranny and all the Independents following it. As nothing to this are the crimes & homicides by which other men serve their own avarice or wrath, forgetful of God & themselves.

I'm injured less by the more outright thief.

Indeed, to be so forgetful of God in this particular crime that you seem to drag his name into association with the crime; to hand God the blame for the deed and its emoluments to yourselves; & to weave of piety a whole cloth of huge crimes; this is the part of a man who has extinguished in himself all sense of divine majesty, one that would do nothing thus except he believed God is an empty Μορμολυκειον, with whose name sport is made with impunity and without concern, & that a belief in a divine presence, and the precepts & warnings of justice were the bugbears of foolish minds. I am absolutely persuaded that the Tyrants & Independents are the ringleaders of this sort; For indeed (although mum's the word with these old sly-boots) they openly testify by their actions to the opinion that Religion is hateful to have, profitable to put on; for plebeian souls are grasped by piety's handle, & dragged any where soever.

Hypocrisy is indicated by these same men's Religious pretenses, by which they equally overturn & adore her. For indeed even as they convict themselves of the most infamous crime and they slacken the reins for a pernicious license of wondrous sects, yet what Religion they profess or of what faith they make confession, not even they can say; and yet these sanctified wretches dribble sanctimony over the whole affair and perpetrate no crime unless with some religious display. Either way, Religion suffers the same thing from the Tyrants that Christ did from Pilate's soldiers, by whom he was simultaneously beaten with clubs and adored on bended knee. A speech in Public Proclamations stuffed up with piety and a like epistolary style of Cromwell and his Tribunes might move the bitter bile & laughter of anyone who noted with what impudence those secret debauchees and obvious thieves stretched over their own iniquities the Religion which for a long time they had commanded their affairs to don.

Here indeed the Parricides wreak a double injury on God in that they make him both the author and aim of their crimes.

They make him the Author so long as they say that the entire instrument of their own wickednesses was received

from divine inspiration. Very often Hugh Peters, or else some allegedly heaven-sent messiah with a clearly outdated prophecy, drove the army's fluctuating spirits into that party which Cromwell animated. When King Charles I of blessed & gracious memory was under close guard by the Independent army shortly before his removal to the Isle of Wight, these sanctimonious marauders were promising answers to King & Senate according as God (they said) had inspired them; of course, if anything they had confirmed the day before was imputed to these inspirations, 'twas brought to naught on the morrow. And the Greatest King was heard complaining, "he could not expect anything certain from those men, whose daily inspiration changed yesterday's promises." To those recalling the matter Cromwell replied no otherwise than that he had promised on his sacred word restitution to the King. "For my part," said he, "I intended it to the highest degree in my vows, but as I was praying & demanding God's aid for this task my tongue clave to my palate & my voice stuck in my throat, God thus suggesting that my plan was not at all to his liking." A marvel! that these men have God ready to hand (on whom there is cast perfidy & parricide) and are ready to thrust on God whatever they have transgressed, as did that crazed

Terentian Debauchee, "God was my author, he drove me to this."

Ere now it has been remarked that the King's utterly inhuman parricide was celebrated with many fastings & prayers; so that they might inject this opinion into the People, the parricides had to be personally directed by the holy Ghost for perpetrating such a crime. For God having been asked, would he have denied his own Spirit to such holy villains?

To the same point pertains the fact that successes exceeding the parricides' prayers & a seldom interrupted course of victories are displayed as a divine endorsement ever since the outset of the parricide, sacrilege, & villainy. And furthermore, say the adversaries whom you do not perceive, the army of God which we assiduously invoke makes headway for us everywhere through opposing troops, reopens the gates of towns, and equally subdues lands & seas. The same God who inspires us also protects us. We are heaven's darlings, We are the Godhead's care, for whom a road to glory is paved by the necks of Kings.

Away with argument better befitting beasts than men! For thus by divine grace an Elephant will go as much before the best men as he surpasses them in strength. Since, of

course, God's will favoring the victors is urged, for my part I concede that God wills that all things which are done to be done. Yet it does not follow from this that God approves all things that are done, or that he consents to all crimes that are perpetrated. For the meaning of the decree through which (whether God is willing or consenting) human actions are carried out can be nothing changed into the sense of a command. Nay, many things that are done in the sense of a decree are condemned by the meaning of the command. If you confound these, then you would fittingly commend the treachery of Judas: for God willed that, & you will disclose a wide opportunity for every crime; and all criminals will have the wherewithal to escape judgments and tie the hands of the judges, the Lord's will excusing any crime you wish.

Yet, so that you will not measure the justice of human actions according to their success, the reward for trouble must be seen, how it came out, and what misdeeds followed.

A cross, crime's price, this bore, that one
a crown.

Junius Brutus saved his country by driving out Kings: Another Brutus ruined it by killing a Tyrant. Yet perhaps the later Brutus that slew a usurper did well, and the earlier Brutus, who exiled a legitimate King, did ill. Thus may you learn that God's providence, most powerfully conspicuous in the changes of kingdoms, is not bound to the good or evil intent of his instruments; thus also that from evil actions a bad outcome always arises, and good from good. Obviously, a prosperous result does not make a bad deed good by right of return, nor does an unfavorable outcome render a good deed bad. Like those Christians who prove from victories the justice of their arms, they could be removed to a sect of Heathen unwilling for a pleasing vice to be called a virtue or that virtue be subject to fortune, & condemning Dionysius, who, having fled the cruelest calamities after the Delphic temple had been plundered, used to say that the Gods had protected the sacrilege. These our sacrileges are not unlike this, making a show of their own victories as the seal of divine favor, on account of labor religiously & strenuously accomplished in the destruction of King & Church. The Ottomans have a seal of this sort indeed far more celebrated, Power widely extended over Europe, Asia, and Africa by arms fortunate

indeed, and even confirmed somewhat through centuries. This success of course they point out as divine approbation for the sect of Mahmoud, & the reward of a Christian faith extinguished or oppressed.

But of course one egg is not more like another than Cromwell is Mahmoud. For either feigned to be a Prophet bringing new light from heaven, was in the guise of reformation a subverter of Religion & Laws; and with a huge apparatus equally of piety & war either held forth a dissimulating holiness for the Church's ruin & the erection of a new Power. So that revived Mahmoud will not introduce an ἐνέργειαν πλάνης like the Oriental into the Occident (while superstition exalts men's souls & success exalts superstition), let the Church's Redeemer & Preserver forbid great victories.

Here indeed must the mind of pious & sagacious men be strengthened by every means against the Epidemic & the happily outdated fallacy of fortune's favors. For after you have distinguished more clearly than the noonday sun the goodness of a cause from its success, the mob still will embrace the more successful cause as being the more just.

As ever, Fortune does it follow, losers hate.

Hitherto, however, the Tyrants' victories in England have obtained the opposite effect, for the People's hatred for them grows with their power. Yet the Tyrants' satellites are mere slaves of fortune, whom they venerate as God & believe that the just and good come from her; and yet God, "whose hidden judgments are many, injustices none" (as Augustine saith), very often permits a just cause to be overcome by an unjust one; for men are not worthy of better treatment, and 'tis just that injustice be meted out to the unjust. Wherefore the Prophet (Ps. 109) pronouncing the justest curses against the enemies of Christ & the Church prays thus: "Set thou a wicked man over him, let the extortioner catch all that he hath." For God useth evil instruments that he may damn evildoers, or out of evil bring good.

Yet there is no reason why these evil instruments, through which God inflicts just punishments or fatherly chastisements, should be self-satisfied, and that they should assume that their persons or their wickedness are approved by God, since (indeed) by God's strength they transacted business prosperously. The Independents did this of course, who are accustomed to write thus their own ανδραγαθήματα, "In this battle, God acknowledged us

for his own; In another conflict, God testified we were his own,"--thus hanging on the outcome of struggles God's love & their own election. 'Tis doubted by no man that Israel was God's People by that election which takes in entire races. Not only did God acknowledge their men as his own, but he also approved their cause in the war against the ten tribes of Benjamites. To be sure, before they advanced on the enemy's line they had consulted God, who even commanded their line and ordered that Judah be stationed in the forefront. Yet twenty-two thousand of the Israelites were slain. The People in consternation came a second time to the Ark of the covenant and asked, "whether I should go up again to fight against Benjamin my brother?" God replied, "Go thou against him." Yet again did eighteen thousand Israelites fall. How then, did God affirm them his own by words, and deny it by deeds? It was his People, his cause was at stake, the business was conducted by his authority: Yet God wished to chastise his own, since he made them even more his own by those two carnages: The Israelites were strengthened by the two slaughters because they gained knowledge of humility & faith; the Benjamites, indeed, were overthrown by two victories, for by empty confidence in themselves they were brought to repentance & by

the third conflict were killed off almost to extermination. God inflicts punishments on evil as a Warning neither according to our time nor notion, & neither the right of a case nor God's love or hate should be reckoned according to the results of battles. For often men struggle in war over one controversy, and God summons another to judgment. Absolom struggled with Father David over a Kingdom, yet God inflicted punishment on David on account of murder & adultery. Often God wracked with many slaughters even those of whom he approved the more, ordaining chastisement for his children while a most oppressive enemy, happy beyond expectations & waxing insolent in victories

> built with many tiers
> A castle to the clouds, whence steeper got
> The fall, a horrid headlong drop to naught.

One must wait with silence & hope until at last God's justice puts an end to the unbridled license of these Independent assassins, whose very Piety fashions disgrace for God, laying on him their own crimes & so many victories, dragging dangers overcome into an accession of Godhead itself to their own villainy. It is like the brigand who fresh from robbery & murder went to sleep under an old wall, and saw through his slumber the image

of a man escaping him & rejoicing to depart thence. Scarcely had the robber started up & left there when the wall caved in. Having escaped, the Robber not only hailed God as his Liberator, but even adored him as the maker of his own misdeed. But the following night the same dream appeared to him as he slept, and warned him that he had not been saved from the tumbling wall so that he might escape unpunished & unharmed, but that he might be preserved for punishment.

Another injury & one related to this is the fact that the Parricides, just as they make God the author of their crimes, also make him the end of them too. What then? all these prodigies of crimes are committed to God's glory: to this end the King's sacred head has been struck off by the axe, citizens have been killed off wholesale, the Church has been subverted, Religion has been all but extinguished, and an iron yoke & the necessity of perpetual war have been imposed on the People; finally, plunderings, rapines, treason, the overthrow of divine & human laws,-- all these are done to God's glory: alas, how holily, and with how religious a display of prayers & prophecies!

We have these men's character prophetically outlined in Isaiah 66:5, "Your brothers who hated you, who cast you out for my name's sake, continued to say, Let

the Glory be given to God." For indeed those villains commit for God's glory just the crimes through which God's glory is most impaired, indeed as much as it can be among men. The fount of evil is revealed in the third division of the same chapter, "They have chosen their own paths, & their soul is delighted by their own abominations." And further on in the fourth division, "they did that which seemed evil in my eyes, & that by which I am not pleased." For vainly indeed are Religion & God's glory pleaded as an excuse where the ways enjoined by God are shunned and the forbidden are chosen. Nor do these fanatic men weigh piety in God's ways but their own, sacrificing their own King with the same ceremony as if they immolated in due form a victim to God. The Israelites, imitators of the Canaanites, were even burning boys alive to Moloch to God's glory, wont

To crave God's grace with gore, & (thought
too dire!)
To place live sons upon the altar fire.

Is there really anyone so entirely a fool that he thinks he is helping God's glory by violating his commands in a horrible way, or that the Kingdom & God's glory are

established by parricides, perjuries, and robberies, or that God himself is stained with the crimes? This is absolutely as if you said that men are sated by starvation, or refreshed by disease, or rejuvenated by old age. But we do not live in such a Prophetic age that bitter waters sweeten when salt is dumped in or that logs catch fire after being drenched with water. God indeed does produce his own glory (which is his virtue & wisdom) by its opposites. But it is not permitted to men to seek out God's glory, save by those avenues which are agreeable with God's glory.

Moreover, the Independents seem to say to God, you indeed have ordered that we seek your glory by obeying your commands, by protecting the Church, in obeying Kings, in loving brothers, in justice & good faith towards all: But another course pleases us, and we by our prophecies far more powerful than your commands are ordered to kill Kings, to overturn the Church, to fatten ourselves on blood & public spoils, to measure fairness & faith according to convenience, and to dress up these crimes in piety's garb; this seems to us a greater gain to your glory: 'Tis fitting indeed that you want what we want whenever we don't want to do what you want, & thus for you to gain glory for

yourself in our way, since you can't do it in yours.

Ah, it is disgusting to jest in a matter so serious, so grievous, when the Prophet earnestly warns them, "Woe to those who say evil is good & good evil; to those who substitute darkness for light & light for darkness, and who set bitter for sweet & sweet for bitter. Woe to those who in their own opinion are wise & in their own judgment sagacious": The preceding words, moreover, make it plain that the Prophet inveighs against the race of mankind. "Woe to those who say, Let God make haste, let him speed up his work so that we may behold it, & let the purpose of the Holy One of Israel draw nigh without delay so that we may test it."

These selections from the most divine Prophet inspire this thought on my part: that as there are certain constellations of stars, so also are there groups of inborn inclinations recurring in the most divers times & places, and unchanging Dispositions to vice distinguished by their own markings, which without a teacher drive idle men up to no good over the same pathways in every land & generation. For although the Independents are a rare example, daring to call an utterly inhuman parricide & the most detestable frauds piety & to plead God's glory as an

excuse for their own crimes, they still have their image stamped out by the sacred Prophet two thousand & 400 years before. For what men clamor more, "Let God make haste, & let Him speed up his work?" Verily, they take God's work upon themselves, they even accelerate his work and want this to be put down to their credit, that they alone produced the Kingdom of God. Of course, the plan of the Holy One of Israel would have been achieved if these murderers had not lifted a hand. Yet these same ones say that "evil is good & good evil," and they are so wise in judgment that they assert they knew more & better than God what is good & what is conducive to his glory: So that it is marvelous how the most contradictory things linger in one spot--deeds exactly opposed to God's laws, & the greatest impetus to his glory.

Indeed, it is customary among men to daub over hidden crime with piety; But to bring out into the open their own crime and that a most inhuman one, and to call it piety as if honoring a sacred thing;--truly, this is a prodigy unheard-of by all ages past, & is now the Independents' sole property. With what praises (alas!) do they extol this their own heroic achievement? What thanks they render, on days publicly consecrated for this, to

God, who endows them with the courage to dare this & carry it through! Yes, they have both ordered that black day (destined to be a reproach to all generations, on which they had violated their own Most Gracious King by unspeakable parricide) in this very year 1651 to be kept as a festival throughout the Kingdom, and even to be celebrated with public ceremonies of thanks; it is doubtful whether they insulted the entire People in their king's decapitation, or whether they mocked God's patience.

Tacitus records in his Annals XIV, "Whenever a Prince had ordered banishments & executions thanks were rendered to the Gods, and those things that formerly had been the signs of good fortune then became those of public disasters." Who will not recognize the sign in these Neros of our day and age? Except that ours are more evil to the degree that substituting crime for good deeds is worse than replacing good fortunes with disasters: although 'tis done both ways in either age. Obviously whatever was decreed by a Neronian Senate with perfunctory adulation--that crimes be adored instead of good & holy deeds--would be taken care of seriously & sedulously by the English homicides. For Nero's matricide, supplications were made beside every hearth. For his wife Octavia's

death, gifts were ordered for the temples. These were at Rome; what of London? For utterly infamous parricide against the King's sacred head, thanks are offered God in solemn manner. Because of an absolutely undeserved massacre of good citizens, a day is decreed, to be celebrated with annual thanksgiving. Thus, what formerly were the marks of fortunate virtue & piety now have been made, by a horrible perversion, the insignia of the most outrageous crimes: and the greatest calamity of Kingdom & Church is calculated first of all by England's good fortune. And, furthermore, in this drama the Most High God becomes an actor like some deus ex machina in a Tragedy, & is ordered to play the part of a parricides' patron.

O our wretched age, that evoked these portents! And woe to us who behold them! A threefold woe to the assassins who do these things, and do not realise their own misery, nor how serious, how horrible, and how much more atrocious than every crime and injury from the World's beginning it is to arraign the Most High God of parricides, & to refer to him as the author & end of crimes!

This, at length, is our quarrel with the parricides, that they dare even to name God's holy name before any repentance of crime. This indeed is God's own quarrel with these & all their like: For God saith to the wicked man, "What have you to do with my Pronouncements, that you expound them, or with my Covenant, that you have it in your mouth, when you cast off discipline & cast my words behind your back?" O Parricides, either make confession, or else leave God's word alone, leave off prayers and abstain from any mention of his holy name. The fact that you mention God's name is an insult to Him; because you speak his word, you pronounce your own condemnation; because you pray, you increase it, & your speech is turned to a reproach unto you.

CHAPTER VI

THE PARRICIDES' INJURIES TO ALL KINGS & PEOPLES

The Royal Defender has relieved us of this task and so very clearly concluded the whole matter that we needs must either hold our peace or else merely echo him. We do not, therefore, go beyond the function of our title. Together with the Royal blood we will cry out to heaven and yet simultaneously sound an alarm to Kings & Peoples, something that after Great Salmasius everybody ought to do; as in field or hamlet it is the custom to pursue the ravening wolf with the clamor of all, still more to overtake him with arms on every side, & finally to kill him.

Kings therefore must be warned again and again that the unspeakable parricide has posed a threat not to the King of England alone, but to all Kings. For the Parricides showed the World that a King could be tried as a defendant by his People, and that with the People as a Judge he could be condemned & his head struck off. They preach this, of course, & raise the standard for Peoples to shake off their yoke & butcher Kings. We saw & were horrified at writings of these sacrilegious men boasting that "they themselves had freed the World from the old superstition that Kings, liable to none save God, could

be fitly judged or censured by none save God alone: they themselves had given a salutary example to all Peoples and one that all Tyrants must fear." Thus Cromwell wrote to the Scots after the Battle of Dunbar; likewise did many another tormentor of the same faction: the disreputable pages of Milton are sprinkled with stains & specks of this sort, and were but lately burnt by the hangman at the order of Paris' supreme Senate, & would that the Writer had been too!

The Great Chamber sensed that the thing might happen to France, that the example next door might stir up the minds of the French commoners by an attack closer home; that there was danger to the Realm & Peace, & Peace's sister Justice, if this terrifying belief became fixed in men's minds moveable for revolution, that since the dire deed had already been done once, it could be tried & carried through again: Then there is a prosperous villainy & great gain in wickedness which in men's undertakings makes every page (as recent example shows) into a cause of fury to the factious for entering into similar crime.

The most Distinguished Senators and all the experienced men throughout the Kingdom could not fail to know what secret designs the English Parricides stir up

among us: no small part of our disorders are due to them; towards this end, the assassins' unwearied minds are watchful that we have no peace or concord at home: they are well aware that their designs are clamored around & they must plan busily for punishment or flight if ever generous France can use its own strengths for demanding punishment of the Parricides & redressing the injury done to France's blood Royal. They have at home Henry the Great's daughter worthy of so great a Parent, despoiled of her property, exiled, proscribed, tried as a defendant for treason, through the greatest crime widowed of her executed husband & King, the Mother of orphans driven from their patrimony, against whom war is even carried on & an axe prepared. Whether it be grief or ties of blood, so heroic a woman's virtue equal to her descent & superior to sex plainly should move the King, Princes, Nobles & all of France to the justest punishment of so many injuries.

To you invincible King, to you Princes of the blood Royal, to you O Nobles of France the pillars of France's sovereignty and safety, does a Royal aunt appeal. Pity ye her tears, respect her Widowhood, consider her Affronts; if you value France's glory, the cause of Kings, and finally your own safety, this completely unjust injury done to

French Majesty & the reigning house will pierce to the quick with sharpest smarts that most tender sense of your Honor & the Frenchman's native gallantry. If you accounted the Prince of Mantua (since he was born in France & a suppliant to the King) as a man worthy to be defended in his Governance by the entire strengths of France, what should she not expect from your kindness & resources, the Daughter, Sister, and Aunt of your Kings, and (alas!) both a Queen & a suppliant; in her earnest request she united the dignity of one of these and the pathetic speech of the other.

Nor does it escape me that Kings' duties are gauged according to the convenience of the Commonwealth and not private necessities. But we already have demonstrated that this rebellion is most pertinent to France's danger, as you better perceive. Judge you whether it be advantageous to either France's greatness or to her security for Kingdoms to be blotted out on neighboring shores, for Popular States to arise, and for felicitous examples of parricide & desertion across the water to be on display to the Third Estate. A necessary choice between commerce or war clearly will drag you willy-nilly into conflict with a neighboring state (since her sea power waxes), whose authority to

recognize or Ambassadors to accept, the French character will never bear. It would be the wiser course, therefore, to attack the usurpers while they sit insecure in the courts of the revolutionary government, laboring with domestic hatreds & impeded by a Scotch & Irish war, even while the King's blood spilled by heinous parricide is still warm, & a people as yet unused to Tyranny still breathes out the justest wrath & vengeance. If only it had not been prejudicial to Henry the Great's daughter by preventing the injury she had received (which in a private family every relative & kinsman, nature & duty demanding, would have revenged long ago while allied might) from being avenged with the support of her own kinsmen, there would have been an uprising by Royalist families & power would have been seized by a Royal alliance.

To injury against Kings is added no less an injury to Peoples. For indeed just as the English Parricides have taught Peoples what to dare against their Kings and what loot they can hope for from that source, so also have they left a precept for Kings as to what length Kingly indulgence can incline a People: A People who have too much power will dare to do anything; a King is loved by his subjects only when he is feared; a King's

safety is rashly entrusted to a People whose hatred against rulers is inborn. How People think towards Kings is made clear now that subjects at last have sovereigns in their power & are admonished only by the opportunity to commit crime: Of these, some things true and others magnified beyond their size by the odium of recent crime, can alter Kings' fatherly intentions toward their own nations & thrust Peoples into miserable slavery; at least for those Princes difficult of access for their own citizens' entreaties because of the crime of subjects in other lands, & who deny the People lawful requests lest they dare to do unlawful deeds, and who fathom to perfection everything that savors of the liberty of free men.

I pass over the fact that the injuries which are done to a King concern the People still more. But of a truth, those who taught Peoples to cast off the Royal yoke and to violate their own Kings advised the Peoples poorly indeed, and pointed out a way by which they are going to lose their liberty & safety through a false illusion of liberty.

Yet what injury have we done to free Peoples (inquire the Parricides), unless the injury be to have given them allies for liberty? And then the Federated Provinces of Belgium are shown, free for some time and ready,

doubtless, to embrace the neighbors who are following in their footsteps.

But for my part, I contend that the maximum injury was done to the Belgian Federation by this desertion & parricide, particularly since the Independents are not ashamed to compare their own disgusting parricide with the Belgians' Heroic uprisings for liberty. Did the Dutch (if the matter be thoughtfully considered) never have a King, but only a Count? certain federated provinces have a Duke.

A Count or Duke had no supreme authority nor power of life & death, unless 'twas shared with the People. For their power was declining so that the power of either Counts or Prefects grew; thus did the minds of the Provinces arise to liberty; & states following the greatest freedoms shared Majesty with a Count.

The heirship to the Provinces that had devolved upon Kings by a succession of many marriages ought not to have changed this Republican constitution confirmed through many centuries. But the haughty Spaniard did not know he shared the governance with free peoples, nor would the absolute Monarch of so many nations endure acting as only a Count with the Dutch or Frisians.

And so the King was planning to rule over all his subjects in a Royal manner, having forgotten that all were not his subjects under the same law; nor did he think that sailors & merchants would be so minded that they would weigh out in their scales a Prince's rights & a People's privileges instead of butter & cheese; much less did he expect that for their own liberty the narrow Provinces would decide on war with a King who embraced the Rising & Setting Sun within the limits of his sway.

After many thousands were slain because of Religious matters and by no laws but the mere whim of Royal servants, the Federation was repressed by a belligerent tyranny, and the Prince himself, immersed in other cares, sojourned in strange lands, they at last decided to defend with arms their rights, Religion, Laws, Fortunes, Life, & a Liberty dearer than life; by the axe of High Treason dealing, forsooth, with him who if he had any Majesty from the Republican constitution, ought to have shared it with them.

From so great a beginning neither Spanish power nor their own weakness deterred them. Rather did what right and what resources they had for a certainty seem to them strong enough against Tyranny's arms, as if they had concerned themselves only with that business which would be

just; ignoring the question of how they could defend it; so that it is less remarkable for such a project to be completed than for it even to be attempted.

War having broken out, the principal hindrance to the terms of Peace was injected by Religion, which the King could not suppress by the Republic's laws, and yet did not wish to permit any but the Roman; but the Federation did not wish to abandon its own, since no Law divine or human enjoined this. And the Spaniard at last held this reward of superstition & tyranny, that after seventy years' war had killed off the Spanish troops & exhausted the wealth of both the Indies, he bought peace from the Federation by the cession of those very Provinces & by his abdication ordered that the Federation be under its own laws.

What has the English Parricides' madness to do with such manliness? Would you consider either the war's causes or its counsels & methods? Or whether they had a Count imposed upon them? Or whether they have a King of no Majesty save what he shares with his people? this, indeed, the Parricides wish; yet it proves this one thing to the contrary: that Parliaments were called & dissolved at the King's pleasure: for the King had sole & solid authority without Parliament, but Parliament had none

without the King. Or had the King attacked the rights of the People, prohibited the Reformed Religion, or refused, when asked, to mend the damage to the Republic? Nay, the anointed King sinned against his People only in the respect that he conceded too much to the People, & by diminishing his own rights took away from himself the power of counseling the People well. By his justice & capability he truly aroused the Federated Provinces (which he had chosen as the arbitrators of this discord) to such a pitch that in a notable decree about six years ago they praised the King's justice, and reproached the Parliament men for injustice & harshness. When indeed had traitors now arrived at almost the very summit of crime & judges for the King been selected (which duty the Aristocrats had refused), that they would take off the King's sacred head with assassins' knives when both prayer & his price as well had been offered? The Federated forces fought for their nation's Laws, but the English butchers fought against all Laws; the former defend the Reformed Religion, the latter overturn it. The Confederates practice liberty (their sometime King acquiescing, nay even pleading) in such a way that whatever sin against law and custom there had been in arms--whereby people never defend justice without

simultaneously doing violence--has been obliterated through all ages, and so that Majesty's full rights have been conferred upon the Federates, whether by the King's solemn cession or by his gift. For these others, however, the only law for new-found Majesty is a license produced for the most criminal parricide of their King, something that all ages will condemn, & that all nations will pursue with the justest execration.

But the Leading Orders accepted the Ambassadors of the newest Republic as if they had been sent from a legitimate power. The man who stretched the Confederates' public trade with these assassins into an approval of their crime or authority certainly knew far too little of the institutions of Imperial, Royal, or Popular governments. I remain silent concerning the fact that Politics prescribes narrower bounds to an Ethical system, ordering the People's welfare to be the supreme Law.

Clearly, organized society will pass out of human affairs if dealings are to take place with none but the good. Mutual & natural necessity, by which God (so to speak) joins nations with a common bond, does not expect that legitimate Authorities shall stand in the way wherever commerce is at stake.

Yet, how unwillingly the Leading Orders honored those butchers with even a conference did the Parricides themselves make manifest, everywhere complaining about the procrastinations & delays, whereby their Ambassadors at last were forced to abandon with their task uncompleted the treaty awaited so long & vainly; indeed, the leading men (as the parricides themselves say and write) were holding forth with a strong voice in the Confederates' supreme Council that they were unwilling to conclude a pact with the English Republic to the detriment of King Charles: and at the same time they discoursed upon how Charles had been treated as King of England. Soon the matter of sending Ambassadors to the new Republic was transacted so coolly that it was made obvious that the business was dragged on by the Confederates according to plan, and that they wished neither a treaty nor a war with these murderers, much less to lend character to them. If this is so, then 'twas the sum of prudence.

The Belgians' sentiments toward the Parricides were shown by the People even more forcefully than by the Senate, whose use of pretence & need for dissimulation was greater. The Dutch People, who are used to calling a boat a boat & a spade a spade, unmistakeably labelled the

Ambassadors & their retinue at once as robbers, footpads, & parricides. Ah, it did one's heart good to see with what jeers and threats these jailbird Ambassadors were daily reviled, not only by Royalist Emigres & the French, but most of all the Dutch, who were indignant that murderers drenched with their own King's blood should dare to shake hands with them & to compare a most dastardly crime to Dutch virtue & liberty. However, that nation, for a long time so used to the unusual that it does not marvel at the new forms of bird & beast imported from either Ind, in stupefaction crowded towards this monster greater than all monsters; the Legation from the King's assassins is driven from Dutch shores. They dare the Parricides to venture their saucy mouth outside their native isle. Then there came those who with appearance of Majesty spoke falsely of atheism, Religions, and Robbery. The populace was eager to learn if they were tigers or hyenas, or else half-men begotten of Nightmares & Vampires. The populace's freest indignation scarce could be curbed by the severest Edicts, nor hirelings added to the Ambassadors' flank prevent them from upbraiding the vilest assassins. No home was safe enough for the Ambassadors and plots were everywhere, whether public hate devised them, or a soul

burning from crimes fashioned them for itself: wherefore, they would immediately change residences; but fear & the scourge of a tortured mind journeyed to an inhospitable hostel together with the house-guests. Two or three times the lodgings were surrounded; they were cursed going out on business, & after insults to them were forbidden by Edict, voiceless threats & baleful glares & countenances expressed disgust. It was a prodigious undertaking for the Ambassadors (a name holy among all nations) to be protected by Edicts & escort in a free & hospitable Republic where people walk safely in public trust from axe of Turk & Moor. And yet the Belgians, French, English, Germans, and all European nations that resided among the Dutch would not permit the ancient rights of a Legation to be usurped by these most unnatural Parricides nor the public enemies of mankind to enjoy any right of nations. They even protested that the briganda had been spirited away from a public vengeance & stoning.

CHAPTER VII

THE PARRICIDES' INJURY TO THE REFORMED CHURCHES

We, whom indeed this injury touches the most, ought now to plead our case. "But," the Parricides protest, "We do an injury to you, whom we have not even given a thought?" Indeed, it deserves a thought. Yet it would have been remarkable for such men as can forget God & themselves to give us a thought. Already we have touched on the principal injuries done to God & to Religion: these indeed are injuries done to us. There is no man, we feel sure, who will not acknowledge that huge stain they have cast on the Holy Gospel and with how much hatred the Reformed Profession now struggles because of their crime. 'Tis fortunate that the same important men who fought with these scoundrels from the outset know & understand this fact. Of these Edward Massey the General, who now employs his outstanding talent for his King, laments in a writing circulated from the presses, "by the villainy and hypocrisy of these men, our Religion is hissed at by neighboring lands and is in bad odor among our enemies--indeed, Reformed Churches everywhere on the globe hide their face for shame." He and every friend & enemy who has any good sense alike admit this.

The Papists of course eagerly seize on this opportunity for an insult: that this, mind you, is the Religion that extolled the Reformation to the stars for our benefit; that these are the men who clamored that the Pope was usurping authority against the crown & life of Kings, plainly in order that they themselves might put power taken from the Pope to use against their own Kings; that at what time was Reformed piety proclaimed with greater preparation, and when had wickedness perpetrated greater crimes than this kind of piety?

The Papists, however, would have proffered these insults with less savagery, if they recalled that those few that quit us had crossed over into their camp & got arms from them. The Independents cannot be condemned without condemning the Doctors of those Jesuit Regicides. They remember also that the horrible parricide of Jacques Clement, the assassin of Henry III, was highly praised by Pope Sixtus to a very full College of Cardinals, whence the doctrine of parricide, confirmed by the head of the Roman faith & Church, was strengthened; yet all Reformed Churches loathe the deed & doctrine of the English Parricides (who are extremely few), a fact to which they have testified openly by public writings.

Our Churches right well looked out for the honor of the Gallican Church & themselves when in the fifth year before the parricide they forbade admission of the Independents' sect by an express Canon of the National Synod. Furthermore, we desire this above all else, that it becomes known to all & is in the mouth of all our people that for those malevolent souls ascribing to us the crimes of the Independents, we have the right answer already prepared: "Those villains whom we chased out of a full Synod as aliens don't belong to us."

How estranged from the Reformed Religion they are, the very ones made quite plain who condemned the King (a most constant Defender of the Reformed Faith) as both an Heretic & a Papist. Yet until he breathed his last, the King professed the same faith as we: For a difference in Discipline has nothing to do with faith.

However, even if they were all ours, still, ought Religion be accused of the crimes for which they are justly infamous? Certainly no more than the Roman Religion is because of the latest assassination at Naples, that of Duke Maciniello, & because of every sedition in Italy, Sicily & Spain. Human affairs are not directed in such a happy manner that Religion immediately makes religious all that

do profess her: & whoever evaluates Religion from men's wickedness, when he should have proved men's wickedness by Religion, goes on in a preposterous way. Religion is not evil because men are bad, but men are bad because they cannot faithfully take on a good Religion. Since both the Reformed & the Romans admit this is true, he who burdened Religion with men's crimes struggles not to proclaim the truth but to stir up hatred, unless he would show at the same time that these very sentiments of Religion do pave a road to crime.

It ought to be the common complaint of all pious men that they have joined piety to either Religion, that the savage minds of today's men were not tamed by Religion; that the trumpet of the Gospel was not heard among the clarions of war; that there was nowhere that Christian charity which overcomes evil with good, disarms the angry, & gains a better victory from longsuffering; that public quarrels were taken up, not from the good & just, but from the greed & convenience of a few; that

By treason, guile, by crime and greed & wrath

was everything preserved; that everywhere Laws' Majesty & Princes' safety were brought into danger; that everywhere

there was criminal war or an unfaithful peace. Since these conditions ought to be ascribed to the fate of the times & to the natural fierceness & impatience of Occidental peoples, they have been wrongly assigned to Religions. Since every faction makes a pretense of them, they stretch everything for their own transactions & fit them to temporal profits.

We therefore reciprocally pray & grant this boon, that men's crimes be not charged up to Religion; particularly, let not the crimes of the Independents be fixed upon the Reformed: for we do not assign the Mohammedans' evil deeds to the Papists. Certes, the Independents are as unrelated to us as any group can be; in turn, we are alien & suspect to them, as being the ones who abhor their parricidal doctrine & fanatic license "worse than dog or snake," and have made it a matter of record by public Canon that we will have nothing to do with them.

How they account us at naught, rather, how they wish us hopelessly damned they have testified by their own utterly villainous parricide. Times without number they were warned as they prepared the crime how incalculably this horrible undertaking would offend all Reformed Churches, and that even if they themselves dissented

from these, the Papists still would not acknowledge the distinction, but instead would fasten in one bundle all who were not the Pope's subjects. The greatest & an unmerited hate is kindled by so horrible a deed for all Churches abroad and danger for many as well; all the Reformed are denounced by indefatigable Mystagogues of divers rites, & parricide is imputed to the Genius of Religion, as being insidious to Kings' heads & inimical to all authorities; how would those who decapitate the Defender of Reformed Religion deal with a King of the opposite faith? It does not please one to urge the things which were done in this matter by the envious for too much silver, & of which these scoundrels were forcibly reminded often before the crime was committed. Clearly you would have expected from those who had decided to immolate their King that they should have as a reason the safety of men overseas. It obviously was extremely pleasant to the parricides to extend to everybody the odium of a few men's crime; there would be others to bear such a load of hate with them, perahance even some to turn the boldness of the deed into a justification. And what if Princes, incensed by a foreign parricide, decided that the Churches in subjection to them were burdensome? This,

however, they do wish, that all Churches by which they might be accused of fanatic inclinations might perish by the thousands: Nor do they desire for other churches to be unharmed that damn their own membership.

Do we, whom you have exposed to be buffeted & bruised on account of your crimes, thus deserve to suffer the vilest "expiations" for you? Do we seem to you to have pumpkin heads to carry as a substitute for your shame? Yet you shall find out, O most shameless Brigands, just how great an evil you have brought on yourselves from those whom you have so miserably spurned & undeservedly loaded down with the reproach of your crime, if ever our King, progressed further in virtue than years, at last raising up a splendor brilliant in birth & destined to avenge the injuries familiar & shared by all Kings, should arm us for your destruction.

CHAPTER VIII

THAT ALL PIOUS MEN SHOULD PURSUE THIS PARRICIDE AS SEVERELY AS MAY BE, & RAISE THE ROYAL BLOOD'S OUTCRY TO HEAVEN

This, of course, has already been shown. That the crimes were set before men's eyes is reason enough for deciding on the punishment owed. Because it might indeed be objected that this revenge is none of our business & that such strenuosity agrees too little with Christian charity, although I have already countered this latter objection, I will freely confess here that this blood-thirstiness is quite foreign to my Nature. But not once has this reflection thrown an impediment to me in running this course: Why do I touch this ulcer on the Church? Why do I bother about foreign hatreds? Does this, pray, point out the way to the erring? Is this to cherish brotherly love? Yet after I have soberly recalled both the matter & myself by the yardstick of Christian duty (which is contained in the two commands, "Love the Lord your God with your entire heart, and your Neighbor even as yourself"), I find that I must love God above all, nay, that I must love God alone; that indeed a Neighbor must be loved on

account of God, & that the second command ministers to the first, and, when circumstances demand, yields to it. Therefore if anyone wages war on God & is clearly against his glory; if he destroys the church; if he decapitates the holy Vicars of God; if he perverts Religion into Parricide, then of course 'tis both permissible & proper to pursue him as an enemy with all one's forces & to avenge. Thus David, "Do I not hold those who hate thee, O Jehovah, in my detestation?"

Since, however, the first command does not obstruct the second, they mutually sustain themselves instead; we ought never to strain a dispute for God to such an extent that we extinguish our love towards our neighbor. For he who says, "I love God even though I hate my brother" is false. Wherefore a Judge ought to love the criminals whom he sentences to the extreme penalty, & the soldier love the enemies standing in battle line to defend with arms an utterly bad cause; he should be one who uses force no further than necessity of his own safety & the public's demands; and he must be an imitator of God, who "remembers compassion in wrath."

And here I especially want to lament the dire condition of the human race and in particular that of the

Church, which has need of these warnings so that it might love those it attacks, & execute & utterly destroy those whom it loves; yet how many are there who sensibly contain themselves, in quarrels which are undertaken because of God or country, within this melancholy moderation, & would not be borne under the full sail of hatred against a brother in Christ even if he is on the other side? Thus Coke, that denouncer of the King, used to wish the King had ten thousand necks so that they all could be chopped off one by one; and more than once he hurls him down to Tartarus with his curses just as if he would follow his adversary all the way to the Infernal Regions, as Brutus did Aruns in Florus. O that, when Satan at last has been bruised under our feet & every animosity shall be exterminated, Christians may mutually acknowledge & embrace each other as brothers, & the Lord God of peace shall be all in all!

As for myself, who could seem too ardent in this cause, I breathe out a brotherly love in such a way that, even while I follow up these most hideous Parricides, I perpetually pray to God for their welfare & conversion; & if anyone from God's family might even lie hid in these dirty dregs, he has been blinded by wilful errors; I might ask him to join me in prayers for a common center of faith

in Christ & in the aspirations of divine love.

Since, however, the mysteries of election lie hid and men's crimes are unconcealed, it is not our intention to abandon the battle for truth & the church (upon which a great stain is cast by the crime of the parricides) so that we will not injure some brother unknown to us: On these, forsooth, we must take vengeance--the more harshly, since in the midst of the crime, while they were dripping with the blood of their King and assaulting him with the sword of others, they dared to ingratiate themselves with us and familiarly to invite us to their ranks as if we were long-time sharers of the same belief. And then the infamous Milton bustled around about this, to whose criminal madness I myself would have taken exception save that it awed me to intrude on Great Salmasius' province; let the victory over this truly great adversary be left entirely to him. What should one do to these criminals that set all Churches apart from themselves, on account of which they are called merely Independents, and that while vainly resisting everyone load themselves down with the gravest crimes, and that, even as they contradict & countermand themselves, dare to extend the blame of their own crimes. Ho! reserve your crimes for yourselves, Independents, &

you that savor yourselves alone, be unsavory with yourselves too.

One of course must deal gently with the erring as long as there is hope of return to the right road, & the refutation of error ought to be done without abuse of the sinner. To no avail do you belabor a man with clubs and then instruct him with salutary precepts. You ought with kindness to make untroubled & calm the mind into which you would introduce the serene image of truth; a mind which you have stirred up with insults can scarcely accept her.

There is another inducement to moderation when evil grows or something is committed which cannot be undone yet which would be better concealed than stirred up. 'Tis wiser that one should veil the Church's sores than that he should enlarge them by chafing them: there is no lack of adversaries to bare them & exasperate their condition. Indeed, it does not become us to undertake the tasks of the adversaries.

I truly scrutinized & pondered over these two thoughts before I addressed my mind to writing this. Yet neither of them enjoined benevolence or silence towards those parricides for me. The Most August King, slain by these men, learned that there is little profit indeed from

a benevolence that not only with goodly words but especially deeds animated them to this criminal insanity, even as patience usually adds spirit to innocence. Before the crime's perpetration, the Theologians & men of every rank to no avail sounded as many warnings of piety & right reason as of the most steadfast entreaty: After its perpetration, they had taken heart from the crime itself & one crime became the pretext for many villainies. The man who shows reason of moderation towards these parricides, the slaves of an utterly dissolute depravity and drunk on sweet fortune, makes light of labor; nor did he know the Anabaptist Nature, which assuredly the cross alone can recall to sanity--if anything can.

They, themselves the publishers of their own crimes, have not let us be silent. They did not wish for the parricide which they perpetrated as the Globe gazed on to be concealed; but when accomplished, they defended it with pen & sword, & commended it for imitation by all Peoples.

Since, therefore, we do not have the choice of covering up these ulcers (indeed the crimes would be extenuated in crime's company), and they have even tried to come and communicate their corruption to us, & to cast off their own misdeeds on the sacred Truth that we profess; and

since in addition the Papists link us equally with those monsters, for my part I think that benevolence towards such as those, & a reticence about these universally known crimes is exactly ἄλογα καὶ ἄκαιρα; indeed, it is even disgraceful & destructive for us. The obligation to brotherly love & Christian patience has been discharged, particularly towards those who broke every tie of brotherhood & cast off the bowels of Christian compassion so that no brothers or Christians could look out for themselves but would be the dependents of these alone; they would not spare their King, nor their fellow citizens, nor even God (with whose name they most impudently sported every day) as they lent to those prodigious crimes a show of hypocritical piety; they are trampling the Lord's Vineyard & uprooting it; they are a blot on the Holy profession, a reproach to its doctrine, ruin to its Ministers (as they bring ruin on the Ministry), assassins of Kings, perverters of Laws, and prepared subverters of all Monarchies of the Christian World (for they profess no less by their words). If any of our sentimental souls should think one can deal sensibly with those τριοκαταρατοις, the most frightening of all beasts & enemies of God & man, I'd say that man understands neither the business nor himself. For the matter has come

to the point that we either must admit an affinity with their deeds and a doctrine the Papists wish were ours, or else we must remove it from us as far as possible by words & deeds, avert it, & prosecute and then drive it out with all detestation.

What then? they are not merely parricides, but turn parricide into a principle; and they desire this by a concord of the Reformed Churches, and indeed do not dare defend it openly. "This was even" (says vilest Milton) "the opinion of those Greatest Theologians who themselves were the authors for Reforming Churches." He indeed points out only one Scot, who kept himself in his own Scotland, whom his own age would not tolerate, and whom in this matter all the Reformed, particularly the French, condemned. Yet that blackguard uses the plural number so that he can stretch one man's fault to everybody and infuse the Reader ignorant of these things with a suspicion that this monstrosity concerns the Church's reformation. 'Tis fortunate that only recently their own zeal for Monarchy was witnessed, & the right of Kings, as yielding to none save God, was defended by Salmasius & Bocharius, those great names; & that before their time Molinaeus & Rivetus championed it; What men! What stars of the Church! Why should I recall those

other distinguished heroes of ours, who against those parricides thundered with justest wrath, Vincent, Herald, & Porraeus!

These men, equally experienced & prudent, knew that our Church & Religion herself was oppressed by this most undeserved & gravest reproach, and could not be defended in any other way than by denouncing with the greatest indignation the horrible deed & the Hellish doctrine. Therefore, they brought timely rescue to Religion & the struggling Church. We expect these and other decrees from the Most High God, who is the Father of Kings & vindicator of his own truth, and demands back his temples & hears the outcry of innocent blood.

To be sure, the Royal Blood cries out, & until it has elicited a vengeance from heaven, it will continue through us to cry out to heaven; it will cry out with the voice of the entire Church militant & triumphant, "Arise, O God of vengeance, arise at last and inflame a zeal for thy glory & kindle your ancient compassion. Lo, wicked thieves do impute their parricide & crimes to thee, they call thee author and object of their crimes, they sacrifice to thee with their own King's blood, & they continue to pursue under (alas!) the profoundest pretense of piety

every offense that is repugnant to your sacred eyes & prohibited by thy law. Even thy purest Word they do not hesitate to employ, wretchedly twisted, to defend their own impiety, nor, even though condemned by thy Word, to pretend an inspiration of thy Holy Spirit that would with ancient right patch up thy Laws--just, immutable, and eternal--and fit them to the profits of the Tyrants. These things, Holiest Judge, thou dost see, and thou dost observe how great a reproach falls upon the truth by these deeds, what occasion the profane seize thence to call Religion a mask, and Piety a farce; how these crimes seemingly approved by favorable results as if by the seal of thy favor, agree with the weak man's opinion of thee. Among these, all that have a sane and truly pious mind and who are moved by a sacred ardor for thy glory, do groan unhappily under the inhuman weight of a horrible opprobrium fastened upon thy name, Religion, and the Church, and they torment themselves in oppression of sick hearts; certain impatient and unknowing ones even break out into murmurs: Others bitterly say they are being habituated to crime from thy tolerance of their evildoings.

"And indeed this anxiety burns to the quick thy servants who have no interests in England, and are consumed

with a zeal for thy household and are loaded with an unjust infamy for your gospel. Furthermore, a completely unhappy estate of bodies & minds is added to this anguish by the English Tyrants: the Church overthrown at home, the Ministry well-nigh extinguished, the King slaughtered by an unspeakable parricide and the same axe destined for the son after the father's death; laws have been violated, Rights trampled, patrimonies seized, and everywhere there is blood, lamentation, and the most wretched slavery; and whilst the pillory, exile, and want are the rewards of virtue and faith, the traitors reign alone, and in the middle of thy sheepfolds the wolves with impunity gorge their loathesome maws with the blood of thy lambs.

"Yet indeed for us there is no doubt at all that the wretched nation is worthy of these and every punishment of sinners. And thou, Most Merciful God, thou art not used to measuring the punishments of thy creatures by the merit of the sin, but rather according to their usefulness and not from the fault of the accused, yet thou dost delight in penitence. Hear at last, O Lord, the groans of penitents, and ripen and perfect their repentance to the end that the liberation of them may be hastened. Yet the pity which men's repentance cannot

deserve, may the merit of Christ obtain, & let the knowledge of thy glory counsel a most unhappy nation. For even if there are men worthy to perish, yet thou art worthy to be venerated by men & be magnified because of the miracles of thy mercy; worthy, too, is Christ, who in England exercises a reign hardly salutary through the fanatic license of idle men, & Satan's Angel of light unrestrained by a limiting authority. Indeed, the knowledge of thy glory remains as the great & only hope for ailing England, the knowledge which, supreme Judge, is called thy justice that some day will hear the outcry of the slain King, violated Religion, & the trampled Church, and will dispel the remotest shadows of evil deception, & drag them forth to the fearsome light of thy judgment. Vindicate at last, O Most High, thy Word, thy Spirit, & thy Providence from so many crimes, of which these Parricides will not blush to make thee the defender. Trusting only to the solitary testimony of their own victories, (alas!) far too effectual for the gaping mob, they even plead thy Word & Spirit as an excuse. Do thou then, Lord of hosts, drawing arguments from the same fountain, prove that a piety overlaying corruption is entirely displeasing to thee; that evil, though bedecked with every hue, finds no place with thee;

that thou dost abominate a man of blood & deceit; that thou art the parent of Kings, the proclaimer of Truth & Justice, and Head of the Church, and that the outcry of innocent blood does reach thee. May the inflexible arrogance of the traitors at last soften before the blazing glory of thy Justice; may men everywhere say, 'Assuredly there is reward for the just, God indeed is the Judge of the earth.'

"And since Kings art thine, O Christ, as the instruments & conveyors of thy Glory & Justice, then clothe, O King of Kings, your vicars Louis & Charles with godlike wisdom, strength, & fortitude, & with the entire Genius of thy Virtue.

> Those youths to bring help to an age ajar,
> Do thou propitious bid. . .

"Let their enemies be confounded by shame, but let the crown flourish over them. Make these magnificent victors everywhere, the benevolent parents of their own peoples, the liberators, alike chosen & formidable, of Justice & Piety: Let them reign by Christ's authority & virtue, & Christ by their Power & ministry."

In order that our work might be protected by a name of high repute, and that this detestation of a horrible deed might be imparted by a great author, we were pleased here to subjoin some few pages from the Epistle to Dr. Morley of our most Distinguished Bocharius, who, since he is reverenced & looked up to by all, can by himself speak the consensus of all French Congregations.

As far as we are concerned, at the first news of the crime's perpetration "cruel horror took possession." Soon we handed ourselves over entirely to tears & melancholy, and honored your King by public & bitter grief. It continued to disgust us that the greatest & holiest King, & he nobly disposed toward us, had perished in the prime of life by so unworthy a kind of death at the hands of his own subjects after such large concessions freely yielded to them, after having suffered those things which the most inhuman foreign enemies had never even attempted on him. We even feared that the atrocity of the deed, admitted by those whom the common herd thought professed the same Religion with us, would cast a blot on our Churches, & that the voices of those persons would be taken for doctrine. So that we might forestall this evil, the most celebrated Pastors in the entire Kingdom of France both privately and

from the pulpit denounced with one voice this crime as being one diametrically opposed to the laws of Holy Writ; they continually warned their flocks to guard themselves against this ferment, and not to take as an example this crime perpetrated by those whom our National Synod has long since proscribed by an express Canon. Some even expounded their own mind in Latin writings, as has Vincent, the most distinguished Pastor of Rochelle, & most recently our Herald, the renowned Pastor of Alençon. Likewise did another of a name as great in England as among us, who in the Preface to the French version of the Petition by 47 Pastors of London says, "since Christ was crucified, no crime more atrocious had been committed anywhere, & that the entire Earth is convulsed by it, & that good men are roused to a sorrow destined to endure even to the end of the world." But others besides the Pastors were not lacking in their duty. In this same matter, there are those most Illustrious Men the Sieur de Petiville, & the Sieur de Brieux; these most incorruptible Senators, the one recently in the Chamber of Metz, and the other today in the Council of Rouen, paid just tribute to your King in the most elegant verses, by which they with one voice denounce the assassins' cruelty. And the Physician

Porraeus of Rouen, a most favored Interpreter of the Royal work πολλῶν ἀυτάξιος αλλαχ also distinguished himself most abundantly in an Epistle to your King, & in the Preface to the Reader, both prefixed to his version. But a long time before the deed's accomplishment that Pastor of Geneva renowned everywhere, John Deodati, ὁ μακαρίτης in an Epistle put forth touching English affairs, had urged the Leaders of Parliament to show obedience to their own King. And David Blondel, distinguished no less by purity of manners than by an almost infinite reading, in his Preface to the Apology for Jerome to Rectors of Churches, dated 15 March in the year 1646, had urged the Scotch Pastors by name in these words: "by Christian mildness and peaceful counsels, and by perpetual examples of your observance of faith towards Royal Majesty, refute sharp criticism." And again: "Let the World, overcome by continuous experiments, confess that, in truth, neither now or ever was it necessary for those who treated Bishops poorly to treat Kings worse; nor for those who would not permit any to recognize the Royal power: since none both have believed and do believe, and shew forth by words and deeds, that their King is first after God--and thus being lesser than God alone & second to no man, is thereby set

over all men of the Realm--more than those who believe that Bishops are no mere diocesan overseers and indeed are almost Kings." Finally, our Herald, whom the Londoners demanded from us with their vexatious prayers, sought to repress seditious voices & recall those strayed from faith & obedience, by this liberty had come into such danger to his life that he was compelled by making sail to return again to his own land.

I might afford more examples of this kind, but these are more than enough.

THANKSGIVING ODE

to Great Salmasius

for the

Royal Defense

Thus let the Muse encircling all Earth's zones
And capable of speech with hundred tones,
On adamant, O Great Salmaise,
Inscribe thy name & sing thy praise.

O where with crowns oppos'd on either side
The Skies intrepid mariners do guide,
Outdistancing, Great Muses' Priest,
Pursuers, count thy fame increas'd.

A marvel! Thou dost make one hesitate,
Art thou made Hero better or more great,
Whom kindly Godhead doth arouse,
With stupefied & anxious cause,

To this our Globe's prosperity defend
And rights of Princes with a Princely pen.
Whom Gallows-birds without a name
Have learnt, themselves unknowing shame,

What you could do by your own Mars, and where
Your Genius with Law's bolt might hurl a spear,
And how in championing Liege Lords
You charged into the shields and swords.

Ah, it rejoices one to see those fiends
With molars smash'd, a stout right's blow the means,
And, as the cestus' stroke falls worse,
Like knave to spit out bloody curse.

'Tis good to see those Hell-hounds clank their chains
To no avail, stiff necks resisting strains
Whilst you drag them to hated light,
Displaying Herculean might.

How good before the Highest Judge to see
The crimes weigh'd in the scales of piety,
The enemies as culprits tried,
The age's wrack & ruin beside.

And so, 'twas time at last with such a shield
That potent Monarchs had to be conceal'd,
Whom wicked fury might consume
On Earth, as shown by Charles' doom.

Than who no lamp more splendid only late
Blaz'd forth upon a world in evil state,
& in the Sky no Stars adorn
With purer light the Heaven-borne.

O let the lustre of a tarnish'd name
Thee, Law & Order's Parent, now inflame!
Arise Avenger, & with hand
Grown crimson spear th' impious band:

In good cause bad tormentors thou dost maim,
Who to their own professions prove a shame,
In piety (alas!) they gorge
On crime that penance cannot purge.

Turn hither arms, here wraths, O Potentates
Who exercise the office of the Fates:
Turn ye away this pestilence.
Ye ought t'effect deliverance

From horrid monsters to a World that weeps
Bent double under crime's stupendous heaps:
Uproot, squeeze out this noisome pus,
The guilty Parricides, Earth's dross.

Ye spirits in high enterprises sage,
Ye spears (as pens keep spurring) vent your rage,
Until against the common foe
Public arms are made to go.

Now curses, Muse, now flames I leave behind,
And barbs with hooks to turn loose disinclin'd,
By which the Hell-hounds I send down
To Master Pluto, and confound

To mother Earth their sons, whom I! Enough--
I've branded crimes upon their foreheads rough:
With vinegar and many salts
Chaf'd painfully these cankrous faults:

And soon with foot unbound that stage I've done.
But potent and (the Hydra slain) alone,
O Great Salmaise, a triumph star,
Afoot we trail the victor's car.

Against that Deprav'd Wretch

JOHN MILTON

Of Parricides & Parricide

the Advocate

WHERE, where, O Fierce Iambics, do you speed,
Unbid on hurried foot? To crush, indeed,
The Giants' obscure spawn into the mire
As he with envy's tooth gnaws at the Sire
Of Letters, even Kings. I touch this bane?
This sore?--Faith, Sir, it does my conscience pain
That I be stain'd by touching gallows' fare
Whom save with hook the guard can scarcely bear
(Nose held) to touch or drag to Tower Stair?
Yet though I do abstain fastidious hand,
Let me not suffer thee, O scoundrel damn'd,
To 'scape reproach gain'd by thy villainy.
You Floggers, seize this wretch of base degree
Straightway, & quickly truss him hand & foot--
I owe a solemn rite of lash and boot.
Do thou this people's crown and Senate's stay
First prick with goads along the destin'd way
For gallows' fruit; make soft his perjur'd pate
With club, and him to scourges designate.

By lashes make his back be one great sore:
You'd quit now?--Rather, cut him up the more
Whilst he in tears sheds bile, corruption, gore.
  Then order thou this great politic Sage
(His back in wormlike welts from flogging's rage,
A tasteful, varied pattern left by switch)
Before Salmasius' feet with sobs to pitch.
May he smite thee with greater punishment,
Deprav'd buffoon! Just as th' innocent
(Unlike thee!) Lycus, crafty matron's aide,
Was done by curse, as Tyrinth's hero made
That scullion dash on rock, his brains display'd,
  So you will soon permit Salmasius' hand
To seize thee, save he loathe thee as quite damn'd,
A plague: then with false gasconade,
An idler, thou mighst foil a strong tirade.
What doom will great Salmaise perform on thee,
Infinitesimal vacuity?
Revenge in vain grasps what it cannot see.
  Thou, dung-heap? Thou, Squash-head? Dost dare to gnaw
At great Salmaise & Monarchs' royal law?
Now mouse plagues elephant, a frog the pard,
On lion's mane a shrew-mouse climbs aboard,

The monkey rides a bear, the gnat a kite,
As roaches drip on Jove's pure birds of white
And splash the God himself with chalky dew.
Why not, please Heaven, in Republic new,
Wherein the sum of things to rascals comes,
To sixpence scoundrels, unmix'd dregs o'rums
Or what's impurer than the vilest blight
Or blacker than their baleful Mother Night?
Forgetting God & self, indeed these treat
His crown as lowly footstool for their feet.
And acting honor's farce the slaveys pray
That Saturnalian sport forever stay.
The King now slain by crime of size so grand,
They as Princes do themselves command;
The slain King's castles, purples, lands & gold
They portion out among assassins bold
As pay for murder done, & as they can,
Seek solace for tormenting fellow man.
   Just as the profane curs without a post
Long to wet whatever dwarfs them most,
These dungy rogues rejoice to violate
Whatever's noble, good, immaculate,
And twist great truths that bear no other blame

Than having wealth or too much virtue's fame.

Here, Friends, does someone new to Britain say,
"What care you of Darius', Daunus' sway,
One man or mob?" Alone I check their stroke,
Prepar'd to bow my neck to any yoke?

Reply: No yoke do I go to gainsay
Lest I love's holier bond cast quite away,
Or in my scale impiety approve.
Not if supreme authorities he'd move,
Did Paul teach people to afford their necks
And so the great Apostle forbade axe
And gibbet for the Parricides, and sacks,
If any rascals to the highest peak
By heinous parricide their way would seek.

Nor--whilst the holiest King stands without
His doors, by traitors' horrid crime thrust out,
And calls on Genius, Faith, the God of Laws--
Ought he whose fibers good & justice thaws
Withhold the exile from ancestral lands,
That he indeed not gratify brigands,
Those tyrants 'gainst whom all should clench their hands.

Yet I alone might bear all, save that God,
Yea, God would "suffer threshing of that pod."

For crime which greater is than sin's estate
Hides groaning world beneath its fearsome weight:
These gory, cruel, foul, tyrannic facts
And Charles' parricide--inhuman acts
(That no Sun saw perform'd in days of yore
And none will see for ages yet in store)--
These impious deeds, these crimes are boldly done,
With show of sterner piety begun,
(Alas!) on God as source & end they're laid,
And Princes juicy sacrifices made,
Crime's offering and murder's votive wish;
This baneful juice of inky cuttlefish,
The Church's sore, Religion's poison dire
Are longing for the triumph of Hell's fire,
Alike the horror, shame of true Profession,
Of heaven, earth the execration.

Yet there was found (Woe, God, to Thee!) a man,
Or shade of one, in loathesome Stygian land,
Who this immense disgrace thrown on the Lord,
At which the World froze, all good men abhorr'd,
And which the gazing Sun in puckers drew,
Would shameless its defense consent to do:
An obscure rabbler, pus & unmix'd bile,
And sewer-filth steep'd soft in dark blood vile:

A paltry clown; what fame he can't obtain
By manly worth, through vice would seek to gain.
Fetch'd up 'gainst us from his Tartarean ha'nts,
The scribbler counted hordes of sycophants,
And plotted frauds, deceits a thousandfold,
Both good & bad lump'd into falsehood bold,
If anywise he might with curse dispraise
The holy Martyr King, and at Salmaise
This mangy cur his feeble barks would raise.
Here, vile tormentor, words with you I need.
Didst thou to such a hope poor father lead
(Who stinted oft improvement of his parts),
That you might shun the milk of kindly arts?
Would not your fate have been a better still
To move a plow, brave ass, or turn a mill,
Or draw rude cart, mind turn'd to nothing ill?
Then, harmless to the mother of the land,
At least you could check blab with tighter band:
Nor had you written to an evil end
So you alone were he who might defend
By art & reason's force his King's sad fate,
Nor would the Parricides want Advocate:

For 'mongst those Zealots bestial even more
Than utter beasts & fiercer than a boar,
(With you remov'd) none other would there be
That could make show of some Latinity
For Parricides and their enormity.
Thence you wax haughty, rogue, and teach Salmaise
To write his Latin now as peasant's brays
Tell Letters' Prince, a pig, forsooth, does guide
Athena, ill Thersites Nestor chide.

Can one have such a mental bankruptcy
Or such a stupid dolt & blockhead be,
That he would haste to ruin self and fame,
And to all of sound mind & learning's name
Would freely own himself to be fair game?

But though you're unrestrain'd by gibes' disgrace,
Things graver press; for wrath does gibe displace.
Lest horrid crimes against God's deputies,
So many wrongs, debauches, calumnies,
Crimes heap'd on crimes pour down in cataracts
A horror readers' minds now quite distracts,
A wrathful heart, a tearful eye they form,
Such hate they have for thee, O gallows' worm,
That deadly madness borne by frothing cur

Or serpents' poison black they would prefer,
Or even ugly witch from Demon's den,
Importing ruin to the shepherd's pen.

O were you due men's fear as much as curse,
You'd be more dreaded through the Universe
Than Hercules; and mothers with your name
Would fright their young, tots quake at you the same
As if Lycaon ate boys to his shame.

'Tis well as public foe in threats you're dire
And worse than Sinon's guile, Busiris' ire,
Excited more than tiger seeking lair
And yet more cowardly than hasting hare,
Scorn'd more than ape whose chatter people goads,
You're lesser than a louse, fouler than the toads,
And even more defil'd than Houndsditch tart;
Those vainly roaring thundergusts you fart
Nobody sets at tuppence--evil sign,
Forebodings of a man's disorder'd mind.

Hence public wrath alone does daily grow
To where, O nameless, save you pack up & go,
'Twill crush thee as a wolf, the curse of man,
'Gainst whom the rustics troop'd on every hand
(Their hamlets left) with staves & rocks bring pain.

Soon you'll be shunn'd as lightning-stricken fane.
And like nam'd, if they taste of you enough,
The ill-starr'd name with haste will soon swear off,
Lest they, poor men, pay price of other's crime
Or victim be of public wrath at any time.

O thrice and four times wretched if you know,
But still worse yet, if thinking be so slow
You know not how 'gainst People, God you've sinn'd,
Or what the crimes on holy Truth you've pinn'd,
How many ills you get your life & age,
Whilst you, recruited to hir'd brigandage,
Insanely offer now to risk instead
Of these (Of all monstrosities most dread,
And freely rushing on to doom)--your head.

What do you not drive mortal breasts to try,
O hateful lust for gain made on the sly?
From this, indeed, O greedy rogue, you vex
The greatest lords, whilst your mob reigns as "Rex."

Up with thee, wretch! In season sow & glean,
Fill up the barn whilst fortune is serene.
At truth and good's expense bear thou thy fruit;
Buy wealth at cost of shame as prostitute;
And as your heart has naught of reverence,

So much the fatter be your purse with pence:
Sell not your conscience for a paltry fee,
But oh! whate'er you do, do rapidly.
If stern of speech, may I the future show--
King Charles is nigh (Ha! rogue, why tremble so?)
And Virgin bearing liberator's sword
And justice' scales, by tyranny abhorr'd.
Thief, if you act, do what you're wont to try:
Whate'er you can by ruses, fraud, and lie,
Or what, thus brave in new audacity,
You can by tricks of contriv'd piety,
By tuneful trifles, smoothly turn'd deceit,
If manhood is in you, with hands and feet,
Quick, there! bend to redoubled efforts fleet.
  Be more elusive than a potter's wheel,
More bold than robber slitting purse with a steel,
More vocal, lying than Agyrtes be,
Who fed snakes, and more vile than palmistry,
More base than Cromwell, worse than Ravillac.
And honor'd for these virtues, wretch, attack:
You Tyrants, you Ambassadors of crime,
With hurried consultations fill your time
(Woe, faith of God and man that parricide

Dares send world embassies thus far and wide);
Go, flex your muscles, leave naught to essay,
But hurry it, for danger is delay.
This do, if any way you're given flight
From noose that chills your breast with fright
And in your gullet strangles guilty airs,
& way for food denies, and quite impairs
Your sleep, its image pricking up your hairs:
   But recent victory perchance does find
Craz'd minds to rouse with hope's new wine.
Enough! Fates soon will find their known path,
Nor Heaven's slothful rod defer its wrath
From speeding rascals; Vengeance dogs the band
And proper laws for punishment still stand.

   To bring thee to the block will satisfy;
I leave thee there. May happy destiny
Come to the Realm; I yield those candidates
To thee, grim block, and hand them to their fates.

THE END

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