

‘ when I minded it least, it
‘ still hung about me, and gave
‘ me Checks, and I feel the
‘ Happy Effects of it in this
‘ my Extremity; the will of
‘ the Lord be done, into whose
‘ Hands I commend my Spirit,
‘ and Trust that thou, O
‘ most Merciful Father, hast
‘ forgiven me all my Transgres-
‘ sions; the Sins of my Youth,
‘ and all the Errors of my past
‘ Life, and that thou wilt not
‘ lay my Secret Sins and Igno-
‘ rances to my Charge, but wilt
‘ Graciously support me, du-
‘ ring that small time of Life
‘ now before me. This Noble
Lord was no ways concern’d
at Sir George’s Zeal, to bring
him to the Block; but like
himself, did only Scorn and
Conquer it. He chearfully
tells

tells us (tho' in the possession of a Great Estate, and Heir to a Greater) 'I have done with this World, and am going to a better; I think this the Happiest time of my Life, tho' others may look upon it as the saddest — And tho' he was perswaded, by one of the *Best and Dearest of Wives*, to Petition for his Life, yet it was not without difficulty, that he did any thing for the saving his Life that was begging; neither wou'd he Act so mean a part as to save his own Life, by accusing others; so that he Liv'd a *Hero*, and Dy'd a Martyr; and he was so supported in his last moments (as he had beg'd of God he might) that he

he was no ways disorder'd by
fear, or any other Temptations
but left this World with
most Noble Presence of Mind.

'Tis done—He's Crown'd, and one bright Martyr
(more

Black Rome, is Charg'd on thy too Bulky Score:

All like himself he mov'd; so Calm, so Free,

A General whisper question'd — Which is he?

Deck'd like a Lover, tho' pale Death's his Bride:

He Came, and Saw, and Overcame and Dy'd:

Earth wept, and all the Vainly pitying Croud;

But Heaven his Death in Thunder Groan'd aloud.

My Lord Ruffel's Martyr-
dome, was such a great Satis-
faction to the Duke of York,
and Jeffreys so well Acted his
part in this Bloody Tragedy,
that he is now intrusted with
all that were mark'd for
Slaughter; and the Noble Syd-
ney was the next that was Mar-
tyr'd

Colonel
Sydney.

tyr'd by the notable Conduct of the Lord Jeffreys, for the Drudgery of Swearing (as Lord Howard calls it) was not yet over, and this great Man, was meerly Talk'd to Death (as Mr. Hawles observes) under the Notion of a Common Wealth's-Man; but had not Jeffreys bin quick enough to Supply what he wanted of Proof, by *Inuendo's*, Sydney had bin acquitted; neither wou'd *Inuendo's* have hurt him, had not Jeffreys (had the Courage) to *over-rule* the most Important Points of Law without hearing.

*For 'twas not the Writing
Was found, nor Indicting,
And tho' he Urg'd Statutes, what was it but fooling?
Since a New Trust is,
Plac'd in the Chief-Justice,
To Damn Law, and Reason, by Over-Ruling.*

O

By

By these means *Collonel Sydney* was brought to Dye, or else the *Fanatick Plot* (as he was told) must Dye (which was no other than the *Papist Plot*, set a Foot under a New Name) but tho' he fell a *Sacrifice to Idols*, yet he foretells, as *Godfrey, Essex and Ruyel, &c.* had done before him, That that *Idolatry* would never be *Establish'd* in this *Land* — He ended his *Life* with a *thanksgiving*, that *God* had singl'd him out to be a *Witness* of his *Truth*, and for the **GOOD OLD CAUSE** in which from his *Youth*, he had bin engag'd. And I do think (for I stood near him) that he died in as little time, and with no

more concern than I'd go to Bed.

There's no need of any more, than Reading his *Tryal* and *Speech*, to know him, as well as if he stood before us: We there find, he was owner of as much Vertue and Religion, as Sense and Reason; tho' his Piety lay as far from *Enthusiasm* as any Mans. He fear'd nothing but God, and lov'd nothing on Earth like his Country, and the Just Liberties and Laws thereof, whose Constitutions he had deeply & suceessfully inquired into: To sum up all, he had *Piety* enough for a Saint, Courage enough for a Martyr, and in a Word, if ever any, he was a perfect *Englishman*: And this further shews my Lord Jeffrey's Loyalty,

as he wou'd *Murther such a Wor-
thy Person*, for no other Reason
but to please his Master—But
all my Praises wont advance
Jeffreys (high enough) to what
he deserv'd for this hard Ser-
vice, nor bring the *Colonel* to
Life again ; yet (*that I may do
all the Justice I can to his Me-
mory*) upon his Grave Stone,
I'll Write as follows.

*Algernon Sydney Fills this Tomb,
An Athiest, by declaiming Rome ;
A Rebel Bold, by Striving still
To keep the Laws above the Will,
And hindering those, wou'd Pull them down
To leave no Limits to a Crown :
Crimes Damn'd by Church, and Government!
Oh ! Whither must his Soul be sent ?
Of Heaven it must needs despair,
If that the Pope, be Turn-Key there ;
And Hell can ne'er it Entertain,
Where is all Tyrannick Reign,*

And

And Purgatory's such a Pretence

As ne'er deceiv'd a Man of Sense.

Where goes it then? Where't ought to goe,

Where Pope and Devil, have nought to do.

Walcot, Rouse and Hone, were the next that foretold our Deliverance from Popery and Slavery — Captain Walcot Captain Walcot. *was a brave Souldier, and a Pious Man. He tells us, God had a Work to do in this Kingdom, and he wou'd not want Instruments to carry it on, and (then adds) Tho' the Witnesses against him, only Swore him out of his Life, to save their own, yet that he fir-gave'em, tho' Guilty of his Blood; but (says he) observe their End, for 'twill be miserable; and so it was.*

Rouse said the very same things; gave an Account of his Faith,

Mr. Rouse.

Faith, professing to die of the Church of England, and declar'd, when the Halter was about his Neck, that there was was no design to shed one drop of Blood.

Mr.
Hone.

And as for *Hone* (tho' otherwise a silly fellow) he dy'd a Protestant, and with a firme belief, there wou'd be Glorious Daies yet in England.

Sir
Thomas
Armstrong

The next that Suffer'd, was *Sir Thomas Armstrong* (a Man of undanted Courage) he had bin all his Life-time a firm Servant and Friend to the Royal Family, both in their Exile, and afterwards: But having a particular Honour for the *Duke of Monmouth*, *Jeffreys* had orders (which he faithfully observ'd) to dispatch him without allowing him a Tryal for his Life — He Died in the Communion

munion of the Church of England, and tho' he said he heartily wisht he had liv'd more strictly up to the Religion he believ'd, yet that he had great hopes of Mercy, in and thro' his blessed Redeemer, and (like those that went before him) he Dy'd in a strong belief, that God wou'd yet work a deliverance for his Church and People — He forgave all the World, and in Particular, my Lord Jeffreys, which I don't Mention, that I think he need-ed his Pardon, for (tho' he had no proof against him) he fairly Hang'd him as a Person Out-Law'd. And tho' Hanging be a Villanous Death, yet I must say.

*Had he abroad, found Safety in his Flight,
His Immortal Honour had not shin'd so Bright,*

He

*He had bin still a Worthy Patriot thought,
But now his Glory's to Perfection brought,
In Exile and in Death, to England True:
What more cou'd Brutus, or just Cato do?*

Mr. Hol-
loway.

After Jeffreys had sent Sir Thomas (as we hope) to Heaven ; the next he Try'd, was James Holloway, who Solemnly declar'd, there was no Plot against the Kings Life ; and being ask'd whether he knew Fergusson, he answered, he did know him, and knew him to be against any design of killing the King ; he was of the same Opinion with Armstrong, that England wou'd be yet deliver'd.

Dr.
Oates.

As for Dr. Oates, Mr. Dangerfield, and Mr. Johnson ; tho' Jeffreys did not send 'em to Tyburn, to foretell our Deliverance in Dying Speeches ; yet their
Severe

Severe Whipping, Prophesied such excess of Love, (for we must think he had some kind design at the bottom) cou'd never last. While *Jeffreys* carry'd things on at this Merciful Rate, you know (*Madam*) how gratefully *Dr. Oats* was Treated, for discovering the *Popish Plot*, which *Jeffreys* (to serve his Royal Master) did all he cou'd to obliterate; in order to which, he *Whips Dr. Oats, from Newgate to Tyburn*; the generality of the World, judging by outward appearance, and thinking it Impossible, but that one, who stood in the Pillory, and was *Whipt at the Carts Arse*, must be a perjur'd Rogue without more adoe— They first went to Work with the

P Doctor

Doctor for Scandalizing the Duke
 of York, with that Notorious
 Truth, [*that he was Reconcil'd to
 the Church of Rome; adding
 what every one knows that 'twas
 High Treason, so to be.*] For this,
 the Dr. was adjudg'd to Pay
 the reasonable little Fine of
 100000 Pounds, which till he
 Paid (*tho' there was no great hast
 for his doing it*) he was commit-
 ted to the Kings Bench — Ha-
 ving him thus in Limbo (after
 New Fruitless Attempts, to
 make him Revoke his Evi-
 dence they next Indict him for
 Perjury; the Evidence against
 him were Lads of St. Omers,
 who being all of a Religion
 that makes Perjury Meritorious,
 'twas no wonder they Swore
 his being at St. Omers; tho' he
 had formerly produc'd Eight
 Persons

Persons that Swore him in London at the same Time — Being (without any Reason for it) found Guilty of both *Indictments* — The Judgment against him, was as Merciful as cou'd be expected from Papists, Acting by a *Jeffreys*, part of which was, [*to be Whipt from Aldgate to Newgate, on Wednesday, and on the Friday following, from Newgate to Tyburn, and stand in the Pillory Five Times a Year, and be a Prisoner during Life*] He had above 2000 Lathes, as some that were by reckon'd up; but I defy all History, to show me another Parallel of such Whipping, either on Man, or Dog, from the Creation of the World, to the Year 1700. And certainly it had bin Impossible for

a Man to have held out *the Second Whipping*, after the first was over (while the Wounds were fresh about him, and every new stroke, more then a double Torment) either to have undergone this, without Confession, or Dropping down Dead, with extremity of Pain; had he not had *Truth on his side*, and also a more then *Common Support from Him who saw his Innocence* — This Whipping being the greatest Confirmation to his Evidence, that was possible to be given— He bore up against all this, and during his *Four Years Imprisonment*, was never once heard to *murmur at his Condition*: He refus'd all the offers of the *Jesuits*, who even after this, had the Impudence to propose to him,
his

his *Recanting his Evidence*—
No, like the other *Heroes*, he
propheſy'd a Deliverance: He
had ſtill a ſtrong belief that he
ſhou'd ſee better *Times*, and get
his Freedom again, which he had
in that general *Goal-delivery*,
granted all *England*, by the then
Prince of Orange's Heroick Un-
dertaking; and to do the Doctor
Justice, his *Firmneſs and Courage*
have been viſible, through all his
Actions, ſince he appear'd on the
Publick Stage; his *Paſſions* are
Lively and Warm, and he's
the worſt made for a *Diſſemb-*
ler, of any Man in the World:
He's open and Frank, and
ſpeaks what ever he thinks, of
Persons or Things, (*Witness his*
Picture of King James) As to his
Learning, he is no mean Critick
in the *Greek*, and is well ac-
quainted

quainted with the *Schoolmen* and *Fathers*: He's owner of as much Generosity as any Man, and as much Tenderness to any in Misery; Scorning to Strike at those below him: An example of which, there was in *Lord Jeffreys Fall*, he being almost the only Person who has bin heard to pity him, tho' one wou'd have thought, he shou'd have bin the last — In a Word, he ought to be had in Eternal Honour, for the Great (and I was going to say, Matchless) Services he has done to his Country.

Mr. Dangerfield's

Next comes Mr. *Dangerfield's* Turn, for his discovering of the *Meal-Tub Plot*, but with a worse Fate; for this Man, having in King *Charles's* time (in his *Depositions* before the *Parliament*) reveal'd that he
was

was Imploy'd by the Popish Party, and chiefly by the Lords in the Tower, and the Countess of Powis, to Kill the King, and that he was encourag'd and promis'd Impunity and Reward; and part of it given him by the Duke of York, for that end; he was now Prosecuted upon a *Scandalum Magnatum*, and as Juries went, found Guilty, and had the same Sentence of Whipping with Oats; but in his return from Tyburn towards Newgate, after his Whipping, he was run into the Eye, with a Tuck at the end of a Cane, by one Robert Francis, a Red-Hot Papist, of which, and with the Agony of the Whipping, he soon after Dyed.

Go then, Mount on! Wing through the Midway Air,
And Godfrey's hovering Shade shall Meet thee there:

A Thousand Martyrs thou, a Wound all
 (o'er,
Thy Mighty Mind Leaps out at every Pore;
And if you Bright Exalted Names above,
 Know any thing but how to Sing, & Love:
Behold how bravely he Maintains his Ground
Tho' with whole Hells of Devils Baited
 (Round;
Unbrib'd he stands, with hopes of Victory,
Knowing his Greatest Conquest was to Dye.

His Body was so swoln and
Martyr'd with his Whipping, that
 it was a Question whether he
 Dyed of that, or of the Wound
 in his Eye, for which *Francis*
 however was justly Hang'd;
 the *King* thinking it wou'd ap-
 pear to be too Base a Partiality,
 to Pardon him for so Foul a Fact.
 I shall say this further of *Dan-*
gerfield, that his Father was a
 Gentleman, who Liv'd in
 good Fashion, at *Waltham-*
Abby—

Abby— He was a Man of Business and Courage, and therefore employ'd by the *Papists* (while among 'em) in their *Desperate and most Dangerous Concerns*, and was then of a Religion that excus'd, and encouraged the worst things he, or any other Man, cou'd be Guilty of — He was Try'd (as I said before) for a *Scandalum Magnatum*, on a *Popish Lord*, and being found Guilty (by a Jury that wou'd ha' Hang'd their Father, had *Jeffreys* said the Word) he was Whipt in the same *Merciful manner* Dr. Oats was — Before he went out, he had *Strong Bodings* of his Death, and chose a Text for his Funeral Sermon ; *There the Wicked cease from troubling ; and there the Weary are at Rest ;* (Job

3. 17.—Saying he was confident they had such a Particular malice against him, he shou'd ne'er return alive: Confirm'd the Truth of all his former Evidence, and took a *Last Farewell of his Friends* —— *And he was so far a Prophet, that (tho' he return'd alive) he Dy'd of the Wound Francis gave him; the Murderer Fled, but was Pursu'd by the Rabble, and taken by my means in Holborn—* Attempts were made to *bribe Mr. Dangerfield's Wife*, that she might Consent to the Pardon of ~~her~~ Husband's Murderer, but she wou'd not *sell his Blood*, and had an *Appeal* ready against him, had he been Pardon'd — So the Poor *State-Martyr*, was Hang'd, as *Coleman* was before him — Mr. *Dangerfield's*

gerfield's Body was convey'd
to *Waltham-Abby*, with several
Coaches attending it; and
there Honourably Bury'd, and
'twas what he deserv'd: For
'the worst of his Enemies
'thave own'd he was a Man of
'tWit, Courage and Business;
'tall which he reconcil'd the
'tbest of any one: He had as
'tmuch Address, as perfect and
'tgreat a Presence of Mind, in
'twhatever Exigencies, as can be
'tmet with: He was the best
'tCompanion, the best Friend,
'tin the World; and as Gene-
'trous an Enemy: He did no-
'thing but what lookt very
'thandsome; and there was
'ta Charm in the meanest,
'tand something most bewitch-
'tingly pleasant, in the most in-
'tdefensible of his Actions.

Q 2

'He

‘ He cou’d do almost every
 ‘ thing, and ’tis hard to say
 ‘ what he did with the great-
 ‘ est Grace — In a Word, all
 ‘ that knew him must say, that
 ‘ he wanted nothing but an
 ‘ Estate, to have made him as
 ‘ Compleat a Gentleman, as
 ‘ most in *England*.

Mr John-
 son.

Much about the same time
 Mr. *Samuel Johnson*, Commonly
 known by the Name of *Julian
 Johnson* (because of his being
 the Author of a Book so
 call’d) was *Sentenc’d Three
 Times to stand in the Pillory, and
 to be Whipp’d from Newgate to
 Tyburn, which was Executed
 without any regard to his
 Gown (he being a Clergy
 Man.) His Great Crimes were—
 Being my Lord Russel’s Chaplain
 Writing the Famous Julian the
 Apostate.*

Apostate ; and endeavouring to persuade the Nation, not to let themselves be made Slaves and Papijts ; and 'tis a Question whether any Man in the World, besides his Friend the Reverend Dr. Burnet, did more Service with his Pen, or more conduc'd to our great and happy Revolution, both among the Army, and in other places : For some of these good Services he was Try'd, and Condemn'd to be divested of his Canonical Habit, and be Whipt as far as Oats and Dangerfield were before him ; which was perform'd, and which he underwent with Courage and Constancy, and like a Christian, and a Martyr — If any Man does not yet know what he is, let him Read his Julian, and Defences of it ; he'll find there,

as

as much *Clear, Close, Fair Reason, Scripture and Law*, as ever an Ill Cause had brought against it, or a good one for it: He is a *Christian Stoick*, and I must add, his *Piety* is as Remarkable as his *Constancy*, and his *Universal Charity* as both — *But he's still alive*, and 'tis better to say no more of him, then either *too much*, or *too little*.

Alderman
Cornish.

Alderman Cornish, was the next Innocent Person, whose Life they wanted; for Mr. *Cornish*, when Sheriff, had bin very Active against the Popish Conspirators, so that nothing less then his Blood, cou'd Satisfie King James; the only Witness against him, was Colonel *Rumsy*, and none but such a Charitable Judge as *Jeffreys*, wou'd

wou'd have hang'd a Dog upon his Evidence ; but *Cornish* must Dye ; the King resolv'd it, and his *Dear Jeffreys* was ready to contrive it; some say *King James* himself, when 'twas too late, had *some little regret about it*: But whether he had or not, sure I am the *Instruments* of Shedding his Blood, may do well to Reflect upon the Fate of *Cloudesly* one of his Jury-Men, and some others concern'd in his Death. But alas! — There wanted not a sort of men at this time who wou'd have perswaded the World, that *Murder was a Royal Sports* for in this Year, was a Printed Ballad, call'd — *Advice to the City, Sung to the King at Windsor*, wherein are these following Words.

Then

*Then London be Wise, and Baffle their Power,
 And let 'em Play the Old Game no more,
 Hang, Hang, up the Sheriffs,
 Those Baboons in Power,
 Those Popular Thieves,
 Those Rats of the Tower.*

My Lord Russel tells us (*in his Dying Speech*) that he believ'd this wou'd be the Conclusion of those *Great Heats* that appear'd (once in *London*) at the Choice of *Sheriffs*: But *Cornish* was above their Malice. That Morning he Dyed, he Blest God for *Newgate*, and Kiss'd the Halter that was to Hang him — There was *Courage* and *Piety*, appear'd through all the Actions of his Life, tho' most conspicuous in the *last Glorious Scene* of it for speaking to the Officers in
 th

the way to his Martyrdom ; He said to 'em, *Labour every one of you to be fit to Dye, for I tell you, you are not fit to Dye ; I wa'nt fit to Dye my self, till I came hither ; but blessed be God, he hath now made me fit to Die, and I am now going to Mount-Sion, and to the City of the Living God, to the Heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable Company of Angels, to the General Assembly and Church of the first Born ; and to God the Judge of all ; and to the Spirits of just Men made Perfect — And to JESUS, and to JESUS (redoubling, the Word with much Affection) the Mediator of the New Covenant.*

When he came to the *Gallows*, which was plac'd within sight of *Guild-Hall*, to scare

R the

the Citizens from looking in-
to the *Popish Plot*) he submit-
ted to Death, with a Bravery
not to be met with, unless a-
mongst *his Predecessors*, *Queen*
Mary's Martyrs — And as he
gave the World a *Glorious In-*
stance of the happiness of such
Persons as live a Pious Life,
when they come to make an
end o'nt, let the way thereof
be never so terrible; so neither
was he less Prophetical of
England's Happiness, then
Russel, Sydney, Walcot, Arm-
strong, and those other *Heroes*
that *Jeffreys* (*we thank him*)
had sent to Heaven; for he told
the Spectators of his Death,
That God wou'd, one way or other,
clear his Innocence, (which he
did, by sending a great Storm
that

that Hour he Died) and that London wou'd yet be happy in the safe Enjoyment of their Religion and Liberties.

M^{rs.} Gaunt (another of Jeffreys Martyrs) Died the same Day, with Alderman Cornish; But Heaven to shew its displeasure at the Sufferings of these Two Holy Persons, sent a Terrible Storm that Hour they received their Crown.

One of the great Reasons why Mrs. Gaunt was Burnt, was, 'tis very probable, because she Liv'd at Wapping; the Honest Sea-Men, and Hearty Protestants thereabouts, being such Warm Enemies to Popery, and Arbitrary Government, that the Friends of both, gave all who oppose it, the Name of Wappingers — She was a good honest Cha-

ritable Woman ; and made it her Business to succour and help the Afflicted. Among others, whom she had thus reliev'd, was one *Burton*, whom with his Wife and Family, she had kept from Starving; for which (may the very Name of 'em be registred with Eternal Infamy) they Swore against her, and took away her Life— My Pen is not qualify'd, to represent the due Character of this Excellent Woman ; but this I'll say of her, That all true Christians (*tho' in some things differing in Perswasion with her*) found in her an Universal Charity, as is well known to a Multitude of Poor Ministers and others, who for *Conscience sake*, were thrust into Exile ; and herein

I do incline to think she outstripped every Individual Person, if not the whole Body of Protestants in this City— Hereby she became expos'd to the *Fury of Papists, and those Bloody Tools*, who co-operated to promote their accursed Designs; and as there appeared little difficulty to procure a Jury, so *my Lord Jeffreys*, I'll say that for him, was always ready to Sacrifice what was call'd a Traytor to the State; but tho' he wrack'd his Invention, to draw *Burton* and his Wife to charge *Mrs. Gaunt* with the Knowledge of his being with *Monmouth*, yet he cou'd not do it, so that she was Burnt for nothing, but relieving this ungrateful Wretch ——— However,

ever, in her Dying Speech she
says— 'I am well reconcil'd, to
' the way of my God towards
' me; tho' it be in ways I look'd
' not for; but he having given
' me Life, he ought to have the
' disposing of it, when and how
' he pleases to call for it— He
' that will be his Disciple, must
' forsake all, and follow him;
' and 'tis but my Lot in Com-
' mon, with Poor Desolate *Sion*,
' at this Day: Neither do I
' find in my Heart; the least
' regret, for what I have done
' in the Service of my Lord
' and Master, Jesus Christ; in
' Succouring and Securing any
' of his Poor Sufferers: I Re-
' pent of nothing about it, but
' that I have serv'd God and
' them no better; and I desire
' to bless his Holy Name;
' that

that the blessing of those that
 are ready to Perish, has come
 upon me; and the Scrip-
 tures that satisfy me, are *Isa.*
16. 4. Hide the Outcasts,
bewray not him that wander-
eth — And Obad. vers. 14.
Thou shouldest not have giv-
en up of his that did e-
scape in the Day of his Di-
stress — But Man says, You
 shall give them up, or you
 shall Die for it: Now, who
 to obey, Judge ye — *She*
next adds, As to my Fact, as
it is called, it was but a little
one, and might well become
a Prince to forgive; but he
that shews no Mercy, shall
find none — I did but Re-
lieve an unworthy Poor Di-
stressed Family, and I must
Die for it: But I forgive all
 that

' that are concern'd in my
 ' Death — Lord, lay it not
 ' to their Charge; but I fear
 ' (*adds she*) when the Lord
 ' comes to make Inquisition
 ' for Blood, it will be found
 ' at the Door of the Furious
 ' Judge (*for you must know,*
 ' Madam, *as Merciful as he was,*
 ' *she cou'd not perceive it*) ' who
 ' took advantage of my Igno-
 ' rance, and Bad Memory; and
 ' wou'd not hear me, when
 ' I had call'd to mind, that
 ' which wou'd have spoil'd
 ' their Evidence — My Blood
 ' will also be found at the
 ' Door of the Unrighteous
 ' Jury, who found me Guilty
 ' upon the single Oath of an
 ' Out-Law'd Man; tho' the
 ' Law requires Two Witnesses
 ' in point of Life; so that I'm
 ' clearly

clearly Murder'd by the
Jury—I also forgive Bloody
Mr. A. — Who has so in-
satiably hunted after my
Life, but shew'd Favour to
Burton, who ought to have
Died for his own Fault, and
not bought his Life with
mine — I also forgive Cap-
tain R. — Who is severe to
all under my Circumstances.
And I also forgive the *Great*
One of all, by whose Pow-
er, all these Cruelties are
done ; I do heartily and free-
ly forgive, as against me ; but
as it is done against the Lord
Christ, and his Righteous
Cause and Followers, I leave
it to him, who is the Avenger
of all such Wrongs ; who will
Tread upon Princes, as upon
Mortar, and be terrible to the
S Kings

'Kings of the Earth — *She*
then adds in a Postscript, 'Gods
 'design, is to humble and a-
 'buse us, that he alone may be
 'exalted in this Day of Di-
 'stres; and I doubt not yet,
 'but he will appear in the
 'needful time, to work a De-
 'liverance for his Church and
 'People — He reserves the
 'best Wine till last.

Eliz. Gaunt.

BUT of all that Dy'd fore-
 telling our Future De-
 liverance, not one of 'em Dy'd
 with a greater Bravery; (or
 made better Use of *Jeffreys*
 Sentence) then Mr. *Nel-*
thorp; for Mr. *Nelthorp* (in
 his Letter to his Parents,
 and

and his other Relations;
 which he Writes, as he calls
 it, from the *Palace of Newgate*)
 tells us ' Through the Infinite
 ' goodness of God, the nearer
 ' I approach my end, the more
 ' Joy and Comfort I find in
 ' my Suffering State, if I may
 ' call it so — My Soul is Ra-
 ' visht, I can hardly Write;
 ' and my Comforts are more
 ' unspeakable than my Terrors
 ' were — When God comes,
 ' every thing hath a Beauty
 ' and Lustre upon it — Here's
 ' the Love of God made
 ' manifest to a Poor Sinner,
 ' at the last Hour; like the
 ' Thief upon the Cross; he
 ' that never knew before, what
 ' the Love of God was to his
 ' Soul, finds it now filled with
 ' it, and running over — Now

' all Worldly Joy and Com-
 ' forts, seem to me (as they
 ' are) things not hard to part
 ' with—Father, Mother, Bro-
 ' thers, Sister, V Wife, Children,
 ' House, Lands, are (as my
 ' dear Saviour saith) to be par-
 ' ted with for him; or we are
 ' not worthy of him— What
 ' is Worldly Honour and Rich-
 ' es? Oh! Set not your Hearts
 ' upon them; but get a Trea-
 ' sure in Heaven, that
 ' your hearts may be there
 ' also: 'Tis only an Intrest in
 ' Christ, can make your Life
 ' Sweet, or your Death
 ' Comfortable — It is but
 ' a little, yea a very little
 ' time, and my Warfare will
 ' be accomplished; and if God
 ' continue his Love and influ-
 ' ence upon my Soul, it will
 ' be

‘be both short and sweet: And
 ‘then adds, Dear Parents, Bro-
 ‘thers, Sister, all adieu; my
 ‘time draws on, my Paper is
 ‘Finish’d, and your Dying
 ‘Child and Brother, recommends
 ‘you all to God; to whom be
 ‘Glory, for ever and ever
 ‘Amen.

Rich. Nelthorpe.

THEN in his last Speech,
 he tells us, ‘As to my
 ‘coming over with the late
 ‘Duke of *Monmouth*, it was
 ‘to secure the *Protestant* Reli-
 ‘gion; and that he knew of no
 ‘other Plot, or any design of
 ‘Murthuring the King; but the
 ‘Lord in his Holy and Wise
 ‘Pro-

' Providence hath been pleased
 ' to blast all our undertakings,
 ' tho' there seemed to be a very
 ' Unanimous and Zealous Spi-
 ' rit in all those that came from
 ' beyond the Seas—As to the
 ' Temptation of being an Evi-
 ' dence, I ever thought Death
 ' more eligible—(*He then adds*)
 ' I Die in Charity with all the
 ' World, and can heartily for-
 ' give my greatest Enemies, as I
 ' desire they wou'd forgive me;
 ' and in a special manner I ask
 ' Pardon of the Lady *Lilles*
 ' Family and Relations, for that
 ' my being succoured there
 ' one Night with Mr. *Hicks*,
 ' brought that Worthy Lady
 ' to suffer Death; and were I
 ' in a condition, I wou'd as far
 ' as I was able, make them a re-
 ' quital—As to my Faith, I
 ' neither

neither look nor hope for mercy, but only in the Free Grace of God, by the application of the blood of Jesus (*and then concludes with saying*) I come unto thee, O blessed Jesus, refuse me not, but wash me in thine own blood; I see nothing in my self, but what must utterly Ruine and condemn me — I cannot Answer for one Action of my whole Life, but I cast my self wholly upon thee, who art the Fountain of mercy. — Grant me thy Love, oh! dearest Father, stand by me in the Hour of Death. Give thy Angels charge over my Soul, defend me from the rage of the Devil, and receive me into thine Eternal Kingdom — Dear Lord Jesus
 receive

receive my Spirit. Amen.

Mr.
Bateman.

Mr. Charles Bateman the Chirurgion (*a brave Assertor of English Liberties, and of great repute in his Calling*) Died foretelling the same things, that Mr. Nelthorp and Mrs. Gaunt did; and as he foretold that happiness we now enjoy, so he died as much like a Christian, and with as great a presence of mind, as most of the others—

So much for the *Holy Lives and Triumphant Deaths* of Mrs. Gaunt, Mr. Nelthorp, Mr. Bateman, and those other Heroes that suffered in or about London, by the *Notable Conduct* of my Lord Jeffreys.

Having shewn what *Eminent Services* Lord Jeffries did for his Royal-Master, by Murdering so many of our Noble Patriots

Patriots (under a pretence of a Protestant Plot) how strangely they foretold our Glorious Deliverance by King William —

Being advanc'd thus far, in his Lordships Praise, I shall next shew, that thosè that Died in the West, under Jeffreys Sentence, did not die in a less Triumphant manner, then these London Martyrs did: Neither were they less Prophetical, in foretelling our Deliverance, from Poverty and Slavery, than those that Died at Tyburn, Fleet-street, or upon Tower-Hill —

And this will best appear by relating the Dying Speeches, of those that Died in the West (in the same manner I did those that Died in London) and I shall first begin, with Monmouth and Argile ;

T for

The Dying Speeches of those that suffer'd in the West.

for tho' they did not die in the *West*, yet they both Imbark'd in the *same Glorious Cause*; and the *West Country-Men* wou'd be very angry if they shou'd not find their *Master* that they lov'd so well, and Suffer'd so much for, among the rest of those *Western Heroes*, who were so *Marvellously oblig'd* to my Lord *Jeffreys*.

Date
of Mr.
South.

As to *Monmouth*, none can deny but he was very handsome, a great General (a Man of Courage and Conduct) and all along true to the *Protestant Interest*; both in and out of Parliament: Tho' abhorring any base way of promoting it, as well as his Friend my Lord *Russel*. He was all along the *Peoples Darling*, whose Hearts were entirely his, by his

his Courtesy and Affability, as other Persons lost 'em by their Sowerness, and Haughty Temper: But as Dr. *Welwood* observes, *tho' the former part of his Life was all Sun-shine, yet the latter was a little Cloudy:* For after Lord *Russel's* Death, he went into *Flanders*, whence had he gone, as he intended, into the Emperors Service, how many *Laurells* might he have Won, and how many more wou'd now have bin growing for him? But his Fate was otherwise; he came over into *England*: After the defeat of his Army at *Sedgmore*, he fled with the Lord *G.* — who was first taken, and he himself a little after brought up to *London*, (as I mention'd in the *History of his Expedition in the West*)

and on his Attainder in Parliament, Beheaded on *Tower-Hill*; where, in the Paper he left behind him, he says, 'I
' have Lived, and shall now
' Die, in the Faith of this,
' that God will Work a de-
' liverance for his People, and
' then will be discover'd, the
' great and horrid Villanys our
' Enemies have bin guilty of;
' but now you see, my Case is
' desperate; yet know that I
' Dye a Martyr for the People;
' and shall rather pity the
' state that their false
' and Covetous Minds have
' brought themselves and me to,
' than discover who are the
' Persons concern'd in my over-
' throw. But Providence had
design'd, that our *Deliverance*
shou'd be more Just and Won-
derful,

derful, and that the Glory thereof shou'd be reserv'd, for his Sacred Majesty King *William*, whom God grant long to Reign.

We shall next step into *Scotland*, to hear what the *Earl of Argile* foretold of our late *Deliverance* — This good Lord Embark'd from *Holland*, about the same time with the *Duke*, and arriv'd in *Scotland*, with what Forces he could make; to which were added some others who joyn'd him. *Argile* being Landed in *Scotland*, he Publish'd the following Declaration.

Earl of
Argile.

The

The Declaration of Archibald, Earl of Argile.

*The
Earl of
Argile's
Declaration*

‘ I SHALL not Publish my
 ‘ Case, Publish’d already
 ‘ in Print ; in *Latin* and in
 ‘ *Dutch* ; and more largely in
 ‘ *English* : Nor mean I to Re-
 ‘ peat the Printed Declaration,
 ‘ emitted by several Noble-
 ‘ men, Gentlemen and others
 ‘ of both Nations, now in
 ‘ Arms : Because the Sufferings
 ‘ of me and my Family, are
 ‘ therein mention’d. I have
 ‘ thought it fit, for me to de-
 ‘ clare for my self, that as I go
 ‘ to Arms, with those who
 ‘ have appointed me to conduct
 ‘ them, for no Private and
 ‘ Personal End, only for those
 ‘ contained in the said Decla-
 ‘ ration

ration, which I have concert-
ed with them, and approv-
ed of; so I do claim no In-
terest, but what I had before
the pretended Forfeiture of
my Family, and have a Suffi-
cient Right to.

And that I do freely (and
as a Christian) forgive all
Personal Injuries, against my
Person and Family, to all
that shall not oppose, but
joyn and concur with us in
our present undertaking, for
the Ends mention'd in said
Declaration; and hereby I
oblige my self never to pur-
sue them in Judgment, nor
out of Judgment. And I
do further declare, that ob-
taining the quiet and Peace-
able Possession, of what be-
longed to my Father and
my