

been previously cut out, of grubbing up the stumps. Nor do we estimate more highly the personal character of the man than his principles of government. He was a kind husband, and amiably suffered his Popish wife to influence the national councils, which was, of course, something in his favour; and, when unfortunate, he had a profound sympathy for himself and his family,—the true way of eliciting the sympathy of others; and this was, doubtless, something in his favour too. But we decidedly demur to the titles of Saint and Martyr, in their ordinary and unqualified meanings. We must at least be permitted to regard him as the unique saint, who, according to the old Scotch chronicler, “swaire terribly,” and played golf on Sabbath; and as the extraordinary martyr, whose head was cut off because his word could not be believed. Such, pretty generally, is the Presbyterian estimate of Charles; but in the estimate of the Book of Common Prayer there are no such qualifications. He is there the glorious martyr and the blessed king; and Episcopacy still fasts once a year in all her churches, to avert the judgments that may be still impending over the land for his death. Much, of course, depends on being used to a thing; and there are, we doubt not, devout men who can join in the hymn which she sings on the occasion with much earnestness; but to us it has ever appeared to be considerably more akin to the parodies of Hone and Carlile than to the greater part of the compositions which Hone and Carlile parodied. There can be no mistake regarding the slain man to which it refers; the title fixes that: it is a hymn “to be used yearly upon the thirtieth of January, being the day of the martyrdom of the blessed King Charles the First, to implore the mercy of God,” “that the guilt of that sacred and innocent blood may not at any time hereafter be visited upon” the people or their children. The slain man is unequivocally the man Charles; and yet it is