

**FROM KING TO KING:  
THE TRAGEDY OF THE  
PURITAN REVOLUTION**

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From King to King: The Tragedy of the Puritan Revolution by Goldsworthy Lowes Dickinson

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**GOLDSWORTHY LOWES DICKINSON**

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## PREFACE.

THE pages that follow contain an attempt to state, in a concrete form, certain universal aspects of a particular period of history. The tragedy lies in the conflict of reforming energy with actual men and institutions ; and it has been the object of the author to delineate vividly the characters of leading actors in the struggle, their ideals, and the distortion of these as reflected in the current of events. This is the general purpose of the work ; to attempt to expand it, in detail, in a preface, would be to imply that the book itself is superfluous ; for the dramatic form was deliberately chosen, because that of an essay appeared insufficient.

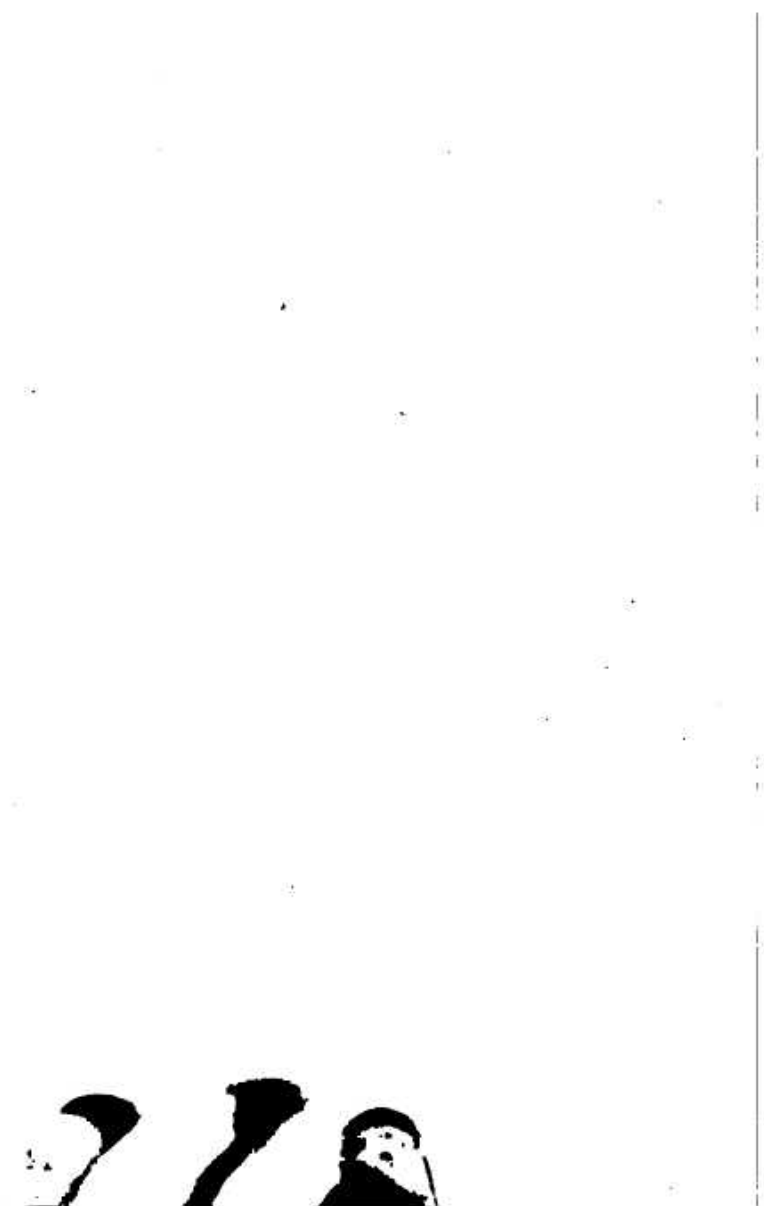
It is hoped that the unity of the whole series of dialogues is secured by the natural development of the subject-matter ; this result, it is true, if it has been attained, will only be perceived by readers who have a general acquaintance with the history of the period ; but such readers must be numerous, and it is to them, primarily, that the work is intended to appeal.

Accuracy in detail is not essential to the excellence of such a work ; it has, however, been studied, though probably not with complete success. In forming his conception of the men and the period, the author has consulted the most recent authorities, whose names are too well and honourably known to students for it to be necessary for him to repeat them. It is his hope that he will not be found to have misrepresented the truth, by attempting to embody it in an artistic form.

KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,  
*March, 1891.*

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I.

**Elliot and Hampden in the Tower.**

1632.

*[Elliot was imprisoned for his opposition to the Crown in the Parliament of 1628. His liberation was made conditional on an humble acknowledgment of his fault, which he steadily refused. He died in the Tower in the November of 1632.]*

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I.

ELIOT. Yes, I grow pale! A breath of Cornish air  
Would make this Tower a Heaven! Suppose the sea  
Beat at its dripping base, and winds in tumult  
With clang of birds and sailing foam-drift sang  
Shrill by the cliffs and turrets; suppose Tintagel  
Had been my prison, and yonder slit revealed  
The huge Atlantic heaving, sun and cloud,  
Moisture and ocean fragrance! Suppose, suppose . . .

*Enter HAMPDEN.*

O sir, you are welcome!

HAMPDEN. Eliot! what a den!

Why have they changed your lodging?

ELIOT. My friends, they said,

Were wont to pay this poor conspirator

Too frequent visits for the kingdom's peace.

HAMPDEN. You're looking ill. Have you physician  
here?

ELIOT. One that prescribes me exercise and free-  
dom.