

THE DEATH OF COLONEL BAGOT.

The regiment drafted from the Lichfield garrison, under the command of Colonel Bagot, were great sufferers on this fatal field [of Naseby]. Having put to rout the troops opposed to them, they had rallied round the King towards the end of the day, when a large body of the enemy bore down upon them. The King was literally forced by his friends from the field. Meanwhile, with a view to cover his retreat, Colonel Bagot's regiment and another charged the advancing enemy; and though they succeeded in stopping their career, and so saving the King's person, they were soon surrounded by overpowering numbers, and many were killed or made prisoners. Colonel Bagot, Archbold, and a few others, cut their way through the enemy with desperate valour; but in so doing, the gallant colonel received a pistol-shot in his right arm, which fractured the bone, and rendered him utterly powerless. Already was one of Cromwell's ironides prepared with uplifted arm to cut him down, when the stroke was arrested by Archbold's sword, and the trooper himself disabled. Placing himself on the right side of his wounded Colonel, Archbold thus forced his way through the opposing throng, until they had attained a place of safety. These were the only two officers of the regiment who escaped. Captain Dyott, Glazier, and others, were amongst the list of prisoners, and several were wounded and slain. In this fatal battle, above one hundred and fifty officers and men of prime quality were left dead upon the spot; "but," says Clarendon, "I shall not stop in this place to mention the names of those noble persons who fell in this battle, when the King and kingdom were lost by it."

One lamentable incident occurred at the field of Naseby, which strongly illustrates the horrors of civil war. There was with the royal army a number of females, most of them the wives of officers in the King's service, who, in those terrible times, found it less dangerous to accompany their husbands on the field, and to be dragged about amidst fighting and marches and countermarches, than to remain unprotected at their homes, in the silent expectation of all imaginable villainies. These females, to the number of one hundred, were killed by the rebels, when plundering the King's camp, immediately after this disastrous battle.

On the day after the battle of Naseby, Charles, attended by the shattered remains of his army, arrived at Lichfield. It was a mournful sight to see the fallen monarch enter the town with his broken forces, bearing with them their wounded comrades. Sadly changed indeed were those troops from the gay and gallant body which had once formed the flower of the royal army. Next to the King himself, none in that mournful cavalcade attracted more general attention and commiseration than the gallant Colonel Bagot, the governor of Lichfield, as he rode through the street, with difficulty supported in his saddle by the friendly hand of Archbold, his right arm bandaged and resting in a sling, his face of ashy paleness, and his noble head bowed down and leaning on his breast.

The King and principal officers took up their quarters in the Close; the rest of the troops were quartered in the adjoining villages. It was in adversity that the kindly character of Charles shone forth most brightly. Had he but as firmly exerted the energies of his able mind when in the height of power, as he did when misfortune fell on him, his fate would probably have been very different from what it was.

Unwilling to despair of his kingdom, he held his court in the palace at Lichfield, and here received the address of the royalists, who were numerous in the town. The King gave them audience in the great hall of the episcopal palace, which was spacious and splendid, one hundred feet in length, and fifty-six in breadth, painted with the coronation, marriages, wars, and funeral of King Edward I. Many of the figures were portrayed in a lively manner, with their banners of arms bravely before them. There were the banners of Sir Roger Powisdown, of Emeraunt in Flintshire, and others, against the Welshmen; as also of Almeric de Bailleghill, Barnell, Valence, Earl of Pembroke, of Lord Badlamere, and others, against the Scots.

Amid these mouldering relics of royalty and emblems of civil strife, surrounded by the ruins of the Cathedral and episcopal palace, on a throne raised a few steps above the floor of the hall, sat the royal Charles, unsubdued by misfortune, and preserving, in the midst of his adversity, that serene and dignified expression for which he was distinguished. His hair had begun to assume a greyer tinge. His grave and calm countenance was traced with many a furrow, and his eye was marked by a deeper shade of melancholy, and perhaps an air of more solemn majesty. The magistrates, mayor, and members of the corporation, who were true to his cause, together with Sir Richard Dyott, the recorder, advanced with their maces and insignia of office, accompanied by many of the principal inhabitants, and kneeling at the foot of his throne, presented the following address, which is well deserving of being recorded, on account of the noble and loyal sentiments which it contains:

"Most gracious Sovereign, "Though the sad report of the last success hath so oppressed our souls with grief, that we are rendered more apt to express our loyal affection in tears than in words, yet the safety and presence of your sacred person (as dear to us as our lives) hath so much revived and restored us, that we have taken the boldness, though suddenly and rudely, in a few words to present to you the most zealous affections and loyal services, that a most obliged and grateful people can possibly bear to a most gracious sovereign.

"And, as we are not insensible of God's corrections, when He is pleased so sharply to punish us for our sins, so we are not so unchristian-like as to despair of God's blessing upon a most just and righteous cause, nor so unmanly as to lay down our courage and confidence for one cross event; as knowing that 'man's necessity is God's opportunity,' and that God's power is most glorified in man's weakness. And albeit the sun may for a time be eclipsed, even by that planet which itself enlightened, and for a time be obscured even by those clouds which itself drew from the earth into a higher region, yet the light and virtue of the sun is not thereby made less, though less conspicuous.—Eclipses and clouds last not always. *Mentibus tuis non fallunt*: men will not always be wicked in the sin of rebellion. Truth at last prevails: right never dieth, but will shortly, by God's blessing (all clouds being removed), restore the sun of this our firmament to its former splendour and glory, and therein his faithful subjects to their former peace, plenty, and happiness; which is our daily prayer, and shall be our incessant endeavour to the utmost expense of our estates and blood. *Nec plus ulvire possimus nec fias est minus*: more we cannot undergo, less we may not.

\* An ancestor of the present Governor General. † Clarendon, vol. v. p. 186.

"Sir, your most humble and loyal subjects, the bailiffs, sheriffs and their maces, &c., citizens of this your city of Lichfield, do humbly, according to their duty, surrender into your Majesty's hands these ensigns of their authority, which they are resolved to bear from you and under you, or not at all; and whether they live or die, to live and die your Majesty's most faithful and loyal subjects."

So saying, they knelt at the steps before the King's throne, and laid at his feet their maces and ensigns of authority. The King was deeply moved by the expression of heartfelt loyalty contained in the address of the inhabitants of Lichfield, the more valuable as it could not but expose the loyal men who so expressed themselves to the malice of those of the contrary faction.

The King then briefly returned thanks, though too much moved to address them at length. He desired them to be assured that he felt most deeply the loyal manner in which they had received him. It was grateful to him in his day of affliction, that he had not lost the affections of his faithful people; and he confidently trusted in God, that the time would again arrive, though he might not live to see it, when sentiments such as those expressed by the inhabitants of Lichfield would again be the prevailing feelings of Englishmen. As a token of the high sense which he entertained of the loyal conduct of the inhabitants, it was his wish to confer such token of honour as it was yet in his power to grant on one of their townsmen, who had proved himself a good soldier and a loyal subject,—one distinguished no less for his ability than for bravery in the defence of this fortress of Lichfield during a former siege, and on various occasions, especially at the late unhappy fight at Naseby, where, if all had fought with equal courage, the result might have been more fortunate. He then commanded Captain Henry Archbold to kneel before him, and laying his sword on his shoulder, conferred on him the order of knighthood. The principal officers of the city then had the honour of kissing his Majesty's hand; and few monarchs in their most prosperous days had received a more loyal homage than was then paid. Strongly woven in the hearts of good men as the spirit of loyalty is found, and heart-stirring as on all occasions the presence of a beloved monarch will be to his devoted subjects, there was something of deep solemnity in the hearing of the royal Charles, and in the whole circumstances of his situation on that day, which caused the heart of many a stern soldier who was present to overflow with feelings of intense emotion.

The levée then broke up. The King retired to his private apartments, and Sir Henry Archbold went to the room of his sick friend. He found Colonel Bagot accompanied by his brother Harvey. He was in great pain; the shattered bones of his arm were making their way through the flesh, and a burning fever raged in his veins. But though his features were contorted by suffering, he read with deep interest the copy of the address which Archbold brought with him. "This is as it should be," said he. "Our city has done its duty."

Archbold remained some time with the wounded soldier. A close friendship had grown between them: they had been comrades in many a scene of danger, and the same ardent loyalty and deep religious sentiment filled the hearts of both; and their attachment was cemented more closely by the circumstance of the Colonel having been saved from death on the field of Naseby by the friendship and courage of Archbold.

It was late in the day when steps were heard advancing along the gallery, and a gentleman usher announced that the King had come in person to visit the wounded officer. Charles entered the room with a sad and cheering expression. "I could not be satisfied," he said to Colonel Bagot, "without coming in person to inquire after the health of one who has suffered, and I fear, is still suffering so much in my service."

The wounded man turned to the King, his face beaming with satisfaction, and pressed to his lips the hand which Charles presented to him. "This is indeed an honour, my Sovereign.—Willingly would I lay down my life in your service. My only grief is that the exertions of your loyal subjects have at this time proved ineffectual to place your Majesty in possession of your just rights."

"Let us hope for better days," said the King. "Let us offer up our prayers that God will pity and defend His Church, and prosper the right cause." "Amen!" responded the suffering soldier. "Colonel Bagot," continued the King, "I must depart from this place to-morrow; and it is no slight satisfaction to me to leave it under your command.—If it please Almighty God to raise you from your bed of sickness, I know that I may trust you with its safe keeping. If your health should not admit of your active service, your brother and Sir Henry Archbold, of whose skill and courage I have the highest opinion, will be present to aid you in your duties. But I must not weary you with further discourse," said he, rising to depart; "may God preserve you for better days!"

Alas! the gallant and loyal Colonel Bagot was not destined to fulfil the kind wishes of his King. The surgeon's skill was unable to heal his fractured limb. His strength failed him day by day; and Archbold had the inexpressible grief to perceive that his wasting body must soon sink beneath his sufferings. On the day of his death the Colonel called his friend to his bed-side, and said to him in a low voice: "Archbold, it has long been my wish to be buried at my death within the sacred walls of the Cathedral; promise me now that you will see my wish fulfilled in this respect."

Archbold pressed his friend's hand, and gave the required promise. "I have now," continued he, "one only desire before I die,—if it be the will of God, to partake once more of the holy communion of the body and blood of Christ our Lord, and to receive absolution from the mouth of God's minister."

Henry perceiving that his friend's hours were numbered, immediately requested the attendance of Dr. Arnyway; and from his hands, the dying man, together with his friend and brother, received the holy rite.—There was but just time for this act of religious faith: scarcely was it concluded, when Colonel Bagot sank back on his pillow, murmuring in a low voice, "Lord Jesus, forgive my sins,—wash me thoroughly with thy precious blood,—have mercy on my dear friends and country,—bless and preserve the King!"

Thus died, at the early age of twenty-seven, one of the King's most devoted and loyal servants, a bright specimen of that brave English gentry who had sacrificed their worldly wealth and life to the royal cause. About a month previously to his death, and before he left Lichfield to join the King, as it would seem with some presentation of his approaching fate, he had sent for Mr. Archbold (the father), and requested his aid in making his last will and testament, part of which is expressive of so much genuine piety and loyalty, that I will transcribe it. After providing for the distribution of his worldly property, he thus continues:—

"That small estate I have is now settled; and I have fitted myself for death: and the more I think of it, the more I strive to embrace it, especially when I think how much my friends will be comforted with my death, that may say, one of their flesh and blood was sacrificed in doing faithful service for his anointed Sovereign; whom God preserve and defend from all his enemies!" "My desire is, that whosoever I am slain, that I may be buried in the Cathedral church of Lichfield." On a black marble monument in the south aisle, near Bishop Jacket's tomb, is this inscription:—  
Juxta hic situs est  
RICHARDUS BAGOT,  
Fil. natu min. Harvei Bagot Barti  
Flagrante supremum fanaticorum conjuratione  
Hujus munitionis prefectus,  
Qui in fatali isto Navesbensi praelio  
Fortissime dimicans lethaliter vulneratus.  
Caelebs obiit die in Julii Tmo,  
Ao. Dni MDCXLV.  
Near this spot lies  
RICHARD BAGOT,  
Youngest son of Sir Harvey Bagot, Baronet, who during the raging of the late rebellion of the fanatics being governor of this fortress, was mortally wounded when bravely fighting in the fatal battle of Naseby.  
He died without issue on the seventh day of July,  
A. D. MDCXLV.  
The death of this much-esteemed man seems to have been universally lamented by those who were true to the King. Amongst the numerous elegies on his death, the following deserves preservation, as descriptive of his amiable character:—  
"An Elegy upon the most lamented death of the most gallant gentleman, Colonnell Richard Bagot, Governor of the Close of Lichfield.  
"Bagot hath changed, not lost, his life; for hee For a short breath hath gain'd eternitie,  
With men hee lives in fame, with saints in glory,  
And with posterity shall live in story.  
Young though hee were in years, not young in hours,  
Improved to wonder, and adorn'd with flowers  
Of youth and age, morality and grace;  
Most worthy to have runn'd old Nestor's race.  
Just, wise, and vigilant in government,  
In field most valiant, in commanding prudent,  
Pious to God-ward, faithful to his King,  
Courteous to all, compleat in everything  
Belonging to a soldier, gentleman,  
A loyal subject, or good Christian.  
Hee loss and mourne; hee triumphs and enjoys  
Love upon earth, in heaven immortal joyes;  
Where we must leave him, and desire but this,  
The next may have his worth, and wee his bliss.  
Quam civitati charus fuit  
Mourere funeris indicium est."

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There is yet one reason more of our Saviour's passion, of which if we see not distinctly the full force, we see, however, that it may be of infinite force. Mankind are sinners. Our first parents were so: we have all been so, few of us think to what a degree: and close upon sin follow weakness and guilt. The good instructions and example of our blessed Lord have, indeed, without any thing further, a powerful tendency to reform us, if we have strength to reform ourselves, or seeing that we ought. But what can they do for us, if we have not: which experience too often proves to be the case? or supposing them to do it ever so effectually, still it would be true, that we have been sinners; have dishonoured our Maker, and broken his laws: who but himself can tell, what satisfaction the holiness of his nature and the honour of his government may demand to be made for such offences? Mere sorrow for having done amiss very seldom frees us in this world from the ill consequences of transgression: and what security can we have, that it will in the next? Living well for the future is making no amends for having sinned before: for it is no more than our duty, if we had never sinned at all: besides that what men call living well, especially men destitute of the spirit of Christ, is mixed with innumerable and grievous faults. In this state of things, then, where is the certainty, that our sins would or could be forgiven; or the authority of God kept up in the eyes of his creation otherwise, than by punishing the guilty? And if that was to be done the whole race of mankind must fall under the sentence. Here it was therefore that his unspeakable wisdom interposed, who, alone knowing the fittest means of reconciling justice with goodness, pitched upon this: that, as a terrifying monument of the ill desert of iniquity, his beloved Son should, in our nature, and in our stead, suffer death: and for an eternal demonstration of the divine benignity, his undergoing it voluntarily should be rewarded with the highest glory to himself; and with pardon, and grace, and life eternal to all who made their humble claim to them, by repentance, faith, and love. Thus did God shew himself "just, and the justifier of them which believe in Jesus": thus did "mercy and truth meet together; righteousness and peace kiss each other."—*Archbishop Secker.*

PERSEVERING PRAYER.  
What a sublime and striking picture is here presented to us of the incarnate Son; withdrawn from the noise and tumult of the cities and the haunts of men, amid the silence of the night, and the desolation of that mountain scene, holding converse with the ineffable Jehovah; all nature hushed in still repose, as if unwilling to interrupt the wonderful communion; while hour after hour of darkness passed away, and still the unwearied prayer winged upwards his happy flight, from the perfect purity of God the Son below, to the not more perfect purity of God the Father upon his throne. What a mighty, what an almighty prayer must have then gone up before the Eternal One, embracing not merely the chosen few, who, on to-morrow's dawn, were to become the near companions of their Lord, but their successors and followers throughout all time. "All night" did our Lord continue that mysterious intercourse with the Eternal Father; an example of persevering prayer, which, although as regards the peculiar nature of the communication, it must ever remain far above the attainments of the christian, still furnishes in its perseverance, a high and holy lesson for the imitation of the Church, as long as she continues militant here below. It is not by the short and transient application to a throne of grace, which we are too apt to dignify with the name of prayer, that we can hope to be qualified for seasons of peculiar trial, temptation, or labour. This can alone be done by dwelling near the mercy-seat; by sitting as it were, upon the footstool of the throne; by daily, hourly, constantly, sending forth those winged messengers of the heart, the secret, silent, swiftly-flying thoughts, which while they form, like the Patriarch's ladder, an uninterrupted line of ascending entreaties to the Most High, form also a channel for his descending mercies to our souls.—*Rev. Henry Hunt.*

EXCUSES FOR OUR SINS.  
Saul pleads for a sacrifice to the Lord to excuse his own disobedience. Gehazi pleads the necessity of the poor to palliate his covetousness. When the King of Heaven invites men to his great supper, one hath married a wife, another purchased a farm, the third must go to prove some oxen: many frame excuses to themselves with as much ease as the spider weaves her web. Every sin hath its cloak; malice and revenge pretends zeal of justice; wilful murder, I mean in our duellists, which cries to heaven for revenge, muffles itself up in the cloak of honour and reputation. These fig-tree leaves may serve to cover our sin, well enough whilst it is in vacation, but take heed of the term-time when it comes. When conscience begins to spit fire and brimstone in our face, when the Devil pulls off the hood whereby he hath blinded us, then all these painted excuses vanish away; we bear nothing but hues and cries, we see nothing but evident destruction.—*Archbishop Drumhall.*

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NECESSITY OF OUR SAVIOUR'S PASSION.  
There is yet one reason more of our Saviour's passion, of which if we see not distinctly the full force, we see, however, that it may be of infinite force. Mankind are sinners. Our first parents were so: we have all been so, few of us think to what a degree: and close upon sin follow weakness and guilt. The good instructions and example of our blessed Lord have, indeed, without any thing further, a powerful tendency to reform us, if we have strength to reform ourselves, or seeing that we ought. But what can they do for us, if we have not: which experience too often proves to be the case? or supposing them to do it ever so effectually, still it would be true, that we have been sinners; have dishonoured our Maker, and broken his laws: who but himself can tell, what satisfaction the holiness of his nature and the honour of his government may demand to be made for such offences? Mere sorrow for having done amiss very seldom frees us in this world from the ill consequences of transgression: and what security can we have, that it will in the next? Living well for the future is making no amends for having sinned before: for it is no more than our duty, if we had never sinned at all: besides that what men call living well, especially men destitute of the spirit of Christ, is mixed with innumerable and grievous faults. In this state of things, then, where is the certainty, that our sins would or could be forgiven; or the authority of God kept up in the eyes of his creation otherwise, than by punishing the guilty? And if that was to be done the whole race of mankind must fall under the sentence. Here it was therefore that his unspeakable wisdom interposed, who, alone knowing the fittest means of reconciling justice with goodness, pitched upon this: that, as a terrifying monument of the ill desert of iniquity, his beloved Son should, in our nature, and in our stead, suffer death: and for an eternal demonstration of the divine benignity, his undergoing it voluntarily should be rewarded with the highest glory to himself; and with pardon, and grace, and life eternal to all who made their humble claim to them, by repentance, faith, and love. Thus did God shew himself "just, and the justifier of them which believe in Jesus": thus did "mercy and truth meet together; righteousness and peace kiss each other."—*Archbishop Secker.*

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PERPETUITY OF THE CHURCH.  
The same divine love which caused the humiliation of the Eternal Son, that a new people might be gathered from all nations, and constituted the Church of the living God; this love would most assuredly not permit, that a system designed for the salvation of mankind, should after a time entirely cease. Man is always in the same need of divine mercy, and if the Church of Christ was originally the way of salvation, and God willed that all men should receive the offer of salvation, it must be supposed that the Church once founded would continue always, because the Christian dispensation is not to be succeeded by any other. If it were supposed indeed, that the Church of Christ had no promise of perpetuity from God, and might have altogether failed, it would be at least uncertain whether there is any Church of God now existing on earth. It would be useless in this case to enter into the investigation of controversies between different sects, because all might alike be cut off from Christ, and from the privileges granted to his disciples. And if we supposed the Church once to perish, it could not revive except by a new outpouring of divine power; for God alone can call men to be the disciples and members of Christ, either by miracle or ordinary means of his appointment; and since, in case of the failure of the Church, there would no longer be any ordinary means, (for the Scripture says, "How shall they hear without a preacher?") it would be necessary that Christianity should be revived by a display of miraculous power, not inferior to that which accompanied its foundation. And if the Church has ever failed, and there has been no such outpouring of the Spirit in after-times, it must be concluded, that the Christian revelation was designed only for temporary purposes, and that it is now obsolete. Such are the conclusions to which those must be led, who deny the perpetuity of the Church or Christian society.—*Rev. W. Palmer.*

Advertisements.  
THE Subscriber tenders his grateful acknowledgments to his friends and the public for past favours, and would respectfully inform them that in addition to his former Works, he has purchased the above Establishment, formerly owned by the late Messrs. Sharpe, and is now manufacturing CANT STEEL AXES of a superior quality. Orders sent to the Factory, or to his Store, 122 King Street, will be thankfully received and promptly executed. Cutlery and Edge Tools of every description manufactured to order. SAUEL SHAW. 154-f  
Toronto, October 6, 1841.