

as Bishop Ma- of clergy of the cellent Church of Church of and life of the urch organiza- of these sub- f the excellent itaining a stri- archman should le words of the ie speaks with The heart of who can close ent appeal for from the spec- ing slowly, but e old Church of o owe her no ntional love.

Wm. LEGGO.

a characteristic o now is clear few who have stical decisions ouncil. These mper of obedi- h it is a real d so large an f confidence is npetent know- staken are the of these judg- have not any y know what nfecting judg- if in the public injured, and in ecclesiastical w wilful Ritua- inconsistencies awyer, and so ry judgments olve us in the ow in; but we ion to such a seem a foolish to most of your l patience and of years all the Appeal; but I astified by such n, from a letter the Rev. Coker nior Fellow of the contradic- it to be shorter. rrvant, J. CARRY.

with apparent nd will mention ch errors as I l, in their lord- will be found on such matters ither affirm or ollowing propo- either to truth isions. l v. Westerton Ornaments of sed, and twice dsdale) that they e table,' in what follows at 'before the ebbert v. Pur- wheat bread a v. Ridsdale). has); and that tion is consi- yer Book, and hat articles on ed in the Court ppeal (Hebbert ssays and Re- tatory our Com of Consecration is not (See the ment from the a cross placed o it, is lawful ot (Masters v.

Durst); that it is lawful for the priest to stand in front of the holy table while consecrating (Clifton v. Ridsdale), and that it is not (Hebbert v. Purchas); that if it be lawful to burn altar lights, it is yet unlawful to light them (Martin v. Mackonochie); that Queen Elizabeth's Advertisements were issued in 1564 (Hebbert v. Purchas), and that they were not issued till April or May, 1566 (Clifton v. Ridsdale), that the present Ornaments Rubric was inserted in 1559 (Clifton v. Ridsdale), and that the Rubric of 1559 was 'thrown aside' when it was inserted (Hebbert v. Purchas); that the general destruction of the Vestments preceded the publication of the Advertisements (Clifton v. Ridsdale), and that it followed on such publication (Hebbert v. Purchas); and that, whichever it did, it shows the Advertisements were meant to make the vestments illegal (Hebbert v. Purchas and Clifton v. Ridsdale). "And if this portentous catalogue of contradictions and inconsistencies is not longer still, that is mainly because the members of the Court have not in other instances corrected their own or their brethren's errors. "For we also learn from them that Edward VI's Injunctions were not by authority of Parliament (Martin v. Mackonochie), whereas they were issued under an Act of Parliament giving them equal authority with Acts of Parliament themselves; that a surplice cannot be worn with a chasuble or Vestment, whereas surplice with vestment was one of the attires appointed for Bishops in 1549; that a custom of previous ceremonial mixing of the chalice was unknown to any part of the Church (Hebbert v. Purchas), whereas that practice has extensively prevailed among the Eastern churches; that a judgment disparaging the Injunctions, and upholding the Advertisements, of Elizabeth is favoured by five writers, of whom every one attributes the Injunctions to the Queen and not one the Advertisements (Clifton v. Ridsdale); that Bishop Wren was impeached in 1636 (Hebbert v. Purchas, Rev. M. McColl), instead of 1641; that (Bishop) Cosin's Visitation Articles were issued in 1637 (Hebbert v. Purchas), instead of 1627; that 'it shall suffice' means it shall be obligatory (Clifton v. Ridsdale); that the year 1593 is within ten years of 1564 (Hebbert v. Purchas); that a man can prostrate himself while standing, and without bending the knee (Martin v. Mackonochie); that Elizabeth's Injunctions do not 'point to' the Vestments (Clifton v. Ridsdale), which they name; that our present Ornaments Rubric is 'a note of reference' to Elizabeth's Act (Clifton v. Ridsdale); i.e. a direction-post with the direction sawn off (Rev. E. Miller); that to elevate the wafer without the paten is to elevate the paten (Martin v. Mackonochie); that from Elizabeth's time till 1840 the cope was uniformly worn on high days in cathedrals (Hebbert v. Purchas); that a priest guilty momentarily and unintentionally, of what Lord Heatherly calls excessive reverence, and acquitted on all other charges, is to pay all costs of the appeal (Martin v. Mackonochie); and finally, that one who is acquitted on all the charges brought against him deserves to have pronounced upon him a 'judgment' of unexampled severity (Sheppard v. Bennett)."

## Family Reading.

### THE SIEGE OF LICHFIELD.

#### CHAPTER XI.

#### THE PRISONER.

It was on the fifth of March that the Close was surrendered to the rebels, "upon condition of free quarters to all in general within the same Close." All persons belonging to the garrison were made prisoners of war; and the plate and money, arms, horses, and ammunition, fell into the hands of the enemy. The numerous families who had taken refuge in the Close were driven out, the houses pillaged; the principal persons were imprisoned in the town. The soldiers who had been made prisoners were locked up in different parts of the Cathedral, and subjected to various insults and indignities from their exasperated conquerors. For three days and three nights many of them remained without food, except such as was brought to them by their friends from the town. Archbold, with several other officers, was thrust into a small chapel in the south transit of the Cathedral, which was fenced in with iron rails, and, under all circumstance, was perhaps as comfortable a place as they could have hoped for. During the dreadful scenes and atrocities of the civil war there were many instances in which old friendship, or feeling of humanity, tended to mitigate the hardships and inconveniences which happened to those who fell into calamity; and the prisoner treated with kindness, not unfrequently was enabled to repay the obligation which he had received. Archbold recognised in the

officer of the guard one whom he had himself known as a prisoner at Oxford, and to whom when in difficulty he had shewn some kindness. The parliamentary officer at once acknowledged the debt, and through his means the prisoners in the south transit were treated with less rigour than the rest, and spared from insults to which otherwise they would have been exposed.

As it was, their condition was far from being enviable; all the accommodation for their night's lodging which they could obtain being a few trusses of straw, which served to render their couch on the hard damp stones somewhat more endurable.

The first night of their imprisonment was passed in sad discomfort. Stretched on the cold pavement, Henry in vain courted sleep. Even on a bed of down, his anxiety would have disturbed his rest. Troubles seemed gathering around him, with little prospect of alleviation. His father had been hurried from the Close, he knew not whither. Mr. Morley was in prison; and Catharine—his beloved Catharine—where was she? If he could have been certain that she was in safety, it would have been one drop of balm in his cup of bitterness; but her safety depended solely on her concealment; and who could say what accident might expose her to fresh insult and calamity? Nor, when his thoughts reverted to public affairs, was there more ground for consolation. The rebels openly boasted of successes which they had achieved in different parts of England; and the circumstance of their having succeeded in taking the fortress of Lichfield, without any succour having been sent to the besieged, proved, at least, that the King had no troops to spare. Still more solemn thoughts crowded his mind, when he gazed around him on the shattered fragments which encumbered the floor of the Cathedral, and the breaches apparent in the walls and roof,—sad emblems of the actual fortunes of the Church itself.

As Archbold lay in sleepless meditation on these distressing subjects, he was suddenly startled by a deep groan, which seemed to proceed from the tomb at the foot of which he lay. He raised himself up in a sitting posture, and looked around, in order to discern if possible whence the sound proceeded. The moon shone full upon a handsome Gothic altar-tomb, kneeling upon which, in rude sculpture-work, was the figure of a knight naked to the waist, his legs and thighs armed, and at his feet and head a stag's horn. His hair was long and dishevelled, and in his hands there was a scroll, as if he were reading a confession, or act of contrition. Across his waist his coat of arms was suspended, which showed him to have been of the house of Stanley. Tradition said that the figure was that of Sir Humphrey Stanley, of Pipe, who died in the reign of Henry VII. The said Sir Humphrey was a man of desperate character and turbulent spirit. Amongst other deeds of insubordination, he waylaid and slew Sir William Chetwynd, of Ingestre, on Tixall Heath; he defrauded the prebendary of Stotfold of his tithes; and cut of the stream which supplied the Close with water, in consequence of which he had a long contest with the chapter. The latter, in addition to legal means, had recourse to spiritual weapons, and excommunicated Sir Humphrey; but afterwards the stout knight, having shewn signs of contrition on his death-bed, was permitted to receive funeral rites in holy ground, on condition that his monument should bear the above-mentioned marks of disgrace.

No appearance presented itself to Archbold of the cause of the noise which he had heard. The marble figure knelt in rigid stiffness, and his companions lay sleeping no less motionless around. Henry supposed that his ears must have deceived him, and was again preparing to court sleep on his wretched couch, when he was a second time startled by a groan proceeding from the tomb. Convinced now that he could not be mistaken, he raised himself on his feet, and prepared to investigate more closely the cause of his alarm. The altar-tomb stood forward a few feet from the wall; and on searching round it, Archbold discovered a small door in the wall, immediately behind, from which it was evident that the noise must have proceeded. The door readily yielded as Henry pushed it with his hand, and he perceived a flight of stone steps, which seemed to lead down to a crypt, or charnel-house. All was still as death, and dark as the grave; but Archbold not being troubled with superstitious fancies, proceeded without hesitation to descend wherever the steps might lead him. His impression was, that some wounded soldier had been thrown as dead into the vault; and he hoped that he might be able yet to save his life. A very few steps brought him to the level floor of a small vault, which, from the offensive odour, was evidently a receptacle for the dead. No ray of light was there to shew what objects were around; but Henry became aware of the breathing of some one near him.

"Who art thou," said he, "that chooseth this gloomy vault for thy abode? Speak: wherefore art thou here?"

The tenant of the tomb, whoever he might be, returned no answer to the appeal, but seemed, by the

suppression of his breath, to hope to lie concealed. Archbold moved towards the spot where he had heard the breathing, and stretching forward seized the arm of some one, who was crouching behind a pile of coffins.

"Speak—speak!" said Henry, "who art thou?—wherefore art thou here?"

The person finding himself unable to escape, uttered a doleful cry for mercy, and besought that Archbold would spare his life. Henry still grasped the trembling wretch, being at a loss to conceive who or what he might be: at last he exclaimed,

"Surely I ought to know that voice—or do my ears deceive me?—is it not Elisha Froggat?"

Elisha Froggat sure enough it was, though more dead than alive from terror. When he got into the Close, as it will be remembered, on a former day, he had in vain sought for admittance to some lodging. The houses were crammed full of soldiers, or others who had taken refuge in the Close; no one knew whether Froggat was friend or foe, a prisoner or an enemy. He had wandered about the Close and the Cathedral unnoticed by the garrison, who were occupied in their duties; at last, when the shots and shells rattled about the buildings, poor Froggat in an agony of despair, had crept into the hole where Archbold discovered him. When the great spire fell, the poor man thought the end of the world was come, and that the dead would rise from their graves: and at the time when Archbold found him, he had almost lost his wits, partly from alarm at the enemy's cannon, and partly from fear of ghosts and hobgoblins. Archbold persuaded him, however, to come forth from his unwholesome vault into the upper air, and furnished him with some broken fragments of food.

In the morning the prisoners were somewhat surprised to find another companion in their captivity.

Fortunate as Archbold had been in meeting with a friend among the conquerors, who saved him and his companions from a greater share of hardship than was to have been expected in their situation, he was during his confinement the sorrowful witness of every species of indignity offered to the holy temple of God by the fanatical crew into whose hands it had fallen. The Cathedral was subjected to all sorts of profanation and plunder. The wanton soldiers, while unoccupied by the fear of the enemy, amused themselves by pulling down the curious carved work, battering in pieces the costly windows, and destroying the most valuable evidences and records belonging to the Close and the city. They kept courts of guard in the cross aisle; broke up the floor, which was paved with cannel-coal and alabaster placed lozenge-wise; sometimes they would hunt a cat with hounds through the church, delighting themselves with the echo that rang through the vaulted roof; at other times one of their company, clad in the vestments of the clergy, would be the hare, while the rest, following him as hounds and huntsmen, made the most discordant sounds with the broken pipes of the organ, which they used as horns.

It happened during their riotous proceedings that one of the soldiers raised the covering of the tomb containing the remains of Bishop Scrope, and found in it a silver chalice and crosser of considerable value. [The latter was afterwards sold to Elias Ashmole.] A piece of good fortune like this excited the avarice of the soldiers, and every tomb and monument was sacrilegiously ransacked, the ashes of holy men scattered about with barbarous indecency, and many beautiful monuments mutilated and defaced. The governor Rouswell, or Russel, set the example of spoliation, by possessing himself of the communion plate and linen, and whatsoever else of value he could lay his hands on. By some fortunate accident, the valuable manuscript called "Textus R. Cædæ," or the Gospel of St. Chad," escaped destruction. This manuscript is believed, on good grounds, to have been written not later than the year 720, and consists of the New Testament, perfect as far as the third chapter of St. Luke, in fair and legible Saxon characters.

(To be continued.)

#### ANSWER TO MANY CORRESPONDENTS.

In reply to numerous inquiries from our readers, concerning the wonderful qualities—mentioned in our last issue,—we would inform them that the article may be obtained from our retail druggists, or by their aid. Ask for St. Jacobs Oil, and if the dealer does not keep it in stock, he will be able to procure it in a few days from the wholesale houses. We understand there is existing an immense demand for the remedy, which is not so very surprising when it is considered what it is accomplishing in the way of relief and cures, bordering, in some instances, on the miraculous.

No man would be an unrepentant sinner to-day but that he hopes for to-morrow.