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continued to grow worse, and on Sunday evening he was found to be in a very alarming condition. The knees and elbows and larger joints were greatly inflamed and could not be moved. It was only with extreme difficulty that the patient could be turned in bed, with the aid of three or four persons. The weight of the clothing was so oppressive that means had to be adopted to keep it from the patient's body.

The doctor saw that his assistance would be of no avail, and left the house, the members of the family following him to the door, weeping. At this critical hour, a neighbour, a poor and humble German shoemaker, appeared to the grief-stricken ones as a saving angel. He had heard of the despair of the family, and now asked them to try his remedy, and accordingly brought forth a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil. As a drowning man will catch at straws; she had no hope, but would try anything, as a matter of duty. The first application eased the patient very much; after a few hours they used it again, and, wonder of wonders, the pain vanished entirely! Every subsequent application improved the sufferer, and in two days he was well and out. When the doctor called a few days after, he was indeed surprised; for, instead of a corpse, he found a new-made man.—*Exchange.*

THE SIEGE OF LICHFIELD.

CHAPTER X.

CONCLUSION OF THE SIEGE.

THOUGH there had been some hard fighting, yet the advantage gained by the besieged was far from being sufficient to change their relative position with the enemy. The loss of the royalists was very slight, while the parliamentarians had not lost more than about forty or fifty men—Archbold not having had force enough with him in the sortie to allow him to avail himself of his advantage in the pursuit of the enemy. They retired to the town with little diminution of their numbers, and in high indignation at being foiled by an adversary so much inferior to them. But what added chiefly to their mortification was the entire failure of a scheme so little creditable to their manliness and humanity. Success will sometimes gild over dishonourable conduct and conceal its baseness, but defeat is sure to fill even the perpetrators of a foul action with shame.

The commander of the rebel troops, after the death of Lord Brooke, was Sir John Gell, of Hopton; a gentleman who, like many others of notoriety in those times, was of very doubtful character. Before the troubles, he had been sheriff of the county of Derby, and by his excessive violence in levying ship-money—employing his authority, it would seem, for purpose of personal revenge—he had done the King far more harm than service. At the breaking out of the civil war, for some cause or other which no one could guess, he deserted his former principles, and seemed determined to make compensation for his zeal in the King's cause, by exerting himself with equal violence on the side of the Parliament. Accordingly he raised a considerable body of troops for the defence of the town and neighbourhood of Derby, which he held successfully during the whole war. A contemporary writer, who was well acquainted with the condition of the midland counties in those disastrous times, describes the troops raised by Sir John Gell as "good stout fighting-men, but the most licentious, ungovernable wretches that belonged to the Parliament;" and as being permitted by their leader "indifferently to plunder both honest men and cavaliers!" Sir John Gell is accused by the same writer of keeping the diurnal-makers in pension, at a great expense, in order to get his name mentioned by them weekly; so that whatever was done in the neighbouring counties against the enemy was attributed to him; and thus he indirectly purchased himself a name in story which he never merited, who was a very bad man, to sum up all in that word; yet an instrument of service to the Parliament in those parts. The character thus represented well accords with the mode of attack made by him upon the Close of Lichfield, which we have described in the foregoing chapter.

Repulsed in his attempt upon the Close, Sir John Gell resolved to put a bold front on the matter, and shew that it was not his intention to leave the town until the garrison was reduced. Warrants were issued to the constables to bring in for the use of the Parliamentarian forces provisions of all kinds, corn, peas, oats, and hay. The streets of the town were guarded

* See Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, written by his widow Lucy, pp. 106-8. This lady was the wife of the rebel governor of Nottingham; and her memorials are exceedingly valuable; for while, with conjugal partiality, she makes out her husband to be a hero, and pattern of all that was honourable and virtuous, she does not scruple to represent most of the other Parliamentary chiefs in their true and odious colours. The flimsy veil of patriotism is stripped away, and they appear in their real character, as ambitious, intriguing, and often very dishonest persons.

by blinds, set up to protect the passers-by from the fire of the enemy in those places where there was an opening, being apprehensive of sharing the same fate which happened to their former leader. "Sir John himself rode through the town in a buff coat, guarded by silver-lace," encouraging and exhorting the soldiers, distributing presents and promises amongst them, expressing his determination not to leave Lichfield until he had made the Close a heap of ruins; for, besides the disgrace which would have attached to his troops if they were repulsed by so weak a garrison, he well knew that Lichfield was a place of considerable importance, as whichever party possessed it would be able to keep in awe, and levy contributions upon a considerable extent of the surrounding country.

Nothing further, however, was attempted this day. Sir John determined to wait for the arrival of some heavy pieces of ordnance, which were expected from Coventry.

The parliamentarian soldiers at once employed themselves and vented their rage in destroying Dean Denton's beautiful Market-cross, which unfortunately was ornamented with some statues of the Apostles; a circumstance quite sufficient to provoke the wrath of the Puritan fanatics. This mischief was done chiefly at the instigation of Mr. Rorer—the officers, however much they might have disliked such wanton outrage, being utterly unable to control the mad humours of their soldiers. Such will always be the case in revolutionary times. A flag of truce with a trumpet was sent to obtain permission to bury the dead, and carry off the wounded, who lay under the batteries of the fortress. The dead were not brought into the town, but buried as privately as possible in the fields or gardens adjoining, in order that the troops might not be dispirited by the sight of their slaughtered comrades.

On the evening of this day, a solemn procession set out from Lichfield, bearing the body of Lord Brooke to the burial-place of his ancestors, in the Castle of Warwick; from which, but a few days previously, he had set out in his sacrilegious design against the Cathedral of Lichfield, ignorantly thinking that he should do God service by its destruction.

Within the garrison all was joy and exultation at the success of their arms. Archbold was publicly thanked by the governor for his services. Crab Warner alone remarked, that he might as well have saved his trouble, so far as any good which would come of it to the garrison. But while none but this amiable person expressed sentiments which should cast a damp on the general triumph, the more experienced officers were well aware that their means of defence were far from being adequate to withstand the assailants, if the siege were long protracted; and that neither their food nor ammunition could last them two days longer. Every preparation however, was made by the royalists to withstand another assault of the enemy as gallantly as before.

When the next day arrived, it appeared that the besiegers had changed their tactics: instead of again attempting an assault, they drew up their artillery—which now, being aided by the reinforcement from Coventry, amounted to a considerable force—in Sir Richard Dyott's garden, on the opposite side of the pool, and began to open a heavy fire upon the buildings within the Close, especially directing their shot against the canons' houses, and endeavouring to dislodge the gunners, who were posted in the battlements of the Cathedral. Besides the common pieces of ordnance, they had brought from Coventry "a terrifying gun, called the mortar-piece, to shoot grenades." With these they threw their shells into the open part of the Close, which caused great annoyance to the besieged, endangering the lives of those who were passing to and fro, and maiming the horse and cattle. The canons' house, pierced with shot, no longer afforded shelter to the numerous families which were lodged in them; and the female members of the royalists' families were obliged to take refuge in the cellars, and any other holes and corners which afforded protection against the shots and bursting of the grenades.

In the midst of this confusion, Dr. Arnway and the precentor, who, in the absence of the Dean, were the principal clergymen in the Close, still with indefatigable zeal kept up the accustomed service in the choir, though their lives had been exposed to much danger from the bursting of shells. They chanted the praises of God in the midst of the roar of the artillery, even as St. Paul and Silas blessed God in their prison: and when the sacred service was finished, the worthy canons and the other clergy were indefatigable in attending to the wounded soldiers, both assisting the surgeons in affording them bodily relief, and also availing themselves of the season of sorrow to pour the balm of Christian exhortation and consolation into their souls.

It was in the afternoon of this day, during the time of evening service, that Archbold and others of the garrison were posted on the battlements of the south gate, engaged in returning, from the small

wall-pieces, as they best might, the harassing fire of the enemy. Suddenly he heard near him a sharp cry of pain from one of his companions, and looking round he saw Sir Richard Dyott supporting in his arms the body of his son Michael.

"God's will be done!" said the old knight, as he gazed with bitter grief in the face of his wounded son. "I fear my boy is hurt severely; lend a hand, Archbold, and unlace his helmet. Thanks, my good Henry; now help me to carry him down, and let us have Dr. Whittaker to see him. I am afraid he has got his death-wound; God help my dear boy!"

Archbold and another comrade gave their aid to Sir Richard in carrying his wounded son down from the battlements, and conveying him to his lodgings. The surgeon soon arrived, and on examining his wound, shook his head, and expressed but small hope that his life could be saved. A large shot had struck his shoulder, and shattered the bones; and the surgeon feared, which in fact proved the case, that the vital parts were injured. Poor Sir Richard was in deep distress, at seeing his youngest son, a fine gallant youth of twenty, struck down in the flower of his age. It was indeed a piteous sight, to look at the poor father removing the corselet from his son's mangled body, chafing his forehead, and endeavouring to recall his senses. The wounded man slowly recovered his recollection, and casting around his languid eyes, saw his father kneeling by his bed. A smile of grateful recognition gathered on his lips; but his tongue refused to give utterance to the words which he strove to express; the damp of death had settled on his brow, and he sank lifeless into his father's arms.

Archbold was deeply moved by his friends calamity; but his duty summoned him to depart from the room of death, and he left the old knight on his knees by the bed-side of his departed son. He had not quitted the house, before he was startled by a tremendous crash, which proceeded from the Close—a noise as if all the artillery had been discharged at once, causing the very earth to tremble under his feet.

Hurrying out to ascertain the cause, he found to his grief, volumes of smoke and dust rising from the very centre of the Cathedral. The great spire no longer existed! It had been severely injured on the first day of the siege, and a shot, which had now struck away a portion of the lower building, had caused it to totter from its equilibrium and fall on the roof of the choir, bearing all before it.

[NOTE.—Dugdale says, "The gunner y^t shott down Lichfield steeple in the siege, this month in shooting of a cannon at Stafford for triumph upon Major Genl Harrison his coming thither, was kild by the breach thereof, his chin and one arm being torn-off; he lived a day or two."

It is recorded, also, that Colonel Danvers, who stripped the lead off the roof, and Perkins the founder, who broke the bells, "suffered a tremendous retribution."

Archbold gazed a moment in sorrow at the destruction of the venerable and majestic edifice, but suddenly exclaimed, "Merciful Heaven! are the clergy buried in the choir?" He hastened to the west front of the Cathedral, in order to render assistance, if it were possible; and there amidst the dust and confusion, and the cowl of persons rushing out, for fear of being buried, he found to his satisfaction that Dr. Arnway and the clergy were safe. They had left the choir but a few minutes previously, and were employed in aiding the wounded men, who lay in the nave, when the great spire fell, and now were returning thanks to Almighty God for their deliverance.

The consternation caused by the fall of the spire was not without its effect on the harassed royalists. The sun set amidst confusion and dismay; the night was spent in bitter anxiety and trouble. The garrison consisted principally of townspeople, and others from the country round, unused to war, and though brave when they were called on to fight the enemy in the field, yet unable to endure the anxieties and privations of a siege. But what was most distressing, was the alarm and lamentations of the women, many of them ladies of rank and station, who were crowded together in the Close. Men, who would have held out until they were buried beneath the ruins of the fortress, were disarmed of half their resolution when they saw their wives and children in the same situation of danger. Besides, if the place were taken by assault, the sufferings of those who were found within the Close would have been far greater than if they yielded by capitulation. Add to this, that it was well known that the stock of provisions would not supply the wants of the garrison for another day; their ammunition was even now nearly exhausted; and no relief at hand.

All these things being considered, Lord Chesterfield called a council of war during the night, and after a long deliberation, it was resolved that resistance was hopeless. Accordingly, on the following day, the enemy still persisting in their mode of at-