

its accompaniments of manly sports, and local duties and attachments, which distinguishes the English aristocracy from that of most other nations. Meanwhile, the arts of peace and civilisation were making rapid progress, and the English character was marked by that civility and humanity which long prosperity is wont to engender. Hence when civil war broke out, though parties were much exasperated against each other, yet there was little of that blood-thirsty ferocity which too generally marks the struggles of rival factions. And even the continuance of the war did not quite obliterate the natural humanity of the combatants; though, it must be confessed, it went nigh to do so. We do not often read, however, of the wanton butchery of prisoners, or the application of torture to any great extent. The cruelty of the English soldiers did not go, in general, beyond turning whole families out of doors naked in the middle of the night; beating some of them so that they died of it; burning their fingers with lighted matches, in order to make them confess where they had concealed their property; chaining prisoners two by two, and placing them by fifty in small rooms, or under the hatches of ships, and keeping them there till many died from filth and suffocation. These things were of common occurrence; but, in general, not beyond these. To be sure, when towns or castles were taken by storm, it sometimes happened that men, women, and children were put to indiscriminate slaughter; but these were occasions of mad excitement, when it could scarcely be expected that the officers of either party should be able to exercise any control over their troops; and such things as these will always happen in every war. Generally speaking, the English did not become by their civil war absolute *fiends*, but only *savages*. And the cruelties which they exercised were not beyond what might have been expected on the occasion. When poor Roger would not give up his master's horses, they did not cut his throat, or blow his brains out, or put him to the torture, as they might have done in France or Spain, but contented themselves with knocking him on the head with the butt end of their muskets, and leaving him for dead. On the whole, it must be admitted, that in peaceable times the English are a human people, constitutionally averse to the shedding of blood; and when they were plunged into the sin of rebellion, the deeds of violence committed were in some degree modified by the national character, though, it is to be feared, they were not very far less atrocious than in other countries. May God preserve this nation from future scenes of evil strife, in order that if we have any character for superior humanity, we may keep it! When evil passions are once roused, it is hard to say to what lengths of atrocity the spirit of man may be urged. If the times of which we are writing were indeed marked by somewhat less atrocity than the rebellions of France, or other countries, it must be considered that the nation was in an absolutely demoralised state when the civil war began; and we can form no judgment, from those times, of the excesses to which the same nation might be carried, if civil strife were to rage amongst a dense and irreligious population.

The conduct of the rebels in their attack upon Lichfield Close, on the day which was now about to dawn, was certainly very contrary to that spirit of manliness and generosity, to which in general, perhaps, with justice, the English people may lay claim. The garrison was under arms before daybreak, and every preparation had been made to resist the attack of the enemy. As the anticipated, the assault was made from two quarters. A battery had been raised during the night on the north side; and under cover of their guns, the assailants advanced with planks and scaling-ladders to raise against the wall. This, as Henry had learned, was intended as a feint, and with a view to draw off the troops of the garrison from the opposite quarter: but the numbers of the enemy were quite sufficient to convert it into a real attack, if the besieged were slack in their defence. The royalists, however, stood bravely to their post, returning the fire of their opponents with interest, and rendering all hope of scaling the walls abortive. About an hour after this attempt had commenced, a movement was seen on the opposite side of the Close; large bodies of the enemy appeared on Bishop Langton's causeway, which was commanded by the guns and musketry from the bastions of the west gate and the adjoining buildings. In order to protect themselves from the fire of the garrison, the Parliamentary leaders had the baseness to place between each file of soldiers the wives, daughters, servants, apprentices, and friends of the royalists, who had been left behind in the town; so that it was impossible for those within the Close to fire upon the assailants who advanced along the causeway, without endangering the lives of their friends and relations. In this manner the enemy's troops poured in numbers from the town, bringing with them a mixed multitude of defenceless persons. Amongst the poor townspeople who were thus forced along by the soldiers, there was one who attracted more notice than the rest by his lamentable appearance. This was poor Mr. Froggat of Frog Lane, who was seen marching in the

crowd sorely against his will, being urged on by a soldier's pike from behind, and making the most ridiculous gestures, together with piteous entreaties to the garrison not to fire upon him.

Not a shot was fired; the royalists groaned with indignation and defiance when they saw the advantage gained by this base manoeuvre of the assailants. The rebels having crossed the causeway in considerable bodies, now advanced to the western entrance, which was a "strong double gate, with portcullis of great strength and majesty." The drawbridge had been raised by the garrison; but the assailants were provided with planks and beams of wood, with which they speedily made a temporary bridge across the moat. As soon as this was finished, they brought large quantities of "pitch, rosin, tar, hurls of hemp or flax, together with faggots and torches, in order to destroy the gate with fire." But here their former expedient no longer availed them. The bridge which they had thrown across the moat admitted of the advance of but a few men at a time; and those who crossed it were now exposed to the fire of the royalists. No sooner had the rebels advanced to the gate, than a galling fire was opened upon them from the adjoining gardens and marsh, where, by the advice of Archbold, a number of the best marksmen had been posted. Every shrub, bush, and tree, was lined by sharpshooters. Planks had been laid on the boggy land on which they might stand, protected by the old willow stumps. Dyott, posted here with his culverin placed on a rest, poured in grape-shot with murderous precision; and the other marksmen were able to pick out their men; while, at the same time, heavy stones were thrown down upon the enemy from the bastion. The assailants thus taken by surprise, and many of their number being slain, fell back in confusion, unable to accomplish their purpose. Thrice did they return with renewed courage to the attack, and thrice were they repulsed by the steady fire of the royalists; which being concentrated on one spot did fearful execution, while they themselves were comparatively unexposed to the annoyance of the assailants.

The rebels, seeing their intention frustrated, were evidently much disconcerted, and at a loss how to proceed.

At this moment, the portcullis of the western gate was suddenly raised, and a number of the besieged, headed by Archbold and Glasier, sallied forth sword in hand, and charged the Parliamentarians with such impetuosity, that being disheartened by their failure, and having lost some of their bravest men, they were unable to resist the shock. And now the rebels were taken in their own device; for, the causeway being thronged by the prisoners whom they had forced over it, and who in the confusion were endeavouring to escape back to the town, the soldiers were thus cut off and intercepted from retiring by the way they came, and reinforcements were prevented joining them from the town. Driven to despair, some laid down their arms, and surrendered themselves prisoners; but the main body made a stand, and rallied at the Woman's Hospital in the Barbican street; and their numbers were still superior to those of the royalists.

Archbold now looked up, and saw the red flag floating on the Tantany spire. Keeping his men together, he waited in anxious expectation of the result, and in a short time he heard to his satisfaction the sound of horses galloping, and the expected reinforcement from Rushall charged in the rear of his opponents. The enemy, thus attacked unexpectedly, gave way in all directions; some were cut down by the troopers, others fled until they joined the party which had been engaged in the assault on the north side. The victors, inspired by success, charged them here also, and forced them to take to flight. The panic communicated itself to the assailants on the north side, who abandoned their works, and fled with precipitation.

Never was a victory more complete, or more cheaply won. The Parliamentarians had been forced from every position, and completely foiled in their attack. Archbold had not enough men to venture to pursue the fugitives, and so contented himself with spiking their battery in Gay Lane, destroying their preparations for assault, and then drew his forces off leisurely into the Close, bringing with them the ladders and iron works, and other materials, which had been prepared by the enemy for their assault.

As Henry crossed the bridge to the west gate, he heard his name uttered in a doleful cry, by some one in the moat below him, which in that part was full of water; and looking down he discerned the head of a man covered with mud and duck-weed, whom he recognised to be poor Mr. Froggat. This gentleman had been thrust in the *melee* over the causeway, and had managed to keep himself from drowning by clinging to the pier of the bridge.

"For goodness' sake, Master Archbold, prithee pull me out—pull me out, or I shall be drowned!" cried he, in a most lamentable voice.

Archbold seized a pike from one of the soldiers, and lowering it down to the unfortunate man, directed him to grasp it. But poor Mr. Froggat was so

weak and benumbed with cold, that when Archbold had drawn him up a short way, down he went over head and ears into the water, and with difficulty rose again to the surface, puffing and blowing like a porpoise. Archbold seeing the poor man likely to be drowned, himself climbed down by the pier, holding by the pike with one hand, the other end being supported by two stout men above; and laying hold of the arm of poor Froggat, he succeeded in drawing him up in safety, amidst the laughter of the passers-by.

The miserable man thus saved from destruction looked round him in perplexity, uncertain whether he should cross the causeway or return to his home, or take refuge in the Close; but his doubts were terminated by the crowd, which, pressing on, bore him with them, whether he would or no, into the garrison.

(To be continued.)

THE COLLECT.

KEEP, we beseech thee, O Lord, thy Church with thy perpetual mercy: and, because the frailty of man without thee cannot but fall, keep us ever by thy help from all things hurtful, and lead us to all things profitable to our salvation; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen

WHENEVER we offer up a prayer for the Church, we may be considered as appealing to the honour and majesty of God, that for his own sake He would keep us in safety. The Church is founded upon *his* authority, sanctioned by *his* Spirit, called by *his* name; and is the outward means whereby on earth his worship is preseeded, his glory acknowledged, and his name held in honour. Hence the Apostle's exhortation, "not to forsake the assembling of ourselves together," (Heb. x. 25) lest we lose the favour with which the Lord blesseth the congregation. An habitual neglect, or even a temporary disregard of those observances, which mark a congregation of Christians, gradually weakens our regard for *Him*, who is the proper object of all worship, and renders us either unfaithful or lukewarm. We therefore pray that He, whom we worship, would bless the assembled multitudes which constitute his Church; and grant, that as with one accord they make their common supplications unto Him, their strength and safety may be secured, for his honour and his glory's sake.

Not that we can for a moment doubt the care of God for his Church, or his knowledge of its necessities, before we ask; but prayer is the appointed mode of expressing our entire dependence upon Him, to protect both the whole body of the Church, and each individual member of the same. What if the Church of Christ be, like "a strong tower of defence," founded upon a rock; surely we must be aware, that the superstructure can no otherwise stand secure, than as it is supported by the continued presence of *his* power, who laid its foundations. "Perpetual mercy" is required, because *perpetual danger* threatens. Our liturgy well teaches us to consider "the whole state of Christ's Church" as "being militant here on earth,"—engaged in a perpetual warfare with the devil and his angels, and the wicked men who work his will. We learn, moreover, from the page of history, that she hath from age to age maintained a succession of struggles against the enemies of her peace.

But outward foes assail the Church in vain, if all be faithful within. Hence our collect leads us to consider the frailty of each individual as the danger most to be dreaded, and accordingly directs us to pray against it, lest it bring us to nought. Indeed, the petition is a most comprehensive one, which under all circumstances we shall do well to offer, particularly when we call to mind our character as members of Christ. Who, except the Lord, can "keep us ever by his help, from all things hurtful, and lead us to all things profitable to our salvation?" Nor can we take too much heed, lest any harm or dishonour accrue to the Church, through our individual frailty. Exact recompense to each individual is reserved for future judgment; but nations and Churches often experience in *this* world either the wrath or the favour of God, as they either honour or dishonour Him. Thus saith the Lord, "Them that honour me I will honour, and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed." (1 Sam. ii. 39). This declaration has been strikingly fulfilled, in the fate of the seven Churches of Asia. For where is now the honour of those Churches? It is as though it had never been. All which they boasted as glorious in fame and great in power—brought low, even to the dust! Their palaces in ruins, their temples desolate. The scattered fragments of greatness do but show from what a height pride is fallen! The robber now finds a lurking-place, and the wild