

Family Reading.

THE NOBLEMAN.

I DEEM the man a nobleman
Who acts a noble part,
Who shows alike by word and deed,
He hath a true man's heart,
Who lives not for himself alone,
Nor joins the selfish few;
But prizes more than all things else,
The good that he can do.

I deem the man a nobleman
Who stands up for the right,
And in the work of charity,
Finds pleasure and delight;
Who bears the stamp of manliness
Upon his open brow,
And never yet was known to do
An action mean and low.

I deem the man a nobleman
Who strives to aid the weak;
And sooner then avenge a wrong,
Would kind forgiveness speak;
Who sees a brother in all men,
From peasant unto king;
Yet would not crush the meanest worm,
Nor harm the weakest thing.

I deem the man a nobleman.
Yes! noblest of his kind,
Who shows, by moral excellence,
His purity of mind;
Who lives alike through good and ill
The firm unflinching man,
Who loves the cause of brotherhood,
And aids it all he can.

THE SIEGE OF LICHFIELD.

CHAPTER XI. Continued.

THE PRISONER.

During the whole of this while, the pulpit standing in the nave, was occupied from time to time by various fanatical preachers, who encouraged the soldiers in their acts of profanation. Mr. Rorer had his full revenge for the unceremonious violence with which he had been formerly expelled from the sacred precincts of the Cathedral, and obtained the reputation of being a true prophet by those who remembered his denunciations of woe against the holy edifice. The blasphemy of the fanatics did not end with their intrusion into the pulpit. By their instigation, a calf was brought into the Cathedral in solemn procession, wrapped in linen, and taken to the font, where it was sprinkled with water, and a name was given to it, in derision of the sacrament of baptism. The holy altar was made a chopping-block for meat; and other enormities were perpetrated too dreadful and too gross to be mentioned.

But such sacrilegious profanation was not long to be permitted. Scarcely a month had passed before Archbold and his fellow-prisoners again heard the sounds of war. Again the old Cathedral rocked with the roaring of cannon and the blasts of mines. Prince Rupert, with twelve hundred horse and seven hundred foot, had been sent from Oxford to recapture the fortress of Lichfield. After taking Bromicham in his way, which is described by Clarendon "as a town of as great fame for hearty, wilful, affected disloyalty to the King as any place in England," he marched directly to Lichfield, where he was joined by three or four hundred "proper fellows from Walsal, who came with bills and hooks to serve the King." The city was entered as before, without opposition, being open to all comers; but the Close being now strongly garrisoned and provisioned, it was necessary to commence a regular siege.

For ten days an obstinate contest was maintained between the two parties. The royalists erected batteries on the north side, and kept up a heavy fire; the besieged, on their part, confident in their numbers, and the strength of their position, laughed at the efforts of their assailants. An attempt was made by the royalists to undermine the walls; but the garrison defeated their object by a countermine, and the

soldiers of the hostile parties encountering each other, fought with desperate fury under ground. Foiled in this attempt, Prince Rupert endeavoured to scale the fortress with ladders, but was beaten back with the loss of several men, and one was taken alive. "This man the rebels most barbarously hanged three yards from the wall, like a sign and bade Prince Rupert shoot him down." The insolence of the rebels, however, was somewhat abated by the sudden springing of a mine, in a quarter where they least expected it, whereby one of the towers, with six men in it, was blown up, and a breach of twenty feet in width was made in their wall. Hereupon a general assault was resolved on. All the royalist force was collected, and many officers and men of the cavalry, and even Prince Rupert's chaplain, volunteered to mount with the rest to the breach. The rebels fought with desperation, and succeeded, at the first assault, in driving back the royalists, and killing or wounding many distinguished officers, amongst whom were Lord Digby, Colonel Gerard, Colonel Wagstaffe, and Major Legge. So many men were slaughtered in the breach, that they are said to have formed a breastwork of a yard high. Prince Rupert himself was reported to have been slain. Finding, however, that Prince Rupert was still alive, and had resolved on another attack, the rebels at length surrendered. They obtained more honourable terms than otherwise they would, on account of the urgent summons which the Prince had received from the King to return immediately, with all the strength he had, to the relief of Reading.

The following are the articles of agreement subscribed by Colonel Hastings, by the authority of Prince Rupert:

"It is consented by Colonel Hastings, by the authority given him by his highness Prince Rupert, that, in consideration of the delivery and yielding up of the Close of Lichfield, Lieutenant-Colonel Russel, and all the captains and officers with him, shall march out of the said Close to-morrow, being the one-and-twentieth day of this instant April, by ten o'clock in the morning, with four score men and musketeers, with flying colours, and four score horsemen, with arms belonging to them, and all other persons within the said Close to be at liberty to go whither they please; and, for their better and safe conveyance, a free pass or convoy from his highness, and eleven carts to convey away such goods as belong to any of the officers or soldiers, with themselves to the city of Coventry; and that all prisoners shall be released on both sides, which have been taken in the county of Stafford, since the coming down of the Right Honourable Lord Brooke. In witness whereof we have hereunto put our hand and seal, this twentieth day of April, Anno Domini 1648.

H. HASTINGS."

Thus ended the second siege of Lichfield, and the royalists were again masters of the Close. Prince Rupert left a strong garrison behind, and gave the command of it to Colonel Richard Bagot.

The following should have been added at the end of chapter VI:—

This is the account of the death of Lord Brooke given by Dugdale in his short view of the late troubles in England, p. 117. "All I find of note is . . . the attempt upon Lichfield Close, made by Robert Lord Brooke, wherein he lost his life; the manner whereof is not a little remarkable, which (in short) was thus: This lord being strangely tainted with fanatic principles, by the influence of one of his near relations, and some schismatical preachers (though in his own nature a very civil and well-humoured man), became thereby so great a zealot against the established discipline of the Church, that no less than the utter extirpation of episcopacy, and abolishing all decent order in the service of God, would satisfy him; to which end he became leader of all the power he could raise for the destruction of the Cathedral of that diocese of Coventry and Lichfield. In order whereunto, when he had marched within half-a-mile of Lichfield, he drew up his army, and then devoutly prayed a blessing upon his intended works; withal earnestly desiring that God would, by some special token, manifest upon them His approbation of that their design; which being done, he went on and planted his great guns against the south-east gate of the Close, himself standing in a window of a little house near thereto, to direct the gunners in their purposed battery; but it so happened that, there being two persons placed in the battlement of the chiefest steeple, to make shot with long fouling guns at the cannoniers, upon a sudden accident, which caused the soldiers to give a shout, this lord, coming to the door (completely harnessed with plate-armour cap-a-pee), was suddenly shot into one of his eyes; but the strength of the bullet, so much abated by the glance thereof on a piece of timber, which supported a pentiss over the door, that it only (!) lodged in his brains, whereupon he suddenly fell down dead; nor is it less notable that this accident fell out on the second day of March, which is the festival of that sometime

famous Bishop St. Chad, to whose memory Offa, king of the Mercians, first erected this stately church and devoutly dedicated it."

It is but just to Mr. Dyott to mention, that in as far as relates to his part in this narrative, Dugdale is not borne out in his statement by other historians. The general account given by other writers agrees with the tradition preserved in the family, that the bullet by no means glanced from any woodwork or pentiss, but that it was a fair point-blank shot, as described in this book. The gun is still preserved by the family, and may be seen, I have no doubt, by any persons who desire conviction; and the spot in the Dam Street where Lord Brooke fell is marked by an inscription briefly recording the event; also, the armour in which Lord Brooke was slain is preserved at Warwick Castle.

The following characteristic letter is from a young cavalier.

"To the fair hands of my ever-honoured Lady Dyer, at the White Unicorn in the Old Bailey."

"MADAM,

"My last lettre (dated February 25) and your ladyship's precious answer, are part of the plunder which I have every day more and more [to deplore], but can meet no day to revenge it in. Since I came from home, four men and five horses I have lost; thrice have I been actually taken, besides other close pursuits; but yet I live to service your ladyship next to God and my King; and hitherto I can number as many escapes as dangers. We have had the honour in these parts to bring my Lord Brooke to a quiet condition. That enemy to our Church (March 2) was slain in his quarrel against our Church, by our God of our Church, with a shot out of the Cathedral, by a bullet made of church lead, through the mouth that reviled our Church; and (if this be worth your reading) this Cathedral was dedicated to the memory of an old Saxon holy man (called Ceadda, commonly Chad); the blow of death came from St. Chad's Church upon St. Chad's day. This, being a veritie, is fit for a lady of rare worth. His lieutenant (thought to be Sir Edward Peto) and his lieutenant-major both slain. Several loads of hurt men and dead men carried away to be privately buried. . . . I was twice prisoner in half an hour; but still I am a free man. Bonds cannot hold me: only your noble favours have power to bind me in a perpetual service, where I am happy to be the thrall of your kindness, in being the admirer of your virtue.

"JAMES AUDLEY.

"March 11, 1648."

(To be continued.)

LIFE IN HIGH ALTITUDES.

THE greatest height to which man have ever mounted is about five and a half miles above the sea level, and the balloonists who ventured on that experiment were very glad to come down. Short as their stay in the upper regions was, they were almost suffocated. The cold so benumbed their hands that, had they not taken the precaution to carry with them chemicals for the production of a little artificial heat, they would have become helpless and lost their lives from inability to pull a rope and let out the gas of their air ship. The air which they breathed was too thin to support life, and they felt all the sensations of partial strangling or drowning. Of course any labour at such a height was impossible. The census shows that the elevation at which men can live and work to advantage, and which they therefore generally choose, is a very low one. The average height of the United States above the sea level is about 2,000 feet, but the elevation of the population is only about 700 feet. A height of 10,000 feet is considerably less than two miles, yet of all the 50,000,000 of people in our country only 26,400 live at that elevation.

Not only men, but other animals and plants as well, find the struggle of existence harder as they rise higher. As plants and animals diminish in number, the means of supporting human life rapidly decrease, so that the upward growth of population, so to speak, is checked long before the cold becomes too severe to be endured, or the air too thin for breathing. The bulk of the little band who reach a height of ten thousand feet are miners, and could be nothing else. More than three fourths of the whole population choose to live at less than one thousand feet, or considerably less than one-fifth of a mile above the sea, and only three per cent. of the inhabitants make their homes at a height of two thousand feet. If it were possible to walk upward from the earth readily as upon its surface, an ordinary pedestrian in half an hour could pass the limit at which human life can be permanently maintained, and in little more than an hour he would reach a point where it could not exist at all. If the builders of Babel had ever scaled the mountains beyond their native plain no miracle would have been required to convince them that their impious enterprise was a waste of labour.