

The Story of Isaac Brock

In the shelter of silent trossach, on wind-swept height, or on wildest, ever-restless sea, he would, as the mood seized him, take his solitary outings. These jaunts, he told his mother, gave him time to reflect and resolve. It was not strange that he selected a profession that presented the opportunities he craved.

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England with folded arms was at peace. The Treaty of Versailles had terminated the disastrous war with America. The independence of the "Thirteen States" had been recognized. The world was drawing a long breath, filling its fighting lungs, awaiting the death struggle with Napoleon for the supremacy of Europe. Yet the spirit of war lingered in the air. It even drifted on the breeze across the Channel to Guernsey, and filtered through the trees that crowned the Lion's Rock at Cobbe. It invaded the valleys of the Petit Bot and stirred the bulrushes in the marshes of Havelot. The pulse of our hero throbbed with the subtle infection. Not with the brute lust for other men's blood, but with the instinct of the true patriot to shed, if need be, his own blood to maintain the right. He would follow the example of his ancestors and fight and die, if duty called him, in defence of king and country.

The sweet arrogance of youth uplifted him. Earth, air and water conspired to encourage him. To satisfy this unspoken craving for action he would, from his outlook on the Jerbourg crags—where bold Sir Hugh had sat for just such purpose years before—watch the Weymouth luggers making bad weather of it beyond the Casquets;