

The Story of Isaac Brock

staggered the bully. The chances were not sufficiently one-sided. If this plan was acted upon he might himself be killed. He refused to comply. The code of honour and garrison approval sustained Brock in his contention, and the refusal of the professional killer to fight under even chances was registered in the mess-room as the act of a coward, and he left the regiment by compulsion.

In Jamaica the continued strain of inactivity under which our hero fretted told upon him, and he was struck down with fever, his cousin, Henry Brock, lieutenant in the 13th Foot, dying in Kingston of the same pestilence. At this time Isaac had as servant a soldier named Dobson, one of those faithful souls who, true as steel, once installed in their master's affection, remain loyal to the end. To the untiring attentions of this man Brock owed his life. Deep and mutual respect followed, and the two became inseparable. Where Brock went, there was Dobson, sharing his fortune and all the hard knocks of his military campaigns, a fellowship ending only with Dobson's death, shortly before his "beloved master" gave up his life on Queenston Heights.

Tropical malaria is hard to shake off. Release from duty was imperative, and as England was now calling for recruits, the War Office summoned Brock, an alluring sample of a soldier, to whom was assigned the task of licking the fighting country bumpkin—the raw material—into shape. This he did, first in England, then in Guernsey and Jersey. A vision of our hero, glorious in his uniform, was in itself sufficient to ensnare the senses of any country yokel. It was a militant age.

When quartered in Guernsey, and from the same heights