

PAGES OF BRITISH HISTORY.

Historical Battles—Noteworthy Events in the Story of the Creation of the British Empire.

(Continued from our last.) CHAPTER IX.

Sea Fight with the Dutch—1653.

We now pass by the remarkable series of enterprises on sea and land by which England inflicted upon Spain a series of terrible punishments for the attempted invasion of England by the Armada, and record the stirring story of England's naval struggles with the Dutch. The latter had long been the terror of the seas and had inflicted serious loss and injuries upon English interests, and the trouble culminated in the most sanguinary succession of sea fights the world has ever seen. The Dutch had the preponderance of ships, guns and men, and Van Tromp, their Admiral, carried at his masthead a broom, signifying that he would sweep the seas of the English. He found an antagonist worthy of his daring in Admiral Blake. Repeated battles were fought with fearful carnage. Blake though inferior in strength, showing an inexorable resolution and a grim resolve that has rarely been equalled in the annals of any nation. The men under his command, determined as Blake himself, were ready to die before yielding, and were sworn to chase the Dutch out of English waters. Little by little the English drove back the Dutch. Finally in 1653, the English had captured, sunk, or destroyed the astounding number of 1,600 Dutch merchantmen and ships of war and so reduced the fighting strength of the Dutch in men and guns that it was seen by the latter they must at once make a supreme effort to humble the English or they would lose entire command of the seas. Extraordinary sacrifices were accordingly made to gather together a force of fighting ships so great as to render the defeat of the English a certainty. Finally Van Tromp assembled not fewer than 120 fighting ships, and sailed for the English coast. Blake who had been wounded in one of the recent fights, had so large a force of ships away defending British convoys that the utmost number of vessels, strong or weak that he could muster was 82.

On the 1st of June, 1653, the great Dutch fleet sighted Yarmouth, and the English eagerly set sail to defend the coast. An action characterized by unusual fury ensued, the Dutch fighting with the knowledge that they possessed overwhelming power, and the English animated by the feeling that they were struggling for their homes and had over again driven the Dutch off the coasts under odds equally great.

The result of the action was the Dutch in spite of their superior weight were compelled to sheer off, and when night fell the entire fleet took to their heels for the Flemish coast, the English after them.

Early next morning the English came up with the Dutch and resumed the fight with redoubled resolution, and six of the largest Dutch ships were sunk and 11 taken, and the Dutch fleet fairly turned tail after one of the bloodiest struggles of the war and fled for the Zuyderzee. The English returned home to refit.

In the meantime the Dutch resolved to collect every available ship and man to renew the contest, and 10,000 guilders were offered for the capture of an English Admiral, 1,000 for a flag, and other large sums for merchantmen, boats, etc.

On July 29th, 1653, Van Tromp sailed for England with 97 ships, not fewer than 90 being regular vessels of war. Some of the lighter English frigates came up with the Dutch that night and there was some heavy fighting. Next day there was dirty weather, and both fleets had all they could do to keep the sea. On the 31st the weather being sunny, the English fleet, under Gen. Monk, Blake having been sent ashore ill, met the Dutch. The latter, having the wind with them, bore down on the English with great animosity and fierceness, but the English at once grappled with them and making no effort to get away or manoeuvre, laid alongside and fought yardarm to yardarm whenever they could get near enough. The battle was continued with sanguinary fury till one in the afternoon, the Dutch all the time having the advantage of the wind whenever they required it.

Rear-Admiral Lawson, (the son of a poor man at Hull), who distinguished himself during the Protectorate, and who, though a Republican, readily became a Royalist in 1660, and was

knighted, attacked the ship of Michael Adrian de Ruyter with such unusual fury, that in an incredibly short space of time he killed or wounded half the crew, and so totally disabled her that she was blown out of the water.

blood trickling from her ports and scuppers; but De Ruyter bravely went on board another vessel, to continue his part in the action.

After it had lasted about six hours, the gallant "Van Tromp was killed by a musket-ball, as he walked upon the deck with his sword drawn" (Ludlow), and when in the act of delivering an order. The ball went fairly through his heart.

Two of the English ships were set on fire—the Oak, most of the crew of which were saved; and another, all of the crew of which perished with her. The Worcester retook the Garland, a ship which had been captured by the Dutch in a previous battle; but the captors were compelled to abandon and burn their prize. Van Tromp's flag had been shot down early in the morning, and was not rehoisted during the whole day.

After the fall of the great admiral, the command of the Dutch fleet devolved on the vice-admiral, Evertzen.

The Victory, commanded by Captain Lane, "was hard beset by one of the Dutch vice-admirals, and two other men-of-war, but made her party good. Another Dutch vice-admiral, mistaking the condition of the English ship, as well as the resolution of the captain, officiously bore up, and offered him 'quarter, if he would yield;' but he, not taking the compliment as the Dutchman meant it, returned it with a broadside which immediately sank him."

The enemy had ninety flags flying when the battle began, but only one remained at its close, by which time thirty-three (Clarendon says between twenty and thirty) of the Dutch ships were sunk, and 1,000 prisoners taken. Among these were Cornelius Evertzen, the vice-admiral, a brave and skillful officer. Notwithstanding the barbarous orders issued by Monk, many of these prisoners were mercifully taken up by the English boats, as they were swimming about among the blazing and sinking hulls.

The total losses of the English were four ships destroyed; eight captains—Graves, Peacock, Taylor, Crisp, Newman, Cox, Owen, and Chapman—and 400 seamen killed; five captains and 700 seamen wounded. The Dutch slain of all ranks were 6,000 men.

The fall of Van Tromp so disheartened the fleet that soon after it began to bear away, each ship making all the sail its crew could put upon it, pursued by the swiftest of the English frigates, till shelter was found in the Texel.

After the battle of the 31st of July, Admiral Lewson, who hovered over the Dutch coast with fifty sail, took thirty-eight more of their ships and many herring busses, which he sent into Yarmouth; and a few days later thirty-five other prizes, laden with French wines, fish, etc., were sent by him to the same place; and then the poor Hollanders became reduced to the verge of despair.

Upon the return of the fleet, gold chains and medals were presented to General Monk, and Admirals Blake, Penn and Lawson. Smaller medals were given to all the officers. The 35th of August was appointed a day for solemn thanksgiving. At a public feast in London, Cromwell put the gold chain around Monk's neck, and required him to wear it during the entertainment. These events left England mistress of the seas.

To be Continued.

A SOLSVILLE MIRACLE.

ANOTHER GREAT TRIUMPH FOR A CANADIAN REMEDY.

An Account of the Sufferings and Restoration of Philander Hyde—Helpless, Bed-Ridden and Longs for Death—His Recovery From This Pitiable Condition—A Remarkable Narrative.

From the Syracuse Standard. During the past few months there have appeared in the columns of the Standard the particulars of a number of cures so remarkable as to justify the term miraculous. These cases were investigated and vouched for by the Albany Journal, the Detroit News, Albany Express and other papers whose reputation is a guarantee that the facts were as just stated. That the term miraculous was justified will be admitted when it is remembered that in each of the cases referred to the sufferer had been pronounced incurable by the leading physicians, and at least one of the cases was treated by men whose reputation has placed them among the leaders of the world's medical scientists but without avail, and the patient was sent to his home with the verdict that there was no hope for him, and that only death could intervene to relieve his sufferings. When some months later the restoration to health and strength of the former sufferer was announced it

is little wonder that the case created a profound sensation throughout the country. Recently the following letter, which indicated an equally remarkable cure, came under the notice of The Standard:

SOLSVILLE, N. Y., June 10, 1892. Five weeks ago father (Philander Hyde,) was very low and not expected to live but a short time. He was in such agony that we had to give him morphine to relieve the terrible pain from which he was suffering. The doctors had given him up. They said there was no help for him, and my dear father longed for death as being the only certain relief from his sufferings. One day he saw in the Albany Journal an account of how a man by the name of Quant, living in Galway, Saratoga county, and who was afflicted like father with locomotor ataxia, had been very greatly benefited and hoped for permanent cure from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. On learning that these pills could be had of the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, and that they were not expensive, my husband sent \$2.50 for six boxes of them. And what a blessing they have been! Father has taken but four boxes of the Pink Pills. He is no longer confined to his bed, but is able to get up without assistance and with the aid only of a cane to walk about the house and all around out of doors. He has a good hearty appetite, his food agrees with him, the pain in the back from which he suffered so long and so terrible has left him. He has no more creeping chills and he appears and says he feels like a new man. The doctors had pronounced his disease to be creeping paralysis and said he could not be cured. How glad we are that we heard about these wonderful Pink Pills, and how thankful we are for what they have done for father. Indeed they have done wonders, yes, even a miracle for him. Respectfully yours, MRS. WILLIAM JOHNSON.

The above letter indicated a cure so remarkable as to be worthy of the fullest investigation, and The Standard determined to place the facts, correctly stated, before the public for the benefit of other sufferers, or if unfounded, to let the public know it. With this end in view a reporter was sent to Solsville with instructions to give the facts of the case as he found them. With these instructions he went to Solsville and on Tuesday, Aug 2, 1892, called upon Philander Hyde and learned from him and his relatives and neighbors and friends the whole story of his sickness and his terrible suffering, of his having been given up by the doctors, and of his cure and rapid convalescence by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

It may be of interest to the reader to know that Solsville is a postoffice village in Madison county, N. Y., about 30 miles from Utica, on the line of the New York, Ontario & Western Railroad. It is the station at which to get off to go to Madison Lake, the charming and attractive objective point of a great many picnic and excursion parties. On reaching Solsville the reporter enquired of the station agent, who is also agent there of the National Express Company, if he knew a man by the name of Philander Hyde, and where he lived, and also if he knew a man by the name of William Johnson. "Yes," said he, "I am William Johnson, and Philander Hyde, who is my wife's father, lives with me in that village house over there on the side hill; that's him sitting on the piazza." When told that your reporter's errand was to interview Mr. Hyde, and to learn about his sickness and alleged cure, Mr. Johnson said: That's all right; you go right over to the house and see Mr. Hyde and my wife. I will come over pretty soon, and we will be only too happy to tell you all about it. "Will you walk in?" said Mrs. Johnson. "Those children (who are playing about the piazza) are my twins, and this is my father, Philander Hyde." Mr. Hyde walked into the sitting room and taking a seat said he would willingly tell the story of his sickness and cure, and had no objection to its being published, as it might be the means of helping to relieve others whose sufferings were the same or similar to what his had been.

His story was as follows: "My name is Philander Hyde, I am nearly 70 years old—will be 70 in September. I was born in Brookfield, Madison county, where all my life was spent until recently, when becoming helpless, my son-in-law was kind enough to take me into his home, and from him and my daughter I have had the kindest care. My life occupation has been that of a farmer. I was always prosperous and well and strong and rugged until two years ago last winter, when I had the grip. When the grip left me I had a sensation of numbness in my legs, which gradually grew to be stiff at the joints and very painful. I felt the stiffness in my feet first, and the pain and stiffness extended to my knees and to my hip joints, and to the bowels and stomach and prevented digestion. To move the bowels I was compelled to take great quantities of castor oil.

"While I was in this condition, cold feelings would begin in my feet and streak up my legs to my back and would follow the whole length of my backbone. These spells, which occurred daily, would last from two to four hours and were excruciatingly painful. I could not sleep, I had no appetite, I became helpless, and life was such a burden that I prayed for death. Why, my dear sir, the pain I suffered was more to be dreaded than a thousand deaths.

"On the 24th of February last," said Mrs. Johnson, "we had him brought to

our home. He had to be carried all the way in a bed. He was so helpless and such a sufferer the doctors gave him up. They said he had locomotor ataxia and that he could not be cured. They stopped giving him medicine and said they could only relieve the pain, and for the purpose of relieving the pain of whiskey a day for three months and morphine in great quantities.

"It was while father was in this dreadful condition that we saw in the Albany Journal the story of the marvellous cure of a Mr. Quant in Galway, Saratoga county, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. We had not much faith, but we felt that it was our duty to try them, and so we sent to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, and got six boxes of the Pills. We read the directions carefully and resolved to comply with them as fully as possible. We stopped giving him morphine or any other medicine, cut off all stimulants, and gave him the Pink Pills and treatment according to directions in which each box is wrapped. The effect was wonderful and almost immediate. In ten days after father began taking the pills he could get out of bed and walk without assistance, and has continued to improve until now he walks about the house and the streets by the aid of a cane only."

"Yes," said Mr. Hyde, "and the pain has gone out of my back and the numbness out of my legs. I have no more chills, my digestion is good, and I have an excellent appetite," and then after a pause, "But, ah me, I am an old man; I have seen my best days and can not hope to recover my old vigor as a younger man might, but I am so thankful to have the use of my limbs and to be relieved of those dreadful pains."

Mr. Hyde has continued to take the pills regularly since he began their use, and was on his tenth box at the time he told his story.

Besides Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, other people in Solsville confirm the accounts of the sickness of Mr. Hyde and of his most remarkable recovery and a number of others for various ailments, are using the Pink Pills. The mother of Abel Curtis is using them with satisfactory efforts, for rheumatism, and Mrs. Lippitt, wife of ex-Senator Lippitt, is using the Pills with much benefit, for nervous debility.

A further investigation revealed the fact that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is usually understood, but a scientific preparation successfully used in general practice for many years before being offered to the public generally. They contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, and the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing our trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you, and should be avoided. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive, as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

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