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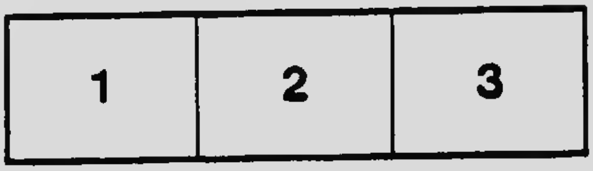

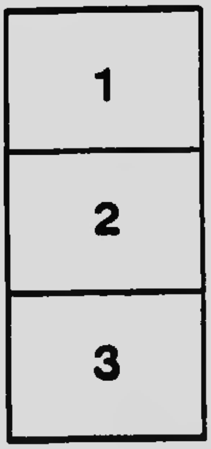

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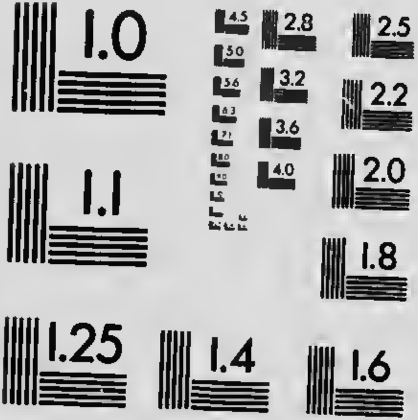
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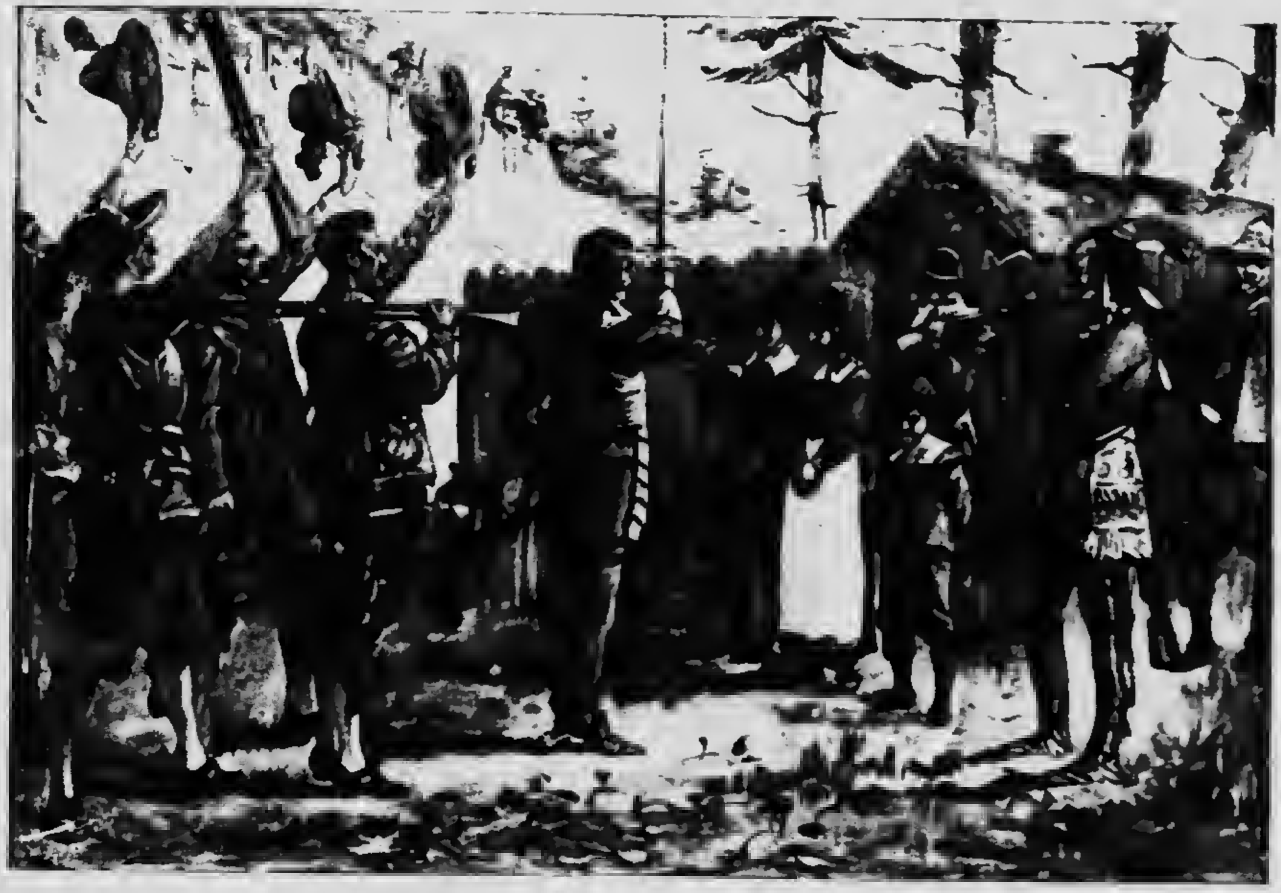

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(From the picture by Allan Stewart.)

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LAND OF OUR BIRTH, OUR FAITH, OUR PRIDE,
FOR WHOSE DEAR SAKE OUR FATHERS DIED—
O MOTHERLAND, WE PLEDGE TO THEE
HEAD, HEART, AND HAND THROUGH THE YEARS TO BE.

Rudyard Kipling

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THE STORY OF THE BRITISH PEOPLE

Chapter I

The First Britons

(Earliest times to 55 B.C.)

ON the walls of the Royal Exchange in London, England, there are many beautiful paintings which illustrate scenes from British history. One of these pictures is reproduced on page 9 of this book. Examine it carefully, for it shows you how the Britons of long ago first became known to the civilized men who then dwelt on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea.

The picture to which I refer represents a scene which probably took place on the southern coast of Britain some two thousand three hundred years ago. It represents a group of swarthy traders spreading out their tempting treasures of purple cloth, glittering trinkets, and gleaming glass to the enraptured gaze of a British man, his wife, son, and daughters. The traders are Phœnicians from the coast of Syria.

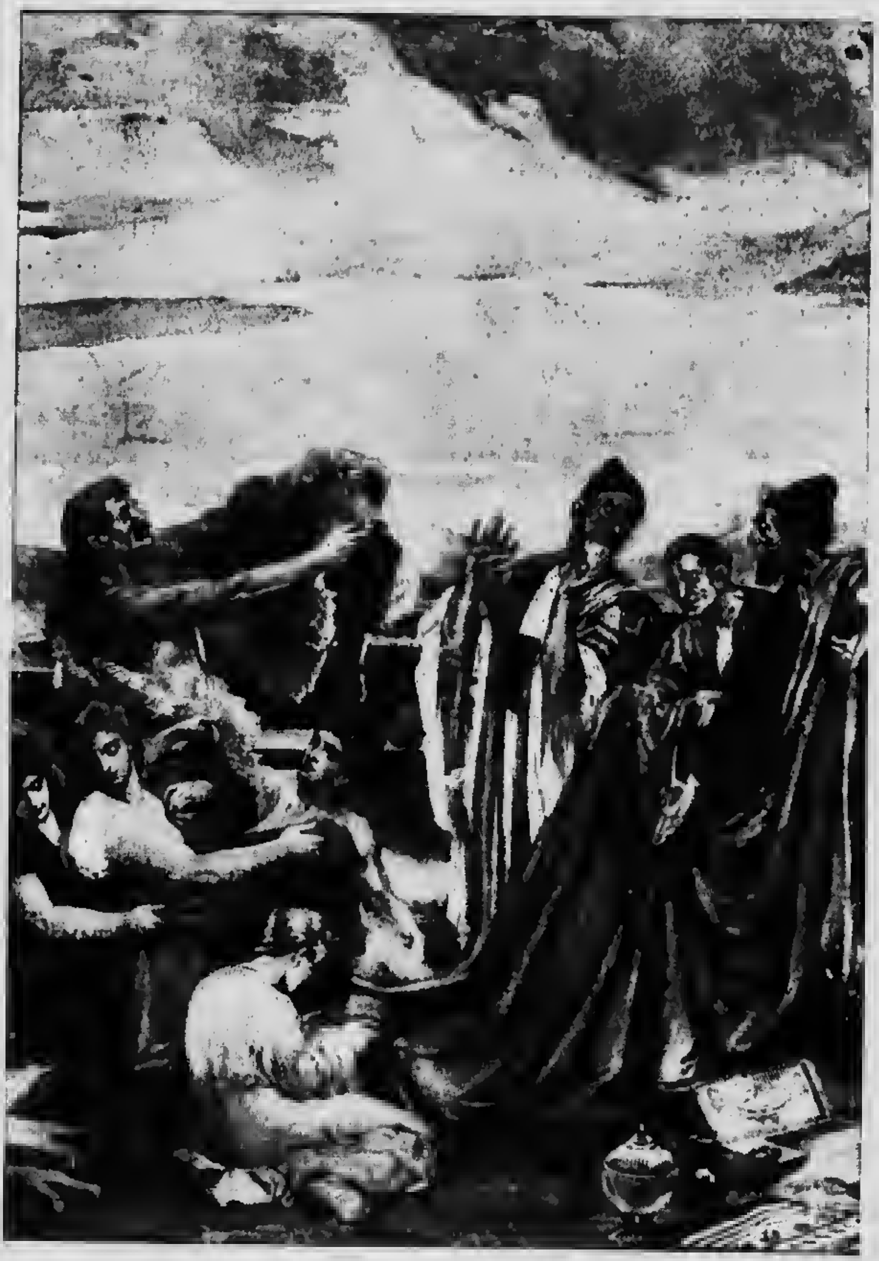
The Britons in the picture are not savages, though they can scarcely be called civilized. The man is evidently a hunter. He is a ruddy, blue-eyed, powerful fellow, clad in a robe of bearskin. This he offers to the strangers in exchange for the purple cloth which has fascinated his wife and daughters.

In vain the Briton offers his furs. The wily trader has noticed that he possesses something of much greater value than the skin of a wild animal. By the side of the British woman you observe two knuckle-shaped slabs of tin. Now tin is the most precious metal of the ancient world. The art of tempering iron is as yet unknown, and swords and spears are made of a mixture of copper and tin--that is, of bronze. Tin is a very rare metal, and the ancients seek it and prize it, just as we seek and prize gold at the present day.

The trader's eyes gleam as he makes the discovery that tin is common in Britain. Visions of untold wealth flash before him. He has lighted upon a Klondike that will give him wealth beyond his wildest dreams. He strikes a bargain with the Briton, and goes to and fro along the coast bartering his wares for the precious metal. Again and again he visits the land, and every time he grows richer and richer. At length his secret is discovered. Other traders follow in his wake, and, in time, an important trade springs up between Britain and Southern Europe. Thus, by means of those mineral treasures which have made Britain what she is, the motherland of our empire becomes known to the civilized world.

Now let us suppose that some three hundred years have passed by, and that we again visit the island in the company of a trader. We see before us the white cliffs gleaming in the sunlight, and soon our ship runs ashore on a strip of sand. Looking inland, we observe a vast green forest; the tall tree-tops are waving in the sea-breeze. We plunge into the dark shades of this forest, and follow a narrow track that winds hither and thither through the dense undergrowth. The captain of our ship is well known to the Britons, so he makes his way fearlessly to the nearest "town," and we go with him.

We are armed, for in the thickets and in the caves of the rocky hillocks lurk the gray wolf, the fierce boar, the black bear, and the wild cat. Now and then a startled deer gazes at us for a moment and bounds away into safety. We pass by a stream in which herons are fishing and beavers are building.



Ancient Britons Trading with Phœnicians.

(From the mural painting by Lord Leighton, P.R.A., in the Royal Exchange, London. By permission of the Gresham Committee.)

Overhead we see hawks sailing by, and from a neighbouring marsh we hear the boom of a bittern.

On we go, and at length we reach a great cleared space. The trees have been felled, and some of the land is under tillage. Horses, sheep, oxen, and swine are quietly grazing, and here and there we see patches of wheat and barley. Half a mile away is the "town." All round it is a trench or moat, with an earthen wall topped by a stockade of oaken logs. As we approach the narrow entrance we see the pointed roofs of many huts, and observe thin lines of blue smoke curling up into the air.

We enter the town by a zigzag road, and pass by the beehive-shaped dwellings, which resemble the Zulu huts of our own day. The walls are made of thin straight boughs tied together, daubed over with mud and lined with clay; the roofs are thatched with rushes or covered with turf; the floor is of earth, or is perhaps covered with thin slates. Each homestead consists of one room, large enough to contain the whole family. In the middle of each hut is a wood fire, which continues to burn night and day all the year round; when it dies out the home is deserted. The smoke escapes by a hole in the roof.

Round the fire, along the sides of the room, there is a bed of rushes covered with hides. On this the members of the family sit at meat, and sleep at night with their feet towards the fire. The rushes and green grass which are placed between the family fire and the family bed serve as a table, and on this, at mealtimes, are placed large platters containing oatcakes, meat, and broth.

Before the door of one of the huts a British woman sits grinding corn with a *quern*, or hand-mill. She has blue eyes and fair hair, and wears a tunic of dark-blue cloth. Sturdy little boys, scantily clad in strips of bearskin, engage in a wrestling match hard by, and a girl is coming towards us with a roughly-made water-pot on her head. Yonder old woman is boiling water by making pebbles red-hot in the fire and dropping them into an earthen water-pot.

Now we reach a long, low dwelling with rough oaken walls. It is the home of the "king," or chieftain, of the tribe. Big mastiffs and wolf-hounds growl over their bones at the door. We enter, and notice that the walls are covered with skins. Round shields of hide with shining metal knobs, spears with bronze heads, and bows with quivers of reed arrows tipped with flint adorn the walls.

The chief comes forward to welcome us. He is a tall, well-made man, blue of eye, with long fair hair, and a tawny moustache of which he is very proud. Over his tunic he wears a mantle of cloth, and round his neck is a twisted *torque*, or rope of gold. Where his neck is bare we notice that it is painted with patterns of blue. He greets us in a friendly manner, and a slave hands us a drinking-cup of mead. Notice this small, dark-haired, wiry slave. You can tell at a glance that he is not a Briton. He is an Iberian, and his forefathers were masters of the land when the Britons passed over from Gaul to possess it. The Iberians were either slain or became the slaves of the newcomers. Some of the conquered race took refuge in South Wales and South-west Ireland, where their descendants may be seen to this day. It is said that the name Erin, which is often given to Ireland, comes from the word Iberian.

The chief's wife also welcomes us. She is a tall, healthy woman, arrayed in a tunic over which she wears a scarf of red-striped plaid fastened by a pin of bronze. A string of pearls adorns her neck, and rings of silver shine on her fingers. The ivory bracelet and the amber beads which she proudly wears have been brought from afar by the traders who visit the town from time to time.

The wife is mistress of the home. She manages the affairs of the family both indoors and out. She and her sisters spin, knit, weave, dye, sew, cook, grind corn, and milk the cows—that is, they do most of the hard work that is done. Her husband considers field labour and farm work beneath his dignity. War and hunting are the only fit occupations for him. Probably in a hut hard by the chief keeps his scythe-wheeled chariot, in which he goes forth to war when the horn is sounded, the shield is struck, and the "fiery cross" is sent through the tribe as a call to arms. He and his fellow-warriors spend much time in their warlike exercises; the slaves, the weaklings, the women, and the old men tend the flocks and herds and till the ground.

Let us continue our tour of the town. Here is a man cleverly weaving baskets of wickerwork; yonder is a fisherman returning from the river, his broad back bearing a coracle, or wickerwork boat, such as we may see on some of the Welsh rivers even to-day. Not far away is a hut, where the metal-worker is busy mixing his bronze, and moulding it into axes, lance-heads, and sword-blades. Another worker is busy chipping flints brought from the quarry in yonder chalk-hills. The potter who is working close by kneads out his yellow clay and fashions his pots by hand. He decorates them by pressing a notched stick or braid against the wet clay.

Such is a British town in the most civilized part of the land a century or so before the coming of the Romans.

Chapter II

The Coming of the Romans

(55 B.C. to 78 A.D.)

WE are now to see the Britons, whom we have visited under peaceful conditions, face to face with the greatest military power of the ancient world. We are to see the legions of Rome swoop upon the islanders, and, after a long and bitter warfare, completely conquer them.

The story of the rise of Rome from small and humble beginnings to the mastery of the whole known world ought to be read by all young people; but this is not the place to tell it.

When the Romans came to Britain, "all the world was Rome, and Rome was all the world." The whole of the countries bordering on the Mediterranean Sea felt the iron hand of Rome, and tribute-money from three continents flowed into its coffers.

Let us now make the acquaintance of the "noblest Roman of them all." His name was Julius Cæsar. He was one of the greatest men the world has ever known. Scholar, statesman, writer, speaker, and architect, he became, in the year 58 B.C., governor of Gaul beyond the Alps. Gaul was the land of the Celts, and Cæsar almost immediately began his great work of subduing these fiery warriors. After a series of victories Gaul lay at his feet.

As Cæsar looked across the narrow strait that divides the conquered land from the gleaming cliffs of Albion he began to plan a new campaign. The island which lay before him was a fabled land, rich in pearl and tin, waving cornfields and rich pastures. He had already met some of its inhabitants on the battlefields of Gaul, and had found them to be foemen worthy of crossing swords even with him. In many a fiery charge they had wrought havoc on his legions, and beaten chieftains had received welcome and succour in their island. Cæsar determined to avenge himself on the Britons, and at the same time add a new laurel to his wreath of fame.

Accordingly, on the morning of August 26th, in the year 55 B.C., his fleet weighed anchor, and the galleys, laden with his veterans, streamed across the Channel. By ten o'clock in the morning they were under the cliffs of the British shore. Their coming was no surprise to the Britons; the cliffs were black with footmen, chariots, and horsemen ready to oppose the invaders.

Cæsar now discovered a shelving strand which promised easy landing. He did not, however, immediately disembark his troops, for the galleys containing his horse soldiers were still far away. At three in the afternoon they were nowhere to be seen, so Cæsar decided to make a landing without them.

The ships drew near to the shore, only to find the whole force of the island army awaiting them. With fiery valour the British horsemen spurred their horses into the waves, and the footmen were not slow to follow them. The Roman soldiers stood dismayed, and dared not leap into the water. Then Cæsar ordered up his warships, and their catapults forced the Britons to withdraw.

Still the Romans hesitated, waiting for the bold lead of a bold man. Fired with the old Roman courage, the standard-bearer of the famous Tenth Legion sprang overboard and cried, "Leap, fellow-soldiers, unless you wish to betray your eagle to the enemy." Roused by his example the Romans sprang from the ships, and a fierce fight raged in the water.

Mail-clad Romans and naked Britons were now mingled in confused combat, and the waves were red with blood. Slowly but surely, however, the invaders pushed the Britons before them and gained the shore, where they formed up shoulder to shoulder. Against that array nothing could stand. The British chariots dashed against it; but the horses were speared before the scythe blades on the wheels could do their deadly work. Step by step the Romans advanced, and ere darkness settled down the Britons had fled.

Cæsar entrenched himself on the beach which had been so hardly won; but before he was ready to march into the land a storm arose and wrecked his galleys. He was now in a perilous plight. He had no food for his troops, and his retreat was cut off. The Seventh Legion, leaving the camp to find food, was almost destroyed by Britons, who followed up their success by attacking the camp on the seashore. They were, however, beaten back time after time, and finally retired to the woods, from which they sent offers of peace.

Cæsar was quite ready to depart. His troops were hungry and weary, and for seventeen or eighteen days they had been beset by a fierce foe. It was clear that a larger army was necessary to overcome the Britons. So, with the first fair wind that blew, Cæsar returned to Gaul, a baffled and beaten man.

Next year he returned with the spring. This time he did not despise his enemy, and a large army of twenty-five thousand foot and two thousand horse accompanied him. He landed without striking a blow, and pushed on through the night to a ford on the Stour, where he drove the Britons in tumult before him. They retreated to a stronghold in the woods, and there stood fast. The stronghold was attacked, and after repeated attempts was carried by storm. Again the Britons sued for peace, and Cæsar was forced to grant it. With a few hostages and a girdle of British pearls—the only spoils of his so-called conquest—he left the island. Britain never saw him again. He came, he saw, he failed.

After the departure of Cæsar no Roman soldier set foot on the island for nearly one hundred years. Britain was, however, nearer to the masterful city on the Tiber than she had ever been before. Traders came and went in increasing numbers, and year by year Britain grew more civilized

Then came the real conquest of Britain. In the year 43 A.D. the Emperor Claudius dispatched an army under a trusted leader. Again the Romans landed without opposition, and in the Essex woods stormed the stronghold of Caractacus, the most skilful and valiant leader the Britons ever knew. The islanders were disunited, and their disunion led to their downfall. Caractacus rallied the broken tribes and made a last stand, but all in vain. He was captured, and was sent to Rome "to grace the chariot wheels" of his conqueror. Claudius, struck by his proud bearing and simple dignity, gave him life and freedom. We know nothing of his after-career; in his noble hour he vanishes from the pages of history.

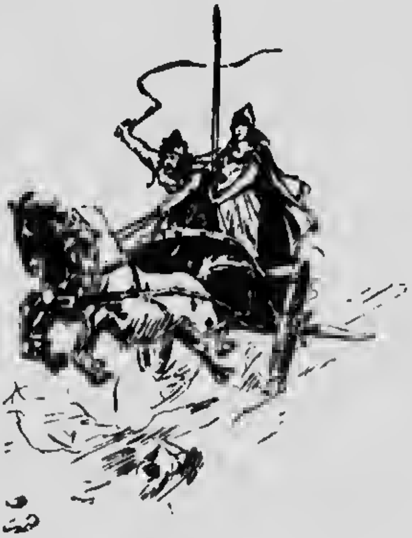
Roman arms had now triumphed in Britain; but the Britons refused to bow the neck to the yoke. Stirred up by their priests, the dreaded Druids, they fell upon the Romans whenever they could. The Druids were now the chief danger to be dreaded, so the Roman general determined to destroy them root and branch.

He marched to the shores of Menai Strait, and at nightfall embarked his men in flat-bottomed boats, with their horses swimming behind. On the shores of Mona (the island of Anglesea) the Britons in dense array awaited his coming. Black-robed women, with their long hair streaming in the wind, ran to and fro brandishing torches, while the Druids heaped curses on the foe. At first the Romans were struck with awe, and hesitated to land. But they recovered their senses at the call of their general, and, once on shore, they made short work of the Britons. The slaughter was terrible; the sacred groves were fired, and priests and people perished in the flames. Never more were the Druids a power in the land.

Elsewhere, however, the Britons had arisen in wrath, and the Roman power was trembling in the balance. On the wide plain in the east of Britain, Queen Boadicea, scorned and insulted, had roused the tribesmen. The Romans had robbed her and ill-treated her children. With burning words she went to and fro telling the moving story of her wrongs.

See her now in her war-chariot, her long yellow hair unbound, and falling below the golden girdle that encircles her waist. Hear the fierce torrent of words that falls from her lips, and see the eyes of the Britons kindle as she stirs them up to "mutiny and rage." They fall upon the nearest Roman camp and slay every man, woman, and child in it. A legion hastening to the rescue is cut to pieces. London is captured and its garrison slain. "At last," cry the Britons, "the yoke of Rome is broken, and we are free once more."

The dread news reaches the Roman general far away in North Wales. By forced marches he hastens to the storm-centre and gives battle to the frenzied Britons. Boadicea, spear in hand, her daughters by her side, hurries from tribe to tribe, beseeching her followers to conquer or to die. Alas! they cannot resist the Roman arms. They are hopelessly defeated. Rome triumphs, and Boadicea, heart-broken and helpless, flees to the woods and ends her life and that of her children with poison. An English poet represents a Druid in the hour of her death foretelling the fall of Rome and the future greatness of her stricken land.



Chapter III

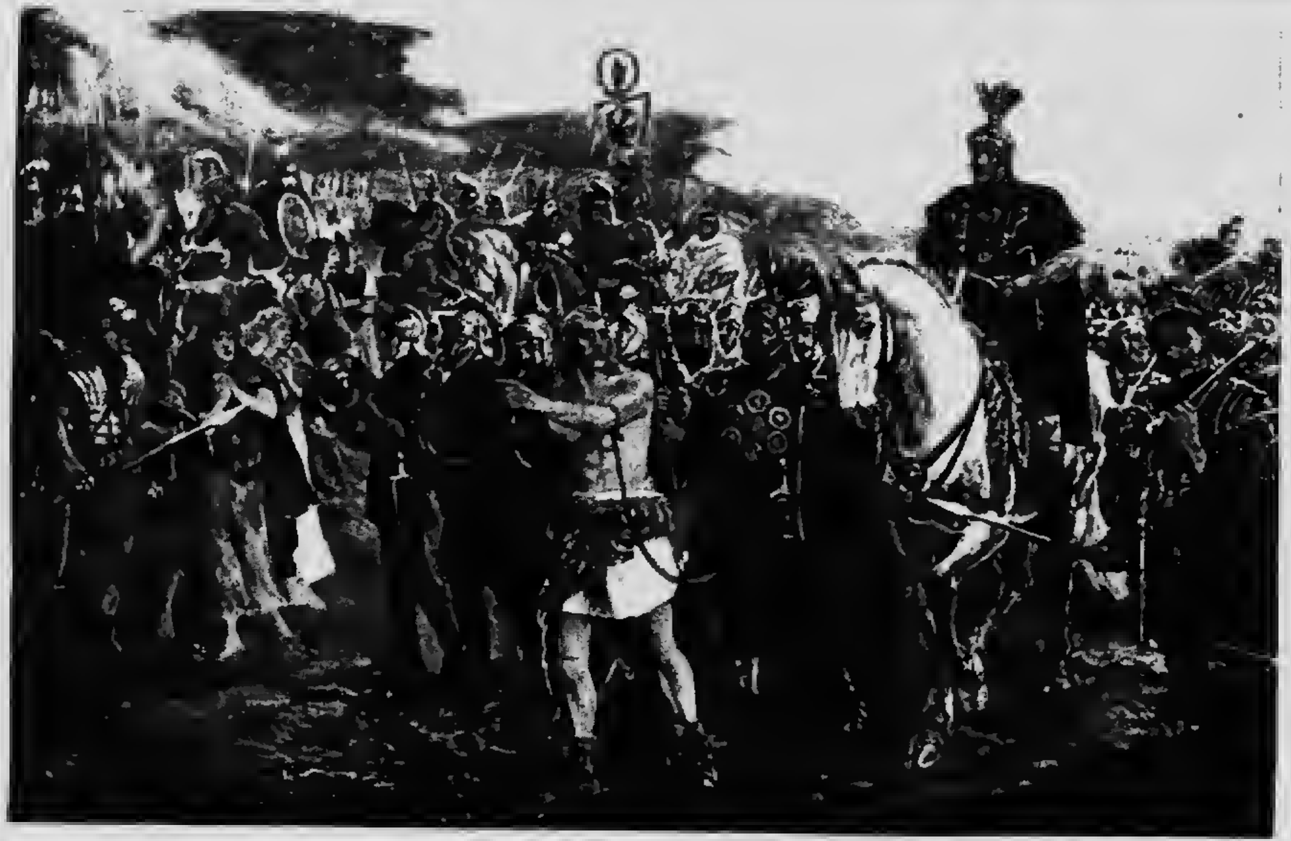
A Day in Roman Britain

(78 A.D. to 410 A.D.)

THE Romans learnt a lesson from the fierce rising led by Boadicea. They now knew that the Britons would never yield to brute force and harsh treatment. They therefore appointed as governor a firm, just man, who could be trusted to make the Roman yoke press as lightly as possible on British shoulders. The new governor, Julius Agricola, strove to rule Britain much as a British viceroy rules India to-day. He taught the people the arts of peace; he introduced the chiefs and their sons to the dress, the luxuries, and the manners of Rome; he endeavoured in various ways to make them proud of belonging to the great Roman Empire.

Still, Agricola had his share of fighting. He subdued North Wales, and carried his standards as far north as the Tay. In the fierce campaign of 84 A.D. he overcame the Caledonians, or natives of Scotland, at the foot of the Grampians. Agricola pacified South Britain, and the governors who came after him had very little fighting to do. Meanwhile, Rome was busy making roads, building bridges and cities, rearing walls of defence, reclaiming marshes, and otherwise improving the country.

Now let us try to picture a day in Roman Britain. Let us suppose that we are suddenly planted down in the island. We notice at once that a great change has taken place in the appearance of the country since we last visited it.



The Invasion under Claudius.

(From the picture by Thomas Davidson.)

In many places the dense woods that formerly covered the land have been cut down. Broad fields have been carved out of the forests, and now we see them waving with barley, rye, and wheat. Gangs of British slaves are at work in the harvest fields. Britain has become one of the granaries of the Roman Empire. Cattle and sheep by the hundred feed on the hillsides; and in Rome they speak of this land as "Britain the Happy."

With the cutting down of many forests the weather has improved. No longer is the island wrapped in steaming mists; no longer is the sky always clouded. Many of the rivers which formerly lost themselves in reedy marshes have been embanked, and now flow on as broad, fair streams. The bogs are crossed by causeways, the fens are drained, the rivers are bridged, and the fords are easy. The Britons loudly complain that their hands and bodies are worn out in this toilsome work.

Look at tho road beneath your feet. Broad and straight it runs over hill and valley, across stream and moor and bog. So well made are the roads that some of them remain to this day. The Roman engineers have dug down to the rocky crust, and upon this have built three or four layers of squared or broken stones mixed with gravel, lime, and clay. The upper surface of the road is closely paved—at least in the middle—with large blocks of stone. All this work has been done by the Britons under the guidance of their Roman taskmasters.

While we are examining the road we hear the tramp of armed men, and a Roman legion swings by. The soldiers seem to be gathered from all the lands where Rome rules. The swarthy Italian, the yellow-haired German, and the dusky Moor march side by side. They are armed with brazen shield, heavy javelin, and short thick sword. In the midst is the glittering "eagle." The Roman soldier would rather die than yield his "eagle" to a foe.

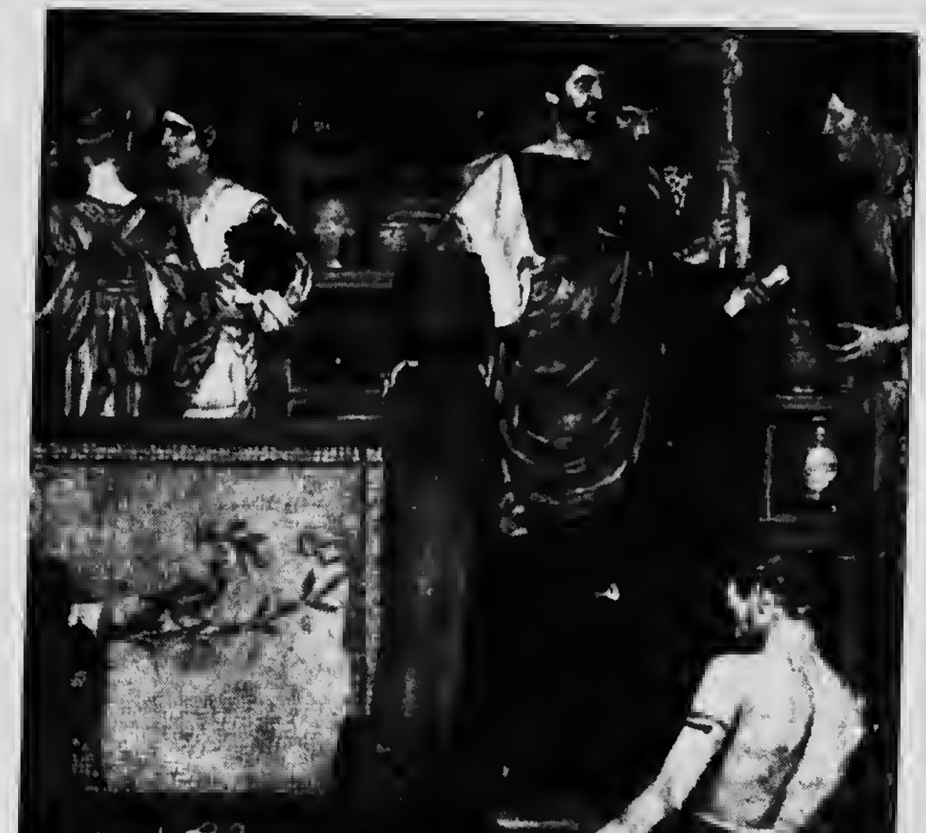
Let us follow the legion to yonder city. On we go along the broad white road, now crossing a stream by a bridge, now wading waist-deep through the ford of a river. Here and there amidst the trees we see the white buildings of a villa where some Roman officer lives. Notice his beautiful garden, and his orchard of apples, plums, pears, and cherries. On a south wall you will see the grape vine growing.

On and on we march, swinging to the right or the left as some mounted messenger, bearing dispatches for his general, spurs by. At length the roofs of the city appear. Round about the city is a great rampart of stone, and here and there we see a sentinel leaning on his javelin, and shading his eyes as he peers across the plain. We enter by one of the four gates, and find that the two main streets of the town cut each other at right angles. As we pass along we see many fine buildings, such as the Britons of old never dreamed of.

Here we notice the carved pillars of a temple to the god of the sea; there is a stately shrine to the goddess of wisdom; yonder are the public baths, with their marble halls. All Romans love the bath. They have exchanged the balmy climate of the south for the chilly weather of this northern isle, but in the heated chambers of their baths they rejoice again in the warmth of their native land.

Yonder is the court-house. In front of it the senators in flowing robes, and carrying rolls of parchment, pace to and fro. Here comes the governor with his guard of soldiers. In front of him are his attendants, or lictors, each carrying on his shoulder an axe bound up in a bundle of rods. See how the people in the streets make way for the governor! Now a gang of slaves is driven by, and here comes a shock-headed British chieftain who has been captured in border warfare. He is on his way to Rome, where he will be tried before the emperor himself.

Yonder is the circus, where the townsfolk throng to see plays performed, or, what they love better, to see gladiators fight to the death. Here on the seats, tier above tier, are Britons who ape their masters in dress and speech. They no longer delight in battle and the chase. With their golden locks cut short and their beards trimmed in the Roman fashion, they spend their days in idle amusement, in feasting, and in gambling.



A Roman Emperor visiting a Pottery in Britain.
(From the painting by Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, R.A. By permission of the Artist.)

Out of the way! Here comes a drove of rough-coated cattle urged forward by the shouts of their fierce, shaggy herdsmen. We step into a dyer's shop until the cattle have passed. The dyer is busy. His cauldron is set on a brick hearth over a charcoal fire, and in it he is dipping a piece of fine linen, which he dyes with the famous Tyrian purple which is worn by the Romans at their feasts. Now we pass again into the streets, and pause to see the children playing knuckle-bones on the doorsteps.

Here is the lordly town house of a Roman officer. Within, the Roman ladies sew and spin, while their husbands are out drilling, or sitting on the judgment seat. On their dressing-tables are mirrors of polished steel and combs of boxwood. They gird up their robes with brooches of gold and silver, and wear bracelets with costly jewels upon their arms. Pins of bone hold together their long tresses, and on their feet are dainty shoes of silk. Supper is at three. Then the gentlemen will join them. They will recline on couches, eat the dainties of the island, and drink draughts of wine from Italian vineyards.

Such is the life of the town for the Roman officers and the wealthy Britons. The British peasants, however, are slaves. They till the land for their Roman masters; they build for them roads, palaces, walls, and towers of defence. In the marshes of the Medway and on the banks of the Nen they fashion earthenware or glass vessels of yellow, ruby, and blue. They work in the mines of iron, tin, copper, and lead, and smelt the ore in charcoal furnaces. They learn how to paint pictures, carve statues, work bronze, and make pavements of wonderful colour and form.

Some of them serve in the army in the distant parts of the empire, or on the wild frontiers of their own land. Most of them, however, are peaceful workers. They have not learned the arts of warfare, but the day will soon dawn when they will have to take up the unfamiliar bow and arrow, sword and shield, to beat back the fierce foe.

Rome is even now growing weaker. Fierce tribes from the north are pushing on towards the gates of the great city itself. Soldiers are drafted from all the Roman world to defend the heart of the empire, but in vain; and at last the emperor sends letters to the cities of Britain, telling them that they must provide for their own safety. The last of the legions leaves British shores in the year 409 A.D., amidst the sighs and tears of the inhabitants. All hope goes with them, for the British are as sheep without a shepherd. Thus Britain is left to her fate, and for two hundred years darkness closes around her.

"The eagles have flown." Their glory has departed, and Britain will never know them more. Rome has done little or nothing for Britain. She found the natives warlike, though untrained; she left them helpless and feeble. True, she taught them the arts of peace; she gave some of them education and more comfort than they had ever known before. But she did not teach them how to defend themselves; and so, when the strong arm that protected them was withdrawn, they perished miserably by fire and sword.

Chapter IV

The Coming of the English

(449 A.D. to 597 A.D.)

OF all the foes who beset Britain at this time, the most dreaded were the English pirates. They were tall, big-boned, blue-eyed men, with long yellow hair falling upon their shoulders from beneath their winged helmets.

Take your atlas and find the peninsula of Denmark. On the shores of this peninsula, and on the coasts of the mainland to the east and to the west of it, dwelt the Jutes, the Angles, and the Saxons, the forefathers of the English. All these tribes were akin: they had the same blood in their veins and spoke the same speech; they had the same kind of religion and government, and they lived in the same kind of country. "It was a wild waste of heather and sand, girt along the coast with sunless woodland, broken here and there by meadows which crept down to the marshes and the sea."

Here they lived a hard life as hunters, fishers, and farmers. The barren soil drove them to the sea, and in their long, swift ships they plundered the coasts of richer lands, and returned home laden with spoil. A Roman poet sang of them: "Foes are they fierce beyond other foes: the sea is their school of war and the storm their friend; they are sea-wolves that live on the plunder of the world."

Their religion was fierce, warlike, and bloodthirsty. They believed in many gods, such as Odin, the god of wisdom and the father of victory; Thor, the thunder-god; Tiu, the god of war; and Freya, the goddess of love. The days of the week —Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday—still retain for us the names of the four chief gods of the English.

The English also believed in ogres and giants, in dwarfs who dwelt beneath the ground and made magic weapons and charmed rings, and in elves or fairies of the woods, meadows, and wells. They carefully buried or burned their dead, lest the angry souls should haunt the spot where their uncared-for bodies lay. By the side of a dead warrior they placed food and drink, weapons and slaughtered horses, so that he might have the means of hunting and feasting in the future life.

He who fell gloriously in battle was supposed to ride Odin's horse to Valhalla, the hall of heroes, and there spend his days in the fierce delights of war, in cleaving helmets and hacking limbs. At nightfall all wounds would be healed, and the heroes would sit feasting on a great boar, whose flesh never grew less, and drinking mead out of the skulls of their enemies. The cowardly or "niddering" would be shut out of Valhalla and sent to dark places of famine and torture. No one who died a natural death could enter Odin's halls. When a peaceful end seemed to be nigh, a warrior would wound himself with a knife or a spear, or throw himself from the cliff, or set sail in a little boat to perish amidst the winds and the waves.

Valhalla, it was supposed, would at last pass away, and another heaven would take its place. Then this in turn would disappear. Monsters would devour the sun and the moon, tear up the mountains and the trees, and blot the stars out of heaven, until one wide, shoreless sea covered the whole world. Then, after a terrible fight, a huge wolf would devour Odin and the other gods; and finally the wolf's jaws would be torn asunder and everything would utterly perish. Such was the fierce, hopeless creed of the English.

We are now to read how the first Englishmen won a foothold on the soil of Britain. An old legend tells us that two chiefs of the Jutes named Hengist and Horsa were cruising off the coasts of Kent at the time when the British king Vortigern was being fiercely attacked by the Picts and Scots.

In his terror and dismay Vortigern sent messengers to Hengist and Horsa, promising them food and pay if they would aid him to drive back the men from the north. A bargain was struck: Hengist and Horsa beached their ships on the gravel spit at Ebbsfleet, in the north-eastern corner of Kent, and landed their warriors.

The Picts and Scots were driven back, and the English returned from the fray to claim their reward. Their chiefs asked of the king as much land as a bull's hide could encompass. Vortigern, who had no thought of trickery, gladly granted the request; whereupon Hengist cut the bull's hide into long narrow strips, with which he surrounded a rocky place. On this he built a fortress, and thus secured a foothold in Britain.

The news was wafted across the sea, and in a few days a new pack of "sea-wolves" appeared in seventeen ships. With the newcomers came a new conqueror, wearing no helmet and carrying no battle-axe, but armed only with a beautiful face and a charming smile. She was Hengist's fair daughter Rowena. At the feast which followed her arrival she handed the cup of greeting to the British king. He fell a willing victim to her beauty; he wooed and won her, and as a marriage gift he bestowed on her father and brothers a large part of his kingdom.

The Britons were very angry at the folly of their king, and they gathered in arms and attacked the English. Horsa was slain, and Hengist was driven to his ships. Calling to his aid a fresh band of rovers, he offered peace to the British chiefs, whom he invited to a feast. Both sides were supposed to come unarmed to the banquet, but Hengist ordered his followers to hide their swords under their cloaks and to be ready to strike when he should give the word. When the wine cup had gone round, and the Britons were overcome with drink, the fatal signal was given. The English fell upon their guests, and slaughtered every man of them save Vortigern. Such is the legend. Whether it is true or not, this we know, that the Jutes mastered the Britons of Kent, and were the first of the English tribes to make a settlement in the land.

This success was the signal for a host of Saxons and Angles to cross the North Sea and also make settlements in Britain. The Saxons had made many plundering raids before the departure of the Romans, and they were well known to the Britons, who therefore called all the invaders by the common name of Saxon. To this day the Celts of Wales and of the Highlands of Scotland speak of their English neighbours as Saxon or "Sassenach."

The Saxons gained their first footing on British soil about twenty-seven years after the landing of the Jutes. They were led by their chief Ælle and his son Cissa, and they landed on the shore of what is now the county of Sussex. The coast was guarded by a Roman fortress, but the stronghold fell before the fierce and pitiless Saxons, who, we are told, "left not a Briton alive." Then Ælle founded the kingdom of Sussex—that is, of the South Saxons.

Twenty years later, Cerdic led a much larger band, which landed on the shores of Southampton Water and at once began fighting its way northward. The kingdom which they founded was that of Wessex, or the West Saxons. "Wessex has grown into England, England into Great Britain, Great Britain into the United Kingdom, the United Kingdom into the British Empire. Every prince who has ruled England since the eleventh century has had the blood of Cerdic in his veins."

The Angle, or Engle, came later, and founded three kingdoms, which, taken together, formed the greater part of the conquered land. For this reason the whole country was called England, and not Saxony. The great Angle settlements were East Anglia, which consisted of the North Folk and South Folk, who dwelt in the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk; Mercia, or Middle England; and Northumbria, which stretched northward from the Humber to the Forth.

Savage and gory strife raged in the land for well-nigh a century and a half after the landing of the Jutes. "Some of the Britons," says an old writer, "were caught on the hills and slaughtered; others were worn out with hunger, and yielded to a life-long slavery. Some passed across the sea; others trusted their lives to the clefts of the mountains, to the forests, and to the rocks of the sea." One hundred and fifty years after Hengist and Horsa came to the aid of Vortigern the English ruled in Britain from the North Sea to the Severn, and from the English Channel to the Firth of Forth.

South Britain had now become England. No longer was it the land of the Britons, but the land of the English. Slowly but surely the land was reft from the Britons, until only the hills and valleys of Wales remained. There the descendants of the ancient Britons live to this day, speaking the speech of their far-off sires, and singing the lays of those distant ages when the whole fair land of Britain was theirs from sea to sea.

Chapter V

The Coming of Christianity

(597 A.D.)

BY the end of the sixth century all Britain except the west was in the hands of the English. About this time the country was divided into seven kingdoms. For the next three hundred years these kingdoms were continually striving with one another for mastery. At the end of that time they were welded into one strong kingdom.

You have all heard the saying "United we stand, divided we fall." No country can ever be great and prosperous unless it is united. When the people of a land are quarrelling and fighting amongst themselves, the country, as a whole, can make no headway. Early in their history English people were united into one kingdom under one king, and British greatness is largely due to this simple fact. Long after England was united and at peace with herself the nations on the continent of Europe were split up into many tribes, all fighting and struggling with each other.

I cannot in this book follow the fortunes of the various English kingdoms. Sometimes a strong king would make his power felt far and wide; but he never held sway for long, and frequently the victor of one year was the vanquished of the next. At length Mercia, or Middle England, and Wessex, which lay between Mercia and the English Channel, became the two outstanding kingdoms in England. Mercia was uppermost for a long time, but the mastery passed in the end to Wessex, and its ruler became overlord of all England.

In this chapter I am going to tell you how the greatest blessing of the world came to the motherland of the British Empire. It came in the year 597, when Ethelbert, King of Kent, was overlord of the country for a brief space. You already know that when the English came to Britain they were a rude, uncivilized race of warriors, farmers, and sailors. They could not build fine houses; they could not write or read books, or paint pictures, or carve statues. They saw with wonder the fine Roman cities, but they did not dwell in them, for they hated town life and loved the open country.

The newcomers found themselves in a rich, fair, and civilized land. In place of their own barren land they now possessed broad meadows and fine hill-pastures, with flocks of sheep and herds of cattle. Their new land contained orchards and vineyards and great wheatfields, as well as ironworks, tin mines, quarries, potteries, and glassworks. Splendid stone-made roads crossed the country; the rivers were bridged, and the fords were staked or stone-bedded. There were good seaports, and there was a large trade with the Continent in grain, metal, jet, hounds, and horses. When, however, the Britons were slain or driven into the mountains these industries died out. The whole land suffered a great set-back, and a new beginning had to be made.

Rome, once the proud "mistress of the world," had by this time lost for ever her ancient glory. No longer did the whole world stand in awe of her. But on the ruins of her lost dominion a new, a merciful, and blessed power had sprung up. Rome had become the centre of the Christian religion, and she was eager to send out missionaries to the isles of the west. There were many Christians in Britain in the days of the Romans; but they had disappeared from the land where the English now dwelt. Christians were only to be found amongst the mountains and valleys where the Britons had taken refuge.

Ireland was the first of the British Isles to receive the new faith. St. Patrick began his work amongst the Scots of Ireland as far back as 440 A.D. He made Ireland a Christian country, and gathered many preachers and teachers about him. After his death devoted men and women continued his work. They travelled to and fro preaching the gospel, and they baptized so many of the Irish that the land was known as the "Isle of the Saints."

Fifty years after the death of St. Patrick a great and good man named Columba yearned to carry the gospel message to the people of Scotland. With twelve companions he crossed the sea in wickerwork boats, and landed on the little barren island of Iona, where he built a wattled church and a few huts. From this island retreat, which is now one of the most sacred spots on earth, Columba's friends went fearlessly into the wild glens and lonely villages, preaching the gospel and slowly but surely winning the Picts and Scots to Christianity.

Missionary journeys were made into North England, and in Ethelbert's time Christian teachers were to be found wandering from one cluster of huts to another over the wild moors of Yorkshire. At certain places along the coast monasteries had been set up. A cowherd in the monastery, whose ruins may still be seen on the cliff at Whitby, had already composed and sung the first English song.

Meanwhile the rest of England was still in pagan darkness. Her people still held the grim faith which they had brought with them from their old home. They still worshipped their fierce old gods; still swore by oak, thorn, and ash; and still looked to Valhalla as their heaven. They still struggled for mastery under their kings, and often sent their captives to be sold as slaves on the Continent.

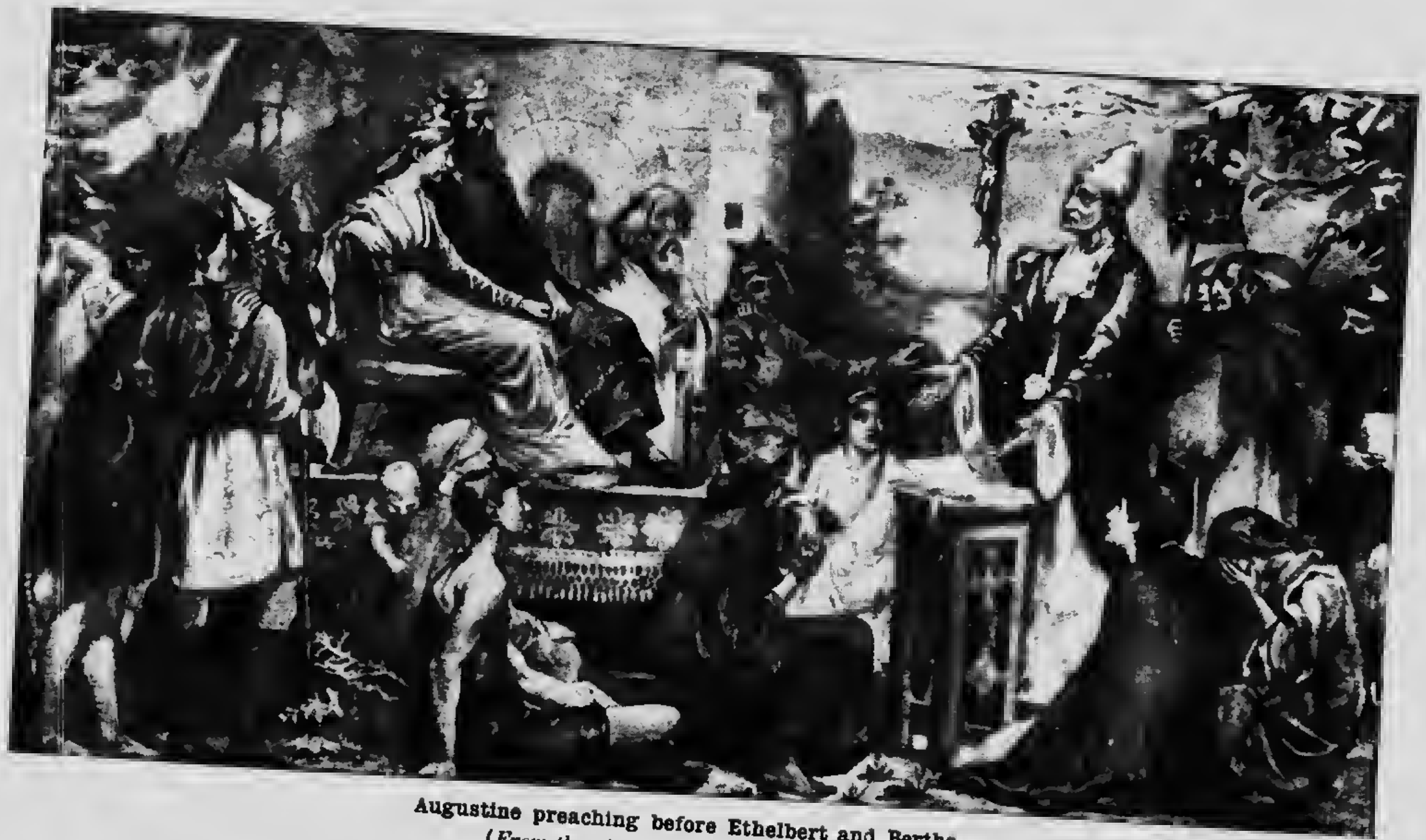
It was the sight of English lads exposed for sale in Rome which moved the heart of a young priest named Gregory and made him wish to win the islanders to the true faith. He saw the white limbs, the fair faces, the blue eyes, and the yellow hair of these children, and he asked the merchant in charge of them who they were and whence they came. When he learnt that they were Angles he cried, "The Angles should be *angels.* From *Deira*, come they? They shall be snatched *de ira Dei*—from the wrath of God. And their king, say you, is Ella? *Allelujah* shall be sung in Ella's land."

The old stories tell us that Gregory bought the slaves, clothed them, taught them, and sent them back to England. Several times he begged his bishop to let him visit England as a missionary, but he could not be spared. In the fulness of time Gregory became Pope, and then he was able to realize the dream of his life. An opportunity soon arrived. Ethelbert of Kent had married the Christian princess Bertha, daughter of the King of the Franks. Her pagan husband had promised that in her new home she should worship God as she pleased. So she brought a priest with her, and in a little Roman church at Canterbury she often knelt before the altar and prayed that her husband and his people might be won for Christ. Often she pleaded with Ethelbert, and begged him to forsake his gods and embrace the new faith. He heard her patiently, and pondered over her words. At length he invited Gregory to send ministers of the new religion to Kent.

Now let us try to picture the scene at their coming. Somewhere on the island of Thanet, where Cæsar's legions had landed and Hengist and Horsa had drawn their keels ashore, a double throne is set up beneath the open sky. On this throne sit Ethelbert and Bertha—the king ready to be convinced, the queen praying earnestly that God will touch her husband's heart. Then afar off are heard the voices of the monks chanting a psalm. Louder and louder swells the strain as they draw near and halt at the foot of the throne.

Augustine, their leader, addresses the king, tells him of the blessings and hopes of the new religion, and beseeches him to forswear his false gods. Ethelbert listens, but he is not easily persuaded. "Your promises are fair," he says, "but they are new and uncertain. I cannot abandon my faith, but I will hold you harmless and treat you well. Nor will I forbid any one of my people to join you." No fairer answer can be expected. Augustine begins his work, and ere long Ethelbert is baptized with ten thousand of his people.

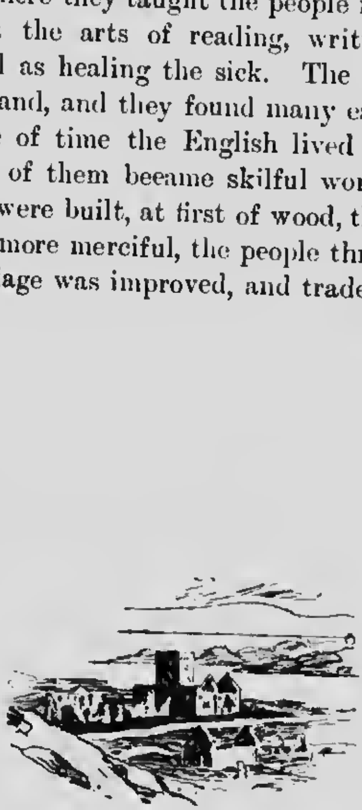
Thus the Cross was planted on the southern shores of England. Long and sore was the struggle ere it conquered the whole country. Not until a hundred years had passed away was all



Augustine preaching before Ethelbert and Bertha.
(From the picture by Stephen B. Carlill.)

England won from its old heathen darkness. Christianity brought many other blessings in its train. Rome was then the great centre of learning and the arts. Bands of monks from Rome came to this country and settled down in the monasteries. There they taught the people not only the truths of religion, but the arts of reading, writing, building, and painting, as well as healing the sick. The monks became the teachers of the land, and they found many eager to learn.

In the course of time the English lived in the old Roman cities, and many of them became skilful workers in wood and iron. Churches were built, at first of wood, then of stone. The laws were made more merciful, the people threw off their fierce lawless ways, tillage was improved, and trade began again.



Chapter VI

The Vikings

(787 A.D. to 871 A.D.)

DURING the reign of Egbert of Wessex, the first real overlord of England, new and terrible invaders appeared. These were the Vikings, or "creek men," who lived on the shores of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. They were so called because they were in the habit of mooring their ships in the *viks*—that is, the bays and creeks—ready to pounce upon peaceful merchant ships passing their shores. The Vikings were of the same race as the English, and they were very much like the Englishmen who had conquered Britain in the sixth century. History was now repeating itself. Just as the Angles, Saxons, and Jutes had attacked the Britons some three hundred years before, so the Vikings were now attacking the English.

What manner of men were these Vikings? They were bluff, stalwart rovers who loved the salt sea, and shouted with glee as the waves foamed beneath them and the tempest roared about them. They were mighty warriors, wild and untamed as the ocean, swift as the falcon, ruthless as the vulture, fierce as the wolf. Many of them were *Berserks*—that is, warriors who disdained the use of armour to protect them. They cared nothing for death, and welcomed it with open arms. Within sight of the foe they used to lash themselves into such fury that they would bite their shields and rush to the fray wielding club or battle-axe with the strength of giants.

No Christian message of peace and brotherhood had touched

The Coming of the Vikings
(From the picture by H. A. Bone.)

their hearts; they still gloried in the grim gods of their dark and hopeless creed. Towards those who had abandoned Odin and Thor for the mild faith of the "White Christ" they showed the utmost hatred. They shed with unholy joy the blood of priests; they revelled in the plunder and burning of churches. For two hundred and fifty years they were a scourge, not only to England, Scotland, and Ireland, but to the whole of Europe. Men prayed in their churches: "From the fury of the Northmen, good Lord, deliver us."

Never in the history of the whole world have men "followed the sea" with such fearlessness and keen delight as these Vikings. The sea was their "swan road," their "Viking path," their "land of the keel," their "glittering home." The ships were their "deer of the surf" and their "horses of the sea." Frail barks they seem to us, small and not very seaworthy. Yet in these ships the Vikings made astonishing voyages. They cruised to the Orkneys; they saw Hecla shoot out its fiery lava in far-off Iceland; they trod the icy shores of Greenland; and they were the first Europeans to land on the shores of the New World.

There are old books in the libraries of Denmark and Iceland which give us accounts of these wonderful voyages. The most famous of all the voyages was that undertaken by Lief, son of Eric the Red, in the year 1000. It is said that he discovered and explored Helluland, Markland, and Vinland—that is, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and parts of what were afterwards known as New England.

Let us try to picture a Viking raid. You stand on the beach watching the Viking fleet slowly rising above the horizon and drawing near to the threatened shores. You see long black ships with their high prows curved like the head of a serpent. The sun glints from the bright shields which hang over the bulwarks, from the mail-clad warriors, and from their battle-axes and spears. On the great sails you see the painted figures of the eagle, the bear, the wolf, and the raven. These creatures are fierce, but fiercer still are the men who are now preparing to land.

Yonder little village is happy and peaceful in the morning sunshine. The cosy farmhouses and the smiling fields with their rich promise of harvest tell the tale of comfort and content. Alas! the scene will be terribly changed when these "sea-wolves" arrive. They will sail up the river mouth, throw up stockaded earthworks to secure their retreat, and then begin the terrible work of pillage and slaughter. Men, women, and innocent babes will be slain, cattle will be driven off, and the smoke of burning roof-trees will darken the sky.

Yonder minster, where the trembling monks are cowering before the altar, will be robbed of its treasures; the gilded cross will be torn down and trampled upon, and blood eagles will be carved on the backs of the hated priests. Then torch and flame will do their work, and the Vikings, glutted with blood and laden with booty, will sail away, leaving behind them a silent and blackened desert.

Again and again the Vikings will return; bolder and bolder will they become, until at last they will wrest half England from the English. Then they will settle down in the country, and in course of time a Viking will sit on the throne.

Chapter VII

Alfred the Great

(849 A.D. to 901 A.D.)

AMIDST the terror and slaughter of the Viking invasions the greatest of all our kings arose. In his lifetime men called him "England's darling" and "Truth-Teller," and these proud titles show clearly that his people loved him and that he was worthy to be loved. His glory has not faded with the passing of centuries. The more Alfred's reign is studied the brighter shines his fame.

Alfred's nature was a beautiful blend of courage, tenderness, and patience. He loved justice and mercy, and he lived and died for his people. Warrior, statesman, scholar, lawgiver, and true lover of his country, he stands for all time as the type and model of the perfect king. More than a thousand years have sped since the breath of life left his lips, yet he still remains one of the greatest glories of the British race.

He was born in Wantage, where his statue now stands, in the year 849, and ere he was three years of age the Vikings had made their first settlement in England. In that year a great army of "Danes," as the English called them, swept up the Thames, sacked London and Canterbury, and put to flight an English army. Two years later Alfred's father and elder brother met them in battle, and after a stubborn fight won a great victory. So desperate was the combat that half the Danes perished on the field. Another victory followed, and the Danes were checked for a time; but only for a time.

We learn much of Alfred's life from the pages of a learned Welshman named Asser. He tells us a pretty story of how Alfred's mother encouraged her sons to learn to read. She showed the boys a beautiful book of English verse, adorned with many bright paintings in gold and colours, and promised the volume to the first of them who could read it. Alfred was eager to possess the book, and even more eager to learn the poems which it contained; so he sought out a tutor, and studied so diligently that before long he was able to read the book and claim it as his own.

This love of letters never left him, but grew with the years. In his later and more peaceful days he gathered scholars around him and spent his time in listening to the words of wisdom which fell from them. Asser says: "As Alfred advanced through the years of infancy and youth, he appeared more comely in person than his brothers, as in countenance, speech, and manners he was more pleasing than they. His noble birth and noble nature implanted in him from his cradle a love of wisdom above all things."

When Alfred was twenty years of age the Danes captured York, pushed into Mercia, and wintered at Nottingham. Two years later they defeated Edmund, the King of the East Angles, bound him to a tree, shot arrows into his body, and finally cut off his head. They parted his realm amongst them, and placed their chief, Guthrum, on his throne.

Next year Alfred and his elder brother, the king, were overcome by the Danes at Reading. In a later battle, however, Alfred led the English "with the rush of a wild boar," and was victorious. A fortnight later the Danes again won a battle, and a fresh army joined them from overseas. The English king died of his wounds, and Alfred was crowned in his stead. In the next month his little army was scattered far and wide, and Alfred was a king only in name.

"Let no one be surprised," says Asser, "that the English had but a small number of men, for they had been all but worn out by eight battles in this self-same year; in which there died one king, nine chieftains, and numberless troops of soldiers." Two years of desperate fighting followed, and the Danes gained ground everywhere. At length Alfred was forced to withdraw with a little band of faithful followers to the marshes of Somersetshire. On the island of Athelney, a low lift of ground surrounded by fens, Alfred built a fort, and in it he waited and longed for happier days.

An old story tells us that about this time, when he was flying from his foes, he entered the hut of a cowherd and begged for shelter. The cowherd knew him, and received him kindly; but the goodwife thought that he was only a passing stranger. One day she prepared to bake her bread, and asked the king, who was sitting near the hearth mending bows and arrows, to give an eye to the loaves, to turn them from time to time. The king, engrossed in his task, quite forgot the loaves. When the rough countrywoman returned and saw them burning she scolded the king roundly.

"The unlucky woman," says Asser, "little thought that she was addressing King Alfred."

Though the prospect was dark and gloomy Alfred did not lose hope. Scarce a day passed but he sallied forth at the head of his little band to fall upon the Danish bands in the neighbourhood. Friends began to flock to him in his fastness, and day by day his forces grew. At last the dark night passed away and the dawn began to appear. The hour of deliverance had arrived.

The Danes had formed a strong camp on a hill at Chippenham in Wiltshire, and Alfred now determined to attack it. Before doing so, however, he spied out the land. Arrayed as a wandering minstrel, with harp in hand, he approached the enemy's outposts. The *scald* was very welcome, for the Danes ever loved a song, and camp life was very dull. Alfred sang and played to the Danes, and was led to the tent of Guthrum, the chief. As he struck the chords of his harp and trolled the lay, his keen eyes were busy noting the defences of the camp and the best method of attack. The Danes sent him away with praise and gifts, and Alfred returned to Athelney, from which he sent forth the naked sword and war-arrow to summon the freemen of the south-western counties. They came at his call, and soon he was strong enough to march against the Danes.

Guthrum drew up his men on the plain at the foot of the hill on which his camp was placed. Alfred massed his warriors into a close shield-wall and gave the signal for attack. Never was there a fiercer onset. The Danes, however, defended themselves stubbornly. At this moment Alfred's archers let fly a storm of arrows, and his spearmen, noticing that the enemy was giving way, charged with the utmost fury. The Danes were swept to earth, and only a shattered remnant of them found refuge in the camp on the hill-top. Alfred surrounded the camp with his forces, and for fourteen days closely besieged it. Hunger at last did its work, and Guthrum begged for peace. He offered to withdraw into East Anglia and to become a Christian if Alfred would make a treaty with him.

The treaty was made, Guthrum became a Christian, and the Danes settled down quietly in what was known as the Danelaw. Other Viking bands, however, attacked the land, but Alfred beat them off. He was now ready for all comers, for he had built a fleet of ships stronger and swifter than those of the Danes. Thus Alfred created the first British navy, and was the first to perceive that an invader of the British Isles must be met and overcome on the sea.

Right nobly did Alfred labour during tho few years of life remaining to him. His bodily health was always bad, but he never allowed pain or weakness to stand in the way of his work. He rebuilt the towns, founded monasteries, and gathered learned men about him. Schools were opened, and the people were encouraged to learn the arts of reading and writing.

Alfred gave the best of his attention to four things—law, justice, religion, and education. The old laws of the nation were collected: those that were good were retained; those that were bad were thrown aside. Alfred himself turned into English the best and most useful Latin books of his time. He also ordered the monks to continue the old history book now known as the "Old English Chronicle."

Method and order were the rules of his life. For eight hours each day he rested and took exercise, another eight hours he gave up to the business of state, and the remaining eight hours he spent in study and prayer. As he had no clock, he measured out his time by burning candles, each of which lasted for four hours. In order that the candles might burn evenly and mark the time properly, he enclosed them in lanterns of thin horn.

Alfred died in the year 901. Most writers regard him as "the most perfect character in history." He brought his land out of the darkness of despair into peace and prosperity. He enlarged the bounds of Wessex, and saved England from becoming the prey of the Viking. He was not only a saint and a scholar, but a warrior who hated war, and a conqueror who was always merciful. There is no other name in our history to compare with his.

Chapter VIII

Rivals for a Throne

(1060 A.D.)

LET me picture to you a notable scene which took place in the year of our Lord 1060. You are supposed to be a spectator in the great hall of the castle of Bayeux, a town of Normandy in North France. A throng of barons, knights, bishops, and priests fills the great chamber, and you see at once that some important event is about to take place. Now your eye fastens on the two chief actors in the scene. Mark them well, for they are both men who have made and will make history.

One of them shows some signs of anxiety. He is a tall, comely man, with the blue eyes, golden beard, and flowing locks of the Saxon. Bluff, good-tempered, and easy-going, he is proud of his [illegible] arm, his skill in warfare, and his sense of fair play. [illegible] can readily believe that he is very popular with those who know him well. He is Harold, Earl of Kent.

His father, who died eight years ago, was Earl Godwin, a dogged old noble, who was the champion of his countrymen at the court of Edward, King of England. Before coming to the throne, Edward had spent long years of exile in Normandy, and had learned to love the Normans and their ways. When he was crowned king, he filled his court with Normans, and lavished lands and wealth upon them. Men say that he has made a will leaving his crown to the Norman duke who stands yonder. His subjects, however, will have no Norman duke to reign over them. Harold, the fair-haired Englishman, is their pride and choice.

Now turn your attention to William, Duke of Normandy. You see at a glance that he is a great man. He is a giant in stature, and no person living can bend his huge bow. His life has been rough and hard, and rough and hard is his temper. He is of Viking blood, for his ancestor was the fierce Norseman Rollo, who wrested Normandy, or the land of the Norsemen, from a half mad king of France. Rollo lives again in William. His mother was a tanner's daughter, and his haughty nobles once sneered at his base origin. They dare not do so now, for they know full well the weight of his heavy hand. They cannot forget the fate of those townsmen who insulted his mother's memory by hanging hides from the wall as a welcome to the "tanner's son." Watchful, patient, cunning, cruel, he is the greatest warrior and statesman of his time.

What manner of man this masterful Norman duke is, you may learn from the way in which he saved his duchy before he was twenty-one years of age. His leading barons planned a great rising, and when the rebellion broke out he was in the house of one of the chief rebels. His jester came to him by night and told him of his danger. Forthwith William mounted his horse and galloped for his life to his castle of Falaise. Then with the help of the King of France he met his foes on the battlefield, and after a fierce struggle, in which he cut down one of the rebel leaders, he gained such a complete victory that thenceforth he was master of the land.

William has already visited England and made himself pleasant to the poor King Edward. England is a rich and fair land, and William means to make a bold bid for it. There are Normans in plenty about Edward's throne, and they will be his willing helpers when the time comes. So he returns to Normandy and tells his friends that he is the heir of Edward to the English throne.

But how come William and Harold, these rivals for a throne, to be under the same roof? Harold is William's prisoner. He wears no chains, but he is in bondage, all the same. Some months ago he was cruising in the Channel, when a storm drove him on the Norman shore. The nearest baron seized him, but William claimed him and carried him off to his court with a show of friendship. They have shared the same tent, fed at the same table, hunted together, and waged war in company. To the outward eye they are brothers. But why is Harold anxious? William thinks the hour is now ripe for showing the iron hand beneath his velvet glove. He now declares himself Edward's heir, and calls upon Harold to help him in securing the English throne. Harold is at his wit's end. He will be asked to swear an oath, and if he refuses, death or life-long imprisonment awaits him. He must swear the oath; but when he reaches England he will forswear it, because it was forced upon him.

And now he is led up to an altar covered with cloth of gold, on which lies a crucifix. He is bidden to place his hand on the cross and swear to help the Norman duke to gain the English throne on the death of Edward. He is very unwilling to take the oath, but he must swear or perish. So the fatal words are said; and then the cloth of gold is withdrawn, and beneath it are seen all the sacred relics of the saints which William has gathered together from a score of Norman churches. Harold grows pale at the sight, his strong limbs tremble, and his heart fails him. Men deem such an oath too sacred to be broken. Even the Normans standing by exclaim, "God help him!"

Chapter IX

The Coming of the Normans

(1066 A.D. to 1071 A.D.)

AFTER the scene described in the last chapter Harold sped homeward; and as he crossed the Channel his terror gave way to anger at the trickery practised upon him. Come what might, he would not be bound by such an oath.

A few years later he was summoned to Edward's deathbed, and was there informed that he was to be King of England. The chiefs of the land were glad to have him; so, amidst their loud shouts of joy, Harold was crowned in the Abbey of Westminster. At once he took up the reins of government, and by wisdom, firmness, and fair dealing soon won the favour of his subjects.

But what of William? He was in his park at Rouen when the news was brought to him. His anger was terrible to behold. Immediately he began to prepare for the invasion of England. The Pope promised to help him, and sent him a sacred banner. Forthwith, from every part of France, knights, spearmen, and cross-bowmen flocked to him, attracted by his offers of good pay and the plunder of England. During the autumn of 1065 and the spring of the following year Normandy was as busy as a hive of bees. The woodmen felled the forests; the shipwrights wrought at the seaports; every armourer's shop rang with the hammers of workmen fashioning coats of mail, spears, and swords. Soon all was ready.

Meanwhile, Harold was attacked in the north of England.

His own brother Tostig, whom he had driven out of the earldom of Northumbria for cruelty and injustice, had joined Hardrada, King of Norway, and the pair had invaded Yorkshire. They were now at the gates of York. Harold was forced to leave the southern coast, where he was lying in wait for William, and speed northward. So rapidly did he march that he took the Norsemen by surprise. He was loath to shed his brother's blood, so he sent forward a messenger to offer Tostig his old earldom if he would yield. "And what," asked Tostig, "will he give my faithful ally the King of Norway?" "He," said the messenger, "shall have seven feet of ground for a grave." Tostig bade the messenger depart, and the battle began.

Ere long Hardrada fell with an arrow in his throat, and the English gained ground everywhere. The Norsemen retreated and crossed the Derwent by Stamford Bridge. For a time a gigantic Norseman, like Horatius of old, "kept the bridge;" but he was slain at last, and the English swarmed across it after the flying foe. At nightfall the Norsemen were completely overthrown, their banner was taken, and Tostig and most of the captains were dead. Harold was victorious. His foes came in three hundred ships; they fled in twenty-four.

The wind that fluttered Harold's banners at Stamford Bridge wafted across the Channel an even more dreaded foe. The Normans landed unopposed at Pevensey on September 28, 1066. The archers were the first to step ashore; then came the knights. When the coast was clear, the carpenters landed and set up a castle on the beach. Last of all came Duke William. As he stepped ashore he stumbled and fell upon his face. A cry of dismay ran through the host; but William's ready wit did not fail him. "See," he cried, "I have taken possession of England with both my hands! It is mine, and what is mine is yours!"

At dawn the next day he marched along the seashore to Hastings, where other wooden castles were set up. Mounted scouts pushed far into the country, but fell back on the main body when the English army drew near. A swift messenger had carried the tidings to York, where Harold lay feasting after the battle. He lost not a moment. Marching south with all speed, he paused six days in London, and then advanced to within seven miles of Hastings. Here he was met by a Norman monk with a message from the duke, bidding Harold do one of three things—either resign his kingdom, or let the Pope decide between them, or settle the matter by single combat. Harold refused all these offers, and then William tried to bribe him by the promise of all the land north of the Humber. Neither threats nor bribes could shake the English king. The God of battles alone should decide.

Harold took up a strong position on the hill of Senlac, a spur of the South Downs near Hastings. The hill then sloped steeply in front, less steeply on the right, and gently on the left. On the summit of the hill Harold dug a trench and reared a stockade, behind which he massed his host. The right was protected by marshy ground; but the left was the weakest part of the position, and here Harold mustered his best fighting men, all armed with battle-axes. Here, too, were his banners. Before the fight began a minstrel spurred out from the Norman throng singing a battle-song and tossing high his sword. Then he put his horse to the gallop and charged the English. He was soon borne down by press of numbers and slain.

A shower of arrows from the archers began the fray; and then the Norman footmen and knights began to charge up the slopes, crying, "God be our help!" The charge broke vainly on the stockade and shield-wall, behind which the English plied axe and javelin, with fierce shouts of "Out! out!" The Normans were beaten back, but they charged again and again, leaving a heap of dead and wounded in front of the fatal barrier. At length a cry arose that the duke was slain, and panic seized his men. William barred the way and checked the flight with savage blows. He tore off his helmet. "I am alive!" he shouted; "and by God's help I will conquer yet!"

It was now three in the afternoon, and the English were still unbroken. Frontal attacks had failed, and William now tried another plan. Hitherto his archers had done but little mischief; the English had easily warded off the arrows with their great shields. "Shoot upwards," commanded William, "that your arrows may fall on their heads." The archers obeyed, and the English were obliged to raise their shields aloft in order to protect their faces. Almost the first to suffer was Harold. An arrow pierced his right eye; but he plucked it out, snapped it in two, and cast it from him. Nevertheless the wound was fatal, and he leaned heavily on his spear.

Another Norman trick was also successful. William ordered a thousand of his horse to advance and then turn and flee. At this sight the English behind their stockade leapt forward and set off in wild pursuit. When they were well away from their defences, the Normans wheeled about and turned on their pursuers with spear and sword. The English were cut to pieces, and William speedily made himself master of the position which they had abandoned.

A hand-to-hand combat now took place on the crest of the hill. Loud were the shouts and great was the slaughter. The fight was thickest round the standard, where Harold's picked warriors encircled the body of their king. One by one they fell; the rest fled, and darkness settled down on the ghastly field.

Duke William pitched his tent on the spot where Harold had fallen. As he feasted and rested after the fight, he swore to build an abbey there in memory of his victory. The next day he began his march on London, and the English were too broken and dispirited to resist him. Without striking a blow he reached the capital; and on Christmas Day 1066 an English archbishop placed the crown on his head in the Abbey of Westminster.

For the third and last time Britain had been overcome by a foreign foe.

Chapter X

A Norman Castle

THE victory at Senlac was only the beginning of the conquest of England. The army had been overthrown, but the people were as yet unsubdued. The return of William to Normandy in the following year was the signal for a general rising, which bid fair to drive the Norman out of the country altogether. William hastened back, and his foes speedily felt the might of his heavy hand. Nevertheless, four years' hard fighting was necessary before he could call himself master of the land.

The last and most stubborn struggle took place in that part of eastern England known as the Fens. It was then a vast low-lying wilderness of slow-moving rivers, wide meres, and far-spreading swamps. On the island of Ely, in this almost impassable region, two English earls and a Lincolnshire squire, known as Hereward the Wake, formed a camp of refuge. Men flocked to the camp from all parts of the land, and so many sudden descents were made on the Normans that William was forced to march against Ely with the whole strength of his army. He built a causeway across the fen, and closely surrounded the island with troops. False monks revealed the secret paths that led to the isle; and one by one Hereward's friends deserted him. At length the day arrived when Hereward was forced to yield. He was the last Englishman in the land to submit to the Norman. The story goes that William received him gladly, for his heart ever warmed to a brave foe.

What manner of men were these Normans who were now all-powerful in England? They belonged to the most masterly race in Europe. Compared with the English, they were fine gentlemen indeed. While the English loved to eat and drink more than was good for them, the Normans despised coarse food and hogsheads of ale. They loved choice and beautiful things—such as stately houses, noble churches, rich armour, and fine horses. There were no braver or more skilful warriors in the world; and they were splendid builders of churches and monasteries. They were very proud, and they regarded the English as rude, uncultivated boors.

The Norman conquest differed from both the Roman conquest and the English conquest. The Romans had no intention of settling down in Britain; there were no Romans in the land except soldiers, officials, and traders. Britain was simply a subject province, and not a colony, in the modern sense of the word. The English conquest was of an entirely different character. The English drove out the inhabitants and settled down in their place. They came to stay. They made new homes for themselves in a new land, and they built up a strong nation. So firmly did the English root themselves in the soil that neither the Vikings nor the Normans were strong enough to displace them. Both Viking and Norman conquered the land and ruled it, but in the end the conquerors were overcome by the conquered. In the course of time Danes and Normans alike became English.

When William conquered England, the only change that seemed to have taken place was this: a Norman king ruled instead of an English king, and Normans, and not Englishmen, managed the business of the country. William claimed to be the rightful heir of old King Edward, and he wished to rule as an English king.

He had promised to reward his Norman followers with land and the plunder of England. William seized the estates of Harold and the English nobles who had fought at Senlac, and these he divided amongst his knights. As you already know, risings took place in all parts of the land, and William had to call upon his knights to suppress them. After every rising the lands of those who had taken part in them were seized and were granted to Normans. In this way the Normans secured the fairest estates in the country. The newcomers were very greedy, and often they goaded the high-spirited English into rebellion, in order that they might seize their lands and houses.

When William gave land to his followers, he did not give it for nothing. "If I give you these estates," he said, "you must promise to provide me with the services of so many fully-armed soldiers for forty days in each year. You must also pay me sums of money at certain times—as, for example, when my son is made a knight, or my daughter is married, or I am captured in war and must be ransomed. When your son comes into possession of your lands, he must pay me a sum of money; if you die without heirs, your land will become mine once more."

This was the system of land-holding in Normandy, and the Norman knights were quite familiar with it. They therefore agreed to the king's terms, and each knight in turn did homage. He knelt before the king, placed his hands in the king's hands, and made this promise of obedience: "Here, my lord, I become liege man of yours for life and limb and earthly regard, and I will keep faith and loyalty to you for life and death, God help me." The king then kissed the knight, and thenceforth the land or "fee" belonged to him and his heirs for all time.

William also granted much land to bishops and other great churchmen. Thus from the land which he gave away he provided himself with money and an army. A great deal of the land he kept in his own hands. The knights to whom he had given land now granted "fees," or "fiefs," to their followers and friends, and these "vassals," as they were called, made the same promise to their lords that their lords had made to the king.

In Normandy the vassals had to follow their lords even against the king, and William knew that this plan caused terrible mischief. He therefore determined to prevent it in

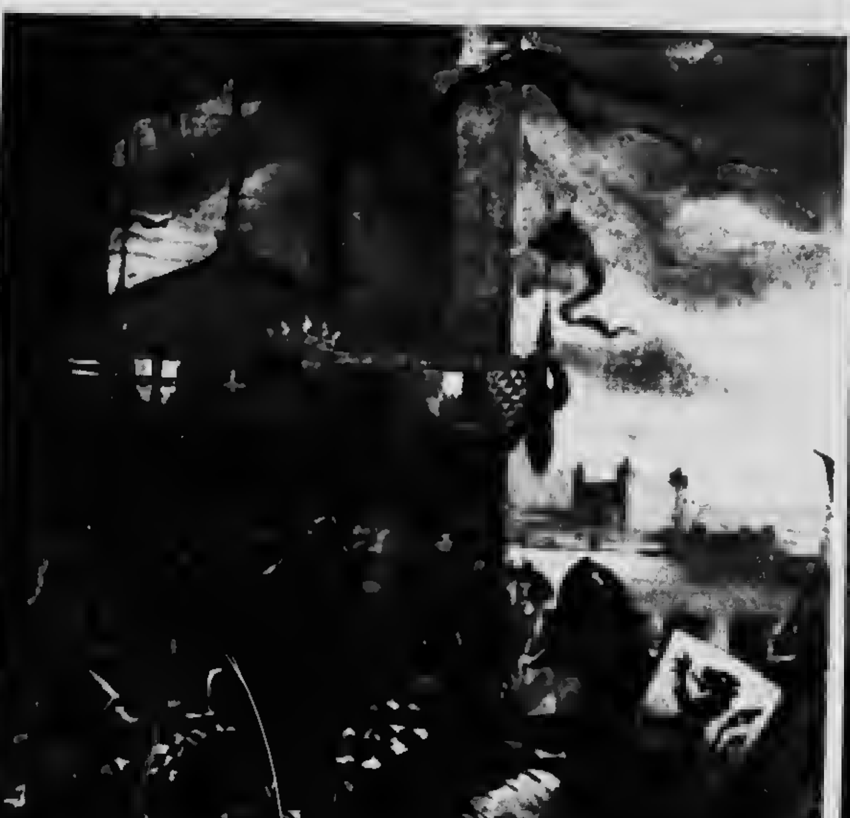
England. He ordered all the landholders of the realm, great or small, to meet him on Salisbury Plain, and there swear homage to him directly. Thus he made every one who held land, whether granted by the king or by a lord, own himself the "man" of the king. The vassal was obliged to follow the king, and not his lord, if his lord should quarrel with the king.

Thus you see that England under this feudal system, as it was called, might be represented by a heap of stones piled up in the shape of a cone. At the top of all was the king, lord of the land and of every one in it. Next below him were the great lords to whom the king had given large estates. Below these, again, were the lesser lords to whom the great lords had given lands. Then came the bulk of the English people who had now changed masters. Instead of the twenty thousand English thanes who had held the greater part of the land before the Conquest, there were now twenty thousand Normans.

A Canadian boy or girl who visits London will be sure to see the Tower. It stands on the north bank of the Thames, about half a mile east of London Bridge. Whenever you go within its gray walls you will see something to remind you of the great doings of the famous people of the past. You will see the beef-eaters, or warders, in their quaint dresses, the crowns and jewels worn by our kings and queens, old swords, armour and guns, and the block on which so many famous men and women have been beheaded.

You will be shown the White Tower, the oldest part of the building. It was erected soon after the battle of Hastings by William the Conqueror. For eight hundred years and more it has kept watch and ward over the city of London. Of course it has been much repaired from time to time, but it has not been altered to any great extent.

Look well at the White Tower. You see a strong building, or "keep"—"foursquare to every wind that blows"—one hundred feet long and one hundred feet broad. It is built of rubble, held together by much mortar, and the walls are fifteen feet thick. The windows are small and high above the ground;



A Tournament on London Bridge.
(*From the picture by R. Beavis.*)
Notice the White Tower in the background.

the door is on the first story, and is reached by a stone staircase. In the days before gunpowder was invented soldiers within such a "keep" as this could hold out against a foe as long as they had food and water. The building could not be battered down, and, at the worst, it could only be injured by undermining.

The White Tower was the whole Tower of London at first; but as time went on it was made stronger and stronger by adding smaller towers to it, by building strong walls round it, and by digging a ditch, or moat, outside the walls. When this was done, the White Tower became the heart of the whole fortress. If the defenders were driven from the walls and the towers, the "keep" would be their last place of refuge. The White Tower is square in plan, but the square "keep" was not the most common type of Norman castle. Those which were erected after the death of William usually had a round "keep."

Every Norman baron desired to have a castle on his estate, so that he might have a stronghold in case the English round about him rose in rebellion. William, however, would allow no castles to be built except by his leave and licence. Let us suppose that we are about to pay a visit to the castle of a Norman baron. We notice that it is built on a high rock, so as to make it difficult of attack, and to prevent the undermining of its walls. As we draw near to it, we see the great, heavy "curtain wall" frowning down upon us. We cross the moat by a bridge, which is drawn up by chains at night and whenever danger is nigh.

We enter the castle by a great stone portal defended by strong towers. When the castle is shut up, a portcullis, or grating of timber and iron, is let down in front of the heavy iron-bound door. Above the archway are holes through which arrows may be fired and molten lead and boiling pitch poured down on the heads of attackers. The "curtain wall" has a kind of projecting stone gallery running round it, with holes pierced in the footway for the same purpose.

Now we enter the outer ward or courtyard. On one side are the stables; in the centre is the mound where the lord holds his court, and where the guilty are put to death. Another strong gateway with towers protects the entrance to the inner "ward," in which stands the "keep," with its walls thirty feet thick at the base and ten feet at tho top.

There are several rooms in the "keep," ono above the other. Stores are kept on the ground floor, and here, too, is a deep well to supply the castle with water. A stone staircase, lighted by loophole windows, brings us up to the first floor, where there are quarters for soldiers. On the next floor is tho hall in which the lord and lady of the castle take their meals and receivo their guests. Their sleeping rooms and the ladies' "bowers" are in the thickness of the walls. In tho uppermost story of all is the kitchen.

In a stronghold such as this a Norman baron kept troops of soldiers, and thus became a little king in his own district. He was lord of the land round about, and judge of all the people on his domain. Sometimes he quarrelled with a neighbouring baron and met his foe in a pitched battle; sometimes ho openly defied the king to do his worst. William and the sons who followed him on the throne frequently had to march against barons who refused to obey the royal command.

In the days of a weak Norman king named Stephen, the barons built castles all over the country and lived in them as robber chieftains. Sad indeed was the condition of England at this time. Turn to the old chronicle and read: "They put the wretched country folk to sore toil with their castle-building, and when the castles were made they filled them with evil men. Then they took all those that they deemed had any goods, both by night and by day, men and women alike, and put them in prison to get their gold and silver, and tortured them with tortures unspeakable......All this lasted nineteen winters while Stephen was king, and ever it grew worse and worse. Thou mightest easily fare a whole day's journey and shouldest never find a man living in a village, nor land tilled. Then was corn dear, and flesh and cheese, for there was none in the land. Wretched men starved for hunger, and some were begging alms that were once rich men, and some fled out of the land."

The Norman kings had often to besiege the castles in which such wickedness was done. So massive, however, were these strongholds that, as a rule, the only way of capturing them was to surround them with soldiers, block up the gateways, and sit down outside until the besieged were ready to surrender. When, however, for some reason the attack was to be pressed home, machines like giant catapults were used to hurl heavy stones into the castles. Sometimes tunnels were dug underground to the foot of the wall, stones were removed from it, and beams of wood with straw and brushwood were thrust in their place. When the wood and straw were set on fire the wall fell, and the attackers entered the castle through the breach thus made.

Sometimes a wooden tower several stories high was built, and was covered with raw hides, so that it would not burn. Then the moat, if there was one, was filled up with fagots, and the tower was moved by means of rollers to the foot of the wall. A drawbridge was dropped on to the top of the wall, and the soldiers in the tower rushed across the bridge and overpowered their opponents. Such were the methods by which castles were besieged for nearly three hundred years after the Norman conquest.

Chapter XI

A Glance at Scotland

(Earliest times to 1153.)

LET us now turn our eyes to "Caledonia stern and wild," and glance briefly at her history from the day when the Romans failed to subdue her down to Norman times. The Romans left their mark deep on many lands, but not on Scotland. They built a line of forts from the Forth to the Clyde, but between this barrier and the great stone wall which crosses the moors from Newcastle to Carlisle they had little or no power. Beyond the Clyde and the Forth they did not even pretend to rule.

At the close of the sixth century, when the English conquest of Southern Britain was well-nigh complete, all Scotland to the north of the Firths of Forth and Clyde was in the hands of the Picts. Who these Picts were we do not quite know. Some scholars tell us that they were Gaelic Celts, the ancestors of the present Highlanders; others think that they were of the same race as the people who inhabited South Britain before the coming of the Celts. They were divided into Northern Picts and Southern Picts—the latter occupying what is now the shires of Perth, Fife, Forfar, and Kincardine; the former all the country to the north of these shires. There were many tribes in Pictland; and, as in England, the king of one tribe was sometimes able to get the mastery over two or three others, and make himself overlord of the land.

In the south-western part of the country, sometimes called

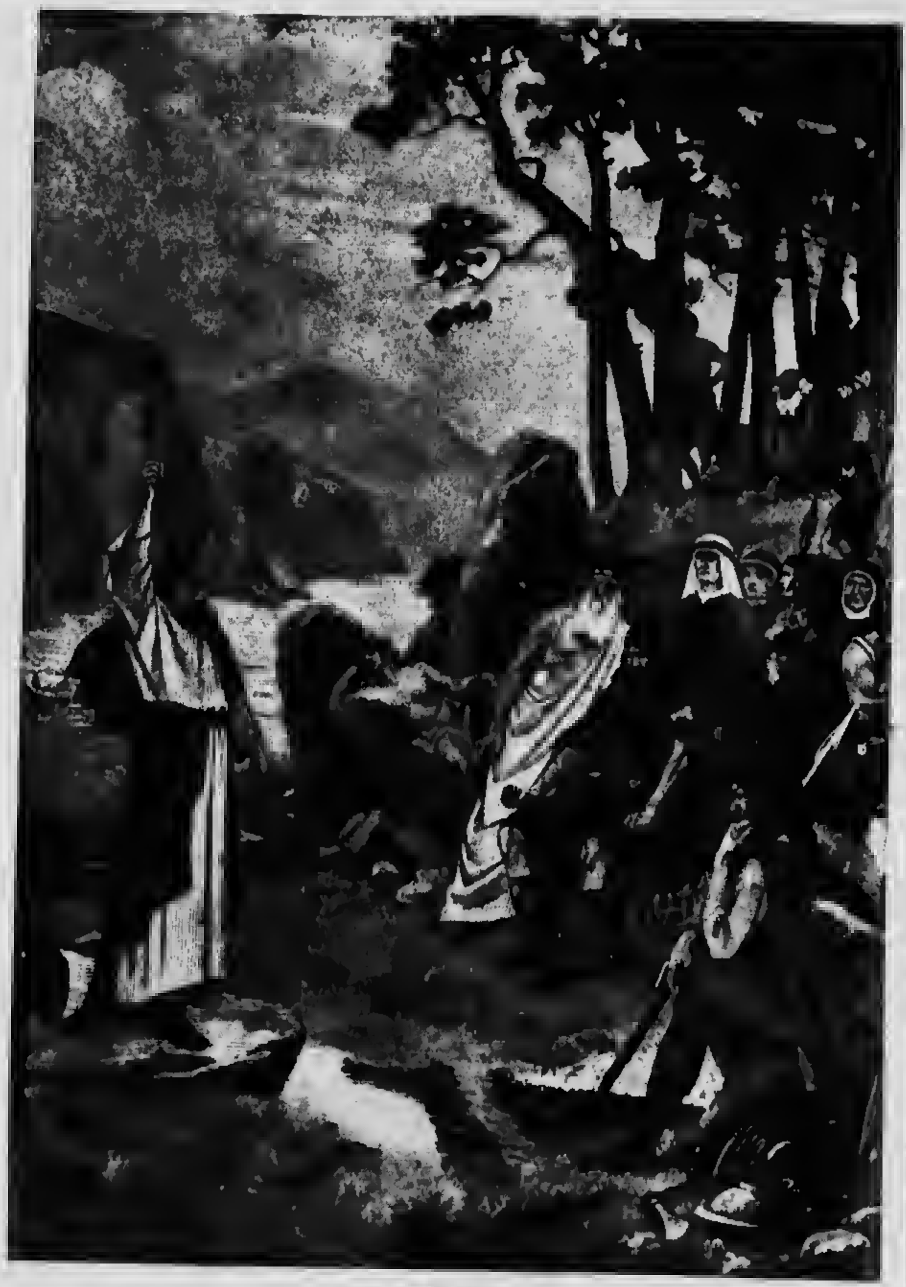
Galloway, Cymric Britons, similar to those of Cornwall and Wales, held sway. The English conquered the country up to the Firth of Forth, but were only able to settle on the lower lands lying towards the east.

The first great event in the history of Scotland was the invasion of a warlike people known as the Scots. They were probably Picts who dwelt in Scotia—that is, the Ulster province of Ireland. About the beginning of the sixth century a small colony of Scots crossed the sea and settled down in what is now Argyleshire. This body of colonists gradually grew in numbers and power until they formed a little kingdom, which was called Dalriada.

The second great event in the history of Scotland was the coming of Columba, the great Irish missionary, of whom I have already spoken. Along with twelve devoted companions he crossed over from Ireland, and landing on the lonely little island of Iona, near the large island of Mull, built a little wooden church and a number of wattle huts. From this retreat Columba and his friends went to and fro amongst the tribes until they had converted the people of the western part of Scotland.

About the year 670 we find Scotland divided into four parts. Three of them—Strathclyde, Dalriada, and Pictland—were Celtic; the fourth, which soon afterwards received the name of Lothian, was English. Lothian formed the northern division of the kingdom of Northumbria. Edwin, one of Northumbria's most famous kings, built a stronghold on a great volcanic rock near the Forth and called it Edinburgh, which perhaps means Edwin's castle. From this point the Northumbrians conquered the low country towards the Clyde, and spread northward along the coast through Fife, and even beyond the Tay.

In the year 685, Egfrith, a king of Northumbria, who had long coveted Pictland, led a great army beyond the Forth; but at Nectan's Mere, in Forfarshire, the Pictish king, Brude, defeated and slew him with the greater part of his army. This battle of Nectan's Mere is one of the most important battles of Scottish history; for if Egfrith had won, there



Columba Preaching.
(From the picture by William Hole, R.S.A.)

would probably have been no kingdom of Scotland at all. After the victory the Picts and the Scots had no fear of an English conquest.

From this time onward for many years the history of Scotland is very difficult to follow. We hear of wars between the Scots of Dalriada and the Celts of Strathclyde, and between the Picts and the Northumbrians. The Scots, who have always possessed a talent for making their way in the world, gradually grew in strength, until they became the leading nation in the country. About the year 800 the terrible Norsemen, or Vikings, began to harry the northern and eastern coasts. This new danger probably forced the Scots, Picts, and Celts to unite under one king in order to resist the invader.

How this union came about we do not know. All that we can be sure of is that in 843 Kenneth MacAlpine, a prince of Dalriada, but connected with the Pictish royal family, became king both of the Picts and the Scots. This was a great event, almost as important as Egbert's overlordship of England. The name Pict soon died out, and all the people of Caledonia were known as Scots. Thus, about the same time that we begin to speak about a kingdom of England—or, at least, a king of the English—we can begin to speak of a Scottish kingdom too.

Twelve years before the battle of Hastings, Malcolm the Third, known as Canmore, or Great-Head, became King of Scotland. He was the son of Duncan, the fifteenth king from Kenneth MacAlpine. King Duncan was a kindly, easy-going man, who, unfortunately for himself, had a bold, ambitious cousin named Macbeth. When you are older you will read the splendid tragedy which Shakespeare has written about Duncan and Macbeth. Shakespeare tells us that it was not Macbeth but Lady Macbeth who was ambitious. She it was who invited Duncan to a feast and caused him to be stabbed in the night while he slept. She did this in order that her husband might be king in Duncan's stead. Unfortunately, Shakespeare's story is not true. What really happened was that Macbeth defeated and slew King Duncan in battle, and then became king.

Malcolm escaped from the country and fled to England, where King Edward received him kindly. For fifteen years he lived at the English court, eating an exile's bitter bread. Meanwhile Macbeth quarrelled with his nobles, especially with the powerful lord Macduff, thane of Fife. Macduff sped to England and persuaded the Great-Head to return to Scotland. With an English army at his back Malcolm marched north, and for four long years waged war with Macbeth. He overcame the usurper at last, and was crowned at Scone on the *Lia Fail*, or Stone of Destiny, which had been brought from Ireland to Iona when the first King of the Scots was crowned on Scottish soil.

Two years after the battle of Hastings a strange ship entered the Firth of Forth, and slowly made its way to the little sheltered bay on the north shore where the naval base of Rosyth now stands. It was a noble but sad little company, and consisted of the royal family of England, now homeless and in exile. Edgar, the rightful heir to the throne, was there, with his mother and his two sisters. They had come to Scotland to seek the protection of Malcolm, who in earlier days had found a refuge at the English court.

Sorrowfully the royal exiles rowed ashore, and took the road to Dunfermline, five miles distant. About half-way between the landing-place and Malcolm's castle, the Princess Margaret, heavy of heart and weary of limb, rested for a little time on a great block of stone by the roadside. Her flinty couch still remains, and is known as St. Margaret's Stone.

Malcolm gave his guests a hearty welcome to his tower in the forest of Dunfermline. Ere long he had fallen deeply in love with the Princess Margaret, and had sought her hand in marriage. At first she had no desire to marry him; her heartfelt wish was to take the veil and retire from the world. At length, however, she yielded to Malcolm's entreaties, and the marriage took place.

Malcolm was inclined to be fierce and violent, but Margaret's sweet and gentle nature overcame his fits of passion, and he yielded to her guidance like a little child. So great was his love for her that he almost worshipped the ground she trod upon. He lavished rich gifts upon her, and would steal away her books to kiss them, and return them adorned with gold and gems. Never did husband love wife better. In a hundred different ways Margaret helped to tame the Scottish king and to civilize his court.

Malcolm's reign, however, was full of battle and tumult. Five times he crossed the Border with fire and sword, and twice an English king invaded Scotland. Though he struggled hard to maintain the independence of his country, he was forced to acknowledge William the Conqueror and his son William Rufus as overlords of lowland Scotland. In the year 1093 Rufus insulted Malcolm, who determined to wipe out the insult in blood. Queen Margaret, with prayers and tears, besought him not to invade England. In spite of her entreaties, he crossed the Border late in autumn, when the leaves were already brown on the trees. He and his eldest son were cut off from the main body and slain.

Edgar, the second son of Malcolm, escaped from the field and hastened to Edinburgh, where his mother lay on her deathbed in the great castle on the rock. He entered the room, and the anxious mother saw in his face that something terrible had happened. "I know all," she cried; "tell me the truth." "Your husband and son are both slain," he said. The dying queen clasped her hands in prayer, but ere the prayer was ended her pure spirit had fled.

Three sons of Malcolm Canmore became king one after another. The first of them was Edgar. He was a gentle, pious man, who ruled during ten years of unbroken peace. His brother, Alexander the Fierce, who followed him on the throne, had something of the spirit of his warlike father. He was also a great friend to the Church, and in his reign many monasteries were founded and enriched.

In 1124, Alexander died without children, and then David, the youngest son of Malcolm, ascended the throne. He was one of the most renowned of Scottish kings, and in his day Scotland stood very high in the roll of nations. She was both peaceful and prosperous, and her trade with foreign countries increased greatly.

Henry the First, the third son of William the Conqueror, married David's sister, and during the lifetime of this English king there was friendship between the two countries. Henry's son was drowned while crossing from Normandy, and only a daughter, named Matilda, was left to succeed him on the throne. After his death the barons refused to have Matilda for their queen, and chose the late king's nephew Stsphen. Civil war raged in England, and the land was in a terrible condition. I have already told you something of this time. So bad was it that men said openly that Christ and His saints slept.

David marched into England to strike a blow for the rights of his niece. Twice he ravaged Northumberland, and in the year 1138 invaded Yorkshire. The aged Thurstan, Archbishop of York, assembled the barons and preached a holy war against the Scots. He brought together the banners of the three Yorkshire saints and set them up on a car, which was wheeled into the fray. On the car stood the archbishop, praying and cheering his soldiers. Again and again the wild charges of the Highlanders and Galloway men were beaten off, and after two hours' fighting the Scots began to lose heart. An English soldier cut off the head of one of the slain, raised it aloft, and cried, "The head of the King of Scots!" The report that David was killed ran like wildfire through the army, and the Scots fled in dismay. The king tore off his helmet to show that he was unharmed, but he could not stay the flight. The Scots left behind them the bodies of ten thousand men.

During the remainder of his life David was busy making many useful changes in his kingdom. One May morning in the year 1153, while he was praying, he suddenly died. He had seen seventy winters and summers, during twenty-nine of which he had been king.

Chapter XII

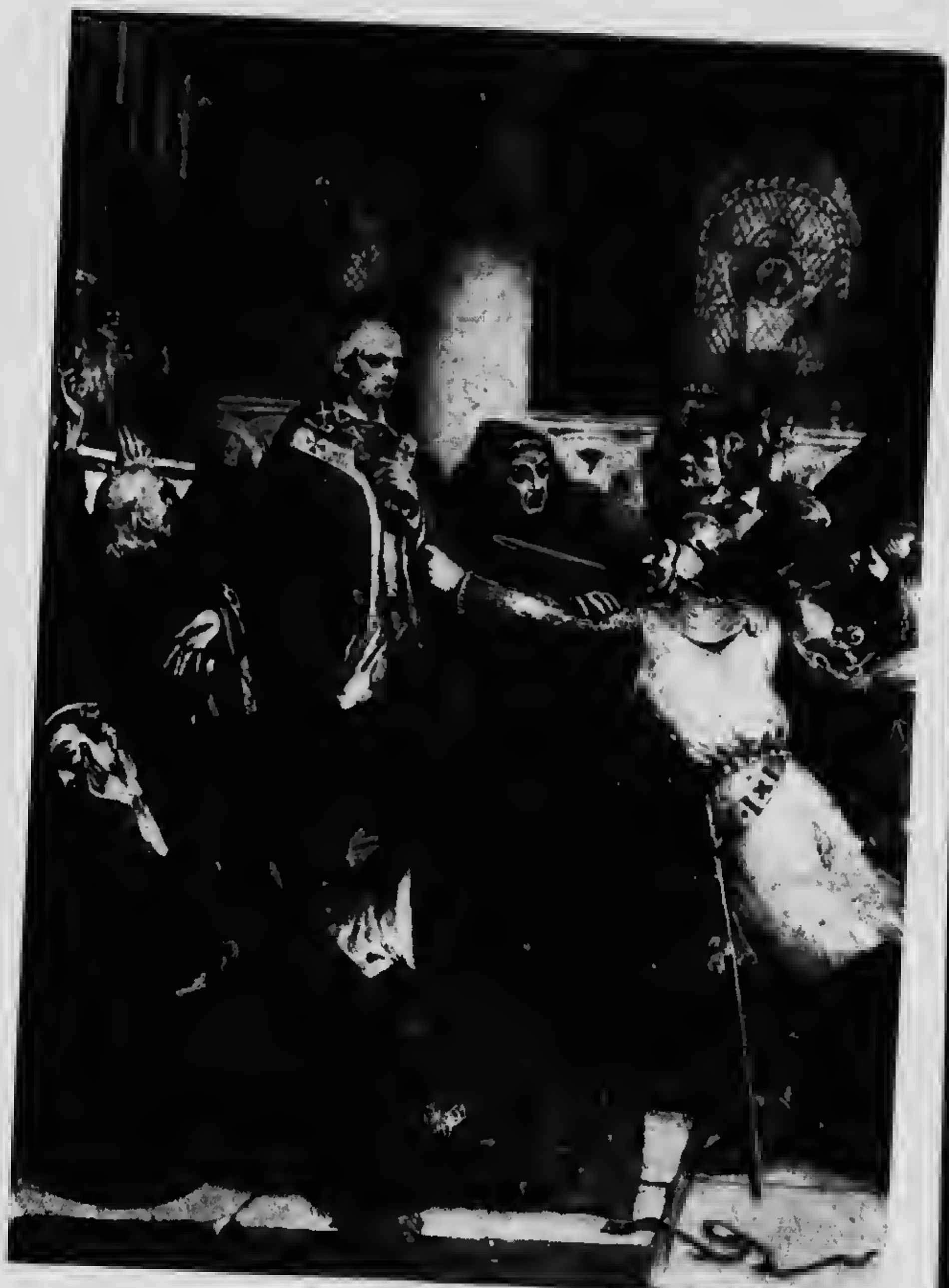
Henry the Second and Ireland

(Earliest times to 1176.)

YOU are in the ancient cathedral of Canterbury. A king, stripped of all marks of royalty, kneels humbly before a lordly shrine while monks scourge him for his sins. He is a fierce, proud monarch, but to-day he humbles himself to the dust. A deed has been done at which all Christendom stands aghast. An archbishop has been murdered in his own cathedral, and the king now does penance because his was the tongue which goaded the murderers to their foul deed.

The king is Henry the Second, the son of Matilda; the archbishop was Thomas Becket. When Henry came to the throne Becket was his right-hand man in all affairs of state, and right faithfully did he labour to rid the land of lawlessness and misery. In return Henry heaped riches and honours upon him, and made him chancellor of the kingdom. Henry was a great lover of order and justice, and when he had quelled the robber barons and had pulled down their strongholds about their ears, he found that Church affairs needed his grave attention.

The bishops of this time claimed to try in their own courts not only priests who had committed crimes, but clerks—that is, all persons in the service of the Church. But the bishops could not inflict the death penalty; they could only fine a criminal or drive him out of the Church. The consequence was that many murderers went unpunished. Henry would



The Murder of Becket.
(From the painting by John Cross, in Canterbury Cathedral.)

brook this no longer; he would have all criminals, whether priests or laymen, tried in the king's court. But to meddle with the rights of the Church was no light matter, as he was soon to discover. He could not even make a beginning of reform unless the head of the Church in England supported him. Happy thought! He would make Becket archbishop, and then all would be well.

As soon as Becket was raised to his high office Henry found that instead of helping him the archbishop became a most zealous champion of the Church. Quarrels soon arose, and Becket was forced to flee the kingdom. At length he returned and drove out of the Church the Archbishop of York and other bishops who had dared to usurp his office. When Henry heard the news his passion knew no bounds. He taunted his knights with bitter words. "Here he is," he cried, "lifting his hand against me, and not one of the cowardly, sluggish knaves I feed and pay so well dares to rid me of this turbulent priest."

Fatal words! Four of his knights stole away to Canterbury and slew the archbishop inside the cathedral. Henry was horrified when he heard the news, and his grief was deep and real. He instantly sent messages to the Pope declaring his innocence, and swore that he was not responsible for the archbishop's death. Then he permitted himself to be scourged by the monks of Canterbury to show his sorrow.

Now let us turn our eyes to Ireland, the Emerald Isle, which has, so far, been entirely free from English invaders. You remember that, thanks to St. Patrick, Ireland became the Isle of Saints, and sent forth missionaries to neighbouring heathen lands. During the Viking age Norsemen descended with fire and sword upon the Irish coasts, and after terrible conflicts settled in certain towns on the eastern shore. Bold Brian Boru, a powerful native king, defeated the Vikings with great slaughter at Clontarf on Good Friday, 1014; and a Norse conquest of Ireland was prevented, though Vikings still dwelt in Dublin and other coast towns.

Ireland now seemed to have as good prospects as England, but the promise soon faded. While England advanced towards unity with herself, Ireland became the prey of civil war. Her five kings and her many chieftains quarrelled bitterly amongst themselves, and the land was ruined by ceaseless warfare and slaughter. The only trade between England and Ireland was in slaves.

Four years before the murder of Becket a dark Irish "king," wearing a collar of gold and a mantle of fur, visited England. He was Diarmid, King of Leinster, who had been driven out of Ireland by his fellow-kings because he had stolen away the wife of a chief. Diarmid hastened to Henry, and offered to do homage to him in return for his help in recovering his throne. At that time the English king was too busy making war on France to cross over to Ireland, so he gave Diarmid permission to seek the aid of his knights. Diarmid went to Bristol, the great western seaport, and there met a tall, ruddy, grey-eyed Norman knight named Richard Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke. He was a man of no very good character, but was warlike, brave, and cunning. Strongbow agreed to help Diarmid, and the price of his assistance was the Irish king's daughter Eva. She was willing to accept the Norman knight as her husband, so all went well.

The buds were bursting into leaf on the trees when the advance guard of the invaders saw the blue hills of Ireland before them. After some doubtful fighting they seized Wexford and began to harry the surrounding country. Diarmid was restored to his throne, and the Anglo-Norman army had no further business in Ireland. Strongbow crossed to Normandy, where Henry then was, and asked permission to proceed with the conquest. Henry would neither say nay nor yea; so Strongbow sent his half-nephew, Raymond the Fat, a stout, rosy knight, to Ireland with fresh troops. Raymond led his little army against the Irish, and defeated them with great slaughter. In August of the same year Strongbow, paying no regard to the order of the king, sailed for Ireland with twelve thousand men

An attack was now made on Waterford, which proved a hard nut to crack. It was Raymond who found a way into the town. He noticed that a small wooden house standing on wooden props was built into the city wall. His men hewed down the posts which supported the house, and as the building fell it left a gap in the wall through which the besiegers entered. The town was captured, a pitiless slaughter followed, and the dead lay in heaps along the streets.

Strongbow and Eva were forthwith wedded, and the bride's dowry was to be her father's kingdom. Then began a march through the woods and bogs towards the Danish city of Dublin. The Irish harassed the march and frequently struck shrewd blows at the invaders as they passed through the difficult country. When, however, the Irish left the broken ground and met the enemy on the plain they were crushed and scattered by the whirlwind charge of mailed horsemen. Slowly but surely the invaders advanced, and called a parley before the walls of Dublin. While this was going on the Norman knights stormed the city and slaughtered the inhabitants.

Shortly afterwards Diarmid, "the traitor," sank into his grave. His evil work was done; no longer did his hoarse voice urge on the foes of his country. Strongbow was his heir, and he now proclaimed himself King of Leinster.

By this time Henry was alarmed, for Strongbow seemed to be in a fair way to become master of all Ireland. Naturally Henry was angry at his vassal's disobedience, and was unwilling that he should become king of the sister island. So he forbade Englishmen to take service in Ireland, and began to prepare an army to invade the island. Strongbow at once sent Raymond to the king with a humble letter of homage. Henry received the messenger coldly, and Strongbow himself crossed the Irish Sea and besought the royal pardon, which at length was granted to him.

In the month of October 1171, Henry's great fleet of four hundred ships set sail from Milford Bay. The fame of this fierce bullet-headed king with the bloodshot eyes and dark-red hair had preceded him, and at his landing the Irish chiefs hastened to submit to him. In a wickerwork hall with walls of peeled osiers Henry held a court at Dublin during one of the stormiest winters ever known. He feasted the Irish chieftains on dainty Norman dishes; he granted the soil of Ireland to ten of his leading knights, and leaving Strongbow out in the cold, made Hugh de Lacy first governor of Dublin. When the showers of April began to fall the English king embarked his host and returned to England. Henceforth the kings of England were lords of Ireland.

But what of Strongbow? Knowing that Henry still looked coldly on him, he joined his royal master in Normandy and fought bravely against the king's rebel sons. When Henry's displeasure was removed he returned to Dublin as governor. Then he discovered that Raymond the Fat was very popular with the soldiers, and was likely to prove a troublesome rival. A marriage was arranged between Strongbow's sister and Raymond, but no love was lost between uncle and nephew.

Raymond went to and fro quelling revolts and winning success after success. Meanwhile Strongbow in Dublin was busy planning his nephew's downfall. One day while Raymond was in the south he received this messsage from his wife: "Be it known unto your sincere love that the great jaw-tooth which used to give me such uneasiness has fallen out. If you have any care or regard for me or yourself, return with all speed."

The "great jaw-tooth" was none other than Strongbow, who had just died from the effects of an ulcer in the foot. Thus passed the man who ushered the English race into Ireland. He came to bring not peace but a sword. For five long centuries after Strongbow's time the history of Ireland is one long tale of battle and murder, oppression and rebellion, famine and misery.

Chapter XIII

Richard of the Lion Heart

(1189 to 1199.)

RICHARD, the son of Henry the Second, shines beyond all other English kings as the hero of song and story. He was tall, stalwart, fair-haired, and blue-eyed; a good general, a skilful engineer, and a shrewd judge of men. With his gifts he might have been a ruler of renown. But, alas! his passion for war, his thirst for adventure, and his fierce delight in battle made him a mere warrior whose deeds died with him.

Richard was the outstanding hero of the Third Crusade or Holy War. Well-nigh a century before Richard was crowned king at Westminster, a wandering monk named Peter the Hermit had stirred men's hearts by the story of how the heathen Saracens cruelly persecuted the Christian pilgrims who visited the holy places in Jerusalem. With burning words he bade his hearers "Go, deliver the tomb of the Lord!" And everywhere arose the answering cry, "God wills it!"

A great crowd of men and women without arms or food marched to the East, and perished by the way. They never reached the Holy Land at all. Behind them came an army of skilled fighting-men, which reached the Holy Land and suffered much on its burning deserts. At length the crusaders overcame the Saracens and set up a Christian kingdom. Fifty years went by; this kingdom fell to pieces, and the Saracens were once more masters of the country. Again a crusade was preached, and again a great army set forth to deliver the tomb of the Lord. The attempt failed miserably.

A new conqueror then arose in the East. He was the Sultan Saladin, a knight almost as famous as Richard himself. In the year 1187 he captured Jerusalem, and Christians felt a deep pang of shame that the tomb of the Lord should be in the hands of the infidel. For a third time a crusade was preached, and once more a host of men swore to take Jerusalem or perish in the attempt.

Richard threw himself heart and soul into the crusade. Never was he busier, and never was he in higher spirits, than when preparing for the fray. He worked all day, only snatching an hour or two in the evening to spend with his beloved minstrels. In the August of the year 1189 his famous galley *Tranche-mer* set sail from Marseilles for Messina in the isle of Sicily, where he was to meet King Philip of France. Richard was not long in the island before trouble began. The townsfolk of Messina having beaten some of his men, Richard stormed the place. Then he took up the cause of his widowed sister Joan, and forced the King of Sicily to do her justice. Meanwhile his feats of arms and his gallant bearing won him hosts of admirers. King Philip looked on sullenly, and every day he grew more and more jealous of the English king.

At last Richard sailed for Cyprus, where he was to meet his bride, the fair Berengaria of Navarre. Two of his vessels were driven ashore, and the ruler of the island seized the crews and plundered the ships. Richard was so angry at this base treatment that he attacked the capital of the island and captured it. Berengaria arrived soon after, and the marriage took place amidst scenes of great splendour. Richard spent his honeymoon in conquering the rest of the island.

During the voyage to Acre a large merchant ship was sighted. She proved to be a Saracen vessel, and Richard at once prepared to fight her. He mustered his crew and said, "I will hang every mother's son of you if you let yonder vessel go." Then he bore down on the foe. The Saracens let fly a shower of arrows and threw masses of burning stuff on board the *Tranche-mer;* but Richard drove the sharp bow of his galley into the ship, and down she went, with all her rich cargo and most of her crew.

After these adventures he reached the port of Acre, which was then being besieged by the crusaders. Little progress had been made, but when Richard arrived the besiegers put new heart into the attack. A great wooden castle was built and pushed up to the walls; huge catapults hurled balls of stone into the town, while men undermined the wall with pick and spade. During the siege Richard was attacked by fever, but he would not keep his bed. He was carried in a litter to the trenches, and there he urged on his men, and himself shot arrows at the Saracens on the wall.

Early in July the town yielded, and then began quarrels amongst the Christian leaders. When the crusaders entered the city, Richard noticed that the flag of Leopold of Austria was planted side by side with his own.

He laid his hand on the Austrian standard and said, "Who has dared to place this paltry rag beside the banner of England?"

"It was I, Leopold of Austria."

"Then shall Leopold of Austria see how little Richard of England thinks of him and his flag."

So saying, he pulled up the standard-spear, broke it in pieces, threw the banner on the ground, and placed his foot on it.

The two princes faced each other angrily, but peace was patched up between them. Richard, however, had made an enemy who was soon to take full revenge on him.

The fame of Richard rose high above that of every knight in Palestine, and his warlike deeds made him a terror to every Saracen in the land. For years after the crusade came to an end, an Arab would cry to the steed that shied, "Fool, dost thou think thou sawest King Richard?" His fame, however, was not easily won. Every day numbers of his men were carried off by disease. In the long march from Acre, along the coast, they suffered terribly, though they were strong enough to turn in wrath and defeat the Saracens who attacked them.

Richard had not only to suffer hunger, thirst, and fatigue, but his life was in constant danger from murderers who lurked in hiding ready to stab him with poisoned daggers. On one occasion a man entered his tent and was about to strike him, when Richard caught up the stool on which he had been sitting, and with it killed the fellow at a blow. No wonder men said that he bore a charmed life.

Now he turned his steps to Jerusalem itself; but the Frenchmen were so jealous of him that they refused to march with him. He was greatly cast down at their desertion, for he could not hope to win Jerusalem with his small army. He was now so near to the Holy City that a knight begged him to ascend a mound from which he might gaze upon it. Richard snapped the switch which he held in his hand and threw his mantle over his head. "O Lord God," he said, "suffer not mine eyes to behold Thy holy city, since Thou wilt not grant that I deliver it from the hands of Thy foes!"

Richard and his men toiled back again over the weary sands of the desert. He was sick at heart and sick in body, but not so sick that he could not drive the enemy before him. Nevertheless he had failed, though he had done all that man could do. Saladin agreed to a truce of three months, three days, and three hours, and with this poor success Richard left the Holy Land, never to return.

On the homeward voyage he landed on the shores of the Adriatic Sea, meaning to pass through Germany on his way to England. He was in disguise, but the gloves in the belt of his page betrayed him as a noble, and he fell into the hands of his old foe, Leopold of Austria, who sold him to the emperor. For a time Richard was imprisoned in chains, while all sorts of charges were brought against him. Then he disappeared, and his English subjects knew not where he was.

An old story tells us that a minstrel, named Blondel, who loved the king discovered the castle in which he was confined. Blondel went to and fro in Germany singing beneath the walls of the castles a song which Richard had composed. One day, to his great delight, he heard a voice which he recognized as the king's, singing the second verse of the song. Forthwith he hurried to England and told the news. Such is the story; but, unfortunately, it is not true.

Richard was brought to trial in Germany, and he defended himself boldly, and cleared himself of all the charges brought against him. The emperor, however, would not let him go until his subjects had paid as ransom a sum of gold equal to twenty-seven times the king's weight. This amounted to the enormous sum, for those days, of half a million dollars. Richard wrote home to his ministers, and begged them to collect the money as quickly as possible. The work of raising the ransom took time, and Richard whiled away the weary hours by writing songs.

At length the Pope and other rulers pressed the emperor to release Richard. When three-fourths of the ransom had been paid, Richard was set free, and sailed with all speed to England.

Here he found that his false brother John was in arms against him. John, however, begged for forgiveness, and Richard granted it. Then he was crowned anew, and his people expected that he would settle down into a peaceful king. Instead of doing so, he looked about for new battles to fight. He had not far to look. Philip of France was an old enemy, and while Richard was lying in a foreign prison he had helped John to try to gain the English crown. Richard led an army to France and defeated Philip. Then peace was made; but war soon broke out again, after which the two kings agreed to a truce.

Soon after this, Richard learned that one of his vassals had found a gold chess-table and men on his estate. Richard claimed the prize; but the vassal would not give it up, so the king laid siege to his castle.

During the siege a young archer shot at the king and hit him in the breast. The wound was not deep; but the doctor who attended the king was unskilful, and it rapidly grew worse. Ere long the king knew that he must die. As he lay on his deathbed the castle was taken, and the archer who had shot the fatal arrow was brought before him.

"What have I done to thee, that thou shouldest slay me?" asked the dying king.

"Thou hast slain my father and brothers," said the man. "Torture me as thou wilt," he added, "I shall die gladly, since I have slain him who did me so much ill."

"Well, I forgive thee," said the king, for he always loved a bold foe. Then he bade his servants give the man money and send him away unharmed. Alas! Richard's dying request went unheeded. No sooner was the breath out of the king's body than his soldiers cruelly killed the bowman.

They buried the heart of the Lion King at Rouen, and laid his body in another tomb by the side of his father, whose gray hairs he had brought down long years ago in sorrow to the grave.

Chapter XIV

King John and the Great Charter

(1215.)

THE Thames is the longest and loveliest river of England. It flows from the Cotswold Hills to the North Sea, across beautiful farming country and past towns which are almost as old as English history. Near to the quaint old town of Staines is a green meadow, now used as a racecourse. Opposite to it is a small island. If I were to take you to visit the meadow and the island, you would say, "I see nothing remarkable about them." Quite true; but either on the meadow or on the island a deed was done of the greatest possible importance, not only to the people of England, but to every citizen of our empire.

The meadow is called Runnymede, and the island opposite to it is known as Magna Carta Island. Magna Carta means the "Great Charter," and a charter is a legal paper setting forth certain rights and privileges. Here, on this meadow or this island, the Great Charter was signed in the year 1215. It is the "keystone of British liberty."

Let us try to carry our minds back to the year 1215, and picture the scene. Busy hands are setting up on the island a tent of white and gold, as a resting-place for the king. Other tents are rising on the meadow, and when all is ready the actors in the scene begin to arrive. Mail-clad barons, with their faces set, and a look of stern resolve in their eyes, draw near. An archbishop, with a train of priests, joins the throng.

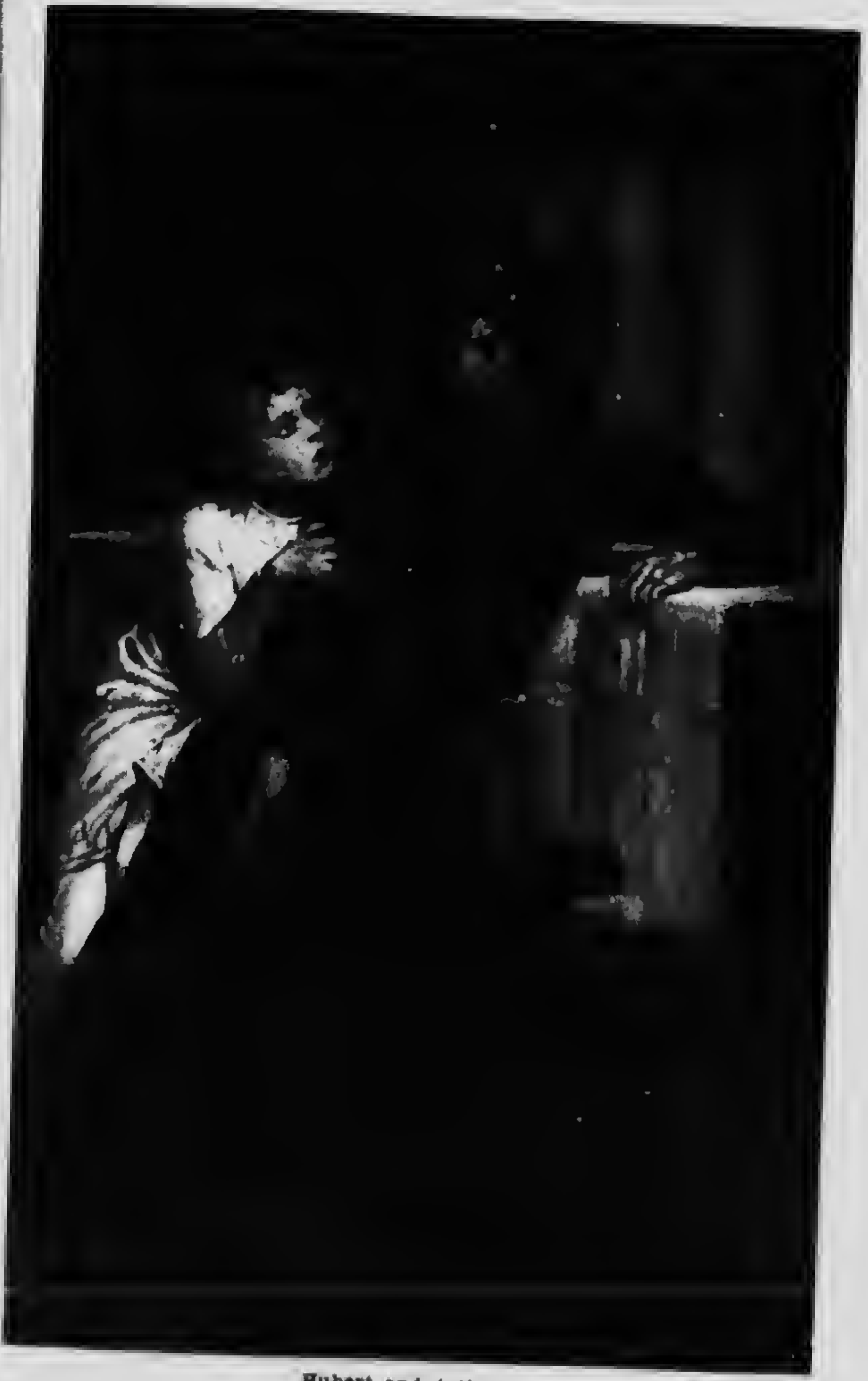
All the nobles of England are here, and they are here to force a king to do their bidding.

All is now ready. King John leaves his tent and takes his place on the throno prepared for him. Watch him closely, for his like has never before worn the English crown, and—please God—never will again. Look at his fierce, dark eyes, and his cruel mouth. He is the scourge of his land, the worst king with which England has ever been cursed. Bad son, bad husband, bad father, bad king, there is scarcely a crime which he has not committed. He is false, greedy, untruthful, and vile; yet out of his wickedness great good is about to come.

He has fought his father, he has wronged his brother, and he has murdered the nephew who barred his way to the throne. Young Arthur, who was heir to the English crown, and to England's wide realms in France, fell into his hands twelve years ago. He shut him up in a Norman castle, and, so the story goes, sent Hubert de Burgh to put out the lad's eyes. Shakespeare tells us that the tears and prayers of the young prince so moved Hubert's heart that he refused to carry out the king's cruel command. There were others, however, who were deaf to all his appeals for mercy, and by them the lad was slain. How he actually died we do not know. Shakespeare tells us that ill-treatment and long imprisonment goaded the poor boy into madness, and that he leaped from the walls of his prison-house, crying :—

"O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones :—
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones!"

There is no doubt that the king who now seats himself on the throne has murder on his soul. Other crimes are laid to his charge too. Seven years ago the Archbishop of Canterbury died, and the monks of the cathedral chose another archbishop and sent him to Rome to be approved by the Pope. John chose a creature of his own for the high office; but Pope Innocent set both candidates aside, and appointed Stephen



Hubert and Arthur.

(From the picture by William F. Yeames, R.A. By permission of the Corporation of Manchester.)

Langton, a wise and pious Englishman. John, however, would not receive Langton. He defied the Pope, who punished him by placing the land under an interdict.

The churches were closed, no bell rang, no services were held, and the dead were buried without the prayers of a priest. John, however, laughed at the interdict. He feared neither God nor man, and he seized the goods and lands of the Church and kept them for himself. At last the Pope cast him out of the Church altogether. Still John would not yield; he went to and fro plundering both Church and people.

He used the Jews as sponges to suck up money for him. When his treasury was empty he seized the rich Jews and squeezed their wealth from them by every kind of cruelty. It is said that he forced one rich Jew to give up his gold by drawing a tooth every day, until the poor fellow had to choose between toothless gums and his money-bags. Others were starved in iron cages until they were ready to buy their freedom with their wealth.

On the battlefield the wicked king had much success. He compelled the Scottish king, William the Lion, to pay heavy tribute, and in Ireland he did the only really good work of his life. His father had meant him to be Prince of Ireland; but the Irish had refused to have him, and had driven him out of the country. Now, however, he crossed the channel, defeated the Irish and the quarrelsome Anglo-Normans, and made the land peaceful for a time. Then he marched into Wales, and forced the Welsh prince to do him homage. All this time he treated the Pope with contempt.

Innocent's patience was now worn out, and he sent a messenger to England to tell the people that they need no longer obey their king. Most of the nobles and many of the clergy took no notice of the Pope's decree. So John with his hired troops of soldiers still held out. Then came the Pope's final sentence—John was to be hurled from his throne, and another and a worthier king was to reign in his stead.

Philip of France was chosen by the Pope to punish and to succeed John. He gathered an army together, and John, for the first time, was thoroughly frightened. He feared to die outside the pale of the Church, and he was terrified because a monk had foretold that he would lose his crown within a year. So he begged forgiveness of Innocent and gave up his crown, which was handed back to him on condition that he became the vassal of the Pope. The anger of the English people at this base act knew no bounds. "He has become the Pope's man," they cried; "he is no longer a king but a slave!" Still more angry did they become when the army which John sent to France was hopelessly beaten and driven back.

Many of the barons had refused to join this army, and now John began to punish them. This was the last straw that broke the camel's back. The barons met in wrath, and Stephen Langton showed them a charter which Henry the First, youngest son of the Conqueror, had granted to his people one hundred years before. The barons bound themselves by an oath that they would make the king give them a similar charter or drive him from his throne. They girded on their armour and marched on London, where the citizens threw open the gates to receive them.

Then they sent their demands to the king. "These demands," he cried, "are mere foolishness. Why do they not ask me for the kingdom at once? I will never give them such freedom as would make me their slave." These were bravo words; but when John saw that all his knights but seven had deserted him, he knew that he must give way.

Now let us turn again to the scene in the meadow by the side of "silver-footed Thames." John has ascended the throne, and holding the sword of state in his hand, battles hard with the furious anger that almost overmasters him. He dare not show his feelings, but to-night, when he is alone, he will give them full play. He will throw himself on the ground, gnash his teeth, and in a torrent of rage utter curses loud and deep. Now, however, he must "smile and smile and be a villain." Around him are the barons in full armour; they are as unyielding as the armour which they wear. A monk reads the

King John granting Magna Carta.

(From the picture by Ernest Normand, in the Royal Exchange, London

charter, but the king is not listening. He is plotting and planning how to punish the barons for this insult. By his side is the Pope's messenger, urging him to defy them. John, however, knows better than any foreign churchman that his barons will be as good as their word. He is in a trap; he must yield; but woe to those who have made him do so!

The reading of the charter is finished, and John cries unwillingly, "Let it be sealed." Then the charter is placed on the table in front of him, and wax is melted and spread on the parchment, the seal is screwed down, and the great charter becomes for all time the law of the land.

Now what is this charter which has just been sealed? It is really a treaty of peace between king and people. "We will have you as king," they say, "only on condition that you swear to keep the law as it is written down on this parchment."

In days to come men will consider this charter as a priceless possession. When a king shows signs of becoming a tyrant, they will insist on the Great Charter being granted anew. Well-nigh forty times will kings be forced to put their seals to it; and every time this is done the rights which are laid down in it will become more firmly fixed as part of the law of the land.

As years go by there will be changes in the charter, because changing times bring changing needs; but its three main principles will remain, and will be carried into every land where the British flag waves and the spirit of British freedom is found. These main principles are as follows:—

The people can only be taxed with the consent of those who represent them. There shall be justice for all, and it must not be sold, delayed, or refused. No freeman shall be taken, imprisoned, or in any way hurt, except he be tried by his peers (that is, his equals) *according to the law.*

You and I are so accustomed to these rights that we are apt to think lightly of them. Always remember that they are the foundation-stones of our liberty, and that they were won for us by the stout hearts and strong wills of our sires long ago.

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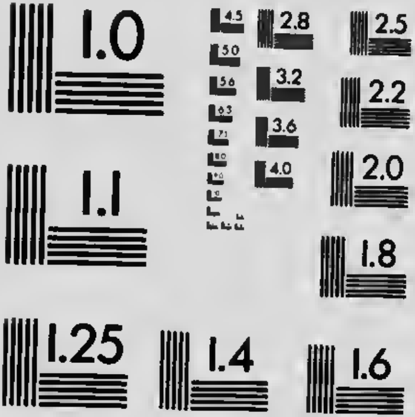
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Chapter XV

The First Prince of Wales

(Earliest times to 1284.)

NOW let us turn our eyes to "gallant little Wales." The people of Wales, as you already know, are descendants of the Celts whom the Romans found inhabiting the whole island of Britain when they came to conquer it. These Celts consisted of many tribes, but they all belonged to two great branches—the Cymry in the southern part of Britain, and the Gaels in the Highlands of Scotland and in Ireland. The Celts retain their old language, which is still spoken in Wales, in Ireland, and in the Highlands of Scotland. To this day the shepherds of Cumberland count their sheep in Welsh.

Come with me to Carnarvon Castle, which overlooks the fair waters of Menai Strait. From its lofty towers your eye takes in a wild mountain region, a land of bare summits and green valleys. Amidst these mountains the Celts of Britain held their own for more than five long centuries. You are now to see the nation overcome and an English king hold sway. You will not, however, see the Welsh disappear. Wales still remains, and her people are as proud of their history, their language, and their literature as ever. Go to one of the great national meetings and hear twice a thousand Welsh voices unite in the stirring strains of "Land of my Fathers." You will then understand how warmly Welsh men and women are attached to their ancient land of beauty and song.

We are going to witness a scene which may or may not have happened. Nevertheless it is an old story, and is well worth the telling. Look at the throng in the courtyard. You observe that it consists of chieftains—fine stalwart men with long hair, moustaches, and shaven chins. Their arms, coats of mail, helmets, and shields are laid aside, and they are simply clad in tunic and cloak, and shod with shoes of hide. They all seem saddened and sorrowful; and no wonder, for they are about to yield up their land to a foreign king.

As they wait his coming their minds fly back over the long years during which they and their fathers before them have beaten back their powerful and greedy foes. They recall the awful slaughter of Roman times; they dimly remember how the deep snow of their hills baffled the haughty Conqueror. He, however, planted his barons on the borders, and bade them win the land by never-ceasing strife. Long and fierce was the warfare, but the Norman made no headway. Wales remained independent. Then they think of Llywelyn the Great, that wise and good prince who strove to unite all Wales and live on good terms with the Saxons. It was Llywelyn who married the daughter of King John and helped the barons to make that false monarch put his seal to Magna Carta. It was in his day, too, that the monk and friar came into the land with a blessed message of hope and comfort to the poor and outcast.

Then they remember the two sons of David—Griffith, who scorned a foreign yoke, and David, who wished for peace with England. David was chosen king; but he was a weak man, and did homage to the English monarch. Griffith, on the other hand, stirred up the people against the Saxon; and David, having caught his brother, sent him to the English king, who shut him up in the Tower of London. Ah! it was a sad day for Wales when the rope by which that gallant prince was trying to escape snapped in twain, and he was killed by the fall. But the "last Llywelyn," their late king, was indeed a worthy son of Griffith. So well had he fought that the Saxon king had been obliged to recognize him as Prince of Wales. He was now dead—slain in a petty fight by a foe who knew him not. Yes, and the old prophecy has come true—that Llywelyn should ride crowned through London. Crowned he was; but, alas! with a paper crown, and his head was carried on a spear. David, his brother, has also been captured, and his head is rotting even now over Shrewsbury gate. Had Llywelyn but lived, even King Edward's great army might have been driven back, especially as winter was coming on. The storms and snows would have fought against him. But Llywelyn is dead, and all hope is gone. What can they do but yield?

And now Edward, the English king before whom they are to bow, comes on the scene. The chieftains scan him closely. Some of them have never seen him before, but his warlike fame is well known to them. As he strides across the courtyard, head and shoulders above the throng, they can readily believe those wonderful stories which they have heard of his courage and strength. Men say that he is merciful, and that he boasts that no man has ever begged life of him in vain. "Keep faith" is his motto. Ah, but will he keep faith with stricken Wales? They have their doubts, for he has already slaughtered the bards, lest their stirring songs should keep the memory of the old free days fresh and green in the hearts of the people.

Now this tall, handsome king begins to speak. He will, he says, give them a prince of their own. "Nay," they cry, "we will have no prince but one born in our own land and speaking our own tongue." Edward turns to the nurse who stands by, takes from her his newly-born son, and holds him aloft to the astonished gaze of the chieftains. "Here is your prince," he cries; "he was born here in Carnarvon Castle, and he knows not a word of the English tongue."

The Welshmen laugh at the jest. Yes, yes, they will be faithful to the baby prince, but he must have a Welsh nurse and must learn to speak their language. Edward gladly agrees, and swears on the hilt of his sword to "keep faith." So the Welsh have once more a prince of their own, and thus it comes to pass that the eldest son of the English king bears the proud title Prince of Wales.

Carnarvon Castle as it is to-day.

Now Edward turns to the work of settling the government of the land. Wales is to keep her old laws and customs, and Welshmen are to retain their freedom and the lands which were theirs under their own princes. Edward tries hard to make the foreign yoke easy; but many wicked deeds will be done, and Welshmen will suffer many wrongs, before they really settle down in unity with their neighbours. Yet the day will come when they will be fully assured of their freedom, and will be more powerful than ever because they are part of the mightiest empire under the sun. Then there will be no more loyal and stauncher hearts in the whole British world than those which beat in "gallant little Wales."

Chapter XVI

William Wallace

(1289 to 1305.)

NOW let the scene shift once more to Scotland. The masterful King Edward, having overcome Wales, is seeking to subdue Scotland. Since the death of William the Lion, Scotland has enjoyed her "golden age." Her trouble and sorrow now begin.

The Scottish king, Alexander the Third, during a night ride along the cliffs of the Fifeshire coast, has fallen over the black rocks, and is no more. His death is a great blow to Scotland, for the heiress to the throne is a little frail grandchild in far-off Norway. She is sent for, but on the voyage she dies. The royal line has come to an end, and the throne of Scotland is without an heir.

Forthwith a dozen men claim the vacant throne. None of them save two have any real right to the kingship. Two of them, however, have royal blood in their veins, and undoubtedly one or other of these will be king. These claimants are John Baliol, great-grandson of David, William the Lion's brother, and Robert Bruce, grandson of the same. Bruce is the son of David's *second* daughter, and Baliol is the grandson of David's *eldest* daughter. Who shall judge between them? Edward sees his chance and seizes it. He, so he says, is overlord of Scotland, and he alone will decide between Baliol and Bruce.

Forthwith he arrays an army, and marches north to the castle of Norham, on the Tweed. To this place he summons the nobles of Scotland to hear his award. First, however, he bids them recognize him as overlord of the northern kingdom. Some of the Scottish nobles will not agree to this; but the English king cries, "By St. Edward, whose crown I wear I will maintain my just right, or die in the cause." Edward is too strong to be thwarted, so the Scottish nobles are obliged to give way, and very unwillingly they accept the English king as their overlord.

Now Edward gives judgment in favour of John Baliol, a weak man who can be easily bent to his will. Baliol does homage to Edward, and is crowned King of Scotland. Edward, however, is his master, and from time to time shows him plainly that he is nothing more than a puppet, who must dance as he pulls the strings. At length this treatment rouses the Scots to bitter anger; they force their king to ally himself with France and to declare war on England

Edward has long been waiting for this turn of fortune's wheel. Speedily he marches north with a great army and sweeps through the country as a conqueror. None can stand against him. The "puppet king" is forced to humble himself before Edward. He is mounted on a sorry nag, the crown is snatched from his head, the sceptre from his hand, and the royal robes from his person. Clad only in body garments and holding a white rod in his hand, he is forced to confess his fault, and declare that he is properly punished for his so-called misdeeds. A few days later he gives up his crown to Edward, and is sent as a prisoner to the Tower of London. Then Edward returns to England, leaving Scotland beaten to the ground, but by no means subdued.

Edward thinks that he has tamed Scotland just as he has tamed Wales, but he is greatly mistaken. The hour finds the man, and the man who arose to save Scotland in her darkest hour was William Wallace of Ellerslie. He is a young knight who loves his country better than life itself. His bodily strength is such that he is a fit foe for Edward himself. When we first hear of him he is hiding in the hills

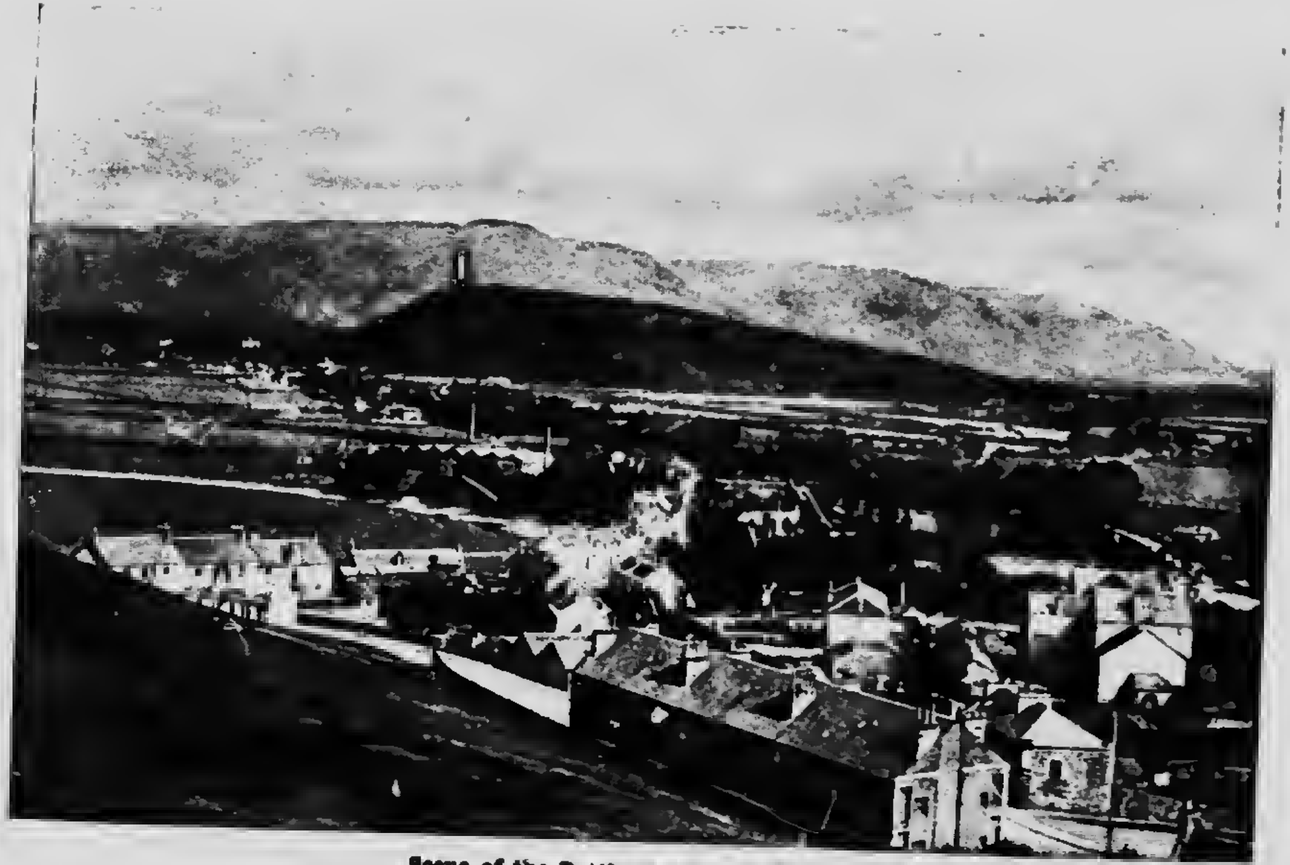
An English officer meeting him and his nine followers in the streets of Lanark has taunted him with foul words. Wallace has drawn his long sword and slain the man. The alarm has been sounded, and English soldiers have rushed to the spot; but Wallace has fought his way through them, and has escaped to the woods. While he is in hiding terrible news reaches him. His young and dearly-loved wife has been seized and slain by his cruel foes. His grief is bitter, and he swears a solemn oath that no man shall ever see him rest until he has avenged the slaughter of his blithe and bonny wife.

That night he swoops down upon the town and slays the man who killed his wife. Again and again he falls on the foes of his country, and the fame of his daring deeds spreads abroad. Men flock to him, eager to array themselves under his banner. Soon he no longer lurks in hiding, but marches proudly at the head of an army. The best and bravest of the land join him, and in less than a year all Edward's work is undone. Not a fortress north of the Tay except Dundee is in English hands.

Edward loses no time in sending a large army northwards, under the Earl of Surrey, who hastens with all speed towards the ancient fortress of Stirling, which sits high on its rock, and is the key to the centre of Scotland. Wallace encamps on or about the Abbey Craig, where his memorial tower now stands, and awaits the coming of his foes.

Ere long their banners are seen. The Earl of Surrey, the commander, is old and feeble, so the real leader is the "fat and foolish" Sir Hugh Cressingham. The English halt on the south side of the river, and are eager to attack at once; but Cressingham decides to wait until next day. So the watch-fires are lighted, and the two armies lie in sight of each other through the night. The deep stream of the Forth flows between them.

Morning dawns, the trumpets sound, and mail-clad knights advance to the bridge which crosses the river. The spearmen of Wallace, posted on the high ground, are in no hurry to attack. They make no sign as the knights cross the bridge



Scene of the Battle of Stirling Bridge.

The Abbey Craig and Wallace Monument in the background.

and form up on the meadow, ready to charge the Scots on the hillside.

Half the English army has crossed before the Scots begin to move. Look yonder at that strong force of Scots advancing at a run towards the bridge. They cut through the line of the advancing English, and block the head of the bridge with their spears. They drive back the horsemen on the crowded bridge, and the English army is cleft in twain. Wallace and his men now charge down the hillside, and speedily overcome the English who have crossed the bridge. Vast numbers of them are driven into the river, which is lashed into foam by the drowning struggles of men and horses.

Surrey, horror-stricken at the sight, bids his knights charge the bridge and carry it. They do so, but on the other side they only add to the confusion and swell the slaughter. Of all who have crossed the fatal bridge only three return. Edward's proud host is scattered like chaff before the whirlwind, and Scotland is once more free.

Wallace is now hailed by his countrymen as governor of Scotland. The nobles who have hitherto held aloof from him now join him, and Wallace crosses the Tweed and ravages the northern counties of England. Then Edward calls together the might of his kingdom for another attempt on Scotland. A vast English army of eighty thousand men rolls northward. It enters the Lowlands, but Wallace has made that a desert. The houses are bare and empty; no cattle are in the fields; the crops have been reaped; the hay and corn stacks have been carried off. By the time Edward draws near Edinburgh his men are so hungry and weary that they show signs of mutiny.

At the moment when Edward is thinking of turning his steps southward, traitors arrive from the Scottish camp telling him that Wallace lies in the forest of Falkirk, and is about to make an attack that very night. Edward rejoices to hear the news. "Thanks be to God!" he cries. "They need not wait for me, for I shall go instantly and meet them." There is no delay. In an hour's time his army is in motion. That

Scene of the Battle of Stirling Bridge.

The Abbey Craig and Wallace Monument in the background.

night the English sleep within a few miles of Falkirk, and next day they see the Scottish army.

Wallace has drawn up his men in four circles, and between them he has placed tall, handsome archers from the forests of Selkirk and Ettrick. His small force of cavalry is in the rear. It includes a number of knights who are jealous of Wallace, and are only half-hearted in Scotland's cause. "I have brought you to the ring," cries the Scottish commander; "now dance as you may."

The trumpets sound, and the English cavalry charge. At the first onset the Scottish horsemen turn tail and flee. Then the English knights sweep down upon the Scottish archers and slay them almost to a man. But they cannot break the bristling circles of spearmen. From that hedge of steel they recoil again and again. The English archers, however, at a safe distance shoot their clothyard shafts amidst the spearmen, and the gallant fellows fall fast. The English horsemen charge into the gaps, and an awful slaughter takes place. The battle is over; the Scots betake themselves to flight, and Wallace barely escapes capture.

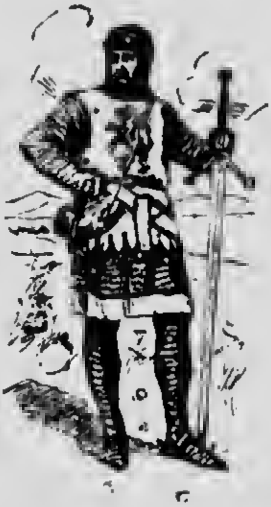
Even this victory does not lay Scotland at Edward's feet. Everywhere he finds the country a desert, and he must either starve or retreat. Less than a month after the battle of Falkirk he sullenly leads his army back to England. But he withdraws like the panther, only to spring again. Five separate times he marches northward, and Scotland at last is overcome.

Once more Wallace is an outlaw, with a price on his head. He lurks in the greenwood, hunted from cover to cover, with scarce a comrade to trust, and none to aid him. His former friend, Sir John Monteith, at length wins the blood-money. Wallace is seized in his sleep, bound with cords, and carried to London, where he is tried as a traitor. He declares that he is no traitor, for he has never sworn faith to an English king. Nothing, however, can save him. Edward is bent upon his death, and, to his everlasting shame, he sentences the Scottish hero to the most cruel of deaths. His head is set up on London

Bridge, his right arm at Newcastle, his left at Berwick, one leg at Perth, the other at Aberdeen.

So perished Wallace. He rose like a star in the darkness; he set in gloom, but not before he had kindled the undying flame of Scottish liberty. Wallace is the national hero of Scotland. Even to-day the very mention of his name stirs his countrymen to their depths.

> "At Wallace's name what Scottish blood
> But boils up in a springtime flood."



Chapter XVII

Robert the Bruce

(1306 to 1314.)

BEFORE the scattered limbs of Wallace had disappeared a new champion had arisen in Scotland. He was Robert Bruce, a grandson of that Bruce who was set aside by Edward in favour of Baliol. During the dark days when Edward's iron grip was on Scotland, Robert Bruce began to lay his plans for freeing his country. He told these plans to John Comyn, a son of Baliol's sister; but Comyn proved to be a traitor, and revealed them to the English. Bruce received warning, and escaped; but ere long he settled accounts with Comyn.

In the church of the Grey Friars at Dumfries, Bruce and Comyn met face to face. Angry words passed between them, and in the height of the quarrel Bruce struck down the traitor on the very steps of the altar. He rushed outside to his comrades. "I doubt I have slain Comyn!" he cried. "You doubt!" cried one of them; "I mak' siccar" (sure), and entering the church he slew the wounded man.

There was now no turning back for Bruce; he must go forward to a crown or share the fate of Wallace. A few faithful friends stood by him, and he hastened to Scone, the crowning-place of Scottish kings. A friendly bishop lent him a robe, the abbot provided a chair, and a circlet of gold was borrowed from the statue of a saint. In this hasty and humble fashion Bruce was crowned.

The news soon reached Edward, and threw him into a state of great anger. He swore that he would never rest until the man who had forsworn his oath and had made himself King of Scotland was dead. The English king's once nut-brown hair was now snow-white, and his once mighty arm was weak with age, but his fiery spirit burnt as fiercely as ever. An advance-guard hastened to Scotland, and, pushing on to Perth, almost captured Bruce.

The Scottish king had now to follow in the footsteps of Wallace and take to the hills. He was a hunted outlaw, and he had scarce a place of safety. "Alas!" said his wife, "we are but king and queen of the May, such as boys crown with flowers and rushes in their summer sport." With a few faithful followers he lurked in the woods, shooting deer and catching fish for food. But he was not sad and gloomy, as Wallace had been. He was always bright and merry, and would not allow the spirits of his comrades to droop.

Summer passed and autumn came, and still he was a wanderer without a home. The ladies of his company could not face the bitter winter which was fast approaching, so he sent them to his brother, and bade him care for them. Then he took ship to the island of Rathlin, off the north coast of Ireland, and remained there during the winter, safe from his foes.

Sad news reached him in his island retreat. His wife and daughters had been seized and carried to England, where they were imprisoned. His brother and others of his relations had been captured and hanged, his estates had been taken from him, and the Pope had driven him out of the Church for murdering Comyn on sacred ground. Now, for the first time, he was "steeped to the lips in misery."

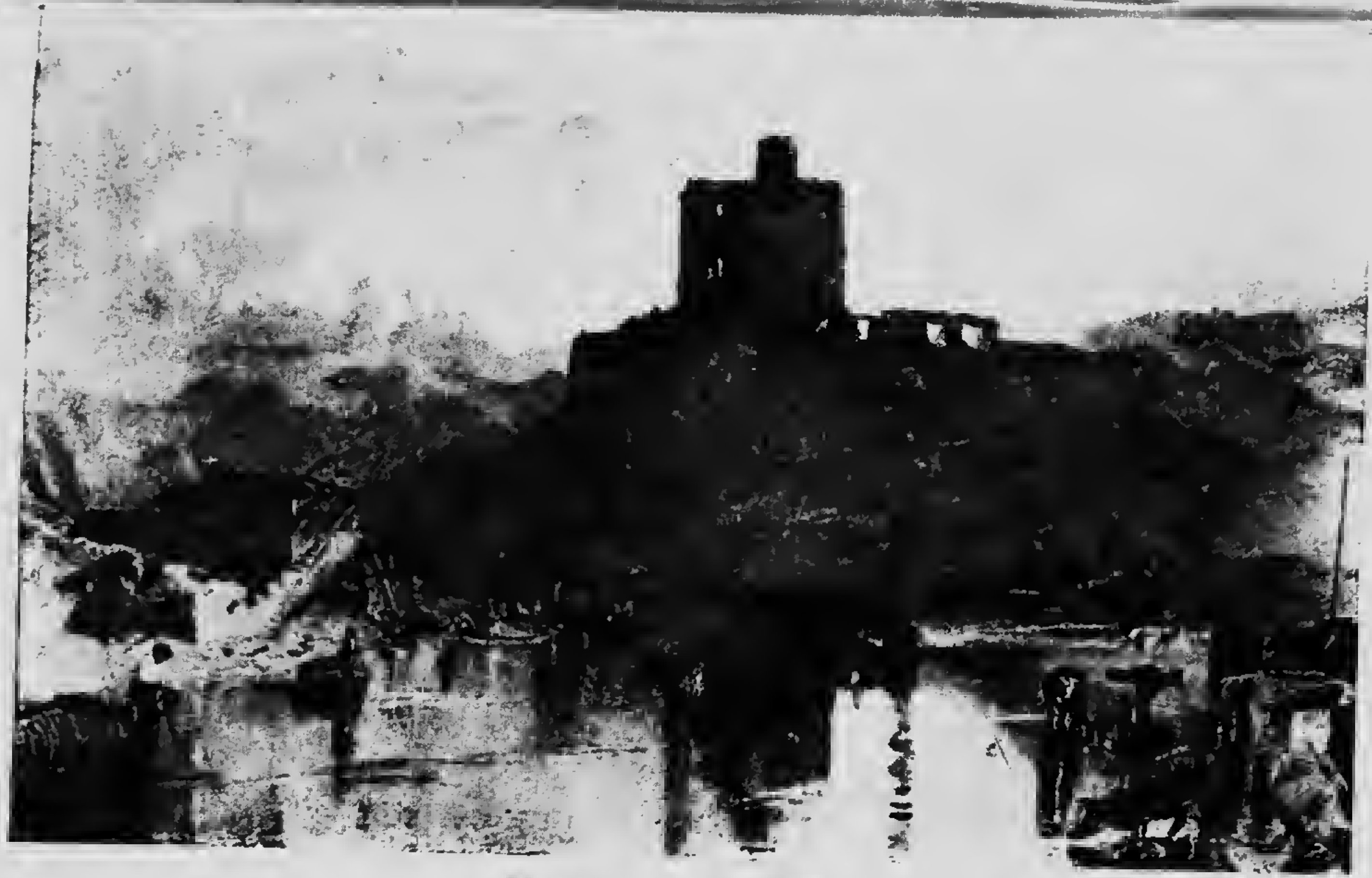
In the springtime, however, he landed in Scotland once more; but his enemies were on his track, and he only escaped them by a hair's breadth. But while he hid in woods and caves his cause was slowly gaining ground. Stout-hearted men began to flock to him, and by the middle of May he found himself at the head of a small army. Before long he had defeated two English earls, and was besieging them in the castle of Ayr. Old King Edward now saw that he must lead an army into Scotland once more. He was too weak and ill to ride, so he was carried in a litter in front of his men. When he reached Carlisle he felt so much better that he mounted his horse and led the army forward in the old way. His strength, however, was soon spent, and at Burgh-on-Sands, within sight of Scotland, he was forced to yield to the power that conquers even kings.

His weak, wicked son advanced half-heartedly to Ayr, and then, forgetting the oath he had sworn to his dead father, turned back to enjoy the company of jugglers and minstrels and flatterers at the court which he had unwillingly left. In the meantime Bruce captured castle after castle. Every day the English power in Scotland grew weaker and weaker, while the Scottish king grew stronger and stronger. At length the English flag only flew over the castle of Stirling. Its commander sent news to England that unless help arrived he would be obliged to surrender on Midsummer Day.

Edward now roused himself, and prepared an army for a fresh conquest of Scotland. So far he had proved himself a worthless king, and his barons had taken all power from him. Now he would show them that the spirit of his father lived in him. He would march northward, slay the Bruce, relieve Stirling Castle, and be lord of Scotland, as his father had been before him.

The army which he now led was the most powerful that had ever entered Scotland. It consisted of one hundred thousand men, including forty thousand horse soldiers and ten thousand archers, every man of whom boasted that he carried the lives of four-and-twenty Scotsmen at his belt. No finer or more confident army ever took the field.

Bruce had chosen his ground well. His front and right were defended by the Bannock Burn, which then flowed through two bogs, and at one place had steep, wooded banks. On the left and in front he dug pits, which were covered with earth and grass, so that they looked firm and level to the eye. On one side only was the position easy of approach, and here the ground was strewn with iron spikes to lame the horses.



Norham Castle, on the Tweed.
(*From the picture by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.*)
(See page 94.)

It is the Sabbath morning of June 23rd in the year 1314. On comes the English host, with its countless banners waving in the breeze. The sun glints back from helmet and spear as the dense masses of men draw near. Bruce, clad in full armour, and carrying a battle-axe in his hand, but bestriding a pony instead of his heavy charger, rides from rank to rank encouraging his men.

Now the English halt, and an English knight, Sir Henry Bohun, seeing the Bruce so badly horsed, thinks to take him unawares. So he spurs his charger, levels his spear, and bears down upon the Scottish king. As he comes rushing on at full speed Bruce touches the pony's bridle, and the little animal starts aside. Then, as the knight goes rushing by, Bruce rises in his stirrups and smites him fiercely on the helmet with his battle-axe. It crashes through steel and skull, Bohun falls dead, and his steed gallops riderless away. The first stroke of the great fight has been struck, and the Bruce has won. As he rides back to his own lines his knights scold him for having hazarded his life. Bruce listens to them, but only replies, "I have broken my good battle-axe."

Another misfortune befalls the English. Three hundred young horsemen, eager for the fray, think that they see a clear road between themselves and the castle. On they ride towards it, but soon find their path blocked by a party of Scottish horsemen. In vain they spur their horses to the attack. Again and again they are beaten back from the circle of bristling steel, and, weary and disheartened, are forced to retreat.

The short summer night falls on the battlefield, and its silence is broken by the loud noise of feasting and merriment in the English camp. The Scots sleep in the open, and when the sun rises they take their places in circles beneath their banners.

Edward views them from afar. "Will yon Scotsmen fight?" he asks a graybeard by his side. "Yea, siccarly, sire," was the reply. Then he sees his foes bending the knee as the crucifix is carried along their line. "Yon folk kneel for mercy," he cries; and again the old man replies, "Yea, sire; but not of you. You men will win or die." "So be it," says Edward, and his trumpeters begin to sound the charge.

On dash the English horsemen, and now you hear the loud crash as spear clangs on steel. Down go men and horses, only to be trodden under foot by the ranks behind. Nothing can break the Scottish ranks.

But where are the archers who won the victory at Falkirk? Now is their time. Alas! they have been driven off in confusion by a few hundred Scottish horsemen. They fly hither and thither and never rally again.

Meanwhile a great hand-to-hand struggle is taking place. You hear the shouts and cries of the warriors, the loud clash of weapons, and the groans of the wounded. The dense mass of the English rises and falls like the waves of the sea. The ground is covered with fallen men and horses. So crowded are the English that they can neither advance nor retreat. Slowly and surely, however, the dense throng is pushed back by the Scottish spears, and the day looks black for England.

Lifting their eyes, the hard-pressed English seem to see another host marching down a neighbouring hill towards them. They are camp-followers, with saplings for banner-poles and blankets for standards, but in the distance they are easily mistaken for a fresh and warlike array. The hearts of the English fail them at the sight; they waver, and the Scots press on with new courage. The retreat has begun; it will soon be a rout.

The English king gallops from the field. His followers scatter hither and thither. All is over. The great battle is lost and won. The Bannock Burn is choked with the bodies of the slain; thirty thousand English lie dead on that fatal field. The work which Wallace began has been finished by Bruce. Scotland is free once more. She will never bow the knee to a foreign foe again.

The Black Prince being made a Knight of the Garter.
(From the picture by C. W. Cope, R.A., in Westminster Palace.)

Chapter XVIII

The Black Prince

(1330 to 1376.)

YOU may remember that William the Conqueror was Duke of Normandy as well as King of England. In this way the English connection with France began. Many of William's barons had estates both in France and in England. They regarded France as their mother country, and England as a conquered land from which they drew tribute. They despised the English, and refused to throw in their lot with them.

When, however, the French possessions of the English kings were lost, the barons had to choose whether they would be Frenchmen or Englishmen. Those great families which had estates on both sides of the English Channel divided themselves into two branches. One branch became French, and in the course of time the other branch became English.

Henry the Second possessed wide French domains. He ruled from the Pyrenees to the Tweed. He was not only master of Normandy, but he held sway over a large part of Southern France, and ruled more of the country than the King of France himself. In the reign of the wicked King John all these large possessions were lost, except the fertile country of Gascony.

The French kings cast longing eyes on this fair land, and continually strove to win it back. At length they seized a number of towns, which they refused to give up. A new king, the third Edward, a man of the same warlike spirit as the first Edward, now sat on the English throne. He was eager for glory on the battlefield, and he now determined to win back all the old possessions of the English kings in France. This led to a war which was waged, with intervals of peace, for a hundred years.

When the French king, Charles the Fourth, died there were three claimants to the throne. One of them was Edward the Third, who said he ought to be King of France as heir of his mother. The French lawyers held that by the law of France no woman could wear the crown. Edward replied that though his mother could not wear the crown, she could pass on her claim to her son. The French lawyers laughed at the idea, and chose Philip, a cousin of the late king. When Edward decided on war, Philip had been reigning for ten years.

I cannot in this book tell you all that happened during this long war. I should like to tell you the story of how the great battle of Creçy was won, and how Calais was besieged and captured, and how Edward's good queen begged the lives of the seven citizens who gave themselves up in order to save their fellow-townsmen. I must pass on, however, to tell you something of Edward's famous son, the Black Prince.

Let us suppose that you are standing at the upper window of a London house during the month of May in the year 1356. You notice that the city is making holiday. Banners and streamers are to be seen everywhere, and the citizens are dressed in their best attire. Afar off you hear the shouts of the crowds and the roar of cannon, which have recently come into use. Now the bells begin to clash from the steeples, and all are agog to see the procession which now approaches.

Here come the archers, the pride of England, sun-browned, hardy fellows, with six-foot bows slung across their shoulders, and sheaves of arrows in their belts. They have won great fame in France, and every lad in London yearns to follow their warlike trade.

Behind them follows an array of mail-clad knights, flashing back the May-day sun from their shining armour and gleaming lances. Amongst them you see knights who bear themselves bravely, but, for all that, are sad and crestfallen. They are nobles of France, captured in the wars, and held to ransom.

And now the air is rent with shouts as a noble figure on a white charger rides by. It is the King of France himself. But the shouts are not for him. Look at that simple knight in black armour, quietly riding by his side on a black pony. He is the hero of the day, the delight of all eyes, and the praise of all tongues. He seems to be no more than the French king's squire; yet he is the victor of Poitiers, the idol of his knights, the boast of his archers, and the pride of his land.

The procession moves on to the great hall at Westminster, where Edward, the king, awaits the coming of his royal captive and his gallant son. He rises from his throne, embraces his brother of France, and gives him welcome to his court. He bids him be of good cheer, and does everything in his power to make him feel that he is an honoured guest, and not a vanquished king.

Now let us turn to Edward's gallant son, the Black Prince, as he is called, and learn why the Londoners greet him as a hero. He is but twenty-seven years of age, yet he has already played his part on many a hard-fought field. At the early age of thirteen he was made Prince of Wales, and his father held a feast of the Round Table, to which he invited the best knights of all Europe. They played their knightly games, and did many feats of arms beneath the ancient walls of Windsor Castle; and the Black Prince, beholding them, yearned for the day when he too might wear the gilt spurs of their order. Long before he was out of his teens he took part in his first battle. When Edward began the long warfare with France he followed in his father's train. At Creçy, as a lad of sixteen years of age, he "won his spurs."

When he rode into London after the great battle, every man, woman, and child in the great city loved him, and foretold a wondrous future for him. They were right, for his fame grew with the years, and now they see him amongst them once more, as the victor of Poitiers and the captor of the French king. What stories they tell of his knightly doings! Listen to yon burly archer. "I mind," says he, "that after the French king had yielded the prince led him to his own tent, took off his helmet with his own hands, brought him drink, and served him at table as though he had been a base serving-man, and not the heir of England. What think ye of that?"

And now, while all England is singing his praises, and he is at the very top of his fame, let us peep into the future and see what fate has in store for him. Again and again he will harry the fair land of France, and, greedy of warfare, will ally himself with a cruel prince, and win a victory for him in distant Spain. When the victory is won, he will beg his ally to spare the lives of the conquered. Before long, however, the Spanish prince will refuse to pay the price agreed upon, and will send him on wild-goose errands, until his men fall around him, stricken with disease. Scarce one in five of them will return across the Pyrenees. He too will be seized with a painful sickness fro which he will never recover.

But still he will go on fighting, and every year his heart will harden within him, until one day he will stain his fair fame by a deed of pitiless cruelty. A city will hold out against him stubbornly, and when it falls he will order no quarter to be given to its defenders. His knights will beg him to be merciful, but he will turn a deaf ear to them, and three thousand defenceless men, women, and children will be slaughtered in the streets. "Pity 'tis, 'tis true."

His sickness will increase, and he will return home to die; but he will not pass away until he has done something, some good, for the people of England. He will drive from his father's court the greedy, wicked men who are ruling the land, and he will better the condition of the people in many ways. Knowing his end is nigh, he will give himself to prayer and good works. Sickness will rack him sore, but he will bear his sufferings patiently, and will make "a very noble end," bidding his people pray for him. He will die in his forty-sixth year, to the great grief of the nation. So will pass away the Black Prince, a man of war from his youth up, and, save for one deed of cruelty, a "very perfect, gentle knight."

Chapter XIX

On French Fields

(1377 to 1422.)

LOOK at a map of France and find the river Loire. You will notice that one of its left-bank feeders is called the Vienne. Almost all the country between the Loire and the Vienne on the north and the Pyrenees on the south fell into the hands of the English after the battle of Poitiers. Strange to say, these great conquests were soon lost. During the last seven years of Edward's reign, one place after another fell into the hands of the French. Before Edward lay in his grave, all had been won back except two ports and the fortress of Calais.

The French were not content while the English held any part of the land at all. They therefore continued the war during the unhappy reign of Richard the Second, the eldest son of the Black Prince. In Richard's reign troubles abounded in England. At last the country fell into such a state of confusion that Parliament made the king give up his throne to his cousin Henry the Fourth, the son of Edward the Third's third son.

Henry, like his grandfather Edward the Third, and his uncle the Black Prince, would gladly have sought fame and fortune in France. He had, however, no opportunity of doing so, for plots and rebellions at home kept him busy and anxious for more than half his reign. When at last the land was at peace, he was too old and too feeble for such an undertaking.

His son, Henry the Fifth, was in a very different position.

He was young and handsome, a fine soldier, and very popular with his subjects. From the first moment of his reign King Harry meant to be master of France. The king of that country was mad, and the nobles were quarrelling so bitterly among themselves that they would not unite even against a foreign foe. King Harry knew this, and at once prepared to invade the country.

He first sent a message to the King of France claiming the throne. The Dauphin—that is, the eldest son of the King of France—sent Harry in reply a barrel of tennis balls. By this he meant to say that he thought the English king too young and too foolish for the serious work of war, and only fit to play games. Harry laughed when he received the tennis balls, and said,—

"When we have matched our rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard." *

With the might of England at his back, Harry crossed the Channel, and his big guns began to thunder at the walls of Harfleur. Before the town fell the English army was fearfully wasted by hunger and disease. Nevertheless, Harry did not intend to return without doing a deed that should "dazzle all the eyes of France."

From Harfleur he wrote to the Dauphin offering to fight him man to man for the kingdom. "By this means," he said, "the quarrel may be settled without shedding innocent blood." To this challenge the Dauphin made no reply, so Harry cried,—

"The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry, 'God for Harry, England, and St. George!'"

It is the evening of October 24th, in the year of grace 1415. Five thousand English bowmen and five thousand men-at-arms, half-starved, ragged, and footsore, are stumbling on through

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* Net.

French fields towards Calais. As they drag themselves wearily along, news arrives that a huge French army blocks the way. Out go the scouts, and one of them, a Welshman, speedily returns with this brave report: "There are enough to be killed, enough to be taken, and enough to run away." The Welshman is quite right. There are no less than sixty thousand of them, fresh, well-armed, and confident of victory. The odds are actually six to one. An English noble cries, "Oh that we now had here but one ten thousand of those men in England who do no work to-day!" King Harry overhears him, and replies,—

> "No, my fair cousin:
> If we are marked to die, we are enow
> To do our country loss; and if to live,
> The fewer men the greater share of honour."

The night rolls down, and the English betake themselves to prayer. From the French camp comes the noise of feasting and merriment. The French nobles are so sure of victory that they are dicing for the ransoms of the prisoners they are confident of taking on the morrow.

The morning sun rises on the English drawn up on a field of freshly-sown corn. Face to face with them is the French host, stretching across the plain by the hamlet of Agincourt. Every English archer carries a five-foot stake wherewith to protect himself against the French horse soldiers. Every man of them is stripped to the waist, and has one shoe off, the better to keep his footing on the slippery ground.

Arrayed in full armour, with a golden crown glittering on his helmet, King Harry rides along the English ranks. He prays aloud for victory, and turning to his men, bids them fight boldly, for God is on their side. England, he declares, shall never pay ransom for him; he will conquer, or leave his bones on the field. Then he reminds his archers that the French have sworn to put out the right eye and cut off the left hand of every bowman who is captured. No captive archer will ever loose arrow again.

A hush falls on the English as they sink on their knees in prayer. Then they rise; the lips tighten, their sinews become hard as steel, and their hearts bound as they eagerly await the beginning of the fray.

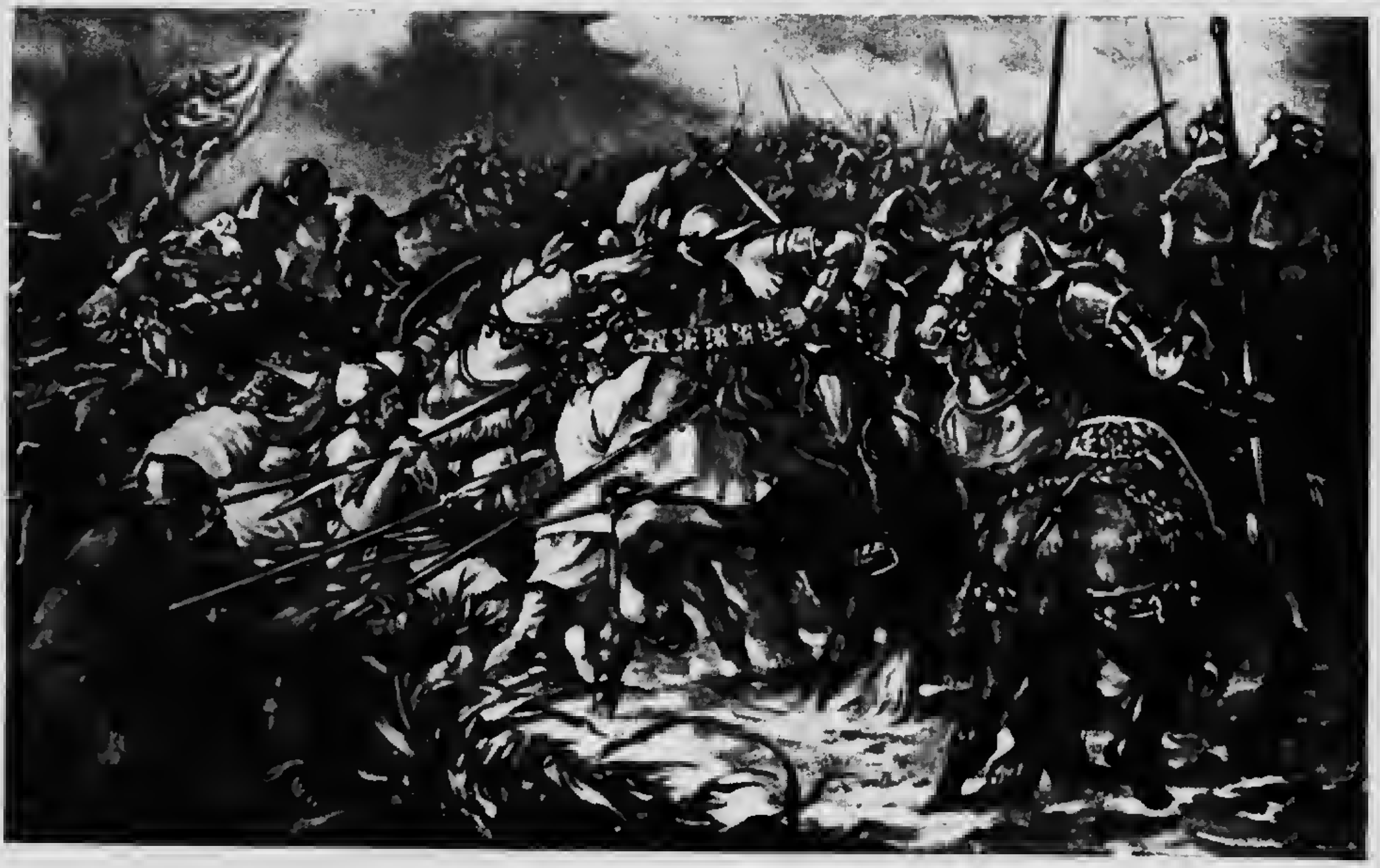
"What time is it?" asks the king. "The bells are ringing prime, my lord," is the reply. In the English abbeys and churches the first service of the day is beginning. "Now is good time," says the king. "England prayeth for us, so let us be of good cheer. Banners advance!"

With a loud shout the bowmen advance twenty paces and plant their stakes. On come the heavy-armed cavalry of the enemy, in dense masses, thirty deep. The archers step forward a few yards, and slowly and steadily begin to shoot. Not an arrow is wasted; every shaft flies home. The French dare not stand still, for to do so is to be shot down like a dog; they dare not retreat because of the heavy press of soldiers behind them. So the death-hail falls, and the mounted Frenchmen spur their heavy chargers through the mire of the freshly-ploughed field. The deadly flight of English arrows never ceases, and down go horse and man until they lie in heaps two spears high. The French army is a helpless, heaving mass.

"Now's the day and now's the hour" for the English archers. They sling their bows on their backs; they leap forward, and with sword, axe, and bill-hook throw themselves on the struggling heaps of men. King Harry is in the thick of the fight. Certain French knights have sworn to take or slay him. They hew their way to him; a fierce blow strikes the crown from his helmet, but it is the last blow ever struck by that arm.

The first line is swept to earth, and the second line falls like wheat before the reaper's sickle. The third line now advances, but it is taken in flank by the English archers, and turns to flee. In three hours the battle is over. Eleven thousand Frenchmen lie dead on the field, while only a few Englishmen have fallen. The battle is won, and the English archer has earned a fame that will never be forgotten while the name of Britain endures.

A thanksgiving service is held on the field of battle, and



A Fight with the French.

(A study from a painting by Sir John Gilbert, R.A.)

next day Harry marches for Calais. A few days later he sails for England, and the sea is so rough that the prisoners declare they would rather fight another battle than encounter the tossing of the waves. When the victorious king arrives at Dover, the townsfolk rush into the surf and carry him ashore shoulder-high. As he journeys to London the church bells are rung, the villages are gay with banners and green boughs, and the country-folk cheer themselves hoarse. London makes holiday to welcome him. Guns roar out a salute; the streets are thronged with rejoicing citizens; songs of welcome are sung. King Harry, dressed in a purple gown, and looking very calm and grave, rides to St. Paul's, where he gives heartfelt thanks for his great victory.

A few years later Harry is again in France. He besieges Rouen, and after terrible suffering the townsfolk yield. The French princes are busy murdering one another, and will not combine against him. The young King of Burgundy joins the English, and France is at Harry's feet.

A treaty is made by which the English king is to marry Catherine, daughter of the poor witless King of France. He is to rule in his father-in-law's name, and to succeed him at his death. On Trinity Sunday, in the year 1420, Harry leads the French princess to the high altar of the church at Troyes, and they are married. Then he and his bride journey to Paris, and the people welcome him gladly. Many of them wear the red cross of England on their arms.

In the next year Harry comes home, and Catherine is crowned at Westminster with such splendour as has never before been seen in England. While Harry and his wife are making a tour through the country news arrives of a defeat in France. The Scots have come to the aid of their old friends the French, and by their help a victory has been won. Harry makes terms with the Scots and hastens to France. In eight months the whole of the country north of the Loire owns his sway.

He is now King of England and King of France, and at the very summit of his fame. Suddenly his health begins to fail.

The doctors are puzzled, and can do nothing for him. As he sinks day by day he learns that a son has been born to him at Windsor. At once he remembers an old saying,—

"I, Henry of Monmouth,
Shall small time reign, and much get;
But Henry of Windsor shall long reign and lose all.
But as God wills, so be it."

In the year 1422, when he is but thirty-five years of age, he dies, to the great grief of his people. His reign has been full to the brim of warlike glory; he has beaten France to her knees.

The new king is less than a year old, and his uncle, John of Bedford, rules in his name, and continues the war with France. He is an able soldier and a wise man. For a time he holds his own, and even wins several victories; then the tide of fortune begins to turn.

The English lay siege to Orleans, and are on the point of taking it, when suddenly a maid in knightly armour, and displaying a white banner before her, appears in the city, and leads the garrison in their assaults on the besiegers. She is Joan of Arc, a peasant girl from Lorraine, and she believes that she is the chosen of Heaven to save France.

Joan inspires the people of Orleans with such courage that they force the English to withdraw. Everywhere they are driven back, and soon the Dauphin is crowned king at Rheims. Alas! in the spring of the next year Joan is sold to the English, and in 1431 she is burned as a witch in the market-place of Rouen. But this cruel act does not stem the tide of French success. Four years later nothing is left of all the English conquests in France except Calais. So Henry of Windsor loses all, and it is a good thing for his people that he has done so. In striving to conquer France our kings were following a will-o'-the-wisp. They were wasting their substance and the lives of their people in an impossible task. Their empire was not meant to extend to the continent of Europe; it was destined to enlarge by way of the ocean.

Chapter XX

The Discovery of America

(1455 to 1493.)

THE fifty years which followed the loss of our French possessions were full of "battle, murder, and sudden death." The land was torn by the long and fierce quarrels of two great families fighting for the crown. In the course of the struggle Henry of Windsor was thrust from his throne, seated on it again, and finally cast into the Tower, where he died.

The new king, Edward the Fourth, died twelve years after poor King Henry, leaving two defenceless young sons to the tender mercies of his cruel and ambitious brother Richard. This man murdered the lads and declared himself king. He reigned two years, two months, and a day. According to a writer of the time, "it was twenty-six months and twenty-four hours too long." He was a man of blood, and he made a fit end on the gory battlefield where the last fight of the "Wars of the Roses" took place. The victor of that fight was Henry, Earl of Richmond. He became Henry the Seventh, and founded the Tudor line.

While the Wars of the Roses were raging in England, a wonderful change in the thoughts, the lives, and the fortunes of mankind was taking place on the continent of Europe. In the year in which we lost our French possessions the Turks captured Constantinople, which was then the capital of the Greeks. They drove out the Greek scholars who lived in the city, and these men fled to Italy, which was then the most civilized land in all the world. They settled down in the beautiful city of Florence, and began to teach their noble language and lecture on their great writers of old. Italian scholars flocked to hear them, and soon the study of Greek became all the rage, not only in Italy, but in almost every part of Europe.

The study of Greek opened a new world of knowledge to the scholars of Europe. For the first time they were enabled to feed their minds on the great writings of some of the greatest men who ever lived. They were able, too, to read the New Testament in the tongue in which it was written. They also studied the statues and buildings of ancient Greece, and tried hard to imitate and even to surpass them. From one study they turned to another. The minds of men had, as it were, received a "new birth." While all this was going on men discovered to their amazement that the world was a much vaster and more wonderful world than they thought it to be.

Look at a map of Europe and find the country of Portugal. You will notice that it has a long coast-line fronting the Atlantic Ocean, and that on the east it is shut in by Spain. You can easily see that, if Portugal was ever to extend its power, it must do so by way of the sea. As a matter of fact, Portugal did extend in this way. She was the first European nation to begin pushing out into the wild waste of waters in order to discover unknown lands.

It was the capture of Constantinople by the Turks which made Portugal take to the ocean. By means of their conquest the Turks became masters of the land-road from Asia to Europe, and they would no longer allow caravans to pass. In this way they put an end to trade between Europe and Asia.

At that time Portugal had a noble and able prince, whose mother was an English princess. This prince, whose name was Henry, had heard an old story about a sea-road to India round the south of Africa, and he determined to send out ships to seek for it. If ships could get to India, trade might still go on with the East in spite of the Turks.

Henry built a home for himself on the most southerly promontory of Portugal, near Cape St. Vincent, and here he lived from his twenty-fourth year to the day of his death, forty-three years later. He built ships big enough and strong enough to sail the ocean, and sent them forth to explore the west coast of Africa. Little by little these ships crept along the coast, and by the year 1460, when Prince Henry died, they had reached the Gulf of Guinea. Twenty-six years later Bartholomew Diaz doubled the most southerly cape of Africa without knowing it. He raised the Portuguese banner on the shores of Table Bay and returned home, disheartened at the result of his voyage. Eleven years later Vasco da Gama rounded the south of Africa, crossed the Indian Ocean, and reached India. Thus the sea-road from Europe to the East was opened.

Five years before this an event of even greater importance had taken place. It was, indeed, the greatest event in all history since the birth of Christ. The New World was discovered.

On board one of the Portuguese ships engaged in exploring the African coast was a sailor of Genoa, named Christopher Columbus. He had been a sailor from his youth up, and had made many voyages. It is said that he had visited Iceland, and there had heard old Norse stories of a distant land across the sea towards the sunset. Further, he was a student, and knew all that was then known about geography. He supported himself by making charts and maps.

Columbus knew that the world was a sphere, but he believed it to be much smaller than it really is. He also thought that Asia stretched much farther to the east than it really does. One day, as he gazed at his globe, he asked himself these questions: "Why try to get to India and China by rounding Africa?" "If the earth is a sphere, why not strike boldly to the west and sail on until Asia is reached?" Of course he did not know that America was in the way. He quite expected that, after sailing two or three thousand miles to the westward, he would reach the shores of Asia.

He first offered to undertake this voyage for his native city of Genoa, but no one would listen to him. The wise men of Genoa said that it was bound to fail, and nobody but a fool would undertake it. So, too, said the scholars of Spain when they were asked their opinion. Everywhere Columbus was met with scorn and contempt, and daily he fell deeper and deeper into poverty and despair.

The monarch who at last befriended Columbus was the clever and beautiful Isabella of Spain, wife of King Ferdinand. She and her husband listened to him, but they were very slow to help him; and, after many wearisome delays, Columbus mounted his mule and set off for France, hoping that the French king would give him ships and men. Heartsick and weary, he had travelled some distance towards the frontier when he was overtaken by a messenger from the queen.

Isabella had changed her mind when she saw that Columbus was about to appeal to France, and now she was eager to push forward the voyage. She said that she was ready to pawn her royal jewels in order to obtain the money with which to fit out the ships. This was the proudest moment in Isabella's life. Her name will never be forgotten, for by assisting Columbus she helped to discover the "New World."

Now you see Columbus, as an admiral, preparing to depart with three ships—the *Santa Maria*, the *Pinta*, and the *Niña*. He sailed from Palos, where a few weeks before he had begged a morsel of bread and a cup of water for his starving child. His vessels were very small, not larger than the fishing schooners of our own day. They were only from fifty to one hundred tons burden; and each of them carried a crew of twenty men, most of them taken from Spanish jails.

On August 3, 1492, the ships reached the Canary Islands. After being detained there three weeks, owing to the leaky condition of one of the vessels, Columbus set sail once more. His sailors broke into loud cries of distress as the last land known to them faded from sight on the blue horizon.

Westward and ever westward they sailed, and as the days grew into weeks the hearts of his men sank lower and lower. Then the pilots became frightened too, for they discovered that the compass, instead of pointing to the North Star, now pointed to the north-west of it. Shortly afterwards the ships ran into the Sargasso Sea, with its great masses of seaweed, and the sailors feared that the ships would become entangled in it and unable to move.

As day after day passed and there was no sign of land the crews grew angry with Columbus. They threatened to throw him overboard and turn the ships homewards. "Are there no graves in Spain that you drag us here to die?" they asked. "Trust me for three days more," begged Columbus, "and then you shall work your will with me." He was crossing the widest part of the Atlantic; but he was in the region of the trade winds, and day by day was being blown steadily towards the west. Soon signs of land were seen. A bough with fresh berries on it drifted past; then a carved stick.

On 11th October, towards ten o'clock at night, Columbus, who was then scanning the horizon from the high poop of the *Santa Maria*, thought that he saw a light glimmering in the distance. Fearing that his eyes deceived him, he called to a companion and asked him if he saw it. Yes; there was no mistake about it. Again and again the light was seen "in sudden and passing gleams, as if it were a torch in the bark of a fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves, or in the hand of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house." Imagine the eagerness with which Columbus awaited the first flush of dawn.

At two in the morning a gun from the *Pinta* gave the joyful signal of land. There it lay about two leagues distant, with its plains and hills, forests, rocks, streams, and new races of men. Columbus had triumphed. In spite of every difficulty and danger, he had discovered land across the Western Ocean. He who had been the scoff of sages had now proved himself wiser than they, and had won for himself a glory which can only end with the world itself.

Columbus had discovered an island—probably Watling Island—and this he supposed to be an outlying part of India. For this reason the island, and all the group of islands which lie like stepping-stones between North and South America, came to be called the West Indies, and their natives, Indians.

Columbus now prepared to land on the island. At sunrise small boats were lowered, and Columbus, bearing the royal standard of Castile, and attended by his captains, each carrying a flag with a green cross, was rowed ashore to the sound of music. In the meantime the natives had gathered on the beach, and were gazing with awe at the newcomers, marvelling at their ships, their shining armour, and their wonderful weapons. In their simple ignorance they believed that Columbus and his followers were gods who had dropped from the skies.

Columbus was the first to step ashore, the others followed, and all knelt and kissed the ground, with tears and thanks to God. Then Columbus arose, shook out the red-and-gold flag of Spain, and, drawing his sword, took possession of the island in the name of Ferdinand and Isabella. Other larger islands were afterwards discovered, amongst them the great island of Cuba.

On January 4, 1493, Columbus set sail for Spain, carrying with him gold and other products of the islands, together with some of the natives. After a long and stormy voyage, in which he was more than once threatened with shipwreck, he entered the harbour of Palos on March 15, after an absence of seven months and a half.

The Spaniards were greatly delighted with Columbus's discovery. In the middle of April he and his men marched through the streets of Barcelona, amidst the cheers of the citizens. Ferdinand and Isabella were impatient to see the man who had given them a new kingdom. They rose to receive him, and bade him seat himself in their presence—a favour never before shown except to the greatest nobles of the land. They listened with rapt attention to the wonderful tale which he had to tell.

Once the wild Western Ocean had been crossed in safety, bold sailors were not slow to follow in the wake of Columbus. Some sailed north and some south of the places discovered by him, and gradually they learned that they had reached, not India, nor indeed any part of Asia, but a "New World" altogether.

Chapter XXI

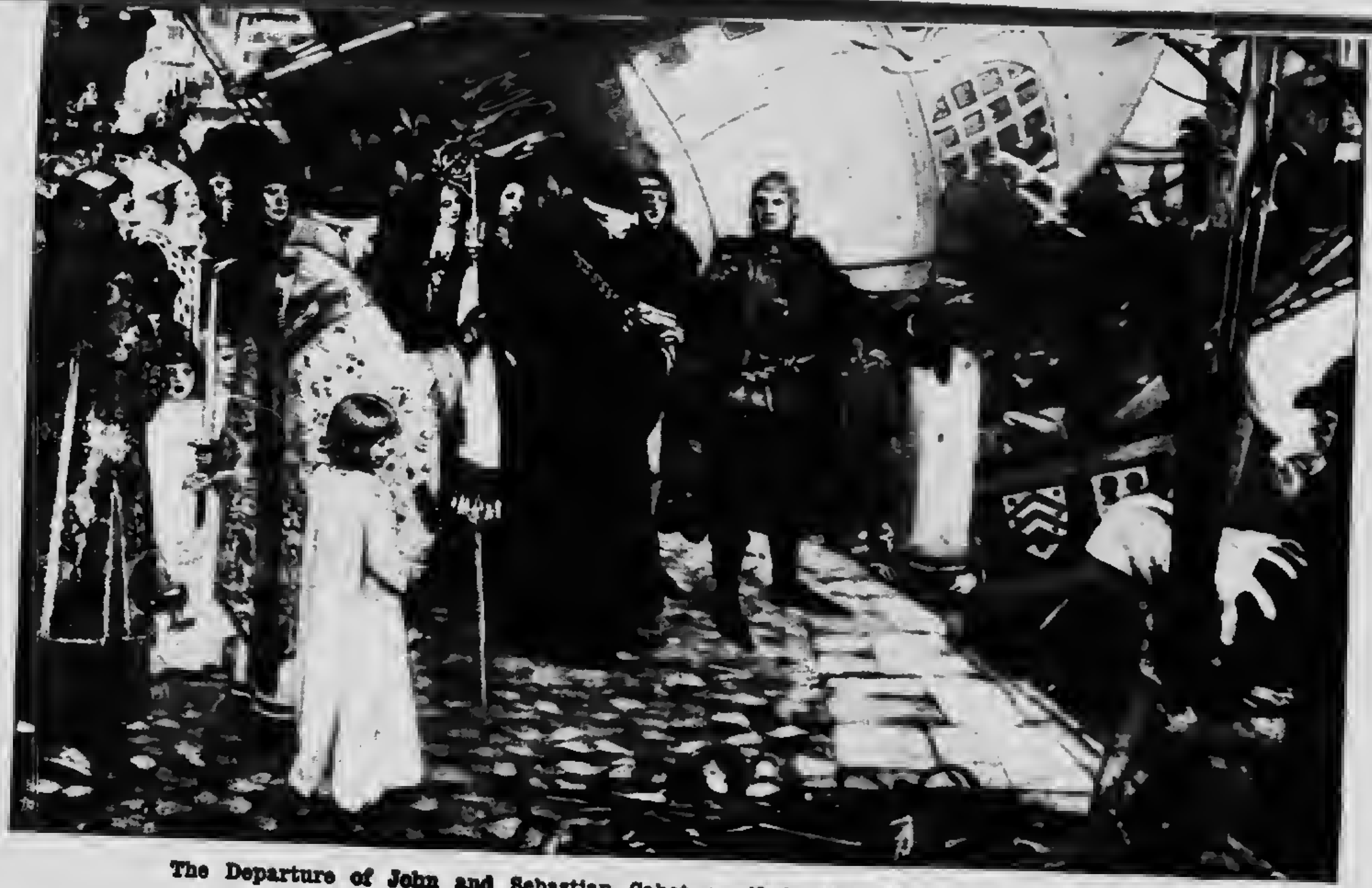
John Cabot and the New World

(1497.)

WE are in the old seaport of Bristol on a May morning in the year 1497, treading the rough cobbles of the quay. Two staunch vessels are lying ready to depart on the most daring voyage ever undertaken by Bristol ships. The royal arms gleam on their mainsails, and the flag of England flies from their mast-heads. Some of the boldest and most skilful mariners in the land are on board, busy making everything ship-shape, "Bristol fashion," for the voyage that begins to-day.

Now you see a procession approaching. The mayor in his robes of state leads the way, and behind him troop the city councillors; then comes the bishop with a train of priests, and behind him you see four men, the observed of all observers. They are John, Lewis, Sebastian, and Santius Cabot—John, the father, a citizen of Venice; the sons, men of Bristol. The old city is saying farewell to them, and the loud cheers which greet them as they make their way through the narrow streets to the water-side show how keenly Bristol men are interested in their voyage. Whither are they bound?

Any urchin in the streets will tell you. "Why, master, have you not heard of Christopher Columbus—he who five years ago sailed to the west across the ocean, seeking a new sea-road to India? Do you not know that he lighted on rich new lands, which he seized in the name of Spain? There's



The Departure of John and Sebastian Cabot on their First Voyage of Discovery, 1497.

(From the painting by Ernest Board. By permission of the Bristol Corporation and the Artist.)

gold by the bucketful across the Western Ocean, and we Bristol folks mean to have our share of it. So we have fitted out yonder ships, and on this very day John Cabot and his sons are to set sail. Would that I might sail with them!"

Many an English lad in many an English seaport echoes his wish:—

"Westward! westward! westward!
The sea sang in his head,
At morn in the busy harbour,
At nightfall on his bed.

"Westward! westward! westward!
Over the line of breakers,
Out of the distance dim,
For ever the foam-white fingers
Beckoning, beckoning him."

And now the procession halts on the quay, and the mariners kneel while the bishop with uplifted hand blesses them and their voyage. John Cabot proudly unfolds a scroll and reads the writing, which grants him King Henry's permission to "seek out, discover, and find" new isles, countries, regions, or provinces as yet unknown to Christians. Henry is somewhat of a miser: he has neither helped to build the ships nor to pay the sailors, but for all that he bargains for one-fifth of all the profit which may be made.

The reading is finished. The last farewells are said. The wives and children of the mariners weep aloud. The mayor clasps John Cabot warmly by the hand. Now the captain goes aboard. Loud cheers are raised as the good ships are warped out into the stream. Now you see them threading the deep gorge of the Avon. Anon they will be out on the heaving waters of the channel. Then sail will be made, and in the golden sunset glow they will fade away into the unknown.

For months there are sad hearts in many a humble Bristol home, and white-faced women haunt the quay, seeking for stray scraps of news about the husbands and sons who have sailed with the Cabots. Then one glad day the ships, battered by the sea, appear again in the Avon, and all England rings with the story of their voyage. The bells clash out merry peals; the returning voyagers feast in the council chamber; and every lad in the good old city holds his head high because of the new fame which Bristol men have won.

Here is one of the heroes who sailed with Cabot. Let us salute him, and bid him spin his yarn. Like the true sailor that he is he readily consents. "Marry, sirs, 'twas a long and dull voyage outward; but the winds were fair, and in two months we reached a sea with great islands of ice floating about like fairy castles. And, mark ye, the sun did not set, and there was daylight all the clock round. On the twelfth day of June we sighted land. Our captain called it *Prima Vista*, which means 'first seen.' It was an island thickly covered with woods. We went ashore right speedily, and now there's a new England seven hundred leagues to the westward across the great ocean.

"The men of that land are savages, dressed in the skins of wild beasts. They carry bows and arrows, wooden clubs, and slings; and fine hunters they be, every man of them. Their land is barren, and no fruits grow; but there are big bears and stags that would make two of ours. Off the island the sea swarms with fish, some as much as an ell long; and there be many sea-wolves, such as ye may see now and then in Bristol Channel. The birds are black hawks, partridges, and eagles.

"When we left the isle we coasted a dreary shore for many leagues, and 'tis my belief, messmates, that we have discovered a rich, new continent, with mines of copper and gold. We sail again next year, and when we come back—if God wills—I'll tell ye more about it. And now come along with me and see the three savages that the captain has brought home with him to show the king."

John Cabot had won a triumph for the land in which he had made his home. He was the first white man since the Vikings to tread the shores of the American continent. The island of Newfoundland, which he discovered, is our oldest colony; and Labrador, on which he landed, belongs to Newfoundland. All honour to these great pilots of Bristol! Long ago their flag was struck, their sails were furled, their ship was beached, but not before their work was done. In after years the vast continent which they sought and found was peopled by a brave race, largely British in origin, and speaking the English tongue. "Westward the star of empire takes its way." Cabot and his men were the first British seamen to follow the star.

Chapter XXII

The Father of the British Navy

(1509 to 1530.)

WE now come to the reign of Henry the Eighth, a reign of great importance in our history. A visitor to Henry's court, eleven years after he became king, tells us that he was the handsomest sovereign of his time, that he was a good musician and a capital horseman, and that he could speak good French, Latin, and Spanish. He was very fond of hunting, and would frequently tire out eight or ten horses in a day. His favourite game was tennis. He was kind and gracious, he harmed nobody, did not covet his neighbours' goods, and was satisfied with his own kingdom. The writer thus concludes: "He is very rich, and the best-dressed king in the world."

Such was Henry at the beginning of his reign. As years went by he changed greatly, and for the worse. He became a cold-hearted tyrant, and made his whim the law of the land. After having been married to Catherine of Aragon for eighteen years, he fell in love with Anne Boleyn, one of the queen's maids of honour, and before long he wished to get rid of his wife in order to marry Anne. Before this could be done the Pope's permission had to be obtained. After long delays the Pope refused to let Henry put away his wife; whereupon Thomas Cranmer, one of the king's chaplains, undertook to get the learned men of the universities to declare that Henry's marriage with Catherine had been unlawful from the first. When this was done the king married Anne Boleyn. The Pope, thus set at defiance, excommunicated Henry. Henry then declared that the Pope had no power in England at all, but that the King of England, and no one else, was head of the Church of England. The quarrel with the Pope went on until Henry's death.

Meanwhile the teachings of a German monk named Martin Luther had been gaining ground in England. Luther taught that men ought to take their religion from the Bible, and from nowhere else. He declared that the Church then taught many things that were not according to Bible teaching, and he *protested* against them. Because he and his followers protested against the teachings of the Church of Rome they were called Protestants. Henry never was a Protestant. Though he had cut off his kingdom from the Pope, he still believed in the old faith. He put to death not only those who stood by the Pope, but also those who believed in Luther's teachings. The Protestants, however, grew in number every day, and soon after Henry died they gained the upper hand in the country.

Before we leave Henry's reign I must tell you of a good work which he did for his land. He was the first of our kings to make the navy a regular force, and he founded that department of the government known as the Admiralty. Henry clearly saw that we were meant to enlarge our power by way of the sea. Our empire has been founded on the seas, is maintained on the seas, and can only last as long as we command the seas. Whatever we may think of Henry as a man and a king, we are bound to say that he served his country well when he turned his attention to the navy.

As early as 1512 he had a fleet of fifteen sail; thirty-five years later he had seventy ships, thirty of which were of the first class. Amongst them was the *Great Harry*, the most perfect warship of the time. Henry undoubtedly deserves the title "Father of the British Navy." Nor did Henry neglect the merchant service. He was always ready to help merchants to push trade abroad. Before his death English traders were buying and selling in all the ports of the eastern Mediterranean.

During Henry's reign some of our most daring sailors began to seek a direct sea-road to India by the way of the northern shores of North America and North Asia. We now know that they were on a wrong tack, for the North-West Passage and the North-East Passage, which they vainly sought, lead through frozen oceans. Members of the famous Devon family of Hawkins, however, steered in a more fruitful direction, and discovered on the shores of the Gulf of Guinea that rich land known as the Gold Coast.

Strange to say, Henry's quarrel with the Pope encouraged our sailors to make voyages to distant lands. After the return of Columbus, Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain asked the Pope to declare that the new continent belonged wholly and solely to them and to their heirs. The Pope had then the right of granting heathen countries to whomsoever he wished. After some disputing with the Portuguese, the Pope said that all lands lying west of a line drawn from the North to the South Pole, at a distance of one hundred leagues west of the Azores and the Cape Verde Islands, should belong to Spain, and the rest to Portugal.

The Pope thus divided the whole world outside Europe between Spain and Portugal. So long as he was the head of the English Church his word was law; but when Henry declared that the Bishop of Rome had no power in England, the Pope's claim to divide the undiscovered world between Spain and Portugal was laughed at by Englishmen. They no longer felt themselves bound by the Pope's award, and they refused to be shut out of the lands and seas which the Pope had closed to them.

During Henry's reign Englishmen were learning the seafaring trade. They were gaining knowledge of ships and seamanship; they were preparing for that glorious career which was to be theirs in after years. Henry did many cruel and unjust things, but we must always remember that he encouraged Englishmen to take to the seas and build up a navy.

Chapter XXIII

Jacques Cartier, the Pilot of St. Malo

(1534 to 1543.)

NOW let the scene shift to Canada, and let us follow the adventures of those who first revealed the land of our home and pride to the civilized world. A little fleet of small but sturdy wooden vessels lies at anchor in the Bay of Chaleur. It is a hot July day, and the lilied banners displayed by the ships hang drooping in the still summer air. The mariners lean lazily on the bulwarks, glad to exchange the stormy seas through which they have battled for the peace and safety of this pleasant haven.

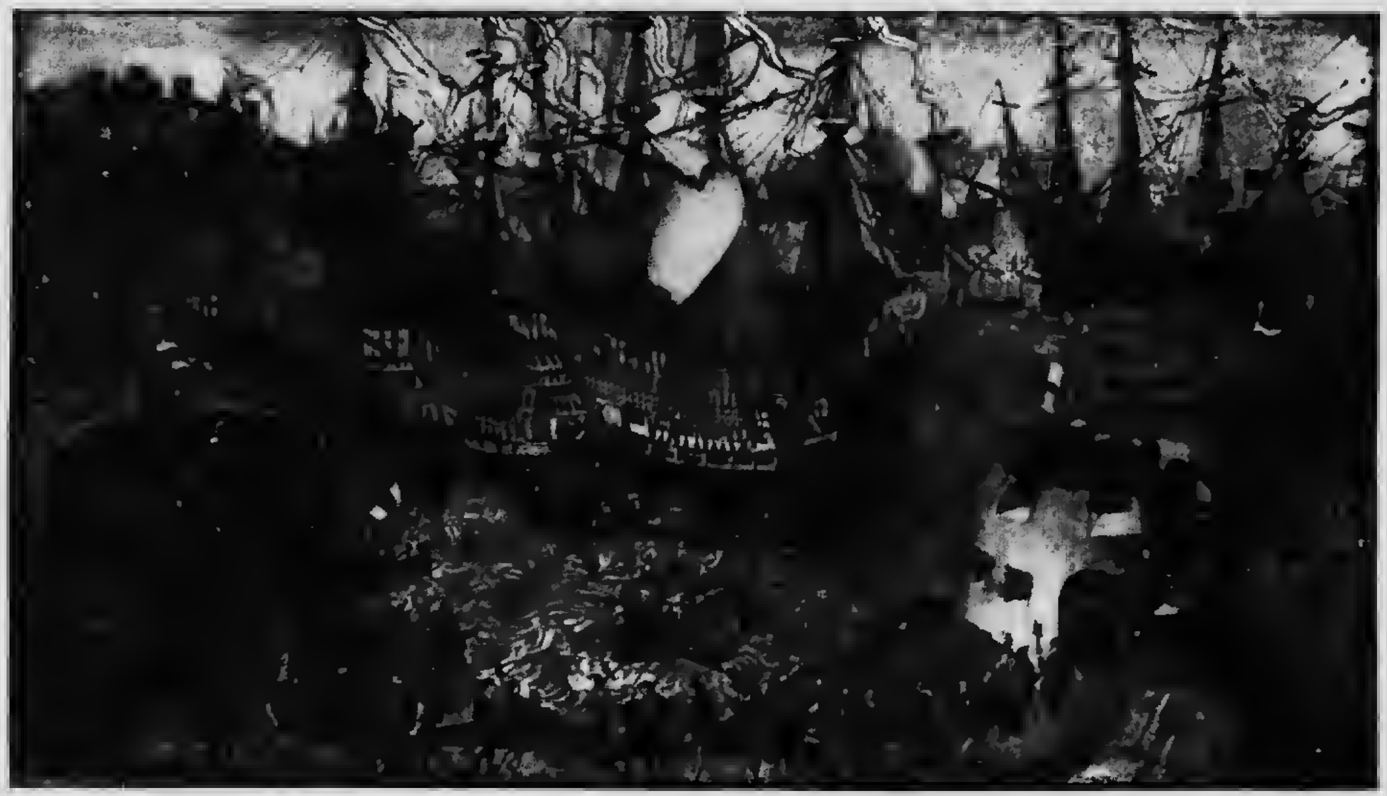
Who are these mariners? Whence and why have they come hither? Less than three months ago they bade farewell to the cliffs of Brittany, the most westerly of the provinces of France. They are stalwart Bretons, more Celtic than French, and they hail from the old port of St. Malo, which has long been renowned for its hardy and skilful sailors. Their king, Francis the First, has urged them to push across the wild western sea, in order to discover a sea-road to India and China. The French king covets a share of the wealth which the Spaniards are winning from the New World. Why should France be shut out of this fabled realm of gold?

So the men of St. Malo have done their king's bidding. For twenty dull days steady winds have wafted them across the ocean. They have sighted *Prima Vista*, the "new-found land," and have coasted along its cold and barren shores through a stormy sea strewn with icebergs and often obscured by fogs. They have strained their eyes towards this "isle of demons," but nothing have they seen of the imps of darkness which are said to inhabit it. After sighting the northern point of the island they have sailed through the dangerous Strait of Belle Isle, and continuing their course have reached the peaceful haven where they now lie, basking in the sunshine.

They feast their eyes on the unbroken forest that on three sides of them comes down to the water's edge. No sign of a city or a settlement do they see, yet it is a most desirable place for men to dwell in. They are eager to go ashore and claim the land for their master, King Francis.

Now a trumpet blast is heard, and the mariners bestir themselves. All hands are busy making preparations for landing, and when all is ready you see the commander step down the ladder and take his place in the leading boat. Look well at him, for he is a notable figure in our history. Observe his keen eye and his strong, stern face. You see at a glance that he is brave, far-seeing, and resolute. He will neither quail before the fierceness of man nor before the rage of the tempest. Nothing, not even faith and honour, will stand in his way. He is Jacques Cartier—the Columbus of Canada.

The boats row ashore, and the men, looking well to their arms, begin to spy out the land. The tall trees, the beautiful flowers, the berry-bearing shrubs, the song of the birds, the balmy air, delight them after their long sojourn on the ocean. Now they choose out a suitable spot, and begin to set up a great cross thirty feet high. On it they carve the lilies and the words, "Long live the King of France." Then they remove their hats, and a shout of triumph startles the birds in the trees and the forest animals in the undergrowth. It startles the natives too, and shyly at first, but with growing confidence, they draw nearer and nearer to the strangers. They have never seen such beings before, and they are fain to believe that they are gods and not men. Their white faces,



Ships of Henry VIII.'s Time: Departure for the "Field of the Cloth of Gold"

(From the picture [illegible])

strange dresses, beards, guns, helmets, and armour fill the savages with amazement and delight. When they recover from their surprise they crowd round the strangers, uttering loud cries of welcome.

Cartier makes signs to the Indians, and endeavours to strike up a friendship with them. He produces strings of glass beads, pieces of bright cloth, and other little gifts, and bestows them upon tho men, the squaws, and the children. Then he tries to make them understand that his chief is a great and powerful king, who will be their friend if they will let his people come and dwell among them. Cartier wins their friendship, and they take him to their wigwams and show him their mode of life. He in his turn invites them to visit his ships. So the days pass, until the autumn storms begin to threaten.

Cartier learns that in a few months' time the bay will be blocked up with drifting ice, and that his ships will be frozen in for the winter. He dare not delay his departure any longer. So he persuades two Indian boys, the sons of the chief, to come on board his ships, and as soon as they tread the deck he hoists his sails. The Indians on the shore watch the ships fade away in the blue distance, and the visit of the "Palefaces" becomes a mere memory.

Cartier makes a good voyage homeward, and reaches the old port of St. Malo with the joyful news that he has discovered the sea-road to India, and that a new France may be built up beyond the Atlantic. King Francis is overjoyed. He dreams of a rich new kingdom beyond the Western Ocean, and he promises the Pope that he will convert the natives to the true faith. So ends the first voyage ever made from France to the New World.

The spirit of discovery was now awakened, and it could never more be lulled to sleep. Next year King Francis sent Cartier on a second voyage, and provided him with three ships, the largest of which was not more than a hundred and twenty tons. On May 16, 1535, Cartier marched his officers and men to the parish church of St. Malo, where the bishop blessed their enterprise and bade them "God-speed." Three days later the old walls and battlements of St. Malo were left behind, and the voyage began. Before long a furious tempest raged, and the ships parted company, but met together again at the Strait of Belle Isle.

Threading the strait, they sighted the island of Anticosti, and began to ascend the St. Lawrence. Their only pilots were the two Indian lads who had been kidnapped on the former voyage. Nevertheless, by good fortune, they reached the mouth of the great and gloomy river Saguenay, and gazed awe-stricken on the towering cliffs that hem in its waters. After passing the Isle aux Coudres and the lofty headland of Cape Tourmente, they anchored in a channel between the north shore of the St. Lawrence and a little wooded isle where the clustering grapes hung from the trees.

Ere long Indians in their canoes paddled out to them, and clambered on to the deck to gaze in wonder at the novel sights around them. The two Indian lads had learned French; and they were now very useful, for through them Cartier could talk with the Indians. The great chief Donnacona came on board, and broke bread and drank wine with the Palefaces. Under Donnacona's guidance the ships proceeded farther up the river in order to visit his largest village.

The ships sailed on until they came to a huge rock rising high above the river. Here, on the spot where the famous city of Quebec, the Gibraltar of America, now stands, Cartier visited the Indian village of Stadacona. He ascended the river St. Charles, and pushed into the forest until he came to Donnacona's hamlet of bark cabins. As he returned to his ships the Indians greeted him with loud cries of welcome, and some of them waded knee-deep in the water, shouting and singing to show their joy. Donnacona kissed Cartier's hand, and put his arm round the stranger's neck in token of friendship.

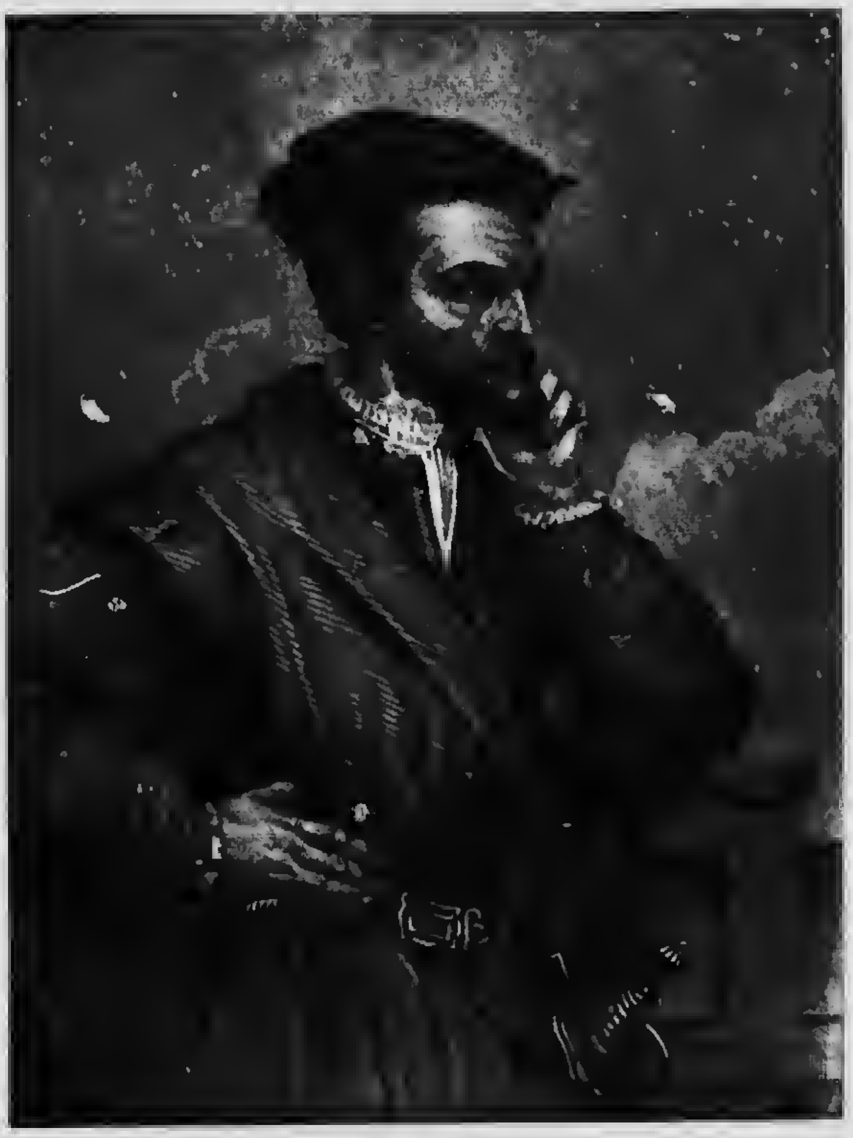
At Stadacona Cartier learned much about the Indians and their ways. They told him of their bear and deer hunts; they showed him their snowshoes and toboggans, and described their battles. He also learned that there was a much larger Indian town called Hochelaga several days' journey up the river. Cartier immediately determined to visit it.

Donnacona and his "braves" were much surprised and grieved when they learnt that the white chief was about to leave them. They told him of the dangers that awaited him, and tried hard to persuade him to give up the idea. But Cartier would not listen to them, and calmly made his preparations for the voyage. Then Donnacona tried to terrify him. One morning as the ships lay at anchor a canoe came floating past. In it were three Indians, dressed in black-and-white dogskins, with black faces, and horns as long as a man's arm. As these "devils" floated by one of them uttered a loud and terrible warning. Then they paddled ashore, and no sooner did they reach it than the men suddenly fell down as though dead. Donnacona and his men, uttering wild and alarming cries, rushed pell-mell upon them, and carried them off to the woods.

Soon after the two young Indians who had been to France with Cartier came to the edge of the water, clasping their hands and beseeching him not to ascend the great river, because their god was preparing to destroy him with snows, tempests, and drifting ice. Cartier replied that their god was a fool, and that he could not harm those who believed in Christ. Seeing that Cartier was not to be frightened, the Indians pretended to be glad, and danced for joy on the beach.

With the smallest of his ships and fifty men Cartier began his voyage to Hochelaga. For some days his vessel made its way up-stream, through a rich land densely clothed with forest. From time to time he left his ship and went ashore to hunt game and to gather wild grapes. The voyage was delightful, and the Frenchmen were charmed by all that they saw. At length the ship grounded. Cartier left it, and pushed on by boat. On the 2nd of October he arrived at Hochelaga.

A great welcome awaited him. A thousand Indians thronged the shore, dancing and singing and shouting. Cartier and his companions donned their velvet cloaks, plumed hats, and swords, and went ashore. At once they were followed by admiring crowds. At night fires blazed on the beach, and the French



Jacques Cartier.
(*From the picture at St. Malo.*)

in their boats stood watching the Indians leaping and dancing in the light of the flames.

At dawn the next day Cartier and his men landed, and were guided along an Indian path through the forest to the native city. As they marched along in the chill morning air they passed open fields of ripe maize, and saw the mountain which Cartier called Mount Royal, the name which it still bears. Presently the palisades of Hochelaga came into view. All round the village was a fence of tree trunks set in a triple row, to protect it from the attacks of enemies. At several places on this fence there were platforms or stages, reached by rude ladders. On these platforms were piles of stones, ready to be hurled at the foe. There was only one gate to the village, and this was very strongly fortified.

The Frenchmen were taken into the town, and speedily found themselves in an open space surrounded by "long houses"—that is, by large huts made of saplings covered with bark. Some of these houses were fifty feet long and twelve or fifteen feet wide. Each of them contained two or three fires, and was the abode of several families. As Cartier and his men entered the village, every able-bodied man, woman, and child came flocking out to greet the gods who had thus come to visit them. They crowded about the strangers, touching them, and uttering loud cries of joy. Then the women seated themselves in rows around them, while others brought mats for them to sit upon.

Presently four men were seen carrying the helpless chief of the village on a deerskin. He was placed at Cartier's feet, and it was clear that the French captain was expected to heal him. Cartier was no doctor, and for a moment he was at a loss what to do. Then he knelt down, said an earnest prayer, made the sign of the cross, and rubbed the chief's palsied limbs. After this he gave little gifts to the men, the squaws, and the children, and his trumpeters blew a loud blast, to their huge delight.

Before returning to his boats Cartier and his friends climbed to the top of Mount Royal. Never before had white men gazed upon the scene that met their eyes. "East, west, and south, the mantling forest was over all, and the broad blue ribbon of the great river glistened amid a realm of verdure. Beyond, to the bounds of Mexico, stretched a leafy desert." Cartier was greatly delighted with the view, for, as it was the month of October, the woods were glorious with the crimson and gold of autumn.

The Frenchmen bade farewell to Hochelaga, and returned to Stadacona in safety. Here they found that their companions had built a fort, in which the winter could be comfortably spent. In a few weeks the river was thickly frozen over, and the snow lay so deep that they thought it would never melt away again. The long weeks went slowly by, and a terrible disease called scurvy broke out amongst both Indians and Frenchmen. Soon twenty-five of Cartier's men died, and all were sick but three or four. The poor fellows in the fort feared that if the Indians discovered their weakness they would pounce upon them and murder them. So, when Indians were seen approaching the fort, Cartier made his companions beat the walls with sticks and stones, in order to make the savages believe that hard work was going on inside.

One day when Cartier was walking by the river he met an Indian who had been attacked by scurvy but had recovered. Cartier begged the man to tell him what remedy he had used. The Indian showed him the boughs of an evergreen tree, which he called *ameda*, and said that tea made from its bark and leaves would cure the scurvy. At once Cartier tried the new remedy. The sick men drank so much of the tea that in six days they had used up the whole of a tree as large as a French oak. Before long most of the men were well again.

At last spring came: the warm winds blew, the ice melted, and the snow disappeared. Then the Frenchmen prepared for their homeward voyage. I am sorry to say that they made a cruel and base return for all the kindness which they had received from the Indians. By trickery they seized and carried off the chief Donnacona and nine of his men, and took them as prisoners to France. Cartier did this in order to be able to show his king what sort of men the Indians were. The poor fellows never saw their native land again, but died in France, strangers in a strange land.

After raising a cross with lilies on it, the ships spread their sails and steered for home. On the 16th of July, in the year 1536, Cartier reached St. Malo with the glad news that he had discovered a great country and a noble river, and had claimed them for France. The king was delighted with all that Cartier told him, and in 1541 he sent him back again to explore the new land still further. Cartier soon met with the reward of his wrong-doing. No longer were the Indians friendly, as they had been before. They asked for their chief and his two companions, and would not believe Cartier when he told them that Donnacona was dead, and that the others were living in France as great lords. The Indians pretended to be satisfied, but they had now lost all confidence in Cartier.

One of the objects of this voyage was to found a colony. On board Cartier's ships were many criminals from the French prisons, and these men were to be the first settlers in New France. Forts were built—one on the summit of the rock of Quebec, the other on the shore—woods were felled, roads were made, and [illegible] sown. By the time this was done winter was drawing near, and the governor of the colony, Jean François de la Roque, Sieur de Roberval, had not yet arrived. Cartier therefore decided to abandon the colony and carry the men back to France. On June 8, 1542, he entered the harbour of St. John, Newfoundland, to find Roberval with three ships and two hundred colonists about to sail for Quebec. Roberval was very angry with Cartier, and ordered him to return; but Cartier slipped away under cover of the darkness, and reached France with nothing to show but a few pieces of quartz and some grains of sham gold.

Roberval and his colonists proceeded to Quebec, and instantly set to work to raise a dwelling in which they might spend the winter. Unhappily, all sorts of necessary things had not been brought out. "There were storehouses, but no stores; mills, but no grist; an ample oven, and a dearth of bread."

Then came winter and famine. Disease broke out, and before spring one-third of the men were dead. Mutiny would have raged also, but for the fact that Roberval kept a tight hand over his unruly crew. When he had hanged one of his men and imprisoned and flogged others, there was no more talk of mutiny.

So miserable were the poor fellows that even the Indians were moved to pity, and wept at the sight of their woes. By the summer of 1543 Roberval was back in France, and the colony had come to an end. Fifty years passed away before another attempt was made to found a French settlement in Canada. Even in 1629, eighty-six years after the return of Roberval, a "single vessel" was considered enough to take on board "all the French in Canada."

Chapter XXIV

The New Worship

(1530 to 1558.)

NOW let us return to England and learn what was happening while Cartier was making his voyages to Canada. You will remember that Henry the Eighth had quarrelled with the Pope, and had thrown off his authority altogether. He now swept away the monasteries, sent the monks adrift, and plundered them of their lands and riches. Meanwhile the teachings of the Church reformers gained ground, and by the time Henry's long reign of terror and crime drew to a close the Protestants were powerful in England.

Henry left three children—one boy and two girls. The boy was Edward, son of Jane Seymour; the girls were Mary, daughter of Catherine, and Elizabeth, daughter of Anne Boleyn. Parliament allowed Henry to make a will indicating the order in which his children were to come to the throne. Edward was to reign first, and if he died without heirs Mary was to succeed. If she had no children, Elizabeth was to follow her on the throne; and if Elizabeth in turn died without heirs, the crown was to go to the children of his favourite sister Mary, Duchess of Suffolk, and not, as it really did, to the children of his elder sister Margaret, who had married King James the Fourth of Scotland.

Edward was in his tenth year when his father died. He was a clever boy, but he had weak lungs, and suffered from a continual cough. From the first it was evident that he would not live long. He was very fond of study, and cared little for sport. When he was a mere baby he delighted in books, and as he grew older he gave much time to the study of the Scriptures. It is said that he read ten chapters of the Bible every day, and that he was fond of listening to sermons and making notes about them.

Edward's minister, the Duke of Somerset, was a strong Protestant, who strove hard to make the Church of England Protestant. Archbishop Cranmer and his friends drew up the First Prayer-Book of Edward the Sixth, which was written in English, and not in Latin as formerly. Then the Reformation was hurried on with undue speed. Men were sent to remove images, pictures, stained glass, and other ornaments from the churches, and this was done with so much irreverence that many persons were greatly shocked, and rallied to the old faith. When they saw Somerset's friends loading themselves with the spoils of the churches, decking their tables with altar cloths, and drinking out of chalices, they turned from the "new worship" with loathing. Somerset became very unpopular, and was removed from his office.

The boy king's health now began to break down. You already know that by Henry the Eighth's will the Lady Mary was to succeed Edward. She, however, was firmly attached to the old faith; and the young king did not wish her to reign, lest she should restore the power of the Pope. The new minister, the Duke of Northumberland, had wormed his way into the affections of the dying boy, who looked up to him as a father. Northumberland now persuaded Edward to make a will taking the throne from Mary and Elizabeth and giving it to Lady Jane Grey, a young girl who had married his son.

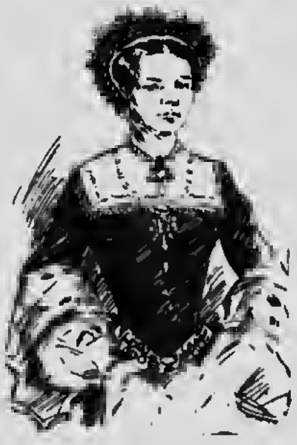
The king died in his sixteenth year, and three days later Jane was proclaimed queen. Not a hat was tossed in the air; not a cheer was raised. Sermons were preached in her favour, but they brought her no friends. Outside London nobody thought of obeying her. Meanwhile Mary had fled to the eastern counties, where the gentry flocked to her side, took up arms, and greeted her as queen. Northumberland hurried off with troops to crush the rising; but he had only reached Cambridge when his soldiers rose against him, and he was left almost alone. With tears streaming down his face, he tossed up his cap and cried, "God save Queen Mary!" He hoped in this way to save his life, but he hoped in vain. As for the poor "eleven days' queen," she was thrown into the Tower, and in the next year was beheaded.

When Queen Mary came to the throne, she got the Parliament to undo a good deal of the work of the reformers: she persuaded it to set aside the Prayer-Book, to reinstate the old bishops, and to restore the old form of worship. But she pursued at first a policy of clemency and moderation toward her enemies. Unfortunately, however, she was so ill-advised as to marry Philip of Spain, the famous persecutor of the Dutch Protestants. The English people hated the Spaniards, and when Philip's messengers arrived in London, the children pelted them with snowballs. One of their favourite games was to play at hanging King Philip.

Not long after the marriage there was a Protestant revolt under Sir Thomas Wyatt. It was quelled without difficulty; but Mary allowed herself to be persuaded by Philip that her policy of clemency was a mistake. Against the advice of some of her friends, she determined to restore the power of the Pope in England, and to stamp Protestantism out of existence altogether. Cardinal Pole was sent from Rome to represent the Pope, and his barge, with a great silver cross at the bow, was rowed up to Westminster, where the members of both Houses of Parliament received him on bended knees. Once more burning at the stake became the punishment of those who would not worship in the old way. During Mary's reign about three hundred people were put to death in this manner. Not all of these, however, were put to death for heresy; many of them were guilty of treason as well. And it is only fair to state that the number of heretics put to death was not greater in Mary's reign than in the reigns of Henry the Eighth and Elizabeth. What impressed the Marian persecutions on people's minds was the outstanding character of many of the victims. Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, three of the most prominent churchmen of the day, were put to death at Oxford.

Philip soon tired of his wife, and went back to Spain. He promised to return in a few weeks, but he did not do so. Mary was much grieved at his departure. Unpopular with her people and unloved by her husband, but doing her duty according to her lights, she was an object much more of pity than of hatred or contempt. At length her husband dragged her into war with France, and in the struggle Calais, the last foothold of England in France, was lost. The nation was stirred to the depths, but no one felt the humiliation more keenly than Mary herself. "When I am dead," she cried, "you will find 'Calais' written on my heart."

Ten months later, when disaffection was gathering once more, Queen Mary died. She had striven to bring back the old faith, but she had only rung its death-knell. Once more the Protestants held the upper hand. While Mary's funeral was being prepared, Elizabeth, her Protestant sister, was being acclaimed queen.



Chapter XXV

Francis Drake, Sea-dog

(1540 to 1588.)

LET us suppose that we are standing on the deck of the *Golden Hind* on the fourth day of April in the year of our Lord 1581. The *Golden Hind* lies in the Thames off Deptford, and the river that laps her staunch sides is black with small boats filled with sightseers. This is a great day on board the *Golden Hind*, and her mariners have been busy since early dawn touching up her paint, holystoning her decks, burnishing her cannon, and smartening her up generally.

Yonder you see her captain, Francis Drake, the most talked-of man in all the land. Take good note of him, for the world does not hold his like. Notice his round face and his broad, full forehead, with the brown hair curling crisply on either side. Look at his dark-gray eyes, fearless, firm, clear, and open. It is a good-humoured face, but without a single trace of weakness. You will play no tricks with this man, whoever you may be.

Why do the sightseers in the boats raise loud huzzas as every now and then they catch a glimpse of him? They may well cheer, for he has done what no Briton ever did before—he has sailed right round the world! Moreover, he has brought home the richest cargo of booty ever captured.

With a single ship he has harried the hated Spaniards, plundered them of their ill-gotten gains, and has claimed for England the right to navigate all the seas of the world, in spite of Pope or king. Philip of Spain is even now demanding his life; he calls him "the master-thief of the unknown world." But every Briton is proud of him. Were he to be given up there would be civil war in the land.

To-day a crowning honour is to be paid to Drake and his gallant crew. Even now you hear the guns of the Tower roar out to tell all the world that Queen Elizabeth has boarded her barge. Her stately galley, gleaming with gold and flying the royal standard, is gliding like a swan over the stream. Now she is sighted, and the guns of the *Golden Hind* thunder out their welcome. Trumpets sound, loud shouts of "God save the Queen!" rend the air, and we bare our heads as she treads the deck.

Drake comes forward, and the queen greets him with bluff heartiness. Her heart goes out to her "little pirate," as she playfully calls him. "Down on your knee, captain," whispers a courtier; and the eyes of the mariners gleam, for they guess what is coming. Elizabeth takes a jewelled sword in her hand, lightly places it on the shoulder of the kneeling sailor, and in clear, loud tones says, "Rise, *Sir* Francis Drake." Listen to the "three times three" from the throats of the men who have sailed round the world with him!

As Drake rises, his thoughts fly back to the little Tavistock farm where he was born and bred. He sees himself tending the cows and working in the fields. Then he recalls the day when he went away to sea as the cabin-boy of a coasting hooker. He has sailed far and fought hard and striven well since those distant days. Now he is one of the queen's knights!

I have introduced you to Sir Francis Drake because he is the most famous of the "sea-dogs" who in Elizabeth's reign made England the mistress of the seas. In Elizabeth's day a wonderful spirit of energy and adventure rose up in England. Nowhere was it more evident than in the seaports of the west. Devonshire is the home of the "sea-dogs," and very proud she is of her long roll of heroes.

I have already said that King Philip wished Drake to be given up to him. What had Drake done that Philip should offer a large reward for his head? Let me tell you. Though England was supposed to be at peace with Spain, Drake and his fellows had captured and plundered Spanish towns in America, and had seized Spanish ships laden with gold and silver. So daring and skilful were the English "sea-dogs" that no Spanish treasure-ship was safe on the seas. Philip saw clearly that, unless something was done to check them, he would soon lose his vast possessions in the New World.

He hated England bitterly. Her sailors were robbing him daily; her soldiers were helping his Flemish subjects in their rebellion against him; her queen had beheaded Mary Queen of Scots, who had bidden him revenge her death on the scaffold. The Pope had declared Elizabeth no longer Queen of England, and had given her throne to him. Yes, he would be up and doing. England should bite the dust, and the people of the island should be driven back to the old faith.

He would lead a crusade against England. He would stake the whole strength of his kingdom, the wealth of the Americas, and the manhood of Spain on the enterprise. Holy Church would fight for him, and he was bound to win. Forthwith every dockyard in Spain rang with the hammers of shipwrights, and soldiers and sailors flocked into his land from all the Catholic countries of Europe.

Slowly but surely a vast fleet arose in the ports of Spain. The world had never seen its like before. The harbour of Cadiz was thronged with ships. There were more than a hundred sail of them, many being over a thousand tons burden. There were fifty great galleons in the Tagus, and others elsewhere. [illegible] had not yet been declared; Philip was biding his time. When all was ready his long-pent-up wrath would blaze forth, and England would be overwhelmed.

Drake knew that Philip was preparing to invade England, so he begged Elizabeth to let him fit out a fleet and sail along the coast of Spain to find out what was going on. The queen hesitated, but at last she agreed.

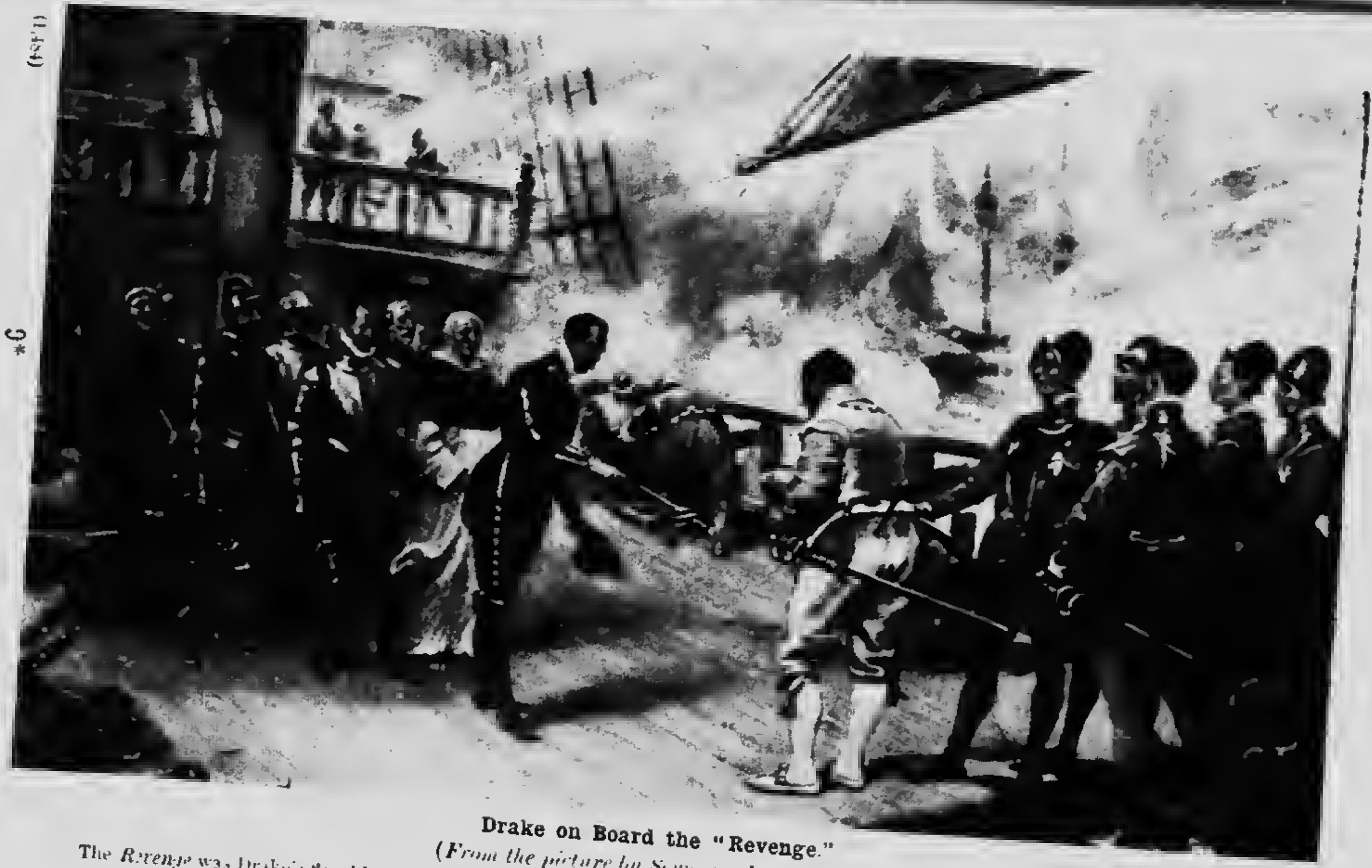
As soon as Drake received the queen's consent he set sail, knowing full well that his royal mistress would change her mind. He acted wisely. Before his vessels were out of sight of land a messenger spurred into Plymouth with orders from the queen that on no account was he to enter a Spanish port or haven. The messenger arrived too late. Drake had clapped on all sail, and was out of sight.

In five days he was at Cape St. Vincent, and a day later he saw before him the forest of masts in the harbour of Cadiz. In he dashed with a fair wind on the flood-tide and passed the batteries, which hurled a storm of shot and shell at him. He did not pause to reply, but pushed on, boarded and sank the guardship, and captured the Spanish shipping. Then he set the ships on fire, cut their cables, and left them blazing beneath the walls of the town. He had, as he said, "singed the King of Spain's beard." By his daring he had delayed the Armada for a whole year, and had destroyed nearly two and a half million dollars' worth of shipping without losing a boat or a man!

Home came Drake, begging the queen to let him attack the galleons in the Tagus. England, he declared, must meet her foe by sea. "Stop Philip now and stop him for ever," he wrote. "Twelve of her Majesty's ships are a match for all the galleys of the King of Spain's dominions." Elizabeth, however, would not listen to this excellent advice. The Spanish king had asked for peace, and she would provoke him no further.

Meanwhile Philip was straining every sinew to repair the damage which Drake had done. By the spring of the next year his "Invincible Armada" was ready to set sail for England. Never before had such a vast fleet swept the ocean. It consisted of six squadrons, numbering sixty-five of the largest galleons then afloat, and as many others of smaller size. The ships were all built high above the water, and their timbers were four or five feet thick. They were armed with four hundred cannon.

The number of sailors in the Spanish fleet was eight thousand, and the ships also carried twenty thousand soldiers, besides



Drake on Board the "Revenge."

(*From the picture by Seymour Lucas, R.A.*)

The *Revenge* was Drake's flagship in the fights with the Spanish Armada. The picture shows Drake receiving the swords of the officers of a captured Spanish ship.

galley-slaves, servants, and priests. Every noble family in Spain sent a son to fight for the holy cause. The fleet, however, had one great weakness, and that was its lack of provisions and stores. Further, it was commanded by a man who knew nothing of the sea, and was always sick when he ventured out in a boat.

To meet this vast array England had but thirty-four ships belonging to the Royal Navy, and only eight of these were more than five hundred tons burden. The queen, however, had asked London and the other seaports to help the nation in its hour of need. They had responded nobly to her call, and many rich peers and merchants fitted out ships at their own expense. In this way about one hundred and eighty vessels, great and small, were mustered to meet the Spaniards. England's great strength lay in her sailors, of whom there were eighteen thousand, led by commanders who were sea-dogs all. Her weakness lay in her lack of powder and provisions.

Now that the Armada was actually afloat Elizabeth showed much energy. An army under the Earl of Leicester was gathered at Tilbury, on the left bank of the Thames below London, and Elizabeth rode thither to review her troops. "Though I have but the feeble body of a woman," she said to her soldiers, "I have the heart of a king, and of a king of England too." Many of the Catholics took up arms, and most of them were thoroughly loyal in this hour of grave national danger. The Lord High Admiral of the fleet, Howard of Effingham, belonged to the old faith.

The Spanish admiral had received orders from Philip not to fight a battle, but to hasten with all speed to the North Foreland, and there to communicate with the Duke of Parma, who was in the Netherlands with thirty thousand men waiting to cross. Philip hoped that when the army was landed in England the heretic isle would be at his feet.

On May 14, 1588, the Armada dropped down the Tagus, but was met by a north wind, which drove it to the south until the ships were off Cape St. Vincent. When the wind changed and the ships turned northward again, it was found that the crews had suffered terribly from the foul water and the bad meat with which the ships were provided. The Armada was obliged to put into Corunna, and the men deserted in shoals.

At last the Armada was got under way again, and on the 18th of July it entered the English Channel. A fishing-boat saw it and was chased, but got away safely and carried the news to Plymouth, where the English fleet lay. An old story tells us that on the 19th of July the English captains were playing a game of bowls at the Pelican Inn on Plymouth Hoe when a sailor burst upon them, crying to the Lord Admiral, "My lord! my lord! they are coming! I saw them off the Lizard last night."

The Lord Admiral was eager to get the fleet to sea at once, and he asked the advice of Vice-Admiral Drake, who was one of the party. "It's this, my good lord," replied Drake, aiming his bowl at the jack. "They'll come soon enough for us to show them sport, and yet slow enough for us to be ready; so let no man hurry himself." Drake quietly finished his game, and then went down to the ships, where his cool self-confidence inspired every man in the fleet.

"Night sank upon the dusky beach and o'er the purple sea;
Such night in England ne'er has been, nor e'er again shall be!
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day."

The Armada was now in the Channel, sailing onward in the form of a crescent. During the night it passed by Plymouth, and early the next morning was met by the English fleet, which got to windward of it, and therefore had the advantage in sailing. To his astonishment, the Spanish admiral found that the English could approach him or draw off as they pleased, while his ships could do nothing but lumber slowly onward.

Then the cannon began to roar. The English guns were far more powerful than those of the Spaniards, and they poured in broadsides at a safe distance with deadly effect. Further, they could fire five shots to the Dons' one. Moreover, the Spaniards being to leeward, their vessels leaned over to the wind, and this raised the muzzles of their guns so much that the shot flew harmlessly over the low hulls of the English ships. On the other hand, every English broadside told, and the effect of the shot and splinters on the overcrowded Spanish ships was terrible.

The Armada did not stop to fight, but carried out its orders—namely, to sail on and communicate with the Duke of Parma. The English hung on to the rear of the enemy, and for a week the running fight was kept up. All the Spanish ships that fell astern were captured. During the first few days the English were short of powder and shot, but supplies were afterwards obtained in plenty.

On the 27th the Spaniards anchored off Calais, hoping that Parma, who was only thirty miles away, would be ready to cross. Parma, however, could not possibly start until the English fleet was beaten and the sea was smooth. So the Spanish ships lay huddled together in the Calais roads. That night a council of war was held in the main cabin of the Lord High Admiral's vessel, and it was decided to send fire-ships among the Spanish fleet.

Eight useless vessels were coated with pitch—hulls, spars, and rigging. Pitch was poured on the decks and over the sides of the ships, and men were told off to steer them. The night was dark as the grave, a faint westerly wind was curling the waters, and the tide was setting strongly towards the Spanish ships. About midnight the lookouts of the Armada saw several shadowy vessels bearing down upon them.

Suddenly these ships broke into a blaze from waterline to truck, and lighted up the scene like noonday. The Spaniards dreaded fire-ships above all things, and in their terror they slipped their cables and stood out to sea, uncertain which way to steer. Drake with half the English fleet was waiting for them, and at once his guns began to thunder. The Spanish ships returned the fire, but their shot flew over the low hulls of the enemy, while the English guns wrought fearful havoc.

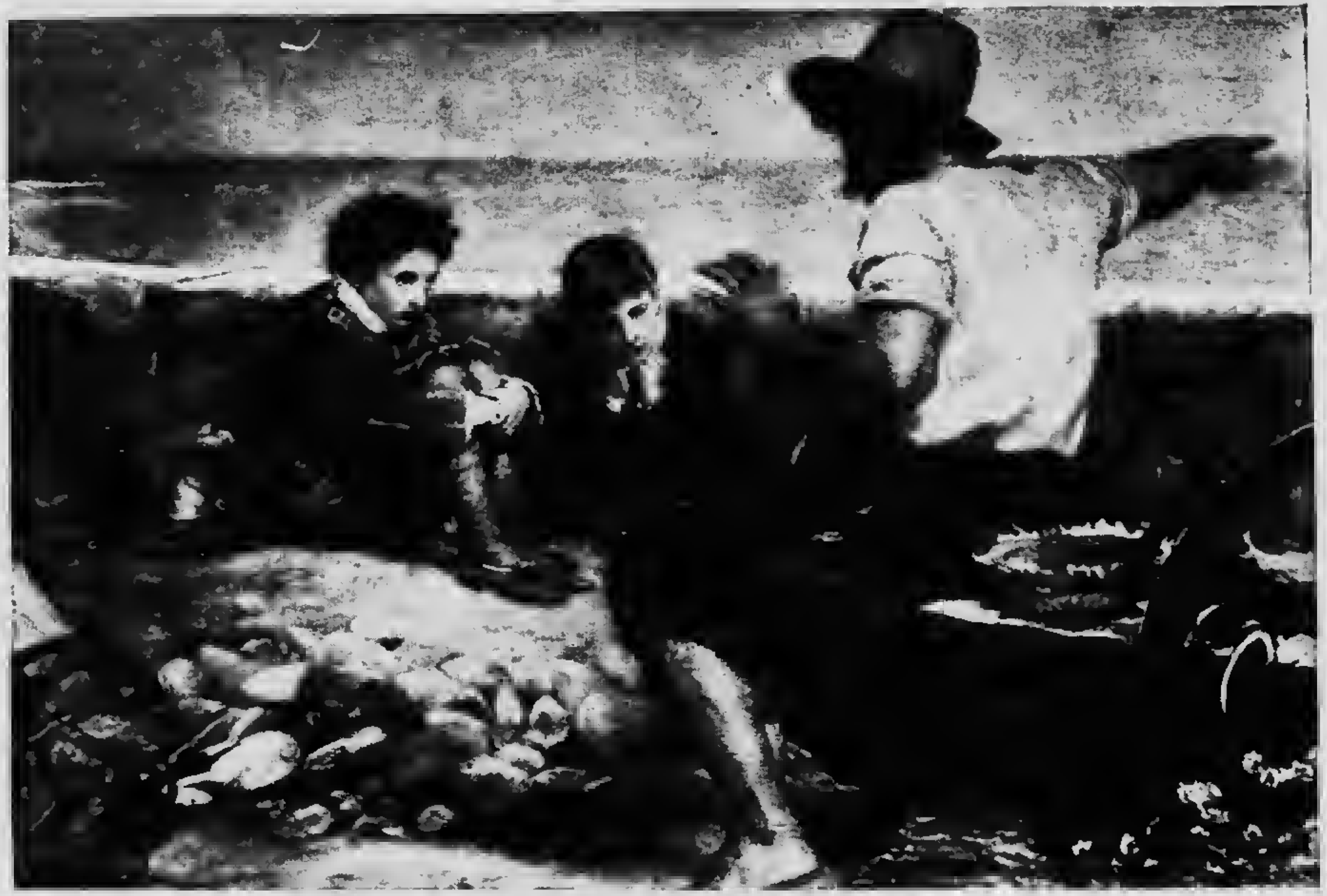
The English did not attempt to make captures; they were bent on destroying the enemy. The Spanish ships, being again to leeward, heeled over, and their hulls were exposed below the water-line. Every shot from the English ships told. The timbers of the Spanish ships were splintered, and their middle decks were like slaughter-houses. Not until their powder and shot ran out did the English draw off.

Then a gale sprang up, and the Spaniards were forced to steer up the North Sea, in the hope of returning to Spain by passing to the north of Scotland and to the west of Ireland. The English followed them closely for two days, and then left them to their fate. Ship after ship sank or was driven ashore; and meanwhile a lying report had reached Philip that Howard's vessel had been captured, that Drake had barely escaped in a small boat, and that the English fleet was no more.

Slowly, however, the truth became known. The wrecks of sixty-five Spanish ships lay on the rugged Atlantic shores of Scotland and Ireland, while thirty other vessels had been captured or had gone down in the Channel and the North Sea. On many a reef and cliff of the Western Isles and the Irish coast you are still told, "Here was stranded one of the great ships of the Invincible Armada." Only fifty-five storm-battered ships ever returned to Spain.

Never before had such a terrible defeat been suffered at sea. The Armada had hopelessly and utterly failed. When Philip heard the dread news he gave no outward sign of dismay. He thanked God that his kingdom was strong enough to bear such a loss, and forbade any public mourning. Nevertheless, his sea-power was gone and the Netherlands were lost.

After the defeat of the Armada, Englishmen attacked the Spanish settlements all over the world. Towns were sacked, ships were captured and burnt, and ere long England was mistress of the seas. At home, peace and prosperity went hand in hand. Not only did wealth increase and manufactures grow, but some of the greatest poets and prose writers of the world arose to glorify our language for all time.



The Boyhood of Walter Raleigh, one of our Pioneers of Empire.

Chapter XXVI

The Story of Two Half-Brothers

(1552 to 1618.)

LOOK carefully at the beautiful picture on page 154. You observe that it represents two boys sitting on the sea-wall of a Devonshire village in the golden light of a summer afternoon. They are listening eagerly to a foreign sailor who is telling them the most fascinating story which they have ever heard. He is pointing to the west. In that direction, far across the ocean, lie the seas and islands which are known as the Spanish Main. What wonders abound in this marvellous region! To the boys it seems to be Fairyland.

The sailor tells them of the strange new plants, animals, birds, and butterflies which he has seen. He tells them of the Indians and their vast stores of gold, silver, and pearl. He tells them of his perils by land and by sea. Best of all, he recounts his fights with the hated Spaniards.

Look at the boy who sits clasping his knees. He drinks in every word of the sailor's yarn. He is full of fancies, and as the story proceeds visions of far-off wonders flit before his mind. How he longs to fight the Spaniards! For days to come he will dream about Indians and gold, palm trees and Spaniards.

Who is this boy? He is Walter Raleigh, the son of a Devonshire gentleman. When he grows up he will be one of the gayest, handsomest, and most talented men in England. He will do all that he dreamed when he sat on the sea-wall listening to the sailor. He will sail to distant countries; he will fight the Spaniards, and will prove himself to be one of the best soldiers of his time. He will also write books and poems, and Queen Elizabeth will show him great favour.

The other boy is not imaginative, but he has many good qualities, and he will grow up to be a commander of men, a fine sailor, and a true-hearted Briton. His name is Humphrey Gilbert, and he is half-brother to Walter Raleigh.

Now let us learn something of the careers of these two boys, both of whom became great men in an age of great men.

Walter Raleigh was about thirty years of age when Elizabeth first took notice of him. He was then a tall, well-built man, with thick dark hair and bright eyes. Already he had seen warlike service, and had shown himself very capable and brave. He was knighted in 1584, and afterwards sat in Parliament, though much of his time was spent at court.

Three years before he won the favour of the queen, Raleigh had been a partner with his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, in the attempt to found a settlement on Newfoundland, which, you will remember, had been discovered by Cabot in Henry the Seventh's reign. At this time French and English ships sailed every year to the Banks of Newfoundland for codfish. In the year 1578 there were one hundred and fifty French vessels and two hundred craft of other nations engaged in the fishery. The Grand Bank was well known, but the "Isle of Demons" had as yet no settlers.

Raleigh did not accompany Gilbert on his first voyage, for Elizabeth was unwilling to part with her favourite. Gilbert sailed alone, but his ships were so storm-tossed and disabled by Spanish shot that he was forced to return without having founded any settlement. Four years later he set sail again, and this time was successful in planting the flag on Newfoundland, the oldest British colony. He brought with him shipwrights, carpenters, masons, and smiths, and hoped that they would soon settle down and become prosperous. Before long, however, trouble broke out: the settlers quarrelled amongst themselves, and begged to be carried home again.

Gilbert embarked them on his two remaining ships, the *Squirrel* and the *Golden Hind*. On the homeward voyage he stuck to the *Squirrel*, which was small and unseaworthy, and would not go on board the larger vessel. When he was urged to do so, he replied, "I will not forsake my little company, with whom I have passed through so many storms and perils." When the ships were to the north of the Azores terrible seas arose, and the *Squirrel* was well-nigh swamped. Through all the foul weather Sir Humphrey sat on the deck, calm and unmoved, reading a book. When his men again begged him to go on board the *Golden Hind*, he said, "We are as near to heaven by sea as by land." During the night of Monday, September 9, 1583, the lookout on the *Golden Hind* suddenly missed the lights of the *Squirrel*. She had struck an iceberg, and had gone down with all hands.

Raleigh now took up the work which his half-brother had begun. The queen said that he might settle unknown lands in America, and receive the profit from them for a certain number of years. At once he fitted out a fleet and sent it to the coast of North America. Off what is now North Carolina a landing was made on the island of Roanoke, and the neighbouring country was explored. Raleigh's captains returned to England with such a glowing account of the "good land" which they had discovered that Raleigh made up his mind to found a colony. He called the land Virginia, in honour of Elizabeth, the virgin queen.

In the year 1585 Sir Richard Grenville and one hundred and eight men made a little settlement on Roanoke Island. When Sir Richard returned he left Ralph Lane in charge. Soon there was trouble in the colony. The wrong sort of men had been sent out—soft-handed gentlemen who could not dig, and were not ashamed to beg. Before long there were bitter quarrels in the little hive between the drones and the workers. Food ran short, and the colonists were starving.

In the next year they were all brought back to England. The colony had proved a failure; but it is worth mention, because it was the first attempt to found a Greater Britain on the continent of America. Raleigh did not establish a colony, but he was the first to try to do so, and for this reason he holds a foremost place in the roll of our empire-makers.

One result of the voyage was that tobacco and the potato were brought to the British Isles. Raleigh grew potatoes in his garden at Youghal, and thus gave Ireland the staple food of her peasants. According to an old story, Raleigh was the first man to smoke tobacco in England. It is said that his servant, seeing the smoke coming out of his mouth, thought that Raleigh must be on fire. He promptly poured a bucket of water over the smoker, and thus put his pipe out!

A second attempt to found a colony on Roanoke Island also failed, and Raleigh gave up the struggle. The sixteenth century came to an end, and England had no colony of any kind on the continent of America.

I cannot stay to tell you much about the remainder of Raleigh's life. In the year 1595 he set off in search of a city in South America called El Dorado. It was said to be a city of gold, the richest and most magnificent city on the face of the earth. No one knew exactly where it stood, but it was said to be somewhere near the source of the river Orinoco. Raleigh and his men reached the Orinoco, but the stream flowed so strongly that the boats could hardly be rowed against it. Sometimes they did not advance a stone's throw in an hour. After struggling on for nearly four hundred miles Raleigh had to own himself beaten.

After his return he lived peacefully at home for a year, and then sailed with Drake when he "singed the King of Spain's beard." Elizabeth died in 1603, and James the Sixth of Scotland, the son of Mary Queen of Scots, became the first king of Great Britain. There were several plots to prevent James from becoming king of the southern country, and Raleigh's enemies said that he had taken part in the chief of them. This was untrue, but Raleigh was seized, thrown into the Tower, and condemned to death.

On the eve of the day on which he was to be executed, James decided not to behead him, but to keep him shut up in the Tower. For twelve long years he was a prisoner. His wife and son lived with him, and he busied himself in writing a "History of the World." All the time his thoughts were running on El Dorado. If he could but discover this city of gold, he would be able to give King James so much wealth that his freedom would be secured. At length he wrote to the king's ministers promising his Majesty great store of gold and silver. All that he needed for himself was a free pardon and half a ton of the precious ore. In March 1617 the king agreed to this proposal, and Raleigh left the Tower to search for El Dorado.

Before he sailed the Spaniards had a word to say. They said that El Dorado was in a country which belonged to them, and that Raleigh could only win wealth on the Spanish Main by robbing their ships and towns. James warned Raleigh that on no account was he to fight the Spaniards, and on this understanding he set sail. Bad luck seemed to dog him from the outset. Foul winds and storms drove him back and sank one of his vessels. Then he lay becalmed for forty days, and his men suffered terribly from scurvy and fever. At length he reached the mouth of the Orinoco, and sent off Thomas Keymis, a trusted officer, to find El Dorado.

Keymis battled against the mighty current for three weeks, and at last came to a landing-place where he found a Spanish settlement. Disobeying the king's order, Keymis stormed and burnt the settlement, Raleigh's son being killed in the attack. This done, Keymis could advance no further, and was forced to return. Raleigh met him with bitter reproaches. Keymis said not a word, but went to his cabin and there ran a dagger into his heart.

Raleigh was now desperate. He wished to go himself in search of the mine; but his men would not follow him. Then he proposed to attack the Spanish galleons laden with gold and silver; but his men were once more unwilling. There was no help for it, so Raleigh, sick at heart, was obliged to set sail for England. He knew full well the bitter fate that awaited him.

In June 1618 he was back at Plymouth, and was at once seized and sent to the Tower. At this time James wished to be on friendly terms with Spain, and he had already promised the Spanish king that if Raleigh had attacked Spanish settlements he would give him up to be hanged in the public square at Madrid. James, however, dared not do this, so he ordered Raleigh to be executed on his old sentence. When Raleigh heard his fate he said, "The world is but a larger prison in which some are daily selected for execution."

On October 19, 1618, he was led out to die. He met his fate cheerfully, and jested pleasantly on the way to the block. Addressing the crowd, he thanked God heartily that He had brought him to die in the light, and not to perish in the darkness of his prison. He said that he was no traitor, and he defied the Spaniards and their so-called right to shut Englishmen out of the American seas.

"And now," said he, "I have a long journey to go, and must take my leave." As he laid his head on the block a friend bade him turn his head to the east. "What matter," he replied, "how the head lies, so that the heart be right?" These noble words had hardly fallen from his lips when the axe descended, and he was no more.

Chapter XXVII

The Beginnings of Acadia

(1598 to 1621.)

SIXTY-FOUR years have come and gone since Cartier waved his last farewell to Canada. During the interval France has been torn by civil strife, and she has almost forgotten her possessions in the New World. Yet year by year hardy Normans and Bretons have constantly visited the Banks of Newfoundland in order to procure codfish for use in Lent and on fast days. Some of the more daring fishermen have pushed up the St. Lawrence, and have bartered knives, hatchets, cloth, brandy, and beads for the bear-skins and beaver-skins which the Indians capture in the wilds. Certain fishermen have grown rich by means of this trade, and there are many merchants in France who are eager to engage in it. Nevertheless there is not a single French settler in the whole of the North American continent. Better times, however, are dawning for France, and her adventurous sons are once more turning their thoughts to the New World.

Now let me try to picture a scene which might have been observed any day during the winter of 1606. You are in that part of Acadia now called Nova Scotia. Before you spreads a landlocked arm of the Bay of Fundy, known as Annapolis Basin. In the summer it is a lovely sheet of water, smooth as a mirror, dotted with fairy-like islands and surrounded by sunny hills covered with virgin forests. But now it is thickly frozen over; the snow lies deep around it, and the winter wind howls through the bare branches of the trees.

On the north shore you notice a group of wooden buildings with the flag of France waving above the roofs. It is Port Royal. Follow this path from the water-side, and speedily you come to the south-east corner of the buildings and enter an arched gateway. Both here and at the south-west corner is a bastion, mounted with four cannon. Now we enter, and find ourselves in a large court surrounded by magazines and storehouses, quarters for the men, a dining-hall, lodgings for the officers, a kitchen, forge, and oven. Outside the wooden walls the trees have been felled and little gardens have been laid out. Yonder where you see a group of wooden crosses is the cemetery.

The hour of noon is striking, and a little procession enters the dining-hall. Leading the way is a French gentleman with a napkin on his shoulder, a staff of office in his hand, and the collar of his order about his neck. Behind him are fourteen other gentlemen, each bearing a dish. At the rear you see several Indian chiefs, led by a very old but still wiry and active savage named Membertou. A motley crowd of warriors, squaws, and children follows, and while their betters seat themselves at the table and dine, they crouch in the corners of the hall waiting for an odd biscuit or a crust of bread.

What is the meaning of this scene? The leader of the procession is Grand Master of the Order of Good Times, a brotherhood which has been founded by the gayest spirit within the walls in order to prevent the gallant company from falling into home-sickness and despair. The Grand Master holds office for one day only, and it is his duty to prepare the best possible dinner for his companions. For days past he has been busy hunting and fishing, and bartering with the Indians in order to do credit to his term of office. And what a feast he has provided! The table groans with the flesh of moose, caribou, deer, geese, grouse, ducks, and sturgeon. The game has been hunted in the forest, and the fish have been speared through the ice or trapped. There is plenty of wine with which to wash down the generous fare. Every man in the fort is served with three pints daily.

At the evening meal there will be less ceremony and more merriment. As the winter night draws in huge logs will blaze up the wide-throated chimney, and every kind of joke and jest will go round. Songs will be sung, pipes will be smoked, and the Indian chiefs will tell stories of war and hunting. When it is time for bed the Grand Master will give up his collar and staff to his successor, and pledge him in a cup of wine.

Who are these jovial Frenchmen, and what do they here? Their leader is the Sieur de Monts. He is the head of a French company to which the king has granted the sole right of trading in furs with the Indians of New France. Eight years ago the first charter was granted to the Marquis de la Roche. He sailed for Canada with a company of thieves and vagabonds in a vessel so small that the men could lean over the bulwarks and wash their hands in the sea. Forty of them were left on Sable Island until a suitable place for settlement could be found. Shortly afterwards a storm drove the marquis back to France, where he was imprisoned for debt. For five long years he lay in prison, and when at length a vessel came to the relief of the poor fellows on Sable Island there were but twelve of them living. They were gaunt, hungry men, with long beards, and they wore shaggy clothes made out of the skins of wild animals.

The charter was afterwards given to Chauvin, a French naval officer, and to a merchant of St. Malo named Pontgravé, and they were required to settle five hundred colonists in the country. They set up a fur-trading station at Tadoussac, at the mouth of the Saguenay, and made large profits, but quite neglected the settlers. Instead of five hundred they only brought out sixteen, and these would have starved but for the kindness of the Indians. So the charter was taken away from them and given to a new company, at whose head was the Sieur de Monts. He was to colonize Acadia—which afterwards came to mean the maritime provinces—and part of the state of Maine.

Pontgravé is a member of De Monts's company, and is one of the merry party which now feasts in the fort while the storm rages outside. A third member is the Baron de Poutrincourt, to whom Port Royal actually belongs, for it was granted to him by De Monts two years ago. He has only recently returned from France, and has brought with him the gay and witty lawyer Lescarbot, the life and soul of the party, and the founder of the Order of Good Times. Lescarbot well remembers the summer day on which he first sighted Port Royal. The ship *Jonas* on which he sailed steered out of the Bay of Fundy through a narrow opening in the wall of cliff, and suddenly the beauties of Annapolis Basin burst upon him. With a favouring breeze the vessel sped towards the head of the harbour, and Lescarbot looked in vain for a sign of human presence. At last he saw the wooden walls and roofs of Port Royal nestling amidst the trees. Then a solitary canoe guided by an old Indian put out to ascertain whether the newcomers were friends or foes. The white flag of France was run up at the masthead, and at the sight a Frenchman came down to the shore and fired a salute from a single cannon. The ship replied, trumpets blew, and the newcomers landed, to find the colony of Port Royal reduced to two men!

Poutrincourt had left Pontgravé and a company to hold the fort while he went to France on private business. His return was delayed, and the poor fellows ran short of food. They passed a miserable winter, and when no sign of relief appeared they built two small vessels and set out in search of French ships on the fishing grounds. Two men had bravely offered to stay behind and guard the buildings, and the old chief Membertou promised to befriend them. When the *Jonas* came in sight Membertou burst in upon the poor, lonely, half-starved fellows, shouting, "Why do you sit here when a great ship with white wings is sailing up the harbour?" The men rushed out of the fort, and saw, to their joy, the French flag on the approaching vessel. With trembling hands one of them fired a cannon to welcome his countrymen. They were saved!

And now look carefully at the noblest and best man in the whole company—Samuel Champlain. In days to come men will speak of him as the "Father of New France." Let me tell his story, for it is one of the most remarkable ever told.

We first hear of Samuel Champlain as a brave soldier of noble character, who stood high in the favour of his king—Henry of Navarre. When the civil war in France was over, Champlain found his occupation gone. Peril and adventure were the very breath of his nostrils, so he speedily set out on a voyage to the West Indies. The journal which he kept during this voyage is still preserved. It contains sixty-one coloured pictures of ports, harbours, islands, rivers, and Indians. The sketches are very poor, but they are truthful, and give us an excellent idea of what he saw.

Champlain returned to France in 1603, just after Chauvin had died, and a new company for fur-trading and settling New France was being formed. One of Champlain's friends was at the head of the company, and he invited the young soldier to join it. Champlain gladly agreed, and in 1608 he and Pontgravé set out on a voyage of exploration to New France. They crossed the Atlantic in two small vessels, one of fifteen tons and the other of twelve, and sailed up the broad St. Lawrence past Tadoussac and beyond Quebec, until they reached the site of Hochelaga at the foot of its famous mountain. The Indian city of Donnacona had vanished, and only a few wandering Indians haunted the spot. Champlain now embarked in a skiff and tried to pass the rapids of St. Louis. So strongly did the stream run that he was beaten back time after time. An Indian who was with him drew a rough plan of the rapids, lakes, and cataracts which lay beyond, and Champlain had to confess himself beaten. He returned to his ships, and the homeward voyage was made in safety.

Next year he sailed with De Monts, who was now at the head of the company, and soon distinguished himself as the explorer of the party. He made maps and charts of all the harbours on the shores of the Bay of Fundy, and helped to found Port Royal. Now you know why he was one of the merry party which I described at the opening of this chapter.

The winter passed and the spring came, and one morning, when the Order of Good Times was at breakfast, Membertou rushed in with the news that a strange ship was drawing near. Its captain brought bad tidings. The enemies of De Monts had persuaded the king to take away his sole right of trading in furs, and his business in the New World had come to an end. Port Royal was simply a fur-trading station and nothing more. In time it might have been a fruitful colony, for cornfields had been planted and gardens had been laid out; but now that the fur-trading was stopped it was useless, and had to be abandoned. The Frenchmen left it with heavy hearts, and Membertou could scarcely be consoled.

Thus this attempt to found a colony in the New World came to an end. Three years later Poutrincourt returned to the place which he loved and desired to make his home, and Port Royal once more prospered. In the meantime, however, the English had founded the colony of Virginia, and they laid claim to the whole coast. In 1613 Captain Argall was sent to capture Port Royal and to drive away the French. He seized everything that was worth carrying off, and burnt the buildings to the ground. Poutrincourt was in France when this happened, and he returned to Port Royal, to find the place in ashes and his son wandering homeless in the woods. After a terrible winter Port Royal was partly rebuilt. Then, leaving his son in charge, Poutrincourt bade Acadia a final farewell. Next year, "happier in his death than in his life," he fell on the field of battle, sword in hand.

About this time King James the First of England gave this part of Acadia to his favourite, Sir William Alexander, a Scottish knight at his court, who changed its name to Nova Scotia, or New Scotland. Sir William brought out a few Scottish settlers and settled them on the north shore of Annapolis Basin. The colony, however, did not advance. Charles the First tried to help it by creating a large number of Knights Baronets of Nova Scotia, each of whom was to settle a certain number of colonists. This scheme also failed.

Chapter XXVIII.

The Father of New France.

(1608 to 1635.)

ON July 3, 1608, a lonely ship sailed up the St. Lawrence and furled its sails in the Bay of Tadoussac. Except for the white whales playing in the water and the wild duck diving in the wake of the ship, there was no sign of life from shore to shore. On board the ship was Samuel Champlain, the devoted man who had come from France to found the colony of New France.

In his former voyages Champlain had chosen Quebec as the most suitable place for a colony. It stood on a great waterhighway, which led to the ocean on the one hand, and far into the unknown wilderness on the other. It was not only a splendid place for trade, but a convenient centre from which missionaries might go forth to convert the heathen. Champlain was a very religious man, and the strongest desire of his heart was to turn the Indians to the true faith.

He therefore pushed on to Quebec, and on the narrow flats between the river and the cliffs his axemen began to fell the trees and to build a fort. Speedily, on the site of the present market-place in the lower town of Quebec, a pile of wooden buildings arose. In his diary Champlain gives us a rough sketch of the houses, which were surrounded by a strong wooden wall and a ditch, outside of which he planted a garden. Such was the rude beginning of Quebec, which afterwards became the strongest fortress in America.

Scene in an Indian Lodge.

Before long there were signs of mutiny among Champlain's twenty-eight men. As he was watching the labourers in his garden one morning, his pilot came to him and told him that a plot was on foot to kill him, and to give up Quebec to the fur-traders who had settled at Tadoussac. Champlain showed no alarm, but calmly told the pilot to order a small ship which lay in the stream to anchor near the shore. On board this ship was a young man who could be trusted. Champlain sent him two bottles of wine, and ordered him to invite the four ringleaders to share the wine with him. That night the invited guests went gaily on board, but were instantly seized. "Here," says Champlain in his diary, "were my fine fellows nicely astonished." The chief ringleader was promptly hanged, and his three companions were sent back to France, where they suffered for their crime as galley-slaves. After this there was no talk of mutiny, and soon the men were as loyal and obedient to Champlain as they well could be.

The summer passed and autumn arrived, and Champlain marvelled at the glory of the woods—the yellow and scarlet of the maples, the deep purple of the ash, the red of the oaks, the gold of the birch saplings, and the crimson of the tupelo. The leaves began to fall, and the dreaded winter set in. Ere the spring came again twenty of the Frenchmen had died of scurvy, and only eight were left. Not until June did a relief ship arrive with provisions.

At this time the Indians of Canada consisted of three groups—the Algonquins, the Hurons, and the Iroquois. The Algonquins lived to the north of the St. Lawrence and the great lakes, the Hurons dwelt between Georgian Bay and Lake Simcoe, while the Iroquois inhabited what is now the State of New York. At this time the Iroquois consisted of five tribes, and were known as the "Five Nations." Later on another tribe joined them, and they became the "Six Nations." They were the most warlike Indians on the continent, and from time to time they descended, by way of the rivers and lakes, on the Hurons and Algonquins. Then the tomahawk and scalping-knife did their deadly work, and, laden with plunder, the Indians disappeared as rapidly as they came. Their captives were put to death with terrible tortures.

Champlain was eager to explore the river beyond the rapids, which had formerly barred his way. His chief difficulty was that scalping parties of Iroquois were out, and he might fall into their hands. While he was thinking over the matter, a young chief of the Hurons arrived and asked him to join them in making war on the Iroquois. To this Champlain gladly agreed. By doing so he hoped to win his way to regions which would otherwise be closed to him.

In the middle of June he set out with a roving band of Indians who had settled near his fort, and pushed up the river, where he met the Hurons and Algonquins. Many of them had never seen a white man before, and they gazed in wonder at his matchlock and his armour. Before long "the man with the iron breast" became a kind of god to them. After a war-feast, Champlain, with eleven of his men also armed with matchlocks, journeyed up the St. Lawrence, crossed the Lake of St. Peter, and reached the mouth of the Richelieu River. Soon a great quarrel arose among the Red men, and three-quarters of them refused to go any further. While they paddled off homewards, Champlain pushed forward with the remainder of his band.

As Champlain could not sail his boat through the rapids of the stream, he sent it back to Quebec and joined the Indians in their canoes. He soon learned what was meant by a "portage." The warriors carried their light birch-bark canoes on their shoulders past the rapids, and embarked again on the fair, clear stream above. In this way they travelled on until they reached the lake which bears Champlain's name.

He and his Indians were now in the land of the Iroquois, so they had to proceed with the greatest caution and by night. One evening they saw before them a dark, moving mass; it was a fleet of Iroquois canoes. At once the Iroquois paddled ashore, and began to cut down trees to form a barricade. Champlain's Indians tied their canoes together, and spent the night in war-dances and yells of abuse at their enemies.

A Portage.

At dawn they landed, but drew back as two hundred of the tallest and bravest of the Iroquois advanced upon them. Champlain, however, stood his ground, and, as his foes drew their bows, fired his matchlock, which he had loaded with four balls. He brought down three of the chiefs, and the rest fled. Champlain's men dashed after them, and took many prisoners.

In three or four days the victorious Indians were back again at the mouth of the Richelieu, where they disbanded. So delighted were they with Champlain's leadership that they begged him to go on the warpath with them again. He promised to do so at a later period, and the Indians went off rejoicing to their homes. By taking part in Indian wars Champlain brought upon himself and his people the undying hatred of the fierce Iroquois.

Shortly after this adventure Champlain returned to France, but in 1610 he was back again in Canada, leading the Indians who lived round about Quebec against the Iroquois. A heavy blow was struck at them, and Champlain looked forward to a period of peace, during which he might establish an outpost of Quebec at Montreal. Suddenly news arrived that the King of France had been stabbed to death in the streets of Paris. At once Champlain sailed for France, and arrived safely. His only accident on the voyage was to sail over a sleeping whale near the Grand Bank.

In the spring of 1611 he was once more in Canada. He pushed on to Montreal, and behind him followed a horde of adventurers from France, eager to grow rich by trading with the Indians. These lawless men were a great trouble and hindrance to Champlain. No sooner had he begun to clear the ground for his new fort at Montreal, than a fleet of Indian canoes came down the St. Louis to greet him. The traders who had followed Champlain immediately fired a volley to welcome the Indians, but by so doing they terrified them greatly. When at last they came ashore, the traders bargained with them for their beaver-skins in such a disgraceful manner that they were disgusted. Late one night they sent for Champlain, who found them gathered round the camp-fire ready for a palaver. "Come to our country," they said, "buy our beaver, build a fort, teach us the true faith, do what you will, but do not bring this crowd with you." Champlain assured them that no harm was meant, but they refused to stay while the "crowd" remained. When they departed the greedy mob of traders melted away.

In 1613, Champlain set out on a new voyage of discovery. A young Frenchman named Nicolas de Vignau declared that he had been to the source of the Ottawa, and had found there a great lake. He reported many other wonders too, so Champlain took him with him. He was soon to discover that the man was an impostor. Champlain journeyed up the Ottawa, passed the rapids by a toilsome march through the woods, and at length reached an Indian settlement on the shores of Lake Muskrat. The Indians received him with great delight and much amazement. The chief offered him the pipe of peace, and said, "These white men must have fallen from the clouds. How else could they have reached us through the woods and rapids, where even we find it so hard to pass? The French chief can do anything. All that we have heard of him must be true." Champlain begged this friendly tribe to lend him canoes, so that he might push on to Lake Nipissing, which Vignau declared he had visited. The Indians, however, said that Vignau had never been there, and, indeed, had never been beyond their borders. There was a great uproar at this, and Vignau had to confess that he had lied to Champlain. The Indians wished to kill him; but Champlain forgave him, and bidding farewell to the Indians, promised to join them the next year.

Shortly afterwards he returned to France. He was worn out with hard work and anxiety, and needed rest; but his object in visiting France was not to seek health, but to find priests who would sail with him to Canada, and give up their lives to the work of converting the heathen. Four monks of the order called Récollets agreed to return with him, and never were men more devoted to the service of their heavenly Master. They were clad in a rude garment of coarse gray cloth, girt about the waist with a knotted cord. On their feet they wore wooden sandals, and over their heads they drew a peaked hood. Thus attired, "without purse or scrip," they went forth to preach the gospel in a pathless land, amidst fierce, bloodthirsty savages.

One of the priests, Father le Caron, decided to work amongst the Hurons, and in order to reach his flock he followed Champlain's route to Lake Muskrat. Thence he pushed on to Lake Nipissing, and reached Lake Huron. He was the first white man to set eyes on that great body of fresh water. Another of the monks followed the Indians of Tadoussac to their frozen hunting-grounds, and lodged with them in a hut of birch bark. The other two remained at Quebec.

Once more the Hurons sent messengers to Champlain, begging him to lead them against the Iroquois. He agreed, and set out for their country on a long, long trail. With ten Indians and two white companions he sailed up the Ottawa in canoes, and, after many days' paddling, struck across country to Lake Nipissing. Thence he paddled down the French River to Georgian Bay, where, for the first time, he saw the great fresh-water sea of the Hurons. He continued his journey along the shore of Georgian Bay amidst the countless little islands which were just as entrancing to him as they are to you when you sail about among them on a holiday trip. Landing at the foot of the bay, he followed an Indian trail through woods and thickets, across broad meadows, over brooks, and along the skirts of green hills, until he arrived at a Huron town which greatly resembled Hochelaga, as seen and described by Cartier eighty years before.

The Hurons received him with great joy. Father le Caron joined him, and in this wild and romantic region, amidst a horde of savages, the two Frenchmen sang their *Te Deum* together. Days passed in idleness, and Champlain, weary of doing nothing, set out on a tour of discovery through a charming country, rich in grapes, plums, crab-apples, nuts, and raspberries. In August he arrived at the chief town of the Hurons, and found it swarming with warriors. From this place the war-bands at length set out, with their canoes on their shoulders, and their scanty baggage on their backs. They crossed Lake Simcoe, and made their way along the chain of lakes which form the sources of the river Trent. At length the shores of Lake Ontario were reached, and the Huron canoes flitted across its waters like a flock of wild fowl. A four days' march brought them to a strongly-fortified town of the Iroquois.

As soon as they sighted the town the Hurons retired to the shelter of the woods, and Champlain had to speak to them very harshly before they would attack in any kind of order. He then built a wooden tower, such as was used in the siege of Norman castles. This was pushed up to the walls, and from the top of it Champlain and the other Frenchmen opened a raking fire with their matchlocks. When, however, the Hurons should have attacked the place under shelter of their wooden shields, they swarmed out into the open. When they were ordered to advance, they retired. There was confusion everywhere, and the consequence was that the Hurons were beaten off with seventeen men wounded. Champlain himself received one arrow in the knee and another in the lower leg. As he could not walk, he was "bundled in a heap in a basket," and doubled and strapped together in such a way that he could no more move than an infant in swaddling clothes. In this manner he was carried on the back of one of the braves. He wrote in his diary, "I never was in such a torment in my life."

The Hurons had now lost faith in "the man with the iron breast," though the fault was their own. Champlain wished to return to Quebec; but the Indians refused to lend him a canoe, and he had to winter with a chief who kindly offered him the shelter of his lodge. One chill November day when he was out shooting he followed a bird, which flitted from tree to tree, until he was completely lost in the mazes of the forest. All day he wandered on, and at night slept at the foot of a tree. In the afternoon of the next day he reached a pond, and saw some wild fowl, which he shot. Then he kindled a fire, cooked his game, and, for the first time since leaving the Indian village, tasted food. Another day of weary, hopeless wandering followed, and he began to despair. At length he followed the course of a brook which led him on and on until it brought him back to the Indian village. The chief was overjoyed at his return, and never again would he let him go into the forest alone.

In the spring Champlain returned to Quebec, and for the next few years was busy rebuilding, enlarging, and strengthening the little fortress under the cliff. It was a poor place even at the best — half trading-factory, half mission — and was already in a state of ruin. Its inmates—fur-traders, friars, and others—did not number more than sixty persons. Champlain himself said jokingly that his garrison consisted of two old women, and that his sentinels were a brace of hens. To make matters worse, the men were very jealous of each other, and all united in being jealous of Champlain. Some of the merchants were Catholics, and some were Protestants, and they quarrelled bitterly amongst themselves. The Protestants were not allowed by law to worship in New France, but they did so openly. There was no peace at Quebec.

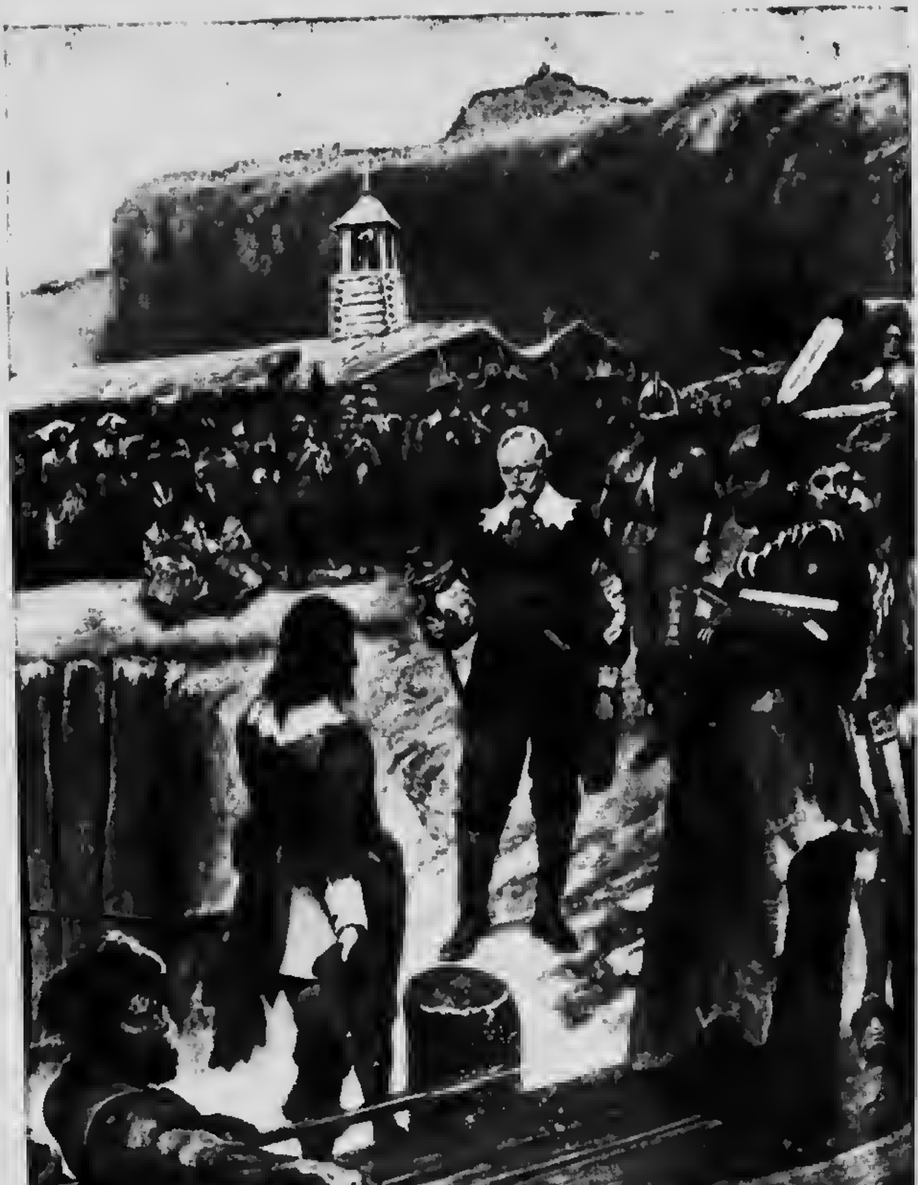
The colony did not grow; it was at a standstill. The merchants were fur-traders, and nothing more; and though they had promised to bring settlers to New France, they had no intention of doing so, because it was to their interest to keep the country wild and uncultivated. Champlain, on the other hand, was eager to settle families on the land, and to build up an agricultural colony. While the Iroquois lurked in the woods, few Frenchmen could be persuaded to take up farming.

Every year Champlain went back to France to look after the business of the colony. In the spring of 1620 he returned, bringing his young wife with him. It was a wretched home to which he brought her—the buildings were falling into ruin, and the rain came in through the roof; but she seems to have been quite happy during the four years she spent at Quebec. Her beauty and gentle ways charmed the Indians, who almost worshipped her as a goddess. She was in the habit of carrying a tiny looking-glass which hung from her belt, and the natives were never tired of looking at themselves in it. They said that she must be very fond of them, because she always carried their pictures about with her. Much of her time was spent in teaching the squaws and the children.

Two years later the Iroquois grew so bold that they attacked the convent of the Récollets on the St. Charles River. The friars, however, manned the walls and managed to beat them off. Meanwhile the colony was going from bad to worse. The few French emigrants were idle and drunken, and during the winter they almost starved. Quarrels between the Catholic and Protestant traders grew so fierce that Champlain was obliged to send for a band of armed men to protect the fort. Then the sole right of the fur trade was taken from the Catholics and given to the two Protestant merchants. This led to fresh disorders.

At length, in 1627, Richelieu, the chief minister of France, ordered all Protestants to be driven out of New France, and a new company to be set up, of which he was the head. This company was to settle the country, and every settler was to be a Frenchman and a Catholic. Help was to be sent to New France, and a new and happier day was to dawn. While, however, the starving folks at Quebec were eagerly looking for the sails of the relief ships, evil tidings arrived. War had broken out between France and England, and a certain Gervase Kirke, a Derbyshire man who had married a Frenchwoman, had obtained permission to drive the French out of Acadia and Canada. Kirke and his three sons—David, Lewis, and Thomas—had already seized Tadoussac, and their three ships were now sailing for Quebec.

Champlain knew that he could not defend the place against an armed force. Two of the main towers of his fort had fallen, and there were only fifty pounds of gunpowder in the magazine. Nevertheless the gallant commander posted his men, and waited for the coming of the English. In the afternoon a boat arrived with a message from Kirke calling upon Champlain to surrender. He boldly replied that he would hold out to the last.



Champlain surrenders Quebec to Kirke, July 20, 1629.
(From a drawing by R. Caton Woodville, R.I. By permission.)

Had the English advanced at once upon Quebec it must have fallen. Kirke, however, believed that Champlain was well armed and well provided with food. He did not, therefore, attack Quebec, but cruised about capturing French fishing-boats at the mouth of the gulf. Meanwhile the hundred men, women, and children who were cooped up in the fort were starving. All that they had to support life was a small quantity of pease and Indian corn. Months wore on; some of the inmates died, others joined the Indians, and only sixteen persons were left with Champlain.

On the morning of July 19, 1629, an Indian eel-fisher came to Champlain with the news that three ships were approaching. At this time Champlain was alone, the rest of his followers being absent, either fishing or searching for roots. As man after man straggled in Champlain posted them on the walls, and the poor fellows, with hungry eyes, watched the ships drawing nearer and nearer. They were English vessels, under the command of Admiral David Kirke. Presently a boat with a white flag was seen making for the shore. It contained a young officer, who bade Champlain surrender the fort. This Champlain was forced to do, and on the 20th July, amid the roar of cannon from the ships, Lewis Kirke landed, and planted the English flag on the rock of Quebec. Thus, for the first time, the English gained a footing in Canada.

Champlain was carried to London, where he learnt that peace had been made between England and France before Quebec had surrendered. By the terms of this peace all places captured during the war were to be given back to France. Perhaps you wonder why Charles the First, the English king, agreed to give New France back to the French. The fact is that he had quarrelled with his Parliament, and was in sore need of money. He therefore sold New France for two hundred and forty thousand dollars. The news did not reach Quebec for several weeks, during which time Lewis Kirke was governor of the colony.

Early in 1633 Champlain once more sailed for Quebec. He was more eager than ever to convert the Indians, so he brought

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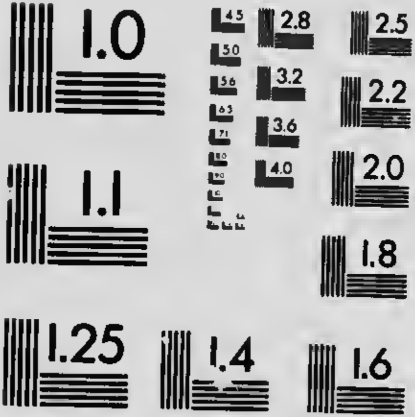
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with him a band of Jesuit priests who took the place of the Récollets. Before long, the black-robed Jesuits were masters of the colony, but the story of their doings must be left for a later chapter. Quebec was no longer a trading-place; it was a mission. The chapel bell rang morning, noon, and night, and rough soldiers and greedy traders became devout worshippers. France was now to explore the interior, and to win over the Indians, not by the power of the sword, but by the cross.

Two years later, on Christmas day 1635, Champlain breathed his last, at the age of sixty-eight. For twenty-seven years he had toiled and suffered to build up the colony which must never forget his name. He stands out on the pages of history as a noble, single-hearted governor, a bold explorer, a good sailor, a fine soldier, and a born leader of men.

Chapter XXIX

The Pilgrim Fathers

(1606 to 1635.)

WHILE Champlain was building up New France, the English had made a beginning of settlement in North America. I have already told you that Raleigh tried hard to found a colony in Virginia, but failed. Early in 1606 two companies were formed in England for the purpose of settling Virginia. In December of the same year one hundred and forty-three colonists belonging to the first or London Company set sail. They were followed the next year by a party sent out by the second or Plymouth Company.

The three ships of the London Company took about four months to sail from England to the American coast. The captains meant to land the colonists on Roanoke Island, where Raleigh had tried to found his colony. A storm, however, drove them into the mouth of a large river, which they called the "James River," in honour of their king. They entered this river in April, when the banks were covered with wild flowers. The newcomers were delighted with all that they saw. They said that heaven and earth had agreed together to make this a perfect country to live in.

Thirty miles up the river they landed and formed a settlement which they called Jamestown. It was too late in the year to clear the ground and plant fields, so a hungry time was before them. They set up tents and huts and poor little hovels covered with earth, and in such rude shelters prepared to pass the winter. Soon they were attacked by Indians, who wounded seventeen men and killed one boy. Every man in Jamestown had to take his turn night by night in guarding the place against Indians.

The water was bad, and before September half the party had died of fever. Sometimes as many as three or four died in a single night, and often the living were too weak to bury their dead. The colony would have perished altogether but for the courage of a young soldier named Captain James Smith. He had lived a life of adventure, and he was just the man to "tame the wilderness." In a little boat he sailed up and down the rivers and bays of Virginia, mapping out the country and making friends with the Indians, who gave him corn for beads, bells, and other trifles.

During one of these trips a large band of Indians in full war-paint swooped down upon him. Smith's two companions were shot, and while he was trying to escape he walked into a bog from which he was dragged by the Indians and captured. Before long they took him to the lodge of their chief, Powhattan, who ordered his men to beat out Smith's brains with a club. An old story tells us that, when the club was about to descend, Powhattan's little daughter Pocahontas threw her arms about Smith's neck and said that unless the Englishman was spared she would die too. Powhattan was forced to give way, and Smith's life was saved. The noble-hearted girl afterwards married an Englishman, and lived and died in England.

When Smith returned to Jamestown he found the colony in a very bad way indeed. He took command of it, set the men to build huts, obtained food from the Indians, and thus saved the settlement. For two long, weary years he was the heart and soul of the place. The men with him were worthless fellows who wished to live in idle wickedness; and to make matters worse, some hundreds of thieves, rogues, and vagabonds were now sent out as new settlers. Bad as they were, Smith might have made something of them had he not been forced by a wound to return to England. Then sickness and hunger did their work, and at the end of six months only sixty of the five hundred colonists were left alive. So terribly did they suffer that for many years after they spoke of those bitter months as "the starving time."

At last the Jamestown people could bear their hard lot no longer. They embarked in several small ships and set sail for Newfoundland, where they hoped to fall in with some English fishing-vessels. As they were sailing down the river they were met by Lord Delaware with a small fleet bringing new settlers and provisions. The Jamestown men returned with him, and under the new governor the colony made a fresh start. Before long it was doing fairly well. Then the settlers began to send to England for wives, and they paid the passage-money of each bride with ono hundred and fifty pounds of tobacco.

I have told you the story of the beginning of Virginia to show you what hardships and trials had to be endured before the British obtained a firm footing on the soil of the New World. The earlier settlers were badly chosen, and for the most part they were idle, wicked wastrels. You are now to learn how the American continent received quite a different type of colonist.

I have already told you something about the new worship which took the place of the old faith in England and Scotland. In Elizabeth's reign there were many persons who thought that the Church ought to be *purified* still more. These people were known as Puritans. Elizabeth had no love for them, and she put many of them to death and fined and imprisoned many others. When James the First came to the throne he was even more bitter against them than Elizabeth had been. He told them plainly that if they did not attend the Church of England services he would "harry them out of the land altogether."

The laws against the Puritans were so harsh that some of them made up their minds to leave England and to seek new homes in Holland, where they were free to worship in their own way. They settled at Leyden, and were so hard-working and well behaved that they won the respect of the Dutch people. Nevertheless they were not happy. Most of them were farmers; but in Holland they had no land, and were obliged to work in factories. Then, too, their children were growing up, and unless some change was made they would become Dutch, and forget their English birth and speech.

About this time there was much talk of Virginia, which seemed to the Puritans a land of promise. If they went to Virginia they would still be English, and in that new land they would be free to worship God as they pleased. So they asked the London Company to let them settle in Virginia, and were given a grant of land. A little ship called the *Speedwell* was bought, and in July 1620 it set sail from Delft Haven in Holland. So small was the ship that most of the Puritans in Leyden had to be left behind. All the little colony—men, women, and children—gathered at Delft Haven to bid the "pilgrims" farewell. Those who remained behind knelt at the water's edge and prayed for a blessing on the brothers and sisters who were about to depart.

With a fair wind the *Speedwell* soon reached Southampton, where she found a larger vessel, the *Mayflower*, also laden with Puritans who were forsaking their native land. On August 5th the two ships started for America; but they had not gone far before the *Speedwell* began to leak badly, and the vessels were forced to return. They put in at Plymouth, where twenty timid souls left the company. After eight days anchor was again weighed; but before long the *Speedwell* was unfit for sea, and another return to port had to be made.

The *Speedwell* was now abandoned, and on September 6th, with one hundred souls on board, the *Mayflower* left Plymouth. The voyage was long and stormy. So bad was the weather and so rough the sea that sixty-three days passed away before the coast of America was sighted. The pilgrims intended to go to the Hudson River, but the wind drove them to shores which belonged to the Plymouth Company. They decided to go no farther, but to settle down on the shores of Cape Cod Bay.

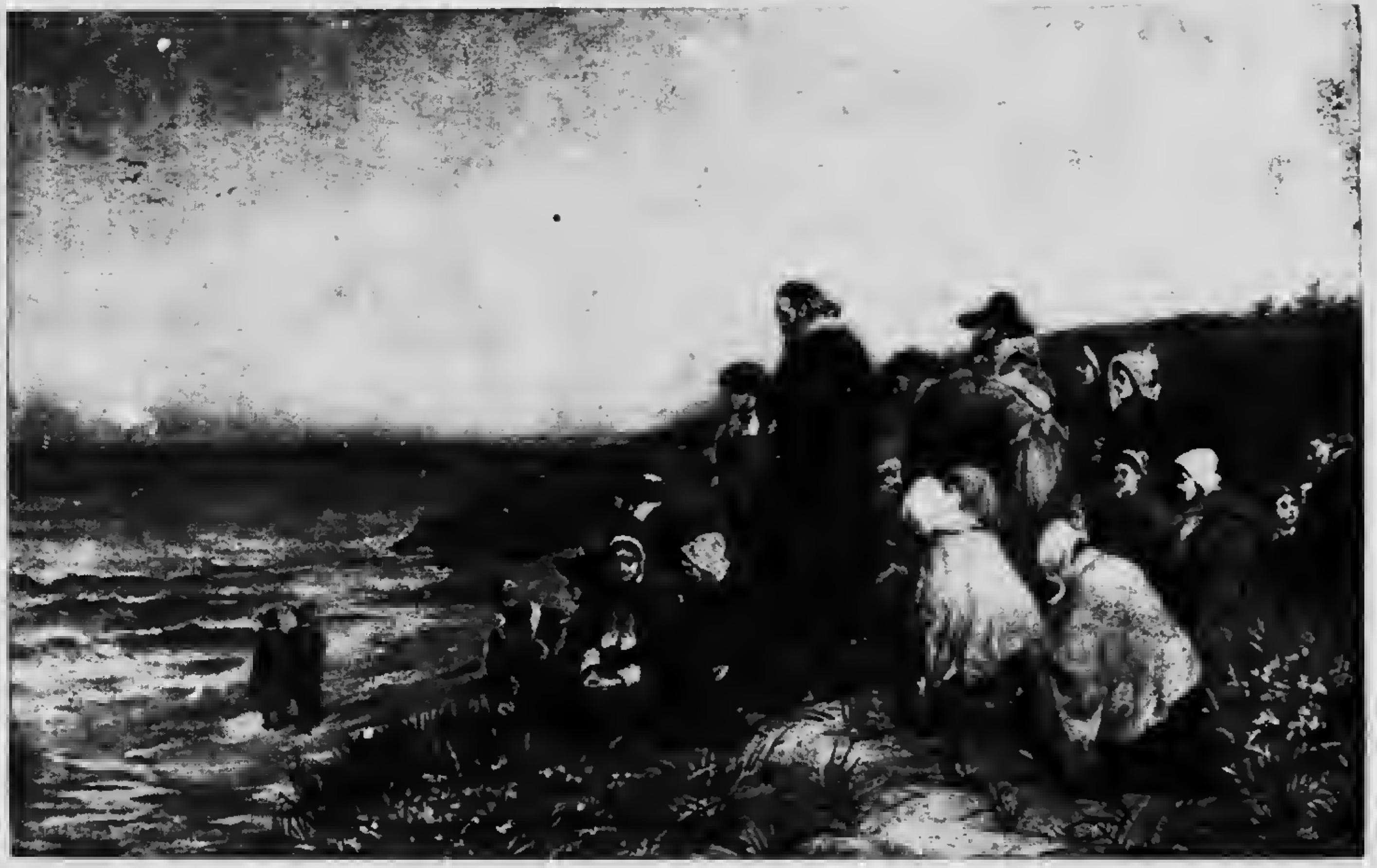
The pilgrims waded to land through icy-cold water, and stood on a desolate shore without a sign of human life. Their first act was to give thanks to God, who had safely brought them across the ocean. Then they built rough shelters in which the women and children could spend the night. Some of the men set off to the woods to frighten away any Indians who might be lurking there, while others searched for water. They had brought a boat with them, and sixteen days were spent in making it seaworthy. Meanwhile some of the men struck inland, in the hope of finding fruits and berries. Here and there they saw mounds of earth which they opened and discovered to be Indian graves. In one of those graves a basket full of corn was found.

Colder and colder grew the weather, and the frost became so severe that the water froze on the men and made their clothes like coats of mail. Before the winter ended forty-four of the pilgrims were dead. "They had gone from their pleasant and native land only to find a grave beside the burial mounds of the Red Indian."

When the boat was ready for sea fourteen men—including Carver, the first governor; Bradford, who wrote the history of the colony; and Miles Standish, the chief soldier—set out to find a suitable place for starting the settlement. They had to battle with a stormy sea, and also with Indians who shot arrows at them. The pilgrims, however, stood to their guns and beat them off.

Some time later the boat was wrecked, and the poor half-frozen men only just managed to escape with their lives. All night they shivered beneath the rocks, for they were afraid to light a fire lest it should guide the Indians to them. During the next day, which was Saturday, they dried their clothes and looked to their weapons. Time was pressing, and they were eager to return to their friends; but as the following day was the Sabbath, they did no work on that day, but gave themselves up to prayer and praise.

On Monday these brave men came to a harbour which they found very good for shipping. "We marched also," says Bradford, "into the land, and found divers cornfields and little running brooks; so we returned to our ship again with good news to the rest of our people, which did much comfort



The Pilgrim Fathers watching the receding of the "Mayflower."

(From the picture by A. W. Bayes. By permission of James Dole, Esq., and of Messrs. Henry Graves and Co.)

their hearts." On this day—December 21, 1660—the women and children and the stores were brought round and landed at the chosen spot, which was called Plymouth, after the name of the last English town which they had seen.

All hands were soon busy cutting down timber and trimming it for the purpose of building a fort. A hill was chosen as the site, and on January 9, 1621, the first building was begun. Nineteen family groups were formed, and nineteen houses were built for them, in two rows, along what is now Leyden Street, Plymouth. The work of building was slow and difficult. For days at a time the weather was so bad that nothing could be done. Sometimes parties sent out to the forest had to spend the night amidst the snow, without food, shelter, or fire. Sometimes a pilgrim wandering a little way from the settlement was chased home by hungry wolves. On one occasion the house set apart for the sick caught fire and was nearly burnt down. No wonder that in three months half the little company was dead. With the spring, however, the sick and lame began to recover, and there was new life in the colony. We cannot but admire the splendid patience and courage with which these stern, simple-minded, God-fearing men and women bore their trials.

Three years passed by, all years of bitter struggle. In the second winter the colonists had only a quarter of a pound of bread daily. In the third winter they had little but shell-fish to live upon, for they had used up their stores in helping a thankless band of men who had settled down near them. Nevertheless things improved, and before long the colony was on the highroad to success. Every year new parties of Puritans crossed the sea to join them in what was now called "New England."

Twenty-three years after the landing of the pilgrims there were four separate English colonies in North America. Even at this early period the English colonists resented the presence of the French in Acadia and elsewhere on the coast, and, as you already know, made more than one effort to dislodge them.

Chapter XXX

King Charles the First

(1635 to 1649.)

YOU are now to witness a drama the like of which has never before been seen in England. You are standing in Westminster Hall, the great court-house of the realm. Outside there is a troop of horse, and within there are also armed men. Now a procession enters, and as the doors are opened you hear loud shouts of "Justice! justice!" from the mob in the courtyard. At the head of the procession you see officers bearing tho mace and the sword of state; behind them, in black robes, is a lawyer named John Bradshaw, and with him there are a number of members of Parliament.

Bradshaw takes his seat on a chair of red velvet, and the members of Parliament range themselves to right and left of him. The sword and the mace are placed on the table at which the clerk sits, and the doors are flung open. At once a crowd of citizens rushes in; they struggle for places, and the hall rings with their shouts. When the noise ceases the clerk reads the Act of Parliament setting up the court. Then the roll of the judges is called over. Out of one hundred and thirty-five on the list only sixty-nine answer to their names.

"Mr. Serjeant," says Bradshaw, "bring in the prisoner."

There is a deep hush, and you hear the tramp of armed men and the clank of swords on the pavement. A guard of officers leads the prisoner to his seat at the bar. Now you see him plainly. He is none other than CHARLES STUART, KING OF ENGLAND.

Look at him—this son of James the First. He is tall, dark, and handsome, with a long, fine face, large, dark eyes, a pointed beard, and black, curling hair streaked with silver. He is a devout man, a good father, a fond husband, and a lover of music and painting. Nevertheless he will not "keep faith" with his people. He believes that God Almighty has made him their master, and that their lives and fortunes are his to deal with as he pleases. He will make no binding agreement with his people. He believes that the keeping or the breaking of a promise is a matter for him to decide, and for him alone. So unlawful has been his rule that he has plunged the nation into civil war. The struggle has ended in his ruin.

He is not a clever man, therefore he cannot see what wrong he has done. No one can make him understand that the time has gone by when men will allow a king to be a tyrant and to override both the law and the will of the people. For eleven years he has ruled without a parliament, and, aided by bad ministers, has forced money from his people by all sorts of mean and underhand tricks. One of these ministers lost his head, and the king did not lift a finger to save him. The minister laid his head on the block with the bitter words, "Put not your trust in princes."

Charles has tried to make his people his slaves. He has been specially harsh to the Puritans, both in England and in Scotland, and he has made them hate him bitterly. Many who are not Puritans now believe that unless Charles is removed from the throne there will be no freedom left in the land.

Fifteen years ago a great and good man, John Hampden, refused to pay an unlawful tax, and twelve judges sat to decide the important question: "Has the king any right to tax his people without their consent?" The judges sided with the king, and Hampden was heavily fined; but most Englishmen felt that he had fought their battle, and they were grateful to him.

In Scotland the king had tried to make the people use the

Church of England service; but this they would not have. In the churchyard of Greyfriars, Edinburgh, they signed a "Covenant," by which they bound themselves to resist to the death all changes in their worship. Charles would gladly have punished them, but he had no money for war, and his soldiers refused to fight. He was obliged to call another Parliament together, and it was found to be full of Puritans, who were determined that the king should obey the law. Unhappily the members of this Parliament quarrelled on religious questions, and for the first time in his reign Charles had a large party friendly to him in the House of Commons.

Instead of waiting to see what would happen, Charles did a deed which set the greater part of the nation against him. His wife persuaded him to go to Parliament and seize the five chief Puritan leaders. "Pull the rascals out by the ears," she cried, and in a fatal hour Charles took her advice. With three or four hundred soldiers he entered the House and called for the five leaders by name. No one answered, so he said, "Mr. Speaker, where are the five members whose names I have called? Do you see them?"

The Speaker bent his knee to the king and said, "Your Majesty, I have neither eyes to see nor tongue to speak anything but what the House of Commons commands me." Upon this the king said, "I see the birds have flown." They had flown to the City of London, where the militia turned out to protect them. It is one of the old rights of the British people that no member of Parliament may be called in question by either king or court for anything said or done in Parliament. Now you understand that Charles was doing a most unlawful act in going with soldiers to the House of Commons, and in trying to seize those members who had offended him. It was now clear that nothing but war could settle the question, Who shall be master—king or Parliament?

Most of the nobles and country gentlemen took the side of the king; most of the townsfolk and farmers stood by the Parliament. At Nottingham, on the stormy evening of August 22nd, 1642, the king raised his standard, which was at once blown down. Many onlookers believed this to be a bad sign, foretelling defeat for the king. War now began, and raged for three miserable years, during which father fought against son and brother against brother. At first the king looked like winning, but the tide turned against him, and the army of the Parliament slowly but surely gained the upper hand. Parliament was bound to win, for most of the people in the richest part of the country sided with it. Further, Oliver Cromwell, one of the greatest soldiers who ever lived, commanded its armies and led to battle men filled with religious zeal.

At length, one June day in the year 1645, Cromwell's horsemen scattered the king's cavalry like chaff before the wind, and cut his foot-soldiers to pieces. The king wished to charge; but one of his friends seized his bridle and turned his horse round, crying, "Will you go upon your death?" The king fled from the field, and in the baggage which fell into Cromwell's hands were found certain letters written by the king to his friends asking them to bring Irishmen, Highlanders, Frenchmen, Dutchmen, and others to overcome his people. These letters did him more harm than many defeats.

Charles now saw that he could no longer resist, so he rode to the camp of the Scots, who were fighting for the Parliament, and gave himself up to them. The Scots were glad to have him, and they promised to set him on his throne again if he would sign the Covenant and do away with bishops in the Church of England. After a long delay Charles refused, and then the Scots handed him over to Parliament. At this time Parliament was divided in opinion. Some of the members wanted to make Charles promise to rule lawfully, and then place him on the throne again; while others thought that he ought no longer to be king. Charles tried to play off these parties one against the other, and in doing so he disgusted many who would gladly have been his friends.

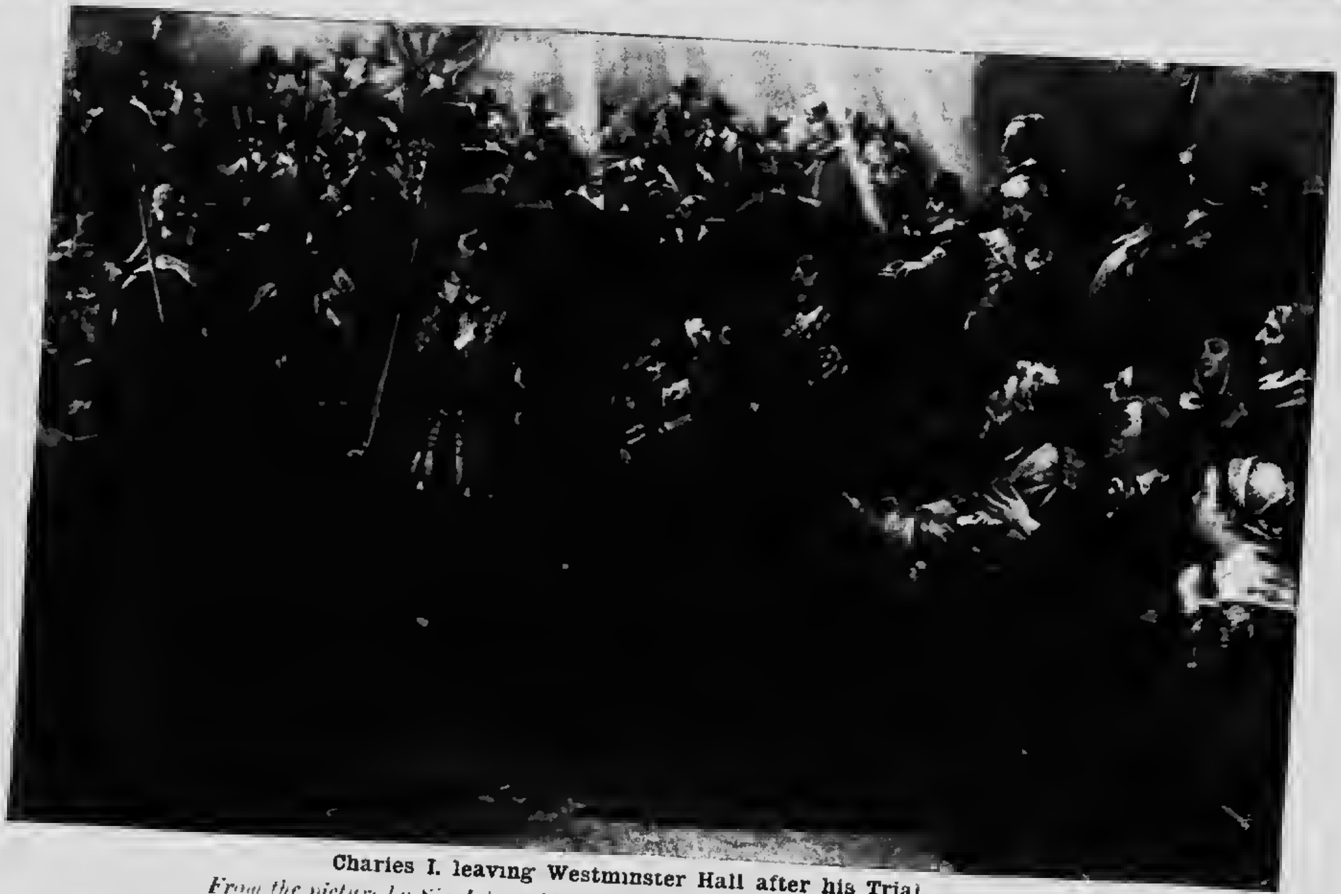
Now the army took matters into its own hands. It seized the king, marched to London, and drove out those members of Parliament who displeased it. Then the stern men who had overthrown Charles on the field of battle offered to set him on the throne again if he would agree to their terms. He might easily have done so, but he refused. He thought that as the two parties had quarrelled, he might win back his own again without the help of either of them.

In November the king escaped from Hampton Court, where the army had lodged him, and took refuge in a castle of the Isle of Wight. Soon afterwards risings in his favour took place in Scotland, in Wales, in Kent, and elsewhere. This angered the army greatly, and it took the field in a fierce spirit. In four months the royal forces were hopelessly crushed. When the army took the field the second time, its leaders said "that it was their duty, if ever the Lord brought them back in peace, to call Charles Stuart, that man of blood, to account for all the blood he had shed and the mischief he had done."

Now you know why King Charles faces a court of his subjects in Westminster Hall. Now you know why they keep their hats on their heads and refuse to show him honour. Bradshaw calls upon a law officer to read the charges against the king. The law officer rises to speak, and Charles touches him with his cane on the shoulder and cries, "Silence!" At this moment the head of the king's cane falls off! It is a bad sign, and Charles himself grows pale. Then the charges are read out, and as the king hears himself called tyrant, traitor, and murderer, he laughs scornfully.

Usually he is not a ready speaker, but to-day the words rush to his lips. He tells his judges that they have no right to try a King of England. They are no court at all, but an unlawful meeting of a small part of the House of Commons. This is quite true, but Charles is only wasting his breath. His judges mean to bring him to the scaffold.

Now Bradshaw cries, "Take away the prisoner. The court meets again on Monday next." The guard marches up, and the king rises to depart. As he does so, his eye falls on the sword placed on the table. "I do not fear that," he says, pointing to it with his cane. Then he is led forth, and the people greet him with mingled cries of "Justice! justice!" and, "God save the King!"



Charles I. leaving Westminster Hall after his Trial.

From the picture by Sir John Gilbert, R.A., in the Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield
By permission of the Corporation of Sheffield.

On Monday the court sits again, and once more the king refuses to be tried by it. Meanwhile the mob is changing its mind. There are few shouts of "Justice!" but there are many cries of "God save the King!" As the hours pass by, some of the troops begin to cheer him. A soldier of the guard who has dared to say, "God bless you, sire!" is struck by his officer. "Methinks," says Charles, "the punishment is too great for the offence."

On Wednesday and Thursday the court meets again, and then it sits in private. On Saturday the 27th, at noon, Bradshaw appears wearing a red robe. As the roll of judges is read over, there is no reply to the name of a well-known general. Suddenly the silence is broken by the voice of his wife in the gallery, "He has too much sense to be here." The king enters, and the crowd is silent. Only the soldiers now cry out against him.

Bradshaw now addresses the prisoner, but when he speaks of the crimes done by the king against the people of England, he is cut short by the same female voice—"Where are the people of England? Oliver Cromwell is a traitor!"

At this a great uproar takes place, and the soldiers clamour for "Justice! Execution!" The king, now almost beside himself, begs leave to speak, but is not allowed to do so. Then Bradshaw passes sentence of death, and the judges stand in their places to show that they agree. The king is led away and as he leaves the hall the soldiers puff smoke in his face and insult him with foul words. Outside, however, almost all the people cry, "God save your Majesty!"

The king is lodged in St. James's Palace, and is allowed to take a last fond farewell of his weeping children. He lifts his youngest boy on his knee, and says, "My dear heart, they will soon cut off thy father's head. Mark, child, what I say: they will cut off my head, and perhaps make thee king; but thou must not be king so long as thy brothers Charles and James live. I charge thee, do not be made a king by them." To this the weeping child replies, "I will be torn in pieces first."

On January 30th, between two and three in the afternoon, the king is led by armed men through St. James's Park to his palace of Whitehall, before which a scaffold, draped with black, has been set up. The scaffold is hedged round with soldiers, and the headsman stands beside the block. The king, with his head erect, steps through an opening in the wall and addresses the bystanders. All marvel at his calmness. His last words show that he still believes a king to be beyond the control of his people.

Then he turns to his good friend Bishop Juxon, who prays with him. This done, he quietly lays his head on the block. The axe falls, and a deep groan of pity and horror goes up from the people.

* * * * *

As the head of the king fell a blood-red line was ruled across the pages of British history. Never again would the British people suffer a king to play the tyrant and override the law of the land. A later Stuart, who had not learnt the lesson which his father died to teach, tried to restore the old monarchy, but he was ruthlessly swept aside. A new order of kings had arisen; they were thenceforth heads of the State and not masters of it.

Indians following a Trail.

Chapter XXXI

The Jesuits in Canada

(1635 to 1672.)

NOW we must return to Canada and learn what took place after the death of Champlain. The new governor was Charles de Montmagny, a pious soldier, who loved and admired the Jesuits. One fine June morning in the year 1635 he landed at the foot of Cape Diamond, made his way to the cross which marked the grave of Champlain, and fell on his knees and prayed. His example was followed by the Jesuits in their black robes, the soldiers in their gay uniforms, and the fur-traders and settlers of the little town. Then he heard mass in the church, and not until this was over did he receive the keys of the fort and take up his duties as governor.

The Church was now the chief power in Canada. Strict rules were made by the Jesuits, and those who did not keep them were severely punished by the arm of the law. Up to this time New France had been a fur-trading colony; now trade was of no account, for the Jesuits cared nothing for worldly things. All that they lived for was to save the souls of the Indians. The head of the mission at Quebec was Paul le Jeune, a man who scorned hardship and pain, and was eager to win a martyr's crown.

Far to the west, near the great lakes, lived the Hurons, the best and most intelligent of the Canadian natives. Once in every year a fleet of Huron canoes came down the great river bearing loads of furs, which were sold to the Frenchmen at

Quebec. The Jesuits made up their minds to begin their labours amongst these Hurons. The most famous of the "black-robes" who joined the Hurons was Jean de Brébeuf, a very tall, powerful, and noble man, who could bear fatigue as well as any Indian. He and his companions paddled along the rivers and threaded the mazes of the forests until, after a long and weary journey, they arrived in the Huron country. The Hurons received them kindly, and the black-robed strangers were able to repay their kindness by curing their diseases, helping them with their crops, and showing them new and better ways of fortifying their villages. In course of time the Hurons learned to love and trust the Jesuits, and many of them became Christians.

While the Hurons were receiving the "black-robes" kindly, the Iroquois were swearing by their god never to bury the war-hatchet while a single Huron remained alive. Before long these fierce, warlike savages appeared before the walls of Quebec, and burned and tortured their prisoners before the very eyes of the "black-robes." Nevertheless, these brave men did not fear the Iroquois, but went fearlessly amongst them; and though they were burned and wounded and put to torture, they did not flinch, but bore their sufferings without a murmur. In France men and women heard with wonder of their doings, and, fired by their example, set off for Canada to help in the work. Those who did not go in person sent gifts of money, and in this way convents and hospitals and schools were soon founded.

Many noble women were amongst those who gave up their lives to the Indians. A wealthy young widow named Madame de la Peltrie, and her friend Marie Guyard, the daughter of a silk manufacturer, founded a convent at Quebec for educating young girls. We are told that when they landed they knelt and kissed the ground, to show their love for the land which they had adopted. When they first visited an Indian village, Madame de la Peltrie clasped the little Indian girls to her bosom "without taking heed whether they were clean or not."

Missions were founded amongst all the tribes, and in course of time the Jesuits became more powerful amongst the Indians than their own chiefs. Meanwhile the Iroquois were again on the war-path. Day by day they grew bolder. At first they did not attack the French forts, because they feared the matchlocks and cannon; but in time they grew so bold that the sentries frequently saw them lurking outside the walls in the hope of cutting off stragglers. At Three Rivers they managed to capture and carry off two Frenchmen named Godefroy and Margerie. They offered to give up their prisoners if the French would yield the Algonquins who were with them. If this was not agreed to, the prisoners were to be tortured and slain. Margerie was sent to the fort with a message to this effect. Instead of pleading for his life, the heroic man begged the French commander to refuse the offer. The commander very unwillingly did so, and Margerie returned to the Iroquois, quite ready to meet his fate. Fortunately, at this moment soldiers arrived from Quebec, and the Indians saw that they could not now storm the fort. They therefore sold their prisoners to the French, and thus the lives of the two brave Frenchmen were saved.

Montreal, the greatest trade centre of Canada, owes its beginnings to the Jesuits. The story of their labours and sufferings made a great stir in France, and a society was formed to help them in their work. A tax-gatherer in a little town of Anjou dreamed one night that he talked with an angel, who told him that the best way to win the Indians for Christ was to set up a mission on the island on Mount Royal. The tax-gatherer went to Paris, and there saw a friendly priest who had also dreamed the same dream. The two men thereupon formed a society of forty persons to establish a mission at Mount Royal. At this time Canada was owned by the Company of the Hundred Associates. From this company the island of Mount Royal was bought, and a gallant and pious soldier, the Sieur de Maisonneuve, was chosen to go to Canada and be the first governor of Ville Marie, as the new settlement was to be called.

In the spring of 1641, the year before the great Civil War broke out in England, Maisonneuve sailed for New France, taking with him a young lady named Jeanne Mance, who was to be the head of a hospital in the new settlement. When they arrived at Quebec the governor refused to let them go to Mount Royal. He told them that the Iroquois would be sure to swoop down on them and destroy them. Maisonneuve, however, was not to be daunted. "I will go to Mount Royal," said he, "though every tree on the island were an Iroquois." His boldness gave his companions courage, and next spring they sailed up the great river and landed on the island.

There were fifty persons in the company, and their first act was to fall upon their knees and ask God to bless their work. This done, they began clearing the place, and rearing a little fort in which they could take refuge. When the fort was built and strengthened with palisades and cannon, the hospital was begun. Built partly of wood and partly of stone, it was a little fortress in itself. For two centuries and a half it remained, until a great city had grown around it, and the site was needed for business purposes. A monument of gray granite still marks the spot.

During the winter there was no sign of the Iroquois. One spring day, however, a wandering Algonquin came flying to the fort in terror, crying out that a scalping-party of Iroquois was pursuing him. The gates were closed and the men stood to their guns. Presently they saw the Indians shaking their tomahawks at the fort and vowing vengeance on the Palefaces who had dared to settle so near to their border. For some time afterwards the Frenchmen were obliged to remain behind their defences. When the Iroquois departed, they quarried stone on the other side of the river and made the fort much stronger. Nevertheless, they hardly dared to venture out of sight of it.

Two years after Ville Marie was founded, the Iroquois mustered their braves for a grand attack. When Maisonneuve heard what was afoot, he gathered together a little army and went forth to give battle to his foes. His men marched on and on, seeing no sign of Indians, until they were well within the forest. Then suddenly a storm of arrows swept down on them from the Iroquois, who were hidden behind the trees. The Palefaces fell fast, and Maisonneuve at last gave the order for retreat. Dragging their dead and wounded behind them, the Frenchmen ran towards the fort, closely followed by the yelling Indians.

At the gate of the fort Maisonneuve, with a pair of pistols, stood his ground and kept the foe at bay while his companions entered. Then, when all were inside, he ran to the gate. An Iroquois chief sprang at him and tried to drag him back; but a shot from the governor's pistol laid the savage low, and Maisonneuve sprang into safety. He had escaped capture by a hair's-breadth. On the spot where the fort once stood there is now a bronze statue showing the brave governor in the act of saving his companions from the fury of the Indians.

I have already told you something of Brébeuf, the heroic Jesuit. There were, however, many others just as brave as he. On one occasion Father Isaac Jogues and two students named Goupil and Couture were sailing down the St. Lawrence with a number of Hurons carrying furs for barter, when they were seized and captured by a large party of Iroquois and carried off to the Iroquois country. Here Goupil was tortured and slain. Couture joined the tribe, and thus saved his life.

Father Jogues was tortured too, but nothing could daunt him. The Iroquois at last carried him to the settlement now known as New York, and the Dutch who lived there helped him to escape to France, where the sight of his wounds and the terrible story which he had to tell gained him much sympathy from the king and court. He might have remained in his native country in comfort and peace, but his heart was in his work, and a year later he was back in Canada amongst the Iroquois once more. Gradually he won their confidence, but in the end they murdered him. Setting out to visit the governor of Quebec on business, he left behind him a box of medicines. As soon as his back was turned the *medicine-man* of the tribe told the Indians that the box held an evil spirit which would bring all sorts of misery and misfortune upon them. When Father Jogues returned, he found half the tribe ready to kill him and the other half willing to save him alive. His enemies, however, won over his friends, and a cowardly Indian slew him with a tomahawk as he was about to attend a feast to which he had been invited. The poor priest's head was cut off, and was set upon a pole that the children of the village might hurl stones at it.

Such was the fate which befell many of the Jesuits. They did not, however, lose heart, but welcomed sickness, fatigue, torture, and death itself, so long as they might win souls for their Master.

We are now to learn how the Iroquois overwhelmed the Hurons and almost completely wiped them out. By this time most of the Hurons had become Christians, and the tribes were gradually becoming civilized. In the summer of 1648, the year before King Charles was executed, the Hurons prepared to make a long journey to visit the French in Eastern Canada. Loading their canoes with furs, five chiefs and two hundred and fifty of the Huron braves travelled as far as Three Rivers, where they were suddenly attacked by the Iroquois. Happily they outnumbered their foes, and beat them off with ease.

When they returned to their own country they found that a great disaster had befallen them. One of their chief towns, St. Joseph, had been attacked and burned by Iroquois, and nearly a thousand Hurons—men, women, and children—had been killed or captured. Father Daniel, who was in charge of the mission, had arrayed himself in his vestments and had tried to parley with the foe, but had been shot through the heart. This attack was a terrible blow to the Hurons, and they were seized with panic.

Eight months later the Iroquois attacked and burned the post of St. Ignace. Brébeuf, who was one of the two priests in charge of the mission, had begged the Hurons to fortify the place more strongly, but in vain. The palisades surrounding the place were weak, and the Iroquois hacked them down with their hatchets and swarmed into the village. Brébeuf and his fellow-priest were seized, and were beaten with clubs. At the same time the Iroquois were trying to take St. Mary on the Wye, where there were forty Frenchmen and a large number of Hurons. A battle was fought outside the gates, but the Hurons were badly beaten, and only twenty of them were captured alive. Then the yelling Iroquois tried to fire the town, but at this moment a rumour ran through their ranks that a great army of Hurons was about to attack them. The Iroquois therefore retreated, but before doing so they bound most of their prisoners, and thrusting them into bark dwellings, burnt them alive.

Brébeuf, with some other captives, was carried to the Iroquois country and tortured. He was bound hand and foot to a stake; yet though he knew well the awful sufferings that he was soon to bear he showed no fear, but called upon his friends to suffer patiently and God would reward them. Poor Brébeuf bore his tortures without a groan, and at length the Indians killed him. Next morning his companion was slain by a blow from a tomahawk.

Three days later, when the Iroquois had vanished, the Jesuits of St. Mary went to St. Ignace, and there saw the remains of the two martyrs. The poor bodies were carried to St. Mary's, where they were buried; but Brébeuf's skull was preserved as a relic. It is still to be seen in the Hôtel Dieu at Quebec, enclosed in a silver bust.

The Hurons now lost heart altogether. They flew from their smoking villages in terror, and broke up into scattered bands. Some took refuge with other tribes, and a remnant were afterwards brought to Lorette, near Quebec, where their descendants still live. With the fall of the Hurons fell the hopes of the Jesuits. Now that the Hurons were scattered like sheep without a shepherd, many of the "black-robes" departed for France.

The Iroquois were now masters of the St. Lawrence valley, and the French were little better than prisoners in the three towns of Quebec, Montreal, and Three Rivers. In the spring of 1660 a rumour reached the terrified French that twelve hundred Iroquois were to assemble at the junction of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence rivers in order to attack Montreal. In Ville Marie at this time there was a young nobleman of twenty-five years of age, named Daulac or Dollard. He was one of the most gallant souls that ever lived, and he made up his mind to stop the Iroquois or perish in the attempt. Gathering sixteen other brave youths, he made them swear a solemn oath neither to take nor give quarter, but to die, if need be, in defence of their kindred. The seventeen heroes made their wills, confessed their sins, received the sacrament, and set off for an old post at the foot of the Long Sault Rapids on the river Ottawa. Here they were joined by about forty Hurons and Algonquins, and after strengthening the post as well as they could they calmly waited the coming of their foes.

They had not long to wait. In less than three days the Iroquois came down the river and flung themselves at the frail bulwark, expecting to carry it easily. To their surprise they were hurled back time after time. The odds were twenty to one, and seeing that success was hopeless, all the friendly Indians but five deserted to the enemy. Dollard and his companions, however, stood firm. They loaded and fired with the utmost calmness, and every shot brought down an Iroquois brave. After a few days' fighting the heap of Iroquois dead was almost as high as the fence. For eight days the fort was held. The defenders were now without food and water, but they never thought of surrender.

At last the Iroquois, balked of their prey, decided on a grand final assault. Under cover of their thick wooden shields they charged over the bodies of their slain fellows, leaped the stockade, and fell upon the heroic defenders with the fury of madmen. Dollard and his companions fought furiously, but one by one they fell beneath the Iroquois tomahawks. The fort was captured, but every Frenchman in it had fallen. Four were still alive, and their bodies were picked out of the pile of corpses. Three of them were burned, and the fourth was tortured to death a few days later. Of the gallant seventeen not a soul returned to tell the tale.

In days of old a heroic band of Spartans perished to save their country, and the story of their splendid sacrifice has stirred the pulses and kindled the souls of patriots all down the ages. Dollard and his friends were the Spartans of Canada; they were just as heroic as the men of Thermopylæ, and their fame ought never to die.

The Iroquois had bought their victory dearly, and they now respected French courage as they had never done before. They retreated to the forests, and New France was saved.

All the trouble in Canada, however, did not proceed from the Iroquois. The governors of Quebec and Montreal were always quarrelling with each other, and, to make matters worse, the Abbé Laval, who afterwards became Bishop of Canada, joined in their quarrels. As the representative of the Church he collided with the civil authorities at every point. At this time New France was in a terrible state. The total population did not exceed two thousand, and most of the people were shut up in the three towns of Quebec, Montreal, and Three Rivers. The people could not raise enough food to feed themselves, and had to depend upon the provisions brought by ships from France. The fur-traders sold "fire-water" to the Indians, and the drunken savages were a terror even to their friends. The Company of the Hundred Associates had failed to settle the country properly, or even to defend it; so young King Louis of France decided to do away with the company altogether, and take the government into his own hands.

For the future Canada was to be ruled as a royal province, under a governor, a bishop, and an intendant who looked after the laws and money affairs of the colony. The Sieur de Courcelles became governor, Laval was the bishop, and a very clever lawyer named Talon became intendant. Before long matters improved greatly. Two thousand soldiers and settlers entered the country, and the forts at Quebec, Three Rivers, and Montreal were strengthened, and new forts were built. The king sent out as governor the Marquis de Tracy, who brought in his train a number of young soldiers who came in search of adventure. Better days had dawned.

Before, however, New France could really succeed, an end must be made of the Iroquois. On September 14, 1666, a little army of thirteen hundred men, under De Tracy, left Quebec and pushed on through the forest, across swamps and lakes, to the Iroquois country, with drums beating and trumpets blowing. The Iroquois fled, and the French destroyed their villages. Soon the old enemies of New France were ready to make peace, and for twenty years their raids ceased Having done his work, and done it well, De Tracy went back to France, leaving Courcelles to govern the country.

Now that New France had peace it began to thrive. The priests could now go freely amongst the Indians without fear of torture or death. Settlers began to arrive, and the disbanded soldiers became farmers. Clearings were made, fields were planted, and harvests were reaped. Horses, sheep, and oxen were imported, fisheries were begun, lumbering was started, and a large trade arose with France. By the year 1688 over a thousand vessels were seen in a single year at Quebec.

The man who wrought this great change was Talon. He laboured early and late to make the lot of the colonists better; he advised them as to their crops, and showed them how to sell their produce to the best advantage. In order to supply the settlers with wives he brought a shipload of young women from France. When they arrived in Quebec or Montreal they were all gathered into one building, and the men who needed wives walked about amongst them until they found partners to their liking. A priest was in waiting, and the happy couples were at once married in batches of thirty at a time. Next day each newly-married pair was presented with an ox, a cow, two pigs, a pair of fowls, two barrels of salt meat, and eleven crowns in money, besides a farm and sometimes even a house. Every settler was encouraged to marry, and bachelors were heavily taxed.

A great fair was held at Montreal every year, and it must have been a strange and interesting sight. From the far-distant hunting-grounds came the Indians, their canoes laden with furs. They camped on the shore, and their fires gleamed along the margin of the great river. Next day the chiefs would visit the governor, and there would be feasts and "pow-wows," in which the Indians delighted. The next few days would be given to bartering with the merchants, who displayed their wares in booths. Then, when all the furs were exchanged for guns, powder, knives, kettles, and so forth, the fleet of canoes would silently disappear, not to be seen again until next spring.

Amongst the Indians there would be sure to be many Frenchmen who disliked farming, and preferred the free, roving life of the forests. They joined the Indians, lived in their wigwams, married their daughters, and hunted fur-bearing animals in the forests. These men were known as *coureurs de bois.* Most of them were reckless fellows, who were often more savage than the Indians themselves. After long months in the silent, lonely forests they looked forward to the fair at Montreal as a time when they might give themselves up to drunkenness and all sorts of foolish wickedness. Unhappily, the bad example set by the coureurs de bois was followed by the Indians.

Still, Canada owes much to these coureurs de bois. They wandered far afield, and slowly but surely opened up wild, unknown lands for the future settler. One of the most famous of them was Nicholas Perrot, who explored much of the interior. Another was Daniel Duluth, who gathered a band of bushrangers about him and lived in the forests of the west. A city at the head of Lake Superior still recalls his name.

Now I must tell you something of the way in which the land of Canada was held by the settlers. In an earlier chapter I described the feudal system which the Normans set up in England. The French carried a kind of feudal system with them to Canada. The king gave large estates to nobles, or rich traders, or officers, and these *seigneurs*, as they were called, did homage for them. Every seigneur was obliged to have a part of his land tilled within a certain time, or the land was taken from him. The seigneur therefore granted portions of his land to vassals, or *habitants*, and these men had to pay him small rents, either in money or in produce. The habitant was obliged to bring his corn to be ground at the seigneur's mill, and to bring his bread to be baked in the seigneur's oven. He had also to give the seigneur one-eleventh of the fish which he caught, and to work for him without pay during a certain number of days in the year. Usually the mill was built of stone, and was made so strong that it also served as a fort. The seigneur acted as a judge among his vassals, and settled small disputes. The Church was maintained by the habitants, who were required to give one-tenth of their produce for the support of the buildings and clergy.

Each farm granted by a seigneur was of a certain size, with a depth ten times as great as the frontage. All the farms fronted the river, and in the course of time they became continuous. A visitor to the lower St. Lawrence will notice even to this day the curious strip-like homesteads which had their beginnings some two hundred and fifty years ago.

Before I close this chapter, let me tell you in what way the government did harm to the people. The government looked upon itself as the father of the colony, and considered the settlers as mere children. It did everything for them, and would not allow them to govern themselves at all. We sometimes speak of this as grandmotherly government, and Britons dislike it very much. You remember that when the Romans conquered Britain they treated the Britons in much the same way. The consequence was that the Britons lost their independence. They had not learned to rely upon themselves, and when bad times came they were helpless to help themselves. In the same way the habitants were taught merely to obey, and never to be masters of their own fate. This was bad for them: it did not encourage them to be independent and self-reliant.

Chapter XXXII

The Rule of Cromwell

(1649 to 1658.)

WE must now return to Great Britain and take up the thread of its story. In Chapter XXX. I told you how King Charles the First was brought to trial and executed. On the scaffold he said that he died a victim to the "power of the sword," and that the nation was now a slave to the army. This was quite true. After the king's death the army set up a republic or "Commonwealth"—that is, a government without a king. The House of Lords was done away with, and a part of the old House of Commons, known as the "Rump," sat at Westminster. It consisted of members whose views were satisfactory to the army.

The news of the king's death caused great anger abroad and much grief amongst his friends at home. Ten days after the axe fell, a book said to be written by King Charles was published. It showed him as a most saintly man and a perfect king. The book was a fraud, but men and women all through the land read it with sobs and tears. Many who had consented to the king's death were now bitterly sorry for what they had done. Men openly spoke of King Charles as "the martyr."

In Scotland and in Ireland the people refused to have the Commonwealth government, and in the army itself there was a serious mutiny. That great, strong man Oliver Cromwell soon made an end of the mutiny. The Scots had chosen

Prince Charles, the eldest son of Charles the First, to be their king, and had invited him to come to Scotland to be crowned. In Ireland the forces of the Parliament had been overcome, and only Dublin remained in their hands. To make matters worse, the Dutch were preparing for war.

In 1649, Cromwell crossed over to Ireland with his buff-coated Ironsides. They were religious men, and believed that they were chosen by God for carrying out His work. They rode to battle singing psalms; in the pauses of the fight they read their Bibles. They were quite fearless, but they were also quite pitiless. In Ireland they stormed town after town, and slew the soldiers in them almost to a man.

Such terror was struck into the people that soon they ceased to resist. Thousands perished by famine and the sword, and shiploads of men, women, and children were sent as slaves to the West Indies. More than forty thousand Irish soldiers left their native land and joined the armies of Spain and France. So cruel was Cromwell that to this day his name is hated in Ireland.

Cromwell meant that the Irish should never have a chance to rise again. He therefore ordered them to leave the fertile provinces of Ulster, Leinster, and Munster, and move beyond the Shannon into the barren country of the west. All who did not obey were to be put to death. Awful suffering was caused by this order, which was not fully carried out. Then Cromwell planted his soldiers on the land. In the course of time, however, the settlers began to mingle with the Irish and to marry their daughters. Thus even the stern Ironsides became Irish as the years went by.

When Ireland was crushed Cromwell turned his attention to Scotland. Prince Charles by this time was at the head of an army. Cromwell pushed northward, and found a large force, under an old general named David Leslie, blocking the way. He therefore fell back on Dunbar, in order to get provisions from his ships, which lay there. Leslie followed him, and his men lay on the hills above the town. He also blocked the road southward, thus cutting off the English retreat. Cromwell was now in great danger. His men were sick and starving, and he decided to embark them on board the ships at nightfall. As dusk drew on, however, he saw the Scottish army begin to move down from the hills to the plain. The Scots had thrown away all their advantages, and Cromwell cried joyfully, "The Lord hath delivered them into our hand."

Just as the sun rose over the sea Cromwell flung his Ironsides at the Scottish horsemen, who broke and fled, and in so doing threw the footmen into confusion. The battle was all over in an hour, and Cromwell left three thousand of the enemy dead on the field, his own loss being small. Shortly afterwards he entered Edinburgh and began to conquer the Lowlands.

Early in the next year he fought his way to Perth. There he learned that Prince Charles, at the head of another Scottish army, had slipped past him and had entered England. Cromwell turned and marched south with all speed. He caught the Scots at Worcester, and once more his Ironsides won the day. Prince Charles had to fly for his life. After many hairbreadth escapes he managed to reach France in safety.

Now the army was master of three kingdoms. The "Rump" still sat, and Cromwell and the army wished to bring it to an end, so that a new Parliament might be chosen. The "Rump," however, would not give up power, and said that it meant to last three years longer.

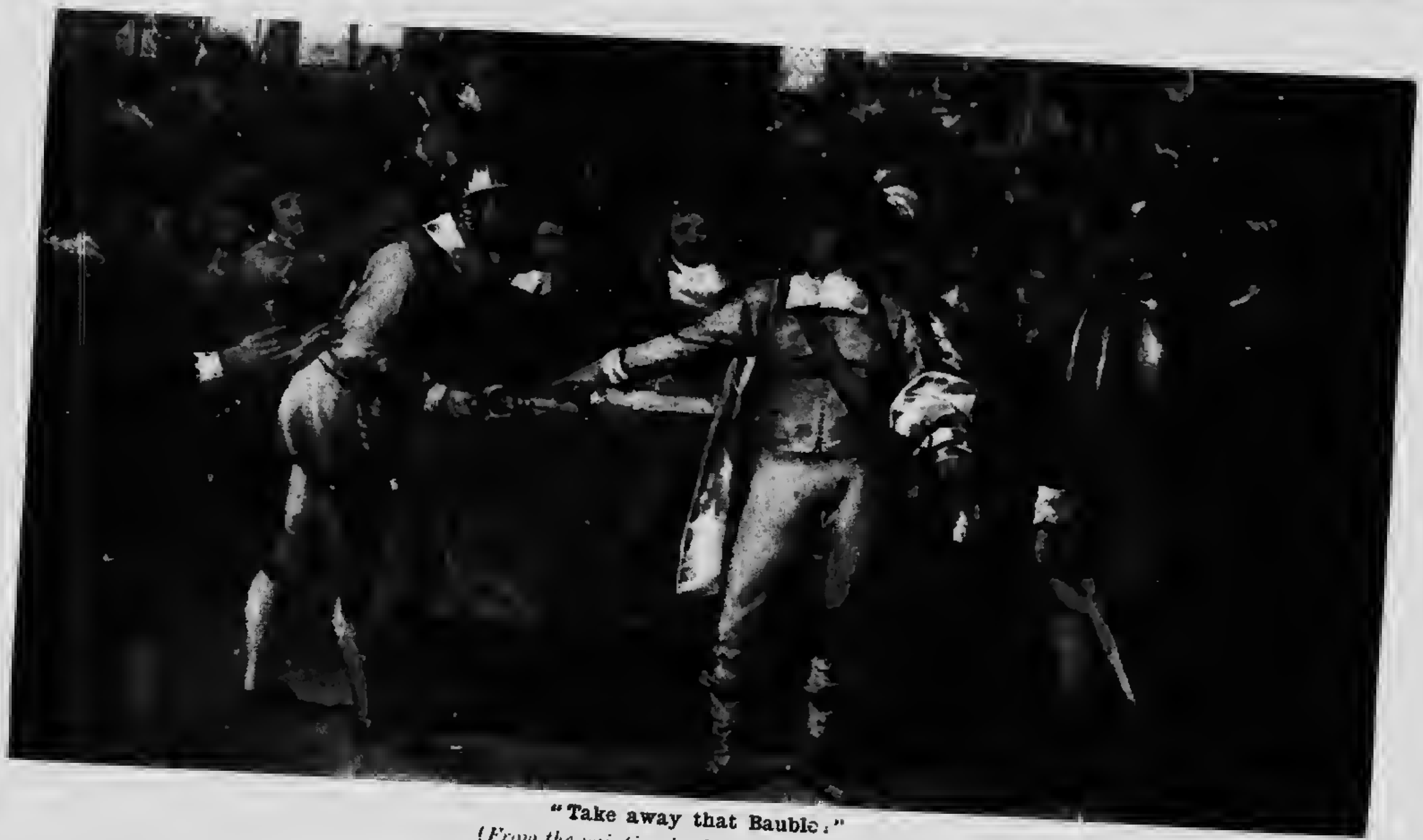
Look at the picture on page 213. It shows you the inside of the House of Commons with the "Rump" sitting. The date is April 20, 1653. The man in front of the table is Oliver Cromwell; to his left are his soldiers, armed with sword and spear. He means to put an end to the "Rump," and the picture represents him doing so. When he came down to the House of Commons he left a number of armed men outside the door, and took his seat as a member. Presently he rose and told the "Rump" that they were worthless talkers and nothing else. "But your hour has come," he cried; "the Lord hath done with you. I will put an end to your prating.

It is not fit that you should sit here any longer. You should give place to honester men. You are no Parliament."

Then he put on his hat, strode to the table, and stamped on the floor. Instantly thirty of his soldiers came in and drove out the members. The Speaker would not leave the chair, and tried to speak, but his voice was drowned in the uproar. Then one of Cromwell's friends offered to lend him a hand to come down, and the Speaker, yielding to force, did so. Pointing to the mace—that is, to the great gold staff which stands for the power of the House of Commons—Cromwell said, "What shall we do with this bauble? Here, take it away;" and a soldier removed it. Then he locked the door and strode away with the key in his pocket. Somebody chalked up on the building, "This house to let; now unfurnished."

Six weeks later he called together another Parliament, and found it full of wild men who were ready to overturn everything. This Parliament was known as "Barebone's Parliament," from the name of a member, who, according to the Puritan fashion of the time, was called Praise-God Barebone. The members quarrelled fiercely, and when the Parliament came to an end the Council of State begged Cromwell to become Lord Protector, with rights and duties which were almost those of a king. Nine months went by, and then another Parliament was called together. It was the first Parliament in which members from England, Scotland, and Ireland sat side by side. Soon, however, this Parliament was dissolved, and a third was chosen, which offered to make Cromwell king. He refused the title, though he was king in all but name. After this Parliament came to an end Cromwell never called another.

For the rest of his reign he was as much a tyrant as King Charles, but he was a far wiser and abler man, and he made his land feared and respected abroad, while he kept good order at home. "We always reckon the eight years of his rule," said a bishop who was his enemy, "as a time of great peace and prosperity." Trade improved, and the land became



"Take away that Bauble!"

(*From the painting by Benjamin West, P.R.A.*

wealthy and great; yet all the while Cromwell was bitterly hated, and his life was in peril. He wore mail beneath his clothes, and slept in a different room almost every night. Though he went his way fearlessly, he expected a pistol shot from every dark corner.

Now let me recall a scene which shows Cromwell at his best. Seated carelessly on a table in a room of the palace of Whitehall is the Lord Protector. He is a big, burly man, with a large head and a strong, rugged face. He cares nothing for looks or dress. When the painter Lely was painting his portrait, he warned him that if the pimples and warts on his face were not put in he would not pay a farthing for the work. Hard, stern, and cruel in warfare, he is at the same time simple and loving in his private life, and he believes from the bottom of his soul that the Almighty has chosen him "to do God's people some good."

At the other end of the table sits the great poet John Milton. Look at his beautiful face and fine head—fit casket for the noble thoughts which flit through it. He has given his life to poetry, and he goes to his desk as a knight to his vigil, firmly believing that no man can write worthily of great things unless his life is worthily lived. He loves virtue with all his heart and soul:—

"She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime."

He is secretary to the Council, and it is his duty to put into Latin all the letters which are sent to foreign rulers. Cromwell has heard that in the valleys of Switzerland a number of Protestants are being treated with great cruelty by the Duke of Savoy. He is greatly moved at the news, and he dictates a sharp, stern message to the King of France, telling him to put an end to the persecution. Cromwell's great admiral, Blake, has whipped the Dutch off the seas, and no nation in Europe dares challenge him. The King of France is to be told that if he does not do as Cromwell bids him, Blake's ships will soon be thundering at his seaports. Milton turns Cromwell's words into noble Latin, and the King of France is obliged to heed the warning. The persecution ends, and as long as Cromwell lives the Duke of Savoy does not dare to lift a finger against the Swiss Protestants. Nothing shows more clearly the power of Cromwell's name in Europe.

His days, however, are numbered. In three short years he will go hence and be no more seen. His health breaks down; he is attacked by fever and ague. His son-in-law dies suddenly, and then his best-beloved daughter passes away. Cromwell watches her fleeting breath depart, and knows that his own hour has struck. He lies on his deathbed while a great storm rages over England. Calm succeeds tempest, and the next day is the last of his life. His doctors urge him to take a soothing draught and try to sleep; but he replies, "It is not my design to drink or to sleep, but to make what haste I can to be gone."

Thus died by far the greatest Englishman of his time. Though there are black stains on his career, he stooped to so little that was mean and base, and wielded his power so firmly, that Britain has good cause to rejoice that for a brief space he was permitted to rule the land.

The Great Fire of London.

(From the mural painting by Stanhope A. Forbes, R.A., in the Royal Exchange, London.)

Chapter XXXIII

The King enjoys his Own again

(1660 to 1685.)

IT is the 29th of May in the year 1660, and London is making holiday. Flags and banners wave from the housetops; the citizens in their best attire throng the streets; the mayor, aldermen, and city councillors in their scarlet gowns make their way to tho gates; drums roll, trumpets sound, and bells clash from the steeples. The guns of the Tower roar out a welcome, and loud cries of "The king! the king!" are heard.

A procession now advances, led by twenty thousand horse and foot soldiers waving their swords and shouting for joy. Now you see the king. He sits his horse with an easy grace, and bows calmly as the crowd cheer him to the echo. He is tall and graceful, with a dark face and a rather forbidding look. As maidens strew flowers in his way and men cheer him until they can cheer no more, he smiles a bitter smile. "It must be my own fault," he says, "that I have not come back sooner, for I find nobody who does not tell me that he has always longed for my return."

He passes on to Whitehall, and enters the palace from which his father stepped on to the scaffold. The nobles and statesmen crowd about him to wish him a long and happy reign. Outside, the citizens are watching the Lord Mayor's show, which represents scenes from the king's life. On yonder platform you see a spreading oak tree, and high up in the branches is a figure showing Charles hiding from soldiers who are searching for him below. This incident took place just nine years ago, after the battle of Worcester, when the army of the young prince was thoroughly beaten, and he became a homeless wanderer. Another scene in the show represents him riding towards safety as the servant of Jane Lane, that heroic girl who risked her life to save him.

Nobles and gentry now bow before him in the palace of his sires. As they do so, he cannot but recall the hairbreadth escapes and the sufferings and dangers of those dark days when his own subjects sought his life. He recalls, too, the long, weary years when he was a poor, shabby exile on the Continent. What a contrast with the present state of things! There is one fixed idea in his mind—nothing shall make him "go on his travels again."

How is it, you ask, that the very men who slew the father and hunted the son through the country are now hailing him with joy? How has this wondrous change come about?

Cromwell's son Richard, an easy-going squire, loved the sports of the country far better than the glories of a throne. He hated the greatness that was thrust upon him, and within a year laid down his office. After this, for nearly a year, there was no government worthy of the name. The "Rump" returned to Westminster, but it was the laughing-stock of the country. At this time George Monk was in command of the army in Scotland. Monk saw that the time had now come when, with the full consent of the nation, the king might be restored. He therefore marched to London with seven thousand men, and found a great quarrel going on between Parliament and the city. London was heart and soul in favour of Charles, and it refused to pay taxes to the "Rump." Monk forced the "Rump" to dissolve, and a free Parliament was chosen. Almost its first act was to invite Charles to return. On his thirtieth birthday he entered the great city amidst the scenes just described.

The throne had been set up again, and what manner of man was he who now wore the crown? He was clever and good-tempered, and his manners were charming, but he was thoroughly selfish and ungrateful. He did not believe that any man or woman was really good; and he thought that every person could be bought with money or office. The father who had been sent to the block was an angel of light compared with the son who had been recalled to the empty throne. His court was filled with every kind of wickedness, and he seemed to care for neither God nor man.

During Charles's reign two great misfortunes befell London. So terrible were they that many people believed them to be the judgments of God on an ill-living king and his wicked court. The first of these misfortunes was the Great Plague. It was really a disease of filth. In our days we pay great attention to the cleanliness of our cities and houses. We do our best to clear away all foulness—to see that plenty of clean water is provided, and to open up dark places to the light of the sun and the health-giving breath of fresh air. Our forefathers, however, gave little or no attention to these things. Their towns were crowded and ill-built; dirt of all kinds gathered in the streets and gave rise to diseases which swept off the people by thousands at a time.

The plague raged through the greater part of the year 1665. The summer and the autumn of that year were very hot and dry. In July eleven hundred persons died in the course of a week, and the people began to grow alarmed. Steadily, day by day, the number of deaths increased. The court fled to the country; the clergy, for the most part, followed the court; business ceased, and grass grew in the streets. A red cross, with the words, "Lord have mercy upon us," marked the doors of all houses in which the plague appeared. No one was allowed to enter or leave such houses for fear of spreading the disease.

Fires were burnt in the streets in order to make the air purer, and at night dead-carts rumbled over the stones, the men in charge of them crying aloud, "Bring out your dead." Cartloads of bodies were thrown into great pits outside the city walls. At the height of the plague a madman appeared in the streets bearing a pan of burning charcoal on his head, and calling down the curse of God upon the wicked city. While some went mad with terror, others became hardened and reckless. They gambled and drank, robbed and rioted, even in the very presence of death. In all, some sixty-three thousand people, or one-fifth of the total population of London, perished in that fatal year.

Fire followed plague. London was then built almost wholly of wood, and the streets were so narrow that from the upper stories of the houses on either side two men might shake hands. The hot and dry summer made the wood like tinder, and when the fire broke out on September 2, 1666, it spread very rapidly. A strong east wind was blowing, and before long two-thirds of the city was in flames. At night the streets were as light as noonday. For four days and nights the fire raged.

About four hundred streets and thirteen thousand houses were destroyed. All the great buildings of London, including St. Paul's Cathedral, were destroyed, and for this reason London has fewer memorials of ancient times than many an English county town. Of course the ruined and homeless people suffered greatly. The fields round London were full of furniture, and of families camping out.

At last the fire was checked by blowing up a number of houses with gunpowder. The wind fell and the fire ceased, "as it were by a command from Heaven." Though the fire was considered a great misfortune, it was really a blessing. It swept away the foul courts and dark alleys where fever always lurked, and it enabled a better and more wholesome London to be built. The great architect Sir Christopher Wren built a new St. Paul's, and fifty-four other churches.

The return of King Charles meant that the Church of England was once more powerful in the land. The Parliament was full of men who were not only the king's friends, but strong Churchmen as well. This Parliament passed a number of cruel and spiteful acts against the Puritans, or "Nonconformists" as they were now called. The Puritan ministers who would not use the Prayer-Book were driven out of their churches. All religious services except those of the Church of

England were forbidden, and no minister who did not belong to the Church of England was allowed to teach in a school, or even to come within five miles of a town where he had once been a preacher.

These laws against the Puritans were chiefly the work of the Earl of Clarendon, the most faithful adviser that the king ever had. Clarendon often spoke sharply to Charles about his behaviour, and frequently made him keep his promises. "He often said it was the making those promises which had brought the king home, and the keeping of them must keep him home." The king's friends, however, hated Clarendon, and one of them often whispered in Charles's ear, "There goes your schoolmaster."

The good, strong government of Cromwell's day had gone. Charles wasted huge sums of money in wickedness and foolishness, and the army and the navy were starved. Fourteen years before Charles came to the throne Robert Blake had forced the Dutch to dip their flags to British ships in British waters. Now they entered the Thames, destroyed Sheerness, sailed up the Medway to Chatham and burnt eight men-of-war. "Tilbury Fort, the place where Elizabeth had, with manly spirit, hurled foul scorn at Spain, was insulted by the invaders. The roar of foreign guns was heard, for the first and last time, by the citizens of London." This disgrace made the nation very angry. All men now remembered that Oliver had made foreigners tremble at the name of England. Even the king's best friends thought that the State could only be saved by calling the old soldiers of the Commonwealth to arms.

The people now forced Charles to dismiss Clarendon. This he did without the slightest sign of regret. The courtiers rejoiced greatly, and as Clarendon sadly left Whitehall one of them told Charles "that this was the first time he could ever call him King of England, being freed from this great man." Now that he was "freed from this great man," Charles went from bad to worse. He plotted to rule without a Parliament, though he did not mean to run any risks by so doing. He made a wicked treaty with Louis the Fourteenth, the French king, by which he was to receive one million dollars a year if he would do his best to restore the Roman Catholic religion in England. In case his subjects should rise against him, Louis promised to send troops to put them down.

The laws against Nonconformists were very harsh, but Parliament now made them harsher. An Act was passed forbidding all Nonconformists, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic, from holding any office under the government. The king's brother, James, Duke of York, was the Lord High Admiral, and he had become a Roman Catholic; so, by this new law, he was forced to give up a post in which he had done good service.

The feeling against the Roman Catholics grew worse. A man now came forward with a tale that they were about to kill the king and do many other dreadful things. His stories were mostly lies, but they were believed, and many innocent Roman Catholics were sent to prison and were executed. Then the House of Commons declared that James should not be king after the death of Charles. There were fierce disputes on this matter, and civil war nearly broke out. By dissolving Parliament Charles prevented the Bill from becoming law.

On February 6, 1685, Charles lay dying, and on his deathbed he openly confessed himself a Roman Catholic. As the morning light began to peep through the windows, he turned to those who had watched him through the night and apologized to them. He had been, he said, a very long time dying, but he hoped they would excuse it.

Some years before his death one of his friends had written this verse for his tombstone:—

"Here lies our sovereign lord the king,
Whose word no man relies on,
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one."

Chapter XXXIV

The Story of La Salle

(1673 to 1687.)

ONCE more we must cross the Atlantic and continue the story of New France. So far she clung to the banks of the St. Lawrence, and her only advances into the great lonely land were made by priests, armed parties, or wandering trappers. A fort had been planned on Lake Ontario, but it was not built until the coming of Count de Frontenac, the strong and able governor who followed Courcelles thirteen years before the death of Charles the Second. Frontenac built not only a fort on Ontario, but another at Niagara, and these strongholds were his outposts in the west.

From the time of Jacques Cartier, Frenchmen in Canada believed that they would be able to find by way of the St. Lawrence a short route to China. They had no notion that there were thousands of miles of prairie and mountain between them and the Pacific. They knew something of the great lakes, but all beyond was wrapped in mystery. From time to time they listened to the stories of the Indians, who told them of a vast river which flowed somewhere in the interior; and this river they wished to discover, firmly believing that it would lead them to China and the Far East.

In 1673, one year after Frontenac had arrived in Canada, Louis Jolliet and Father Marquette, with a few followers, set off on this great quest. They followed the St. Lawrence until they reached Lake Ontario, and then pushed on to the north-west of Lake Michigan. At the head of Green Bay they arrived at the most distant of the French mission stations. Here they saw a cross which had been raised by some priest, and was still decked with flowers by the Indians. Leaving Green Bay, they travelled on, with two Indian lads as guides, through undiscovered country, until they reached the Wisconsin River. Down this stream they floated for a week, examining the banks carefully, in the hope of reaching the great river which they were seeking. At length, to their great joy, they saw the shining waters of the Mississippi spreading before them.

Day after day, as they floated onwards, they scanned the river-banks for lurking Indians, and night after night they rolled themselves in their blankets, expecting to be awakened by war-whoops. Eight days passed, and no sign was seen of friend or foe. On the ninth day they observed a well-worn path leading from the river into the forest. Jolliet and Marquette left their canoes and followed this path to an Indian village, where the chief received them most kindly, and smoked with them the pipe of peace. After a feast, all the Indians in the village escorted the Frenchmen to their canoes, and waved them farewells as they continued their voyage.

On they paddled with the stream through dense forests and rolling prairies, until they came to its confluence with the Missouri, a mighty river which comes from the west, and pours a flood of muddy yellow water into the clear Mississippi. During the month which followed they also discovered the Ohio and the Arkansas, but at the mouth of the latter river they learned that the natives farther south were not friendly, and that the Spaniards near the sea would be certain to capture them. They therefore turned back, and paddled against stream until they came to the Illinois, which they followed through a beautiful fertile valley, rich in pine forests and beautiful with clear streams and lakes, on which floated numbers of swans. When they reached the head of the Illinois, an Indian guided them back to Green Bay. They had discovered the great river, and had satisfied themselves that it did not flow west but south to the Gulf of Mexico.

In a Canadian Forest.

All through the journey Jolliet had kept a notebook, in which he had made a map of the river, and set down a full account of all that he saw. This account he meant to show to King Louis when he returned to France. During his voyage down the St. Lawrence, when he was within sight of home, his canoe was overturned, and his precious book sank to the bottom. Jolliet was, of course, much disappointed at the loss.

Frontenac heard Jolliet's story with delight. At that time a young nobleman named La Salle was staying with him. La Salle had left his native Rouen in the hope of finding adventures in New France. Already he had made many trips into the forests, where he had lived with the Indians as a *coureur de bois.* La Salle thought much over what Jolliet had said, and he came to the conclusion that the explorer was wrong. He would not believe that the Mississippi flowed into the Gulf of Mexico, because he wished to believe that it ran into the Pacific Ocean. He still thought that there was a short route to China, and he was eager to find it. For years he had sought a waterway to the great ocean, and his friends constantly asked him after every excursion into the interior, "Have you come from China?" So much did he talk of China that his companions called his little estate near Montreal "La Chine," and Lachine it is still called.

In August 1679 La Salle left Canada for a voyage down the Mississippi, but almost at once he met with misfortune. His little ship, the *Griffin*, which was laden with a rich cargo of furs, was wrecked on Lake Michigan, and three years passed away before he found himself afloat on the great river. His companions were a soldier named Henry de Tonti and a friar named Father Hennepin. De Tonti had lost a hand in battle, and in its place he had a new one made of steel and covered with a glove. The Indians were amazed to see what terrible blows De Tonti could deal with his iron hand, and they feared him very much.

La Salle and his companions travelled in sledges over a frozen river until they reached the Mississippi, where they found the ice too thick for boats. When spring came they paddled along gaily, but many days passed before they saw any Indians. When the strangers were seen, the Indians beat their drums and shouted their war-cries, and La Salle thought that they were about to attack him. He therefore landed on the other side of the river, and threw up earthworks in order to defend his party. Soon, however, he discovered that the Indians were friendly, and were quite ready to smoke the pipe of peace with him.

Most of the Indians whom he met were well disposed, and they gladly gave him help and food. Where he found the Indians unfriendly he ordered his men to paddle as quickly as they could, and in this way he was soon out of danger. From time to time he landed, and set up a cross bearing the arms of France, to show that he claimed the country for his king. At last, on March 19, 1682, a beautiful day, his canoes reached a place where the "Father of Waters" divides into three branches. While he followed one branch, his companions followed the others, and in a short time they reached the mouth of the river, and saw the waters of the Gulf of Mexico stretching before them.

The voyagers now went ashore, and on a piece of high ground set up a cross, and took possession of the Mississippi and all its branches in the name of Louis the Great, King of France. In honour of Louis, La Salle called the country Louisiana, the name by which it is known to this day. Then La Salle turned his face homewards; but a full year passed before he reached Quebec.

His friends were delighted to see him once more; but La Salle missed the face of the man who had helped him to make the great voyage. Frontenac's enemies, headed by Bishop Laval, had so worked against him that the king had ordered him to give up his governorship and return to France. This was not only a great blow to La Salle, but a misfortune to New France, for Frontenac was the strongest and best governor that the country had known since the days of Champlain. Unhappily, though he was very brave and clever, he was very haughty and obstinate, and this made him many enemies. No man knew better how to deal with the Indians than Frontenac, and the Five Nations had learned to fear him.

When La Salle heard that Frontenac had been recalled, he hurried to France, where he saw the king, who gave him great praise and much honour. He asked Louis to let him found a colony at Louisiana, and to this the king agreed. Ships were provided, and a little fleet laden with colonists and stores set sail for the Gulf of Mexico. The coast was quite unknown, and the ships missed the mouth of the Mississippi altogether. At length La Salle landed some hundreds of miles to the west of the river mouth, and the captain of the fleet sailed back to France, little caring what became of his countrymen.

La Salle now settled his men amongst the friendly natives, and as soon as possible started off to look for the Mississippi. For two years he wandered to and fro through forests and swamps, but never found it. At last he determined to make his way to Canada overland, and taking twenty of his colonists with him, he began the long journey of two thousand miles. He had no stores, so the men had to make clothing of sail cloth, shoes of buffalo-hide, and canoes of deer-skin. After much miserable wandering his men mutinied. While La Salle was absent from camp they killed his nephew and a faithful Indian servant. When La Salle returned and asked where his nephew was, one of the men shot him through the head.

Thus perished La Salle, one of the bravest and noblest of French explorers. He was the first man to sail down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico and claim for France the whole interior and west of the continent. What this claim meant, and how it led at last to the loss of the French possessions in America, we shall learn in a later chapter.

Chapter XXXV

A Turning Point

(1661 to 1670.)

THE reign of Charles the Second, base as it was, is very important in the history of our empire. Notable events happened in America, and for the first time we gained a foothold in India. The gateway to India in our days is the seaport and manufacturing city of Bombay. If we look at the map, we shall find that it stands on a small island on the west, or European, side of India. The island is now joined to a larger island, and also to the mainland by causeways and railroads. Between the island and the mainland is a splendid harbour, always crowded with shipping. The city contains a million souls, and is adorned with some noble public buildings.

Bombay was the first place in India to belong to the British crown. It came to us in the following way. In the year 1662 King Charles married Catherine, a Portuguese princess, and she brought the island and the town of Bombay to her husband as part of her dowry. The Portuguese, you must remember, were the first Europeans to sail round the Cape of Good Hope and reach India. Their sailors first landed on the west coast of India as far back as the year 1494—that is, two years after Columbus had discovered the West Indies. The Portuguese made their first settlement a few years later, and they continued to be the chief European power in India until about the year 1600, when the Dutch and the French began to make large inroads on their trade.

You must not suppose that England had no dealings with India before Bombay belonged to her. Trade between England and India had been going on for many years before the Portuguese princess became Queen of England. As far back as the last day of the sixteenth century Elizabeth had granted a charter to a company of London merchants, who began to trade with the East Indies. About 1624 this company was driven out of the East Indies by the Dutch. Then it very wisely turned its attention to India.

The East India Company was founded solely for trade, and it stuck closely to business for many years. In King Charles's reign it had four stations in India—Madras, Bombay, Fort St. David, and Fort William, where Calcutta now stands. A French East India Company began in much the same way, but its success was not great at first. Throughout the seventeenth century France made but little headway in India. Her great success and her overthrow, both in the New World and in India, came about in the eighteenth century.

Now let us leave India for America, and learn how the British colonies had advanced since the founding of New England. You remember the story of Captain John Smith and the work which he did in Virginia. Captain Smith, like all other explorers of his time, believed that a short route to China could be found across America. While he was exploring, he sent to an English friend named Henry Hudson a letter and a map which showed a waterway from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, a little to the north of Virginia.

At this time Holland was rich and powerful. Though she is no longer a first-class power, she was then mistress of the seas. It is not surprising that the Dutch have been, and still are, excellent sailors. For ages they have fought the sea, and have reaped its harvest for their livelihood. Their coast in many places is below sea level, and only by building great dykes and watching them most carefully can they keep back the devouring waves. The very highroads of the country are its rivers and canals. Always face to face with the ocean as friend or foe, the people have naturally taken to a seafaring life.

In 1609, Henry Hudson went to Holland and hired himself to the Dutch East India Company. He was given command of a small, clumsy, high-pooped vessel, manned by a score Dutch and English seamen, and was sent to America to try to find a passage to China. Early in the year he sailed into the mouth of a great, lonely river flowing out of the heart of the unknown continent. He spent three weeks in exploring this river, which is now known by his name, and came to the conclusion that it did not lead to China. He returned to Europe, and next year the Dutch merchants began fur-trading with the Indians on the Hudson River. In the following year they explored the coast, sailed up the Delaware River, laid claim to all the surrounding country, and christened it the New Netherlands. On the island of Manhattan, where New York now stands, a settlement was made, and was called New Amsterdam.

With the coming of the Dutch there were now five European nations engaged in founding colonies in the New World. Spain held vast possessions, chiefly in Central and South America, but her power was growing more and more feeble every year. Portugal held the great country of Brazil, but she too had seen her best days. France, as you know, had a great colony in Canada; while the British possessed Virginia and New England, along the shores of the Atlantic. The Dutch were the latest comers. They had beaten the Portuguese in the East, had crippled the might of Spain, and were now the leading sea power of the world.

When Cromwell ruled the British Isles he saw clearly that Holland had become our great rival, both on the ocean and in America. He therefore provoked the Dutch into war, and during its course the great British admiral, Robert Blake, humbled their navy, but did not destroy it. War with Holland broke out again in the fifth year of King Charles's reign, and during the struggle the Dutch sailed up the Medway, as you learnt in Chapter XXXIII. A disgraceful peace was made a week later.

The Dutch had now been in the New Netherlands for fifty years; but the English claimed that all the coast of North America belonged to them because of Cabot's discoveries, more than a century and a half before. If England was to be the chief power in America, she must drive out the Dutch; for they had, as it were, thrust a wedge between New England on the north and Virginia on the south. In 1664, during the peace, three English ships, well manned and well armed, suddenly appeared in the harbour of New Amsterdam and bade it surrender. Stout old Peter Stuyvesant, the lame governor, wished to fight; but the place was weak, and the settlers were unwilling to resist. So on August 29, 1664, the British flag was hoisted on the fort. Almost the first act of its new masters was to change the name of the place from New Amsterdam to New York, in honour of Prince James, Duke of York. At the time of the surrender New York had fifteen hundred inhabitants, most of whom spoke Dutch. Many thousands of the people in New York at the present time are descended from these Dutch settlers.

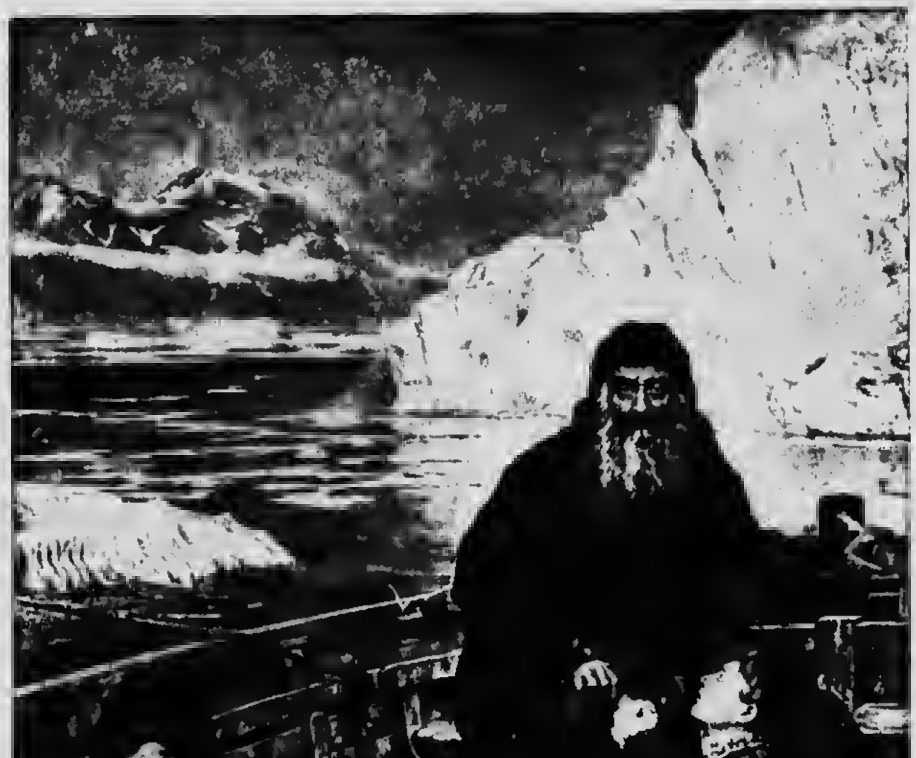
The capture of New Amsterdam marks a turning-point in the history of North America. With the loss of New Amsterdam Holland dropped out of the race, and France and Britain were left to struggle for mastery, not only in America, but also in India. In North America they were close neighbours, but they were very unfriendly neighbours, and were soon to be on the verge of war. At the time when La Salle reached the mouth of the Mississippi there were British colonies along the Atlantic sea-board, from what is now New Brunswick to Florida. Every year those colonies were growing in population, and were pushing themselves further inland. Unlike New France, they owed little or nothing to the home government. Each colony was separate from the others and ruled itself. The colonists, especially in the north, were very hardy and strong-minded men, who had been trained to think and act for themselves.

After La Salle's famous voyage the French held the two great waterways of North America—the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi—and they now laid claim to the whole of the continent watered by these rivers and their feeders. Had the claim been allowed, the British would have been shut in between the Alleghany Mountains and the sea. Their colonies would never have been able to expand, and they would have been barred from the rich plains of the interior. At this time all the French in Canada did not number more than one-twentieth of the people in a single British colony. That this handful of people should claim an empire larger than France itself in the heart of America was absurd. The claim of the French brought about a long and bitter quarrel with the British.

This was not the only cause of quarrel. The British and the French were rivals for trade, especially for the fur trade. The French tried to win over the "Five Nations," so that the tribesmen would bring furs for sale to Montreal or Quebec. The British, on the other hand, tried hard to get the western tribes to bring furs to them by way of the Hudson River. They were also tapping the fur trade round Hudson Bay. You must also remember that the French were Catholics, and that most of the British were Protestants. In those days men who differed in religion hated and feared each other, and were always ready to fight.

One other event of importance in Charles's reign must now be briefly mentioned. In the year 1670 Charles gave the whole vast region of forest and prairie surrounding Hudson Bay as a present to his dashing cousin Prince Rupert. A company was formed, known as "The Governor and Company of Adventurers in England trading into Hudson Bay." For all this vast country the company was required to pay to the king only "two elks and two black beavers" each year.

No doubt you will ask, By what right did King Charles give this country to his friends? I have already told you that the British claimed all the Atlantic shores of North America because of the discoveries of Cabot and of later explorers. During the year 1610–11 they had obtained a new claim to Hudson Bay and the lands surrounding it. In the former year Henry Hudson, who had left the service of the



Hudson's Last Voyage.

(From the painting by the Hon. John Collier, in the Tate Gallery.)

Dutch, sailed in a little English vessel, known as the *Discovery*, to find a way to China along the north coast of America. In the course of his voyage he entered the great bay that now bears his name, and wintered in it. When the ice broke up in the spring he left his winter quarters and continued his voyage. Food was scarce, and the men began to mutiny. Two of them formed a plot to get rid of the captain, his son, and the sick men, so that the remainder might share the food amongst them. One morning, when Hudson was coming out of his cabin, he was seized by three of the sailors, and his hands were tied behind him. The carpenter and two other men, hearing the noise, ran on deck and tried to rescue Hudson, but they were overpowered.

The boat was now hauled alongside and the sick men were forced into her, along with the three men who had tried to rescue Hudson. The carpenter would have been allowed to remain, but he said that rather than live with such a pack of ruffians he would die with his captain. Hudson and his son were then thrust into the boat, making a crew of nine in all. A fowling-piece, some gunpowder, a little meal, and an iron pot were then thrown in, and the tow-rope was cut. The ship then stood away, but presently hove to, in order that the captain's cabin might be ransacked. The men in the boat pulled after the ship with all their might; but the villains on board quickly got under way again, and left their captain and his boat's crew adrift among the floating ice. Hudson and his companions were never heard of again.

The Hudson's Bay Company soon established forts on or near Hudson Bay, and the Indians of the interior began to visit them with furs for barter. Once a year, when the ice had gone from the bay and the strait, ships arrived from England bringing supplies and provisions. Filling their holds with the furs that had been collected during the year, they sailed away again before the winter's ice blocked up the bay.

Chapter XXXVI

The Revolution—and After

(1685 to 1702.)

YOU are standing at Traitor's Gate of the Tower of London on June 8th, in the year 1688. A barge, laden with prisoners and closely guarded by armed men, draws near. At once you hear a loud cry from the boats which throng the river—"God save your lordships!" Who are these noble prisoners? Why do the people cheer them as they vanish into the great and gloomy fortress? They are the Archbishop of Canterbury and six bishops of the Church. They have been seized by the king and hurried to the Tower.

An hour ago they were led from Whitehall to the barge which awaited them, and they walked to the river's bank through crowds of Londoners who were strangely moved. Some fell on their knees and thanked God for what the bishops had done; others dashed into the stream and waded out through the ooze and water to give them a parting cheer. And now that they are passing through Traitor's Gate, even the warders of the Tower kneel and ask a blessing. Later in the day their guards will drink their health and refuse to drink that of the king. All day long the coaches of the first nobles of England will be seen at the prison gates, and crowds of people will cover Tower Hill. What does it all mean?

In order to explain this scene we must go back to the death of Charles the Second. The new king was his brother James. He was a better man than Charles, but he had none of the graces which made that king so popular. A writer of the time tells us that Charles could have been a great king if he would, and James would have been a great king if he could. James was not a bad man, but he was dull and obstinate. He learnt nothing and forgot nothing. He firmly believed in the divine right of kings, and he meant to restore the Roman Catholic religion, even at the risk of his crown.

His reign opened quietly, but before he had been a week on the throne he had done several unlawful things. The nation showed no anger until he began to attend mass in royal state, and to do away with the laws against Nonconformists so as to favour the Catholics. The feeling against the king grew daily, and when the Duke of Monmouth called the people of the west to arms in defence of the Protestant religion, about two thousand men—cloth-workers, ploughmen, and miners—fought for him, but were completely overthrown on Sedgemoor. The Duke of Monmouth paid the price of failure on Tower Green, and a cruel vengeance was taken on his followers. "At every spot where two roads met, at every market-place, and on the green of every large village which had furnished Monmouth with soldiers, ironed corpses clattering in the wind, or heads and quarters stuck on poles, poisoned the air and made the traveller sick with horror. In many parishes the peasantry could not assemble in the house of God without seeing the ghastly face of a neighbour grinning at them over the porch."

"The last battle ever fought on English ground" had been lost and won. The rebels had been crushed with the utmost cruelty, and James was triumphant. Men loathed him, but they dared not rise against him. His victory proved to be his undoing, for he now thought that the hour had come when Great Britain might be made a Roman Catholic country once more. He had already appointed a number of Roman Catholics officers in the army, though this was forbidden by the law. His object was to fill the army with his friends, in order that they might help him to carry out his plans. He not only meant to restore the Roman Catholic religion, but also to win back the old power of the Crown, that he might rule just as he pleased. His father had lost his head in trying to override the law, but James believed that he was going to succeed where Charles the First had failed.

He now tried to get Parliament to vote him money to keep up a "standing army." Hitherto there had been only a small army in time of peace; when large numbers of soldiers were needed the militia were called out. James said that the militia were of no use, and that a standing army ought to be provided. Parliament was anxious to please the king, but it would not agree to this, because it feared that he would use the army to make himself master of the nation. In France, Louis the Fourteenth was treating the Protestants most cruelly, and Parliament rightly thought that what Louis was doing in France, James would also do in England if he had an army to support him.

James now appointed Roman Catholics to many offices which they could not lawfully hold, and in case they should be brought to justice he pardoned them beforehand. He not only filled the army with Catholics, but gave some of them offices in the English Church and in the universities. Then he brought thirteen thousand soldiers to London and encamped them on Hounslow Heath. This done, he tried to win the Nonconformists to his side by doing away with the laws against those who did not belong to the Church of England. This was, of course, a right and proper thing to do, if it had only been done in a right and proper way. The king, you must remember, had no power to alter the law without the consent of his people. The Protestant Nonconformists refused to support him, because they knew that he was offering them freedom of worship in order to stamp out Protestantism altogether.

The nation now began to grow very angry, and its anger came to a head in the year 1688. In that year James ordered to be read in the churches a paper granting freedom of worship to all men. This paper was to be read on the first two Sundays of June. When the Archbishop of Canterbury received the king's command, he sent for six of his brethren, and together they considered what was to be done. At last the seven bishops agreed to write a letter to the king begging him not to force the clergy to break the law by reading an unlawful paper. This letter was printed, and we are told that "its words ran through England like an electric spark." When the day came for reading the paper in church most of the clergy refused to obey the king. In London only four clergymen dared to read it, and their people walked out of church as soon as they heard the opening words. Samuel Wesley, the father of John and Charles Wesley, actually preached from this text: "Be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."

There was still time for James to draw back, but he was too obstinate to do so. Instead of yielding to the will of his people, he now sent for the seven bishops and bade them withdraw their letter. When they refused he ordered them to the Tower on the charge of speaking evil against the king. Now you understand the meaning of the scene with which this chapter opened.

On June 29 the bishops were brought to trial in Westminster Hall. Never was there a stranger trial. The judges deserted the king, the lawyers hissed in court, and the citizens outside cheered loudly. Down in Cornwall, where "King Monmouth" had not been forgotten, the peasants were ready to fight for Trelawney, their bishop, and they sang a song with the following chorus:—

> "And shall Trelawney die? and shall Trelawney die?
> Then thirty thousand Cornish lads will know the reason why."

At dusk the jury retired to consider their verdict. All night long they sat disputing. Nine were for setting the bishops free, and three were for finding them guilty. Two of the three were won over, but a man who was the king's brewer held out, and was very obstinate. A country gentleman named Austin was just as obstinate on the other side. "Before I find the bishops guilty," said he, "I will stay here till I am no bigger than a tobacco pipe." The king's brewer saw that he was determined, and gave way in the morning.

At ten o'clock the court met. Amidst breathless silence the clerk of the court asked, "Do you find the bishops guilty or not guilty?" The foreman of the jury replied, "Not guilty." As the words were uttered a nobleman sprang up and waved his hat. "At that signal benches and galleries raised a shout. In a moment ten thousand persons who crowded the great hall replied with a still louder shout which made the old oaken roof crack, and in another moment the throng without set up a third huzza which was heard at Temple Bar. The boats which covered the Thames gave an answering cheer. A peal of gunpowder was heard on the water, and another, and another; and so in a few moments the glad tidings went flying to London Bridge and to the forests of masts below......The feelings of men had been wound up to such a point that......thousands sobbed aloud for very joy. Meanwhile, from the outskirts of the multitude horsemen were spurring off to bear along all the great roads news of the victory of Church and nation." Even the soldiers on Hounslow Heath shouted for joy. At night, in almost every window there was a row of seven lighted candles in honour of the bishops. James was a beaten man, and his last hour as king was drawing near.

On this very day seven of the leading men in the land sent a letter to William, Prince of Orange, asking him to bring a Dutch army to England to save the Protestant religion and the liberties of the people. William was not unwilling to come, and on November 5 his ships sailed down the Channel with a breeze that drove him gaily onward, and kept James's fleet wind-bound in the Thames. William landed in the west country, and began his march on London. Every day crowds of nobles, gentry, and peasants flocked to his banner.

The rats now began to leave the sinking ship. King James's soldiers deserted him, his courtiers slunk away, and even his own daughter Anne went over to William. James had not a friend in the whole kingdom. When William was almost at the gates of London, James fled by night. Some fishermen stopped him, and he was brought back again. A second time he fled, and this time he was allowed to escape. Thus ended the reign of the last Stuart king who ever sat on the British throne.

Who was this William of Orange who had come to deliver the land from the rule of King James? He was by no means a kingly person in looks. He was small and feeble, and was in bad health. Nevertheless there was something in his pale and careworn face, his eagle-like nose, and his bright, keen eyes that showed him to be no common man. He was now thirty-eight years of age, and had spent as hard and anxious a life as any prince known to history. His father was William the Second, ruler of the Netherlands; his mother was a daughter of Charles the First of England.

When William was twenty-two years of age his land was in very great danger. Louis the Fourteenth of France was by far the most powerful king of his time. He was vastly rich, and he had greater and better trained armies than any other prince. He believed that God meant him to be lord of Europe and king of kings. His ambition knew no bounds. In order to extend his boundaries to the river Rhine he overran Holland; but the dogged Dutch, led by William, would not yield. They opened the sluices in the dykes, and the sea came pouring in and drowned part of the land. The French were forced to retire, and for a time Holland was saved. Louis, however, only drew back in order to leap again. Many times he attacked the country, and many times William fought him. Though William lost battles, he never knew when he was beaten. He persuaded other nations to join him, and together they opposed Louis and managed to prevent him from swallowing up Holland. William and Louis hated each other bitterly, and neither would give in to the other. William's whole life was spent in preventing Louis from becoming master of Europe.

In the year 1677 William married Mary, eldest daughter of James the Second. Up to the year 1688 James had had no son, so Mary expected to become Queen of England when her father died. William was glad of this, for he needed the help of England to keep Louis at bay. In the year 1688, however, an event took place which changed all his plans. In that year a son was born to King James, and Mary was no longer heir to the English throne.

The birth of this prince not only made a great difference to William, but it was one of the reasons why the English people called upon him to deliver them from the misrule of his father-in-law. When his son was born James was fifty-five years of age. The English people were content to let James go on reigning for the rest of his life, because they knew that Mary, who would follow him, was a Protestant. When, however, they learnt that James had a son, they believed that they were likely to have a line of Catholic kings. They therefore delayed no longer, but called William to their aid.

After James had fled from the kingdom the crown was offered to William and Mary, who were to reign as joint sovereigns. Before, however, this was done, a list of James's unlawful doings was drawn up, and William and Mary swore never to do any acts of the kind. Two months later they were crowned king and queen.

This change in the government of the country is known as the Revolution. It was a very great change: it meant that British kings could no longer claim to be above the law, and to make and alter laws as they pleased. The new king and queen were only appointed to their high office on condition that they swore to rule according to the law as then set forth. Every future king or queen was to be bound by these conditions, and thus the whole character of the kingly office became changed. The law was laid down in an Act of Parliament which is commonly known as the Bill of Rights. In its way this Act is as important as Magna Carta.

England received the new king and queen favourably, but Scotland and Ireland were opposed to them. James had treated the Covenanters of Scotland most cruelly, and when he fled the kingdom the Scots rose in wrath and swept all his friends out of office. Still, there were people, especially amongst the Highlanders, who stood by the dethroned king. "Bonnie Dundee" gathered the clans, and with three thousand

Highlanders and a few Irish troops seized Blair Castle, which commanded the Pass of Killiecrankie, a long and narrow ravine leading from Perthshire to the Highlands.

The battle which followed need not detain us long. Dundee's Highlanders occupied the hills on the right, and were thus ready to fall upon King William's men when they reached the top of the pass. The royal troops toiled up the steep and rocky road, and marched straight into the trap prepared for them. Before they had time to fix bayonets the Highlanders rushed on them like a whirlwind. Most of the English troops broke and fled at the first charge, and in a few minutes the battle was over and won. Dundee was slain in the hour of victory, and his death was a fatal blow to the cause of James in Scotland. The Highlanders went to their homes, and soon Scotland was at peace.

Now I must tell you of terrible doings in a Highland glen. The Highland chiefs were required to swear an oath before a certain date that they would be faithful to William. Unfortunately, Macdonald of Glencoe put off swearing the oath until he was too late. The Master of Stair, who was then William's chief minister in Scotland, hated Macdonald, and persuaded William to let him punish the clan. Soldiers were therefore sent to Glencoe, and were kindly received by the Macdonalds. Suddenly, after fifteen days' residence among them, they turned upon their hosts and murdered the greater number of them. The "Massacre of Glencoe," as this foul deed was called, has ever since blackened the memory of William.

In Catholic Ireland James had most of the people at his back, and when in March 1689 he landed at Cork with French officers, arms, and money, he soon found himself master of the whole country, except the towns of Derry and Enniskillen. The siege of these two places began at once. Under the leadership of the Rev. George Walker and Major Baker the citizens of Derry made up their minds to hold out to the end. On the land side James surrounded the city with troops, and a boom was placed across the river to prevent ships from bringing relief.

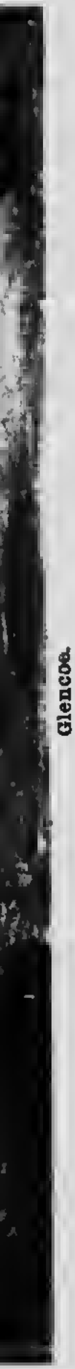
Glencoe.

(From the picture by J. B. M'Donald in the National Gallery of Scotland.
By permission of the Royal Scottish Academy.)

James tried to starve the city. Soon provisions ran short, and horse-flesh, dogs, rats, and refuse of all sorts became the only food of the wretched townsfolk. More than half the men in the place died; but in spite of their awful sufferings no one breathed the word "surrender." On the 15th of June the watchers on the cathedral tower saw a fleet of three ships sailing up Lough Foyle. The ships contained provisions for the starving people, and soldiers for the defence of the city. There was great joy at the news; but, alas! the fleet was forced to retire. On the evening of Sunday, 28th July, just when the last hope of relief seemed gone, the watchers saw the three ships again drawing near. The boom was broken, and amidst frantic cries of delight the ships sailed up to the city. At once there was plenty of food, and Derry was saved after a great siege of one hundred and five days. On August 18th James and his army marched away. At Enniskillen the townsfolk not only held their own, but overthrew their besiegers with great slaughter.

In June 1690 William himself went over to Ireland. He landed at Carrickfergus, and marched on Dublin. James tried to stop him at the crossing of the river Boyne; but William's troops forced the passage, and put the Irish army to flight. James himself was the first to fly, and he did not draw rein until he reached Dublin. The Irish were disgusted with him. Patrick Sarsfield, the great Irish soldier, said to one of William's officers, "Change kings with us, and we will fight you over again." The Battle of the Boyne, though it did not end the war, gave the death-blow to James's cause in Ireland. In the summer of 1691 the Irish army was cut to pieces, and the war came to an end.

During the rest of his reign William was almost constantly fighting against his old enemy, King Louis. At first the fortune of war went against him. However, in 1697 peace was made, and Louis undertook to give back to their rightful owners all the lands and fortresses which he had taken from them. By this peace William saved Holland, and checked Louis at the height of his power.



Glencoe.

Chapter XXXVII

Frontenac's Return

(1682 to 1702.)

I HAVE already told you that in the year 1682 Frontenac was recalled in disgrace to France. The man who took his place was as weak as Frontenac was strong. Frontenac had cowed the Iroquois; but La Barre, the new governor, let them master him. They openly boasted that they meant to destroy the Illinois Indians and secure the western fur trade for the British, with whom they were friendly. On one occasion, when La Barre sent a fleet of canoes to trade with the Illinois, the Iroquois stopped them and stole the goods which they contained. This made the governor very angry, and he set out with nine hundred men to punish them. So badly, however, did he manage affairs, that he was forced to make peace with his foes. At the "pow-wow" when the peace was arranged, an Iroquois named Big Jaw told the governor that the Illinois would be destroyed whether he liked it or not. Frontenac would have knocked the man down, but La Barre did not dare even to reproach him. Shortly after this the incapable governor was recalled.

The new governor was the Marquis de Denonville, an officer of dragoons. Soon after his arrival Colonel Dongan, the British governor of New York, encouraged the Iroquois to make raids on the French. Denonville did not care to make a direct attack on Dongan, so he sent a small force to Hudson Bay with orders to capture the "forts" of the Hudson's Bay Company and drive out the British. They were led by the

Chevalier de Troyes and the three famous sons of Charles le Moine, the eldest of whom was the Sieur d'Iberville, a man who was afterwards to prove himself one of the most able and daring naval commanders that France has ever known. With a force of some one hundred and thirty men they left Montreal and made the long, tiresome journey up the Ottawa until they reached the "height of land." Then they threaded the pathless forest, and pushed on to James Bay.

This war-party first captured Moose Factory, which was occupied by sixteen traders who were in bed when the attack was made. Then, after much preparation, Fort Rupert, which could not resist because it was under repair, was seized. Fort Albany, the third of the company's posts, held out for a time, but surrendered at last. The French were overjoyed at their so-called victories, and marched back in triumph with more than fifty thousand beaver skins which they had seized. Some of the company's servants carried the spoils, and during the march several of them were murdered by the Indians. De Troyes was greeted as a hero by the French in Montreal, Three Rivers, and Quebec, though there was nothing very heroic in the capture of a few peaceful traders by a force which far outnumbered them.

De Denonville now prepared to attack that tribe of the Iroquois known as the Senecas. While halting at Fort Frontenac he sent to the Iroquois chiefs in the neighbourhood and invited them to a feast. As they had been living on good terms with the French, they came to the fort in all good faith. When, however, they were inside, De Denonville ordered them to be seized and thrown into prison. After a time they were sent to France, where these proud sons of the forest, who thought work of any kind beneath their dignity, spent the rest of their lives in rowing the king's galleys. The Iroquois never forgot this shameful deed.

When De Denonville reached the country of the Senecas he found the villages deserted. He burned their stores of Indian corn, reaped their fields, and destroyed their herds of swine. A friendly Indian told him that by so doing he was acting very unwisely. "It is dangerous," said he, "to disturb a wasps' nest, unless you kill the wasps." De Denonville had, in truth, disturbed many wasps' nests. The "Five Nations" were now furiously angry, and at once began to make raids into Canada. In the darkness of night they swooped on the sleeping villages and lonely farms. Screams of agony startled the echoes, and then all was still. A few corpses and a heap of smoking ruins told the terrible tale only too well. At length Denonville asked for peace, and Iroquois chiefs came to Montreal to settle the terms.

Though the Iroquois were ready to make peace with the French, they still meant to destroy the western tribes of Indians. This was known to the threatened tribes, and a famous old chief, known as the "Rat" because of his cunning, set himself the task of making peace impossible. While some of the Iroquois chiefs were on their way to Montreal to sign the peace, he lay in ambush with a number of his warriors and seized them. When he was told who and what they were, he pretended to be much surprised. "The governor himself," he said, "ordered me to seize you. May the gods curse him for his falseness." Then he set his prisoners free, and bade them go home and tell their people how they had been treated. "I have killed the peace," said the crafty old man; and so he had.

A few months passed away, but all the time the Iroquois were nursing their wrath and plotting revenge. King William and King Louis were now at war, so Canadians and Canadian Indians and British and British Indians were at war too. In the month of August 1689 some fifteen hundred Indians landed silently on Montreal Island, and fell upon the settlement of Lachine. The inhabitants were sleeping peacefully, when they were suddenly awakened by blood-curdling war-whoops. Men, women, and little children were dragged from their beds and pitilessly butchered. Mercy was shown to none. Those whom the knife, the tomahawk, and the torch spared were reserved for tortures more awful than death. Some two hundred persons perished on that stormy August night, and for two months the Iroquois went to and fro, murdering and burning, and none dared stand against them. With the coming of winter the savages returned to their own country, and the stricken land had peace.

De Denonville was an utter failure, and the Canadians longed for the strong hand of the fiery old soldier whom they had driven away seven years ago. With great joy they heard that he had again been appointed governor. He was now seventy-two years of age, and his task was terribly difficult: he had not only to overcome the Iroquois, but also to fight the British on his borders. The struggle for mastery on the North American continent had begun. Unless something was done, and done at once, New France would be lost to King Louis.

Callières, the governor of Montreal, urged the King to go to the fountain-head of all the mischief, and make an attack on the British in New York. To this the king agreed, and Frontenac mustered three war-parties, which were not only to punish the British colonists, but were to show the Indians that the arm of France had not lost its might. At this time the Five Nations had nothing but contempt for the French. They were accustomed to spit on the ground at the very mention of their name. Frontenac meant to teach the Iroquois a lesson which they would not soon forget.

Accordingly his bands of Indians and French marched through the forests and fell upon the British settlements in New York and New England. There were horrible scenes of slaughter, and the labour of years was destroyed in an hour. After killing and scalping defenceless farmers and their wives and children, and burning their houses and barns to the ground, the war-parties returned in triumph, and the Iroquois learned that Frontenac could still strike as heavy a blow as in the days of old.

Frontenac, however, like De Denonville, had disturbed a wasps' nest. He had roused the hatred of the British colonists, who were now thirsting for revenge. England and France were at daggers drawn in Europe, and neither party could spare troops to fight in Canada. Nevertheless, the British determined to fight their own battles. For the first time the colonies chose men to represent them, and a council was held at which it was decided to invade Canada both by land and by sea. The land forces were to march by way of Lake Champlain against Montreal, and the naval forces were to attack Port Royal and Quebec.

The command of the fleet was given to Sir William Phips, the son of a Maine blacksmith. He had spent most of his life at sea, and had made a fortune by raising a sunken Spanish galleon with one and a half million dollars on board. When Phips brought his treasure trove to England, Charles the Second was so pleased that he knighted him. His fellow-countrymen of New England were very proud of him, and entrusted him with their fleet of thirty-two vessels, manned by two thousand men. Port Royal was easily captured, and then late in the autumn Phips sailed for Quebec and anchored just below the town. As he gazed up at the mighty rock over which the white flag of France was floating, he knew, for the first time, what a difficult task he had undertaken.

At once he wrote a letter, roughly demanding the surrender of Quebec, with its stores and inhabitants, and promising mercy to all if there was no fighting. The city must be given up in one hour. This message he sent by a young major to Frontenac. When the major landed with his flag of truce, he was at once blindfolded and led up the heights to the castle. When the bandage was taken off, the messenger was surprised to find himself in the presence of Frontenac and a crowd of officers in handsome uniforms.

Frontenac read the letter, and his face flushed with anger. Meanwhile the young major grew impatient. He took out his watch and said, "It is now ten o'clock, and my general expects an answer by eleven."

"You need not wait so long for an answer," replied Frontenac. "I refuse to surrender."

"Will you put that in writing?" asked the messenger.

"No," said Frontenac haughtily. "I will give no answer but by the mouth of my cannon. Tell your general this is no way to send a summons to a man like me. Let him do his best, and I shall do mine."

The messenger was again blindfolded and led back to his boat. Then the guns of Quebec roared out Frontenac's reply. Almost the first shot from them carried away the flag on Phips's vessel, and several Canadians at once swam off and brought it ashore. It was hung on the walls of the cathedral, and remained there until the city was captured by the British, sixty-nine years later.

For two days Phips did nothing, but on the 18th of October he landed thirteen hundred men and some small cannon, in the hope of crossing the St. Charles River and attacking Quebec from the rear. At the same time his guns opened fire on the town; but the reply from the ramparts was so fierce that he was obliged to draw off. For three cold and hungry days the landing-party tried to cross the St. Charles River, but every time they were driven back, and at last were forced to retreat, leaving five of their cannon behind them. On the following day Phips sailed away for Boston, and the townsfolk and soldiers on the rock gave themselves up to rejoicing. In Boston the news of the failure caused much anger and dismay, especially as the army which was to attack Montreal never got beyond Lake Champlain.

During the winter of 1691 and 1692 the Iroquois made constant raids into Canada, and dreadful scenes were witnessed. During these raids many heroic deeds were done by the Canadian settlers, both men and women. Let me tell you how a young girl of fourteen won everlasting fame by her coolness and courage. Her name was Madelaine, and her father was seigneur of Verchères, a blockhouse ten miles from Montreal, on the south side of the St. Lawrence. One morning, when her father was absent at Quebec and the servants were working in the fields, Indians appeared before the house and began to attack it fiercely. The only persons within were two soldiers, an old man of eighty, Madelaine, and her two young brothers. The soldiers lost heart, and wished to blow up the fort; but Madelaine sternly ordered them to their posts.

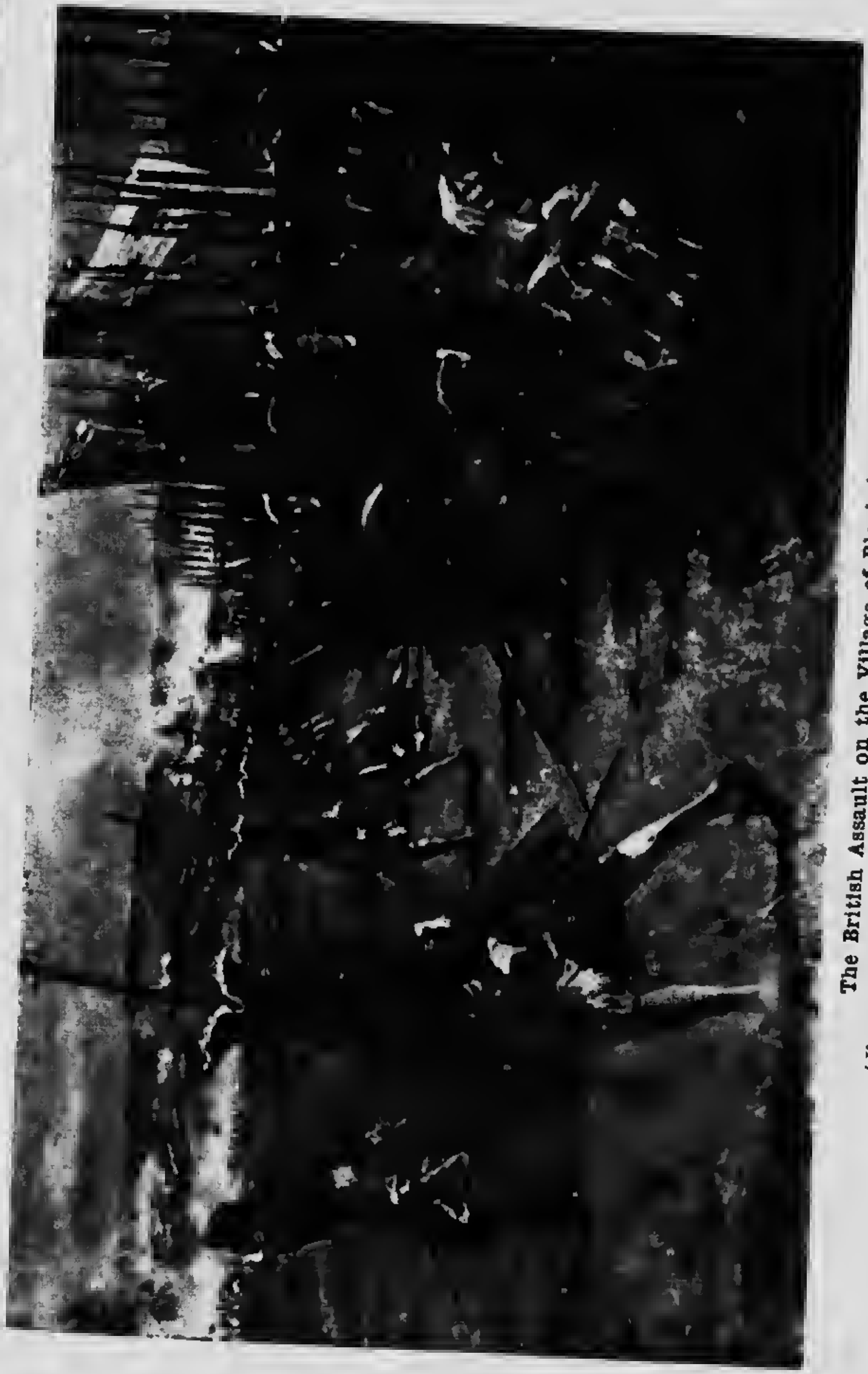
Then she and her brothers seized muskets and kept up a brisk fire through the loopholes on the Indians outside. Day and night for a week she kept watch, and so prompt was she to reply to every attack that the Indians thought the fort must be held by at least a dozen men. At last a relief party arrived, and the Indians disappeared. Imagine the surprise of the leader when the gates were flung open, and a pale, worn girl of fourteen appeared as the heroine of the siege!

> "Then he beckoned the men behind him, and steadily they advance,
> And with carbines uplifted the veterans of France
> Saluted the brave young captain so timidly standing there,
> And they fired a volley in honour of Madelaine Verchères."

The heroic Frontenac, now nearly eighty years of age, set out once more in 1696 to attack the Iroquois of northern New York. He was too old to march with his men, and was carried in a chair. Nevertheless, his fiery courage was unabated, and he showed all his old skill as an Indian fighter. The Indians fled at his approach, and having laid waste their fields and destroyed their stores, he returned to Quebec. The Iroquois now begged for peace; but Frontenac would not hear of peace while the western tribes were in danger. A few weeks later he died, to the great sorrow of his people.

Callières, who was the new governor, understood only too well that New France could never make any progress until peace was made. In the year 1701 twelve hundred braves of the Five Nations, in all the glory of paint and feathers, gathered at Montreal, where they smoked the pipe of peace and handed the French governor a belt of wampum to show their friendship. Amongst the warriors was the "Rat," who had killed the peace thirteen years before. He made a long speech, but in the middle of it was taken ill, and died before the feasting and merry-making were over.

The peace was a real one. The Iroquois never again gave serious trouble to the Canadians, and New France had at last a chance to become prosperous. Next year, however, war broke out again between the French and the British, and once more the colony was fighting for its life.



The British Assault on the Village of Blenheim

(From the picture by Allan Stewart, specially painted for this book.)

Chapter XXXVIII.

"The Greatest Soldier of His Time."

(1702 to 1714.)

ENGLAND has many "stately homes," and one of the stateliest of them all is to be found near the Oxfordshire village of Woodstock. Within a short distance of the main street there is a noble archway, through which the visitor enters a great park. Within the park he sees a splendid building with towers and pinnacles. In front of it is a beautiful lake, crossed by a fine stone bridge of three arches. On the distant bank rises a lofty column, crowned by a statue. The house is Blenheim Palace, and the column is in memory of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, "the greatest soldier of his time."

Marlborough's greatest victory was won at Blindheim, or Blenheim, a village of Bavaria, in South Germany, on August 13, 1704. So important was this victory that the government presented Marlborough with a large sum of money to buy land and to build a palace, which should be named after his great battle. Standing before this splendid pile, let us learn something of the man who thus won his nation's gratitude.

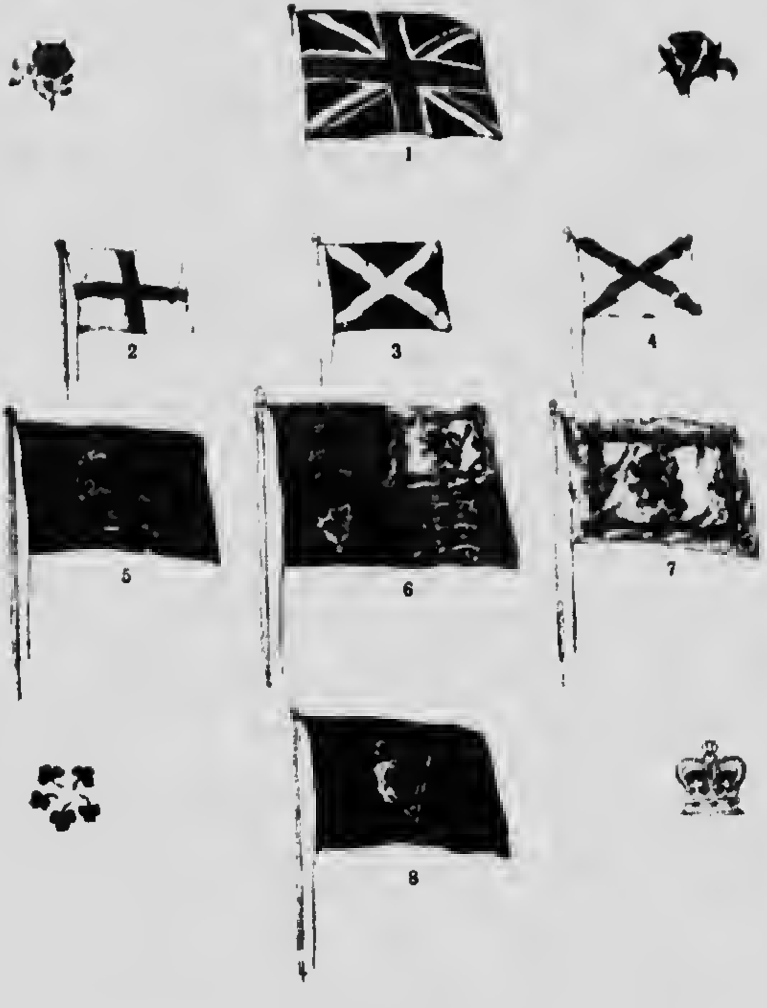
John Churchill, afterwards Duke of Marlborough, was the son of a Devonshire knight, Sir Winston Churchill, and was born in the year that Cromwell defeated the Scots at Dunbar. Seven years after Charles the First came into his own again Churchill became an ensign in the army. He soon saw service abroad, where he was known as the handsome Englishman. His manners were very charming, and he was soon famous as a soldier. He was a good manager of men, cool and fearless in battle, very far-seeing in laying his plans, and able to bear much more fatigue than most men.

In 1678 he married a beautiful lady of the court named Sarah Jennings. She had a very bad temper, and was a very masterful woman; but Churchill loved her dearly all his life long. He hated writing, chiefly because his spelling was so bad; yet in the midst of his marches and sieges, and even from the battlefield itself, he constantly wrote loving letters to his wife.

Sarah Jennings was the bosom friend of the Princess Anne, the heiress to the throne. Anne was very good-natured, but very weak, and Sarah Jennings ruled her with a rod of iron, and did not allow her to have a mind of her own. As for Anne's husband, he did not count. He was said to be the most harmless and most stupid man in the land.

Great soldier as he was, Churchill was base, ungrateful, and faithless. He was probably the only really great man who loved money for its own sake, and more than once he sacrificed his honour in order to obtain it. James the Second gave him high rank in the army, and made him Earl of Marlborough; but he deserted to William as soon as he saw that the Dutch king was sure to win. William knew Marlborough's baseness, but he also knew that he was a splendid soldier, so he gave him a command in Ireland. When, however, William found Marlborough plotting with James, he drove the duke and his wife from court. The princess refused to be parted from her friend, and left the court too. After Queen Mary's death, Anne was the heiress to the throne; so William was obliged to recall her to his court, and with her returned the Marlboroughs. Before long William knew that Marlborough was the best possible man to carry on his great work of checking the ever-growing power of King Louis.

Towards the end of William's reign the King of Spain made a will leaving Spain and her colonies, part of the Netherlands and part of Italy to a grandson of Louis. As this grandson



Our National Flags.

1. The Union Jack.
2. The Cross of St. George.
3. The Cross of St. Andrew.
4. The Cross of St. Patrick.
5. Standard of England.
6. Royal Standard of United Kingdom.
7. Standard of Scotland.
8. Standard of Ireland.

might one day be King of France as well as King of Spain, he was likely to become so mighty as to be able to master Europe. William meant to prevent this from happening, so he got Austria to join with England and Holland, and tried to make Louis promise that the crowns of France and Spain should never be united. Louis would give no such promise, so William prepared for war. Before much could be done he was dead.

When Anne came to the throne the Marlboroughs were really king and queen of England. The duke was made commander of the British forces at home and abroad, and in 1702 war began. During a large part of the next hundred and thirteen years Britain and France were engaged in open warfare, and in the course of the long and deadly struggle France lost her foreign empire and her mastery of Europe. Not for one hundred and fifty-one years were the ancient foes to lay aside their hatred and unite in the warm friendship which exists between them to-day.

Now in this book I cannot tell you about all the marches and sieges and battles in which Marlborough was engaged. This war was fought in the Netherlands, in South Germany, and in North Italy, and long before it was over all the world knew that Marlborough was one of the greatest soldiers that ever lived. He was the victor of one of the most fateful battles known to history; he overthrew the power of Louis; he never fought a fight which he did not win, and he never besieged a place that he did not take.

Let me tell you something about the battle which Blenheim Palace recalls. Early in the year 1704, Louis, with a mighty army, began to march towards Vienna, the capital of Austria. Marlborough knew that if the city fell Austria would be conquered. He therefore made a dash for the Danube, in order to block the road to Vienna. While he marched right across Germany from the Netherlands, his fellow-general, Prince Eugene, crossed the Alps from Italy. The enemy knew nothing of these movements until the two generals joined hands and were ready to fight a battle.

On August 13, 1704, the armies faced each other. The French, numbering fifty-six thousand, held a strong position with a marshy stream in front, hilly country on the left, and the Danube on the right. A short distance from the great river stood the village of Blenheim, which had been strongly defended, and was filled with French foot-soldiers. At sunrise Prince Eugene, with twenty thousand men, began to make his way through broken and wooded country, so as to cross the stream and fall upon the enemy's left wing. His troops were not across the stream until midday, and when they faced the enemy they were so weary that they could do little more than hold their own.

While Eugene was struggling on the right, the rest of Marlborough's forces rested under arms. The British filled up the time by hearing divine service. When this was over, Marlborough rode along the lines, and found his men in the highest spirits, eager for the battle to begin. Soon a messenger arrived with the news that Eugene was across the stream. Marlborough at once sent his foot-soldiers against Blenheim, and led the rest of his men across the little river to attack the enemy's centre.

The British foot-soldiers advanced under a shower of grape. They were ordered not to fire a shot until their leader struck his sword against the fence which surrounded Blenheim. They obeyed, and marched with great steadiness, but they could not capture the village. Marlborough, however, crossed the swampy ground and the stream, and then at the head of his horse-soldiers completely overcame the cavalry of the enemy. This done, he drove their horse and foot southward to the Danube, where they had the choice of drowning or yielding. The troops in Blenheim tried hard to cut their way out, but could not do so, and were obliged to lay down their arms. At the end of the day the French army was no more. Some twelve thousand men had been killed; fourteen thousand were made prisoners, including the French general and a large number of his chief officers. "It was a famous victory."

Elsewhere, too, fortune smiled on the British arms. Look at a map of Europe and notice the position of Gibraltar, "the Key of the Mediterranean." The British flag was first hoisted on "the Rock" in the year of Blenheim. The Spaniards, during a feast day, left it unguarded, and a party of British sailors climbed the cliff, while another party made an attack on the harbour. In a few hours the British were inside the fortress, and they are there to this day. Four times in fifty-six years the Spaniards tried to retake it, but in vain. It is now so strongly fortified that it cannot be captured.

The war continued for ten years, and during that time other important gains were made, one of which was in America. You remember that Sir William Phips failed to capture Quebec, but easily took Port Royal. He did not, however, leave soldiers to guard the port, and the French returned to it when his fleet sailed away. Three years after Blenheim another fleet, under Colonel Marsh, was sent from New England to capture Port Royal, but failed to do so. A second attempt was made in 1710, and this time Queen Anne sent over money and warships to help the colonists. Port Royal was taken without much trouble; and thus, after having changed hands so often, it became British. In honour of the queen its name was changed to Annapolis Royal. With the fall of Port Royal all Nova Scotia fell into the hands of the British.

Next year another powerful fleet was sent against Quebec, but misfortune dogged it from the outset. Some of the ships were wrecked in sailing up the St. Lawrence, and a thousand men were drowned. The officers were faint-hearted, and did not persevere; so the white flag of France still floated on Cape Diamond.

The war had now lasted ten years, and both sides were weary of the struggle and ready for peace, which was made at Utrecht, in Holland, in 1713. This peace is very important in the history of our empire, because Louis admitted our right to Gibraltar, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and the great fur-bearing lands claimed by the Hudson's Bay Company. Canada, however, still remained in the keeping of France.

Before we leave the reign of Queen Anne you must learn how Scotland and England united their Parliaments. You will remember that both countries had been under the same sovereign since the day when James the Sixth of Scotland became James the First of England. Each country, however, had its own Parliament, its own laws, its own church, and its own national life. During William's reign the Scots were very angry with the English; and rightly so, for they were not allowed to have any share in England's trade with the colonies. There were other reasons, too, why there should be ill-feeling between the two nations.

In Queen Anne's reign the Scots were determined that the next King of England should not be King of Scotland unless equal rights of trade were given to the people on both sides of the Border. At first it seemed that the quarrel could only be settled by war. Sensible men on both sides, however, knew that this was madness. They therefore set themselves to unite the Parliaments of the two countries. This was not easily done, for the Scots have always loved their independence. They hated the thought of union; but at last the members of the Scottish Parliament were won over, and an Act was passed. “There's the end of an auld song,” said one of the great men present, and with this ill-timed jest to hide a sad heart, the Scottish Parliament came to an end.

By the Act of Union the kingdoms of England and Scotland were united into the kingdom of Great Britain, and Scotsmen and Englishmen had thenceforth the same rights. Scotland was to keep her own Church and her own laws, and Scottish members were to sit in the Houses of Parliament at Westminster.

The union of the Parliaments reminds us of the Union Jack. Every day in most large towns you see the Union Jack floating over the town-hall or the schools. Whenever you see it I hope you are proud of it, for it calls for your deep respect and affection. It stands for the land to which you belong, the land which it is your duty to honour, serve, and defend. It was the flag of your forefathers; it is your flag; and it will be the flag of those who are to come after you. Thus it speaks to you of the past, the present, and the future. It reminds you of those who built up our fame; it calls upon you to be worthy of them, and to hand on the flag to Britons of a later day, still more glorious because of noble deeds nobly done.

Now let us try to understand the meaning of the Union Jack. Each of the nations of the British Isles has its own special saint. England's saint is St. George, and the cross of St. George is a red cross (+) on a white ground. Scotland's saint is St. Andrew, and the cross of St. Andrew is a white ×-shaped cross on a blue ground. Ireland's saint is St. Patrick, and St. Patrick's cross is a red ×-shaped cross on a white ground.

Now the Union Jack, as we have it to-day, consists of the three crosses of England, Scotland, and Ireland placed one above the other. Examine the flag carefully, and you will see the red cross of St. George on the top, beneath it the white cross of St. Andrew, and lying on this the red cross of St. Patrick.

When James united the crowns of the two countries a special union flag was made, and was used by the king's ships as a *Jack*—that is, a flag flown from a staff at the end of the bowsprit. This *Jack* was made up of the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, and it was our national flag for two hundred and fifty years.

In this chapter I have told you how the Parliaments of England and Scotland were united in the year 1707. Nearly a hundred years passed away before the Irish Parliament was united with that sitting at Westminster. When this was done, the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland came into being. Then the cross of St. Patrick was added to the flag of Great Britain, and thus the *Union Jack* was produced. In our day the Union Jack is a great deal more than the flag of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland: it is the flag of the British Empire.

Chapter XXXIX

"Bonnie Prince Charlie"

(1714 to 1755.)

LOOK at a map of Germany. South of Denmark you notice the province of Hanover. Its capital bears the same name, and stands on both banks of the river Leine, at a meeting-point of roads and railways leading to the great port of Hamburg and to other important German cities. The old city is well worth a visit. If we take a street car from the centre of the town, we shall make our way through a fine avenue of linden trees, and at the end of it we shall notice the castle of Herrenhausen. If we wander through the gardens of the castle, we shall be sure to see a huge statue. It represents Sophia of Hanover, who suddenly died on this spot in the year 1714. This Sophia is an important person in British history.

William and Mary, as you know, had no children, and in 1700 Queen Anne's last child died. Parliament therefore passed a law that the crown should pass to Sophia, wife of the ruler of Hanover and grand-daughter of James the First, and to her heirs, so long as they were Protestants. Sophia died two months before Anne, so the new king of Great Britain and Ireland was her eldest son George, who had already been ruler of Hanover for sixteen years. He ascended the throne in the year 1714.

George was king for thirteen years; but he was never at home in this country, and he was never quite sure that he would not have to return to Hanover. He could not speak

English; he disliked Britons and their ways; and he knew nothing, and cared less, about British affairs. He left the government of the country to his ministers; and the leading officer of the crown—or Prime Minister, as he was now called—became more and more powerful. In the course of time a group of the chief ministers took the work of government out of the king's hands altogether, and then the king no longer ruled, but only reigned. This group of chief ministers is known as the Cabinet; and it is the Cabinet which now really rules Great Britain and Ireland, and those parts of the empire which do not rule themselves.

King James, the runaway king, lived thirteen years in France as the guest of King Louis. When he died he left his claims to his eldest son, James Stuart, who was known in England as the "Old Pretender." Before Queen Anne's death the friends of the "Old Pretender"—or the Jacobites, as they were called—were very busy making plans for seating James on the throne. These plans, however, miscarried, and George came over from Hanover and was crowned. The English people did not love, or even respect, "the wee German lairdie;" but they were determined to have a Protestant king, and they would not look at James as long as he remained a Roman Catholic.

In the last chapter I told you that the Scottish people were not at all pleased with the union, and that they bore much ill-will to the English. James now thought that they would rise in his favour and seat him on the throne of his father. In 1715 a well-known Jacobite, the Earl of Mar, met a score of Highland chiefs at a hunting-party, and persuaded them to take up arms for the "prince across the water." They did so, and early in November a battle was fought between the Highlanders and the royal troops at Sheriffmuir, three miles from Dunblane. The Highlanders had marched many miles, and were very weary when they sighted the foe; but the prospect of battle raised their spirits to the highest pitch. Bonnets were tossed in the air, and loud cheers were raised as the order was given to advance. The battle began with a volley from the left wing of the rebels; but they were scattered by the royal horse-soldiers, who galloped over a frozen swamp and charged them again and again. Ten times did the Highlanders of the left wing rally, but all in vain. They were broken every time. On the right wing, however, the Highlanders scattered the English foot-soldiers like chaff before the wind. It was a drawn battle, and both sides marched away claiming a victory.

> "There's some say that we won,
> And some say that they won,
> And some say that none won at a', man;
> But of one thing I'm sure,
> That at Sheriffmuir
> A battle there was that I saw, man.
> And we ran, and they ran;
> And they ran, and we ran;
> But we ran, and they ran awa', man."

On the very day of this battle a small Jacobite rising in Lancashire was hopelessly crushed, and England never rose for the Stuart cause again. James himself arrived in Scotland when it was too late. He was a pale, weak-spirited, gloomy prince, who sometimes shed tears. He gave the death-blow to his own cause.

George the First died in 1727, and his son, George the Second, became king. The new George was a better man than his father. He spoke English well, but with a German accent, and he would have liked to play a large part in the government if his ministers had allowed him to do so. In his fussy little way he was a brave little soldier, but he cared nothing for arts and learning, and used to say, "I don't like *boetry*, and I don't like *bainting*."

The reign of George the Second is most important in the history of our empire: it was crowded with great doings, and when it came to an end the British were masters of nearly the whole of North America, and were soon to be masters of India. Before, however, I deal with these very important matters, I must tell you very briefly the story of the last Jacobite rising. It is one of the most interesting stories ever told.

War with France began again in the year 1712, and while it was raging the French tried to deal Great Britain a heavy blow by attacking her at home. They fitted out a fleet and an army for the purpose of restoring the Stuarts to the British throne. British men-of-war and stormy seas, which have always been unkind to the Stuarts, wrecked part of the fleet, and drove the rest of it back to France. On board one of the ships was "Bonnie Prince Charlie," the gallant young son of the "Old Pretender." He was a fine, high-spirited young man, with very gracious and winning manners. He was able to make men love him and to give their lives for him, and he still remains one of the world's heroes of romance.

With a little ship, fifteen hundred muskets, twenty small cannon, a number of swords, some barrels of gunpowder, and £4,000, he sailed for the west coast of Scotland and called the faithful Highlanders to arms. At first the chiefs were unwilling to help him, but they were soon carried away by his earnest pleading. One by one they agreed to draw the sword in his cause, and on August 19th the clans met at Glenfinnan, and Prince Charlie's banner of white, red, and blue lifted proudly on the breeze.

The king's troops moved north to meet him, but finding the road blocked they turned aside towards Inverness, and thus left the southern road open. With banners flying, bagpipes skirling, and drums beating, the Highland host immediately pushed on towards Perth. The prince rode at their head, and every day he grew in favour with his followers. There were no foes in his path, and by the 17th of September he was master of Edinburgh. He took up his abode in Holyrood Palace, where many balls and dinner-parties were held. By this time King George's army had sailed from Inverness to Dunbar, and was now marching on the capital. Charles prepared to give battle without delay.

At Prestonpans his Highlanders met the king's troops, and in six minutes the battle was over. The Highlanders carried

A Royal Fugitive.

(From the painting by [illegible].)

everything before them. The royal army fled, and Prince Charlie captured cannon, baggage, and seventeen hundred prisoners. For the next six weeks he lay in Edinburgh, holding councils and drilling his soldiers by day, and dancing gaily at night in the oaken gallery at Holyrood, where his kinswoman the unhappy Mary Queen of Scots had held her court. On the last day of October he marched towards the Border, fondly hoping that the English would welcome him as the Scots had done. Alas! as he advanced very few English joined him, and his Highlanders began to desert. The further south he marched, the more coldly he was received, until by the time he reached Derby, only one hundred and thirty miles from London, his officers advised him to retreat.

Charles tried hard to make them change their minds, but in vain. “Right-about turn” was now the order, and the Highlanders marched north again, poor Prince Charlie riding sorrowfully in the rear. Once more across the Border, he again overthrew his foes; but his victory was of no avail, and he was forced to retreat to the Highlands. On April 16, 1746, he made his last stand on Culloden Moor, near Inverness.

His army was ill-prepared for battle. His men were starving, and were worn out by long marches. King George's army, fresh, well-fed, and well-equipped, was ready to attack him. He prepared to fall upon his foes by night, but so weary were his men that fifty halts had to be called in eight miles. At two in the morning, the time fixed for the attack, the Highlanders were still four miles from the English camp. The enemy was already aroused, and the Jacobite host had to plod wearily back to Culloden once more.

The final hour had come. The Duke of Cumberland advanced with ten thousand men, and the battle was over almost before it was begun. The English guns made blood-red lanes through the Highland regiments; and though these stood their ground with wonderful courage, they were obliged to give way. As dusk settled over the battlefield the cause of the Stuarts was lost for ever, and Bonnie Prince Charlie was flying for his life.

"Butcher" Cumberland took such vengeance on the defeated foe that he well deserves his nickname. Large numbers of men, women, and children were slaughtered, dwellings were burnt down, and many persons perished of cold and hunger on the moors and mountains. The tartan and kilt were forbidden, the clan system was broken up, and roads were made so that troops could rapidly march through the Highlands.

Meanwhile Prince Charlie was a hunted fugitive. For months he escaped capture as if by a miracle. His life was made up of days of hiding in the heather, and nights of cold, hunger, and fatigue in mountain caves. Yet, thanks to the loyalty of the Highlanders, and especially of that bravo and devoted girl Flora Macdonald, he at last found safety on board a French man-of-war at the very spot where he had landed fourteen months before. The loyalty of the Highlanders to Prince Charlie was most touching. Though a price of £30,000 was placed on the prince's head, not one of the poor clansmen ever dreamed of betraying him. They loved him; they suffered for him; and they cherished his memory when he was far away. As a memorial of Prince Charlie's gallant but vain attempt to win back the throne of his fathers, we still have those tender and spirited Jacobite songs which will be sung as long as our language endures.

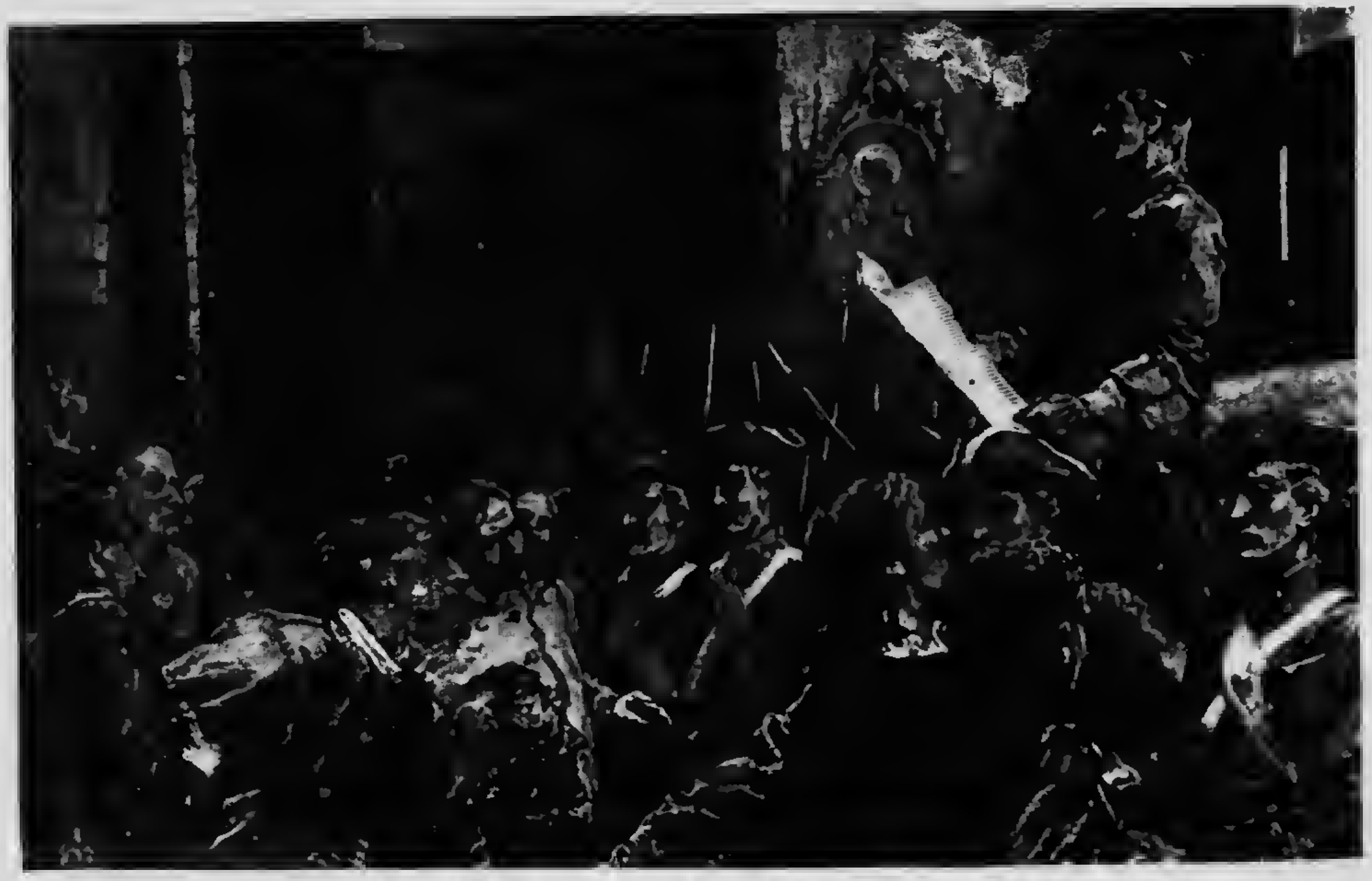
And now let us leave Scotland for New Scotland, and see what was happening there. In Chapter XXXVIII. I told you that Nova Scotia became British by the treaty of Utrecht. The French were not driven out, but were allowed to remain, and the government gave orders that they were to be treated as British subjects. The Acadians were allowed to keep their own religion, and were interfered with as little as possible. The French, however, had not given up hope of recovering the country, and they sent agents among the peasants to stir them up against the British.

The Acadians had good reason for believing that their own countrymen would recover Nova Scotia, for on the island of Cape Breton King Louis had built the fort of Louisburg. The greatest engineer of the day designed it, and the men who built it were specially sent from France. It cost ten million dollars, and there was nothing like it in the New World. It had stone walls thirty-six feet high, towers, and a ditch eighty feet wide, and altogether it covered an area of one hundred acres. The harbour was protected by batteries on an island at the entrance. In the fort and town there were never less than two thousand people.

Louisburg became the centre from which all sorts of attempts were made to win back Nova Scotia, and it gave shelter to the men-of-war which constantly sailed out of its harbour to attack the ships and seaports of New England. In the very year in which Prince Charlie landed in the Highlands, Governor Shirley of Massachusetts sent four thousand colonists under a militia colonel to try to capture this hornet's nest. The force was composed of farmers, fishermen, and labourers, and its commander was a merchant named William Pepperell. You would imagine that such an army and such a leader could never capture the mighty fort which King Louis had reared.

Early one morning, when the governor and the chief officers of Louisburg had just got to bed after a ball, they were aroused by a sentinel who reported that a strange fleet was in the offing. "I fear the English are upon us," said the governor; and his fears were well founded. The bells were set ringing, and soon the cannon were hurling their shot at the English ships. Pepperell landed some of his troops, the French hurried to meet them, and a skirmish took place. Meanwhile he had landed most of his men at another spot, and as soon as he secured his ground he brought ashore through the heavy surf his big guns and stores. A fortnight was occupied in this work.

Batteries were thrown up; an outside fort of Louisburg was captured, and from it the guns poured a heavy fire on the walls. The batteries on the island at the entrance to the harbour were also captured, and the British fleet entered and turned its five hundred guns on the town. Louisburg could no longer resist, and a flag of truce was sent to the British camp



The Expulsion of the Acadians—Scene in the Church at Grand Pré offering surrender if the garrison were permitted to march out with colours flying and drums beating. This was agreed to, and soon afterwards the British flag waved over the proud fortress of Louisburg.

Despite an attempt to recover Louisburg, the British held it for three years until peace was made. By the terms of this peace both nations agreed to give back the conquests which they had made during the war. Louisburg was thus handed back to the French, to the great anger of the colonists, who had so gallantly spent money and life in capturing it. One year later a new governor of Nova Scotia arrived from England with a batch of fresh colonists, and Halifax, the capital, was founded.

There were about thirteen thousand Frenchmen at this time inhabiting ten villages in Nova Scotia, and they were now required to swear loyalty to King George. Unfortunately the French agents would not leave the people alone, but urged them to resist the government in every possible way. Most of them refused to take the oath, and a priest named Le Loutre persuaded the Indians to attack the British settlement, and to scalp and carry off the inhabitants. Indian attacks became so frequent that the men of Halifax had to patrol the streets at night. At last the Acadians broke into open rebellion, and had a French fleet appeared at this time the British would have had hard work to hold the colony. For this, and for other good reasons, the governor, urged by the New England authorities, and without the sanction of the home government, decided to expel the Acadians altogether.

The officers at Annapolis, Grand Pré, Chignecto, and other places were ordered to seize the Acadians in their districts and put them on board vessels which would carry them to one or other of the British colonies along the Atlantic seaboard. The exiles were to be allowed to take their money and such of their household furniture as the vessels could carry; but their lands, cattle, and other property were to be given up to the government. The barns and houses were to be burned, so that the peasants could not return.

The task of removing the Acadians from the villages of

The Expulsion of the Acadians—Scene in the Church at Grand Pré.

Canard, Minas, and Grand Pré was entrusted to Colonel Winslow of Massachusetts, who ordered the men and boys of these districts to assemble in the church at Grand Pré on the 5th of September 1755. When all were inside, he surrounded the church with soldiers, and told the people that they were the king's prisoners. Their wives, mothers, or sisters were ordered to send them food, and to prepare without delay to leave their homes. A few days later the exiles were placed on board transports, and the broken-hearted people left their land, never to return.

It is impossible not to be sorry for the Acadians thus torn from the homes which they loved and cherished; but however much we may regret the harsh measure, we must always remember that it was taken in self-defence, and only after every means had been vainly tried to make the Acadians loyal and contented. The British soldiers played their part with patience and even kindness.

> "Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its
> branches
> Dwells another race, with other customs and language.
> Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic
> Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile
> Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom."

Chapter XL

Robert Clive, the "Daring in War"

(1751 to 1784.)

IT is the 14th day of September in the year 1751. The hot sun of India beats down on you as you look around the fort of Arcot, the old capital of the Carnatic. Its walls are in ruins; its ramparts are unfitted for guns; its battlements are too low to protect the soldiers within. The town itself is in the hands of four thousand native troops and one hundred and fifty Frenchmen.

In the fort there are one hundred and twenty British and two hundred Sepoys—that is, native soldiers in European employ. Their stock of provisions is very low, and at the request of the Sepoys the British take the rice, while the faithful natives manage to keep themselves alive on the water in which it has been boiled. The defenders of the fort grow less in numbers every day, but there is no talk of surrender. You judge rightly that their leader must be a man of great courage and iron determination. Within yonder room he is sleeping — ay, and sleeping soundly, though he knows that the enemy is about to make a great assault on his feeble post.

Seventy-five days have passed away since he and his little army marched through a storm of thunder and rain and captured the fort without striking a blow. The fort was easy to take, but it is very difficult to hold. The enemy swarms around it, and relief seems as far off as ever. Time after time

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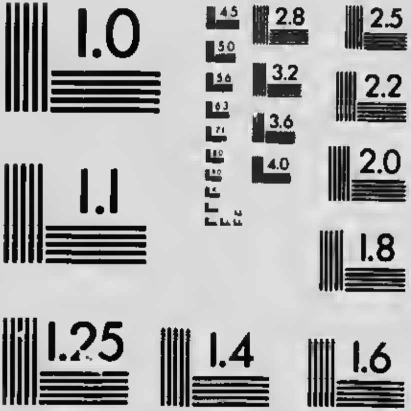
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the garrison has sallied forth and attacked the besiegers, but it cannot drive them away. The enemy's guns have already wrought much havoc; two great breaches gape in the walls, but every attempt to storm them has failed. Now the natives are in great force, and to-day they swear that the fort shall fall. The young English captain in command has done all that man can do; now he is calmly sleeping.

Suddenly you hear the explosion of three bombs. It is the signal for the attack. Our young Englishman is awake now, and you get your first glimpse of him. One glance at his face tells you that he is a born leader of men. He is Robert Clive, a young man of twenty-five, who has left his Shropshire home as the scapegrace of the family. In despair his father packed him off to India as a clerk; but he soon exchanged the pen for the sword, and as a soldier he found the work of his life. He himself suggested the capture of this fort, and to-day he is about to show the stuff of which he is made.

The attack has begun. A vast number of natives beneath the walls are carrying scaling-ladders, while against the four points where the fort is weakest—the two gates and the two breaches—other attacks are preparing. Huge elephants, with their foreheads armed with iron plates, are driven forward, and you expect to see the gates smashed to matchwood by the onset of these living battering-rams. But watch! You see Clive directing his men to fire on the elephants. They do so, and the huge beasts, stung by the bullets, turn round and rush to the rear, trampling under foot the dense masses of men behind them. The first attack has failed.

Soon there is a wild rush into the north-west breach, which is blocked with yelling natives. Suddenly you hear a volley. Clive has dug trenches behind the breach, and his men are in them, pouring a fierce fire on the struggling crowd that swarms through the gap in the wall. As soon as the guns are fired they are handed to the rear-rank men to be loaded, and others charged and primed are received in exchange. Three field-pieces now open fire, and every shot tells. After three desperate onsets the enemy is driven back.

Meanwhile the south-west breach is attacked. Water fills one part of the ditch which protects it, and on this the foe has launched a raft crowded with men who are urging it towards the shattered wall. The gunners at this post fire wildly, and their aim is bad. Clive springs to the gun and works it himself. In three discharges he has cleared the raft and wrecked it.

The fight has lasted an hour, and four hundred of the besiegers are dead. The grand attack has failed. There is firing during the night, but when day breaks the besiegers are nowhere to be seen. They have retreated, leaving their guns and stores behind them.

At once India rings with the praises of Clive, and now begins his great career. Within the next three years, by his wonderful energy and skill, he makes the British power supreme in the great peninsula.

Now let us go back a few years in order to understand the meaning of the struggle which you have just witnessed. In Chapter XXXV. I told you that the East India Company, in whose service Clive was engaged, had been established as far back as the days of Queen Elizabeth. When Clive arrived in India its territory consisted of a few square miles of land, for which it paid rent to native princes. It had very few troops in its pay; they were hardly enough to defend the company's posts at Madras, Bombay, Calcutta, and a few other places. Most of the soldiers were natives, and were armed only with native weapons. You remember that a French East India Company had also been founded. At the close of the seventeenth century it possessed little more than the small town of Pondicherry, which still remains in French hands.

At this time the Moguls—that is, the Mohammedan conquerors of North India—ruled the whole land. A few years later, however, their power fell to pieces, and India became splintered up into a large number of petty kingdoms. The land was then given over to civil war; every prince quarrelled and fought with his neighbours. The feebleness of these native rulers, and the constant wars, were very bad for trade, and the Europeans, both English and French, began to think of winning the land for themselves. Hitherto they had been rivals in trade; now they were to become rivals for empire.

Dupleix, the French governor of Pondicherry, was a man of great ambition. What Champlain had done in America he tried to do in India. Forthwith he began to enlist native soldiers, and to arm and train them after the French fashion. With these Sepoys he meant to take part in the disputes of native rulers, and, by helping first this side and then that, gradually win India for France. While France and Britain were at war, French sailors captured the British fort at Madras, robbed the warehouses, and carried off some of the servants of the company as prisoners. Amongst these captives was Clive, who managed to escape, and, dressed as a Mohammedan, make his way to Fort St. David, the nearest British settlement. Here he begged to be allowed to become a soldier. Thus, at twenty-one, he began his military career.

Up to his twenty-fifth year Clive saw much fighting. Then came the peace of 1748; but though French and British were now supposed to be friendly, the sword had not been sheathed in India. Before long there was open war, which at first went greatly in favour of France. Dupleix interfered in the affairs of two great states, and managed to get natives over whom he had control placed on their thrones. In this way he almost made himself master of South India. Only one place of importance held out, and its fall would mean the complete victory of the French.

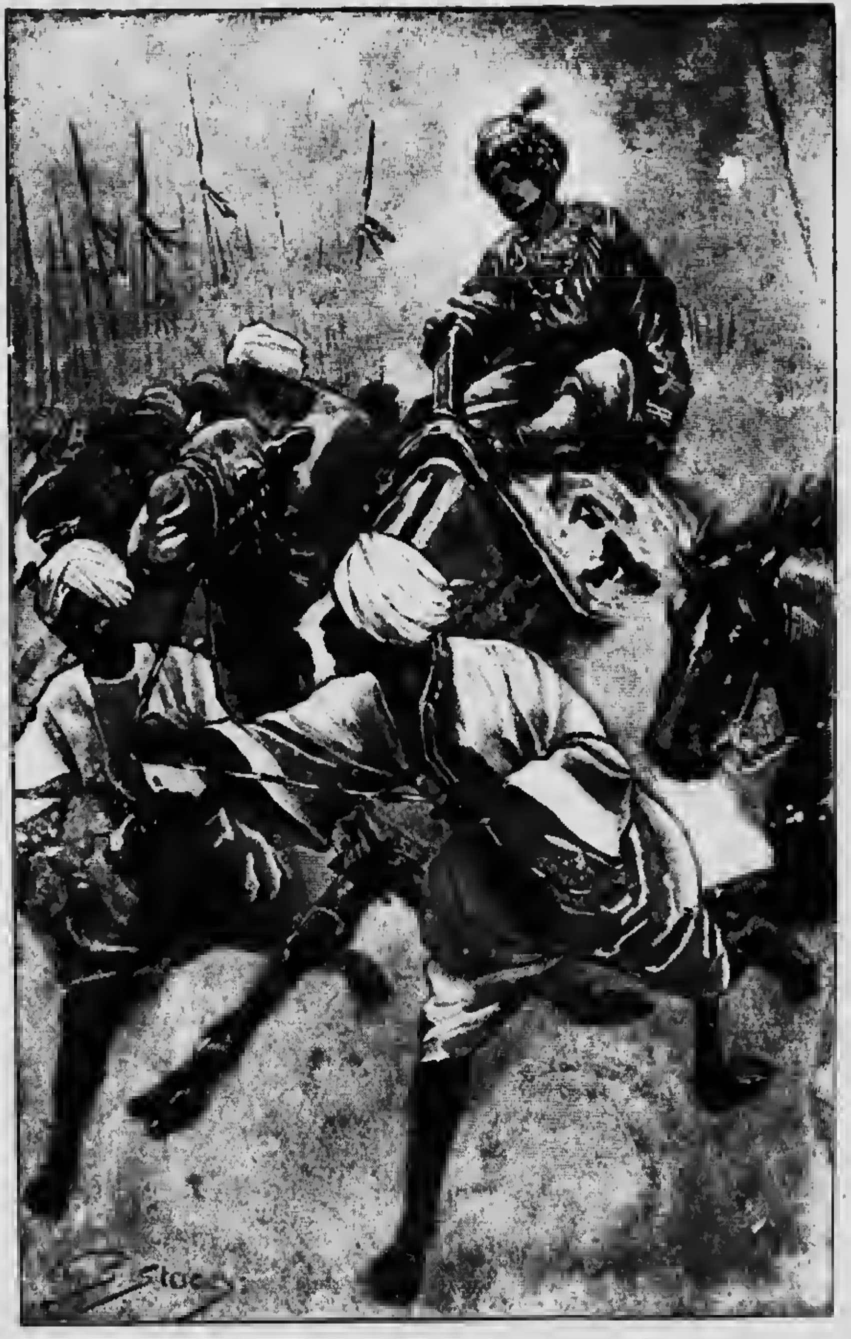
At this moment Clive persuaded the governor of Madras to let him attack Arcot, the capital of a prince who was under the control of Dupleix. At the opening of this chapter I told you how splendidly Clive defended Arcot, and how he forced the enemy to raise the siege. Before long he was made commander of the British forces in Madras. He now followed the example of Dupleix, and India became, as it were, a chessboard, with the native princes as pieces and the British and French commanders as the players. So skilfully did Clive make his moves that Dupleix was completely outplayed, and was recalled in disgrace.

In 1753, worn out by anxiety and fatigue, Clive returned to England. He had gone out ten years before, a friendless, wayward boy; he now returned at the age of twenty-eight to find himself one of Britain's most famous soldiers. His father and the other members of his family were overjoyed to learn that naughty, idle Bobby had become a great man. With his prize-money Clive helped to pay off some of the debts on his father's estate. Honours and rewards were showered upon him.

In the year 1755 he returned to India. He had only just arrived when terrible news reached him. Suraj-ud-Dowlah, the Nawab of Bengal, a fiend in human shape, had committed one of the most awful crimes ever known. He had attacked the British settlement at Calcutta, and had seized one hundred and forty-six persons. These he thrust into the "Black Hole," a room measuring only eighteen feet by fourteen, and locked them up for the night.

When ordered to enter the cell, the prisoners thought that the soldiers were joking; and as the nawab had promised them their lives, they laughed aloud at the idea that they could possibly exist in such a place during the stifling heat of a June night in Bengal. They discovered their error when they were driven in at the point of the sword. The windows were small and barred, and soon the air was deadly.

The horrors that followed are almost too awful to tell. The poor creatures cried for mercy; they strove to burst the door; they offered large bribes to their guards: but all to no purpose. Nothing could be done without the nawab's orders, and he was asleep, and no one dared awake him. Meanwhile many of the prisoners went mad; they trampled each other down, and fought like wild beasts for places at the windows. When day broke and the door was opened, only twenty-three ghastly figures staggered out into the sunlight. A hundred and twenty-three corpses were flung into a pit dug for the purpose.



After Plassey—the Flight of Suraj-ud-Dowlah.
(*From a drawing by W. S. Stacey.*)

The rage and anger of the British in India can well be imagined. Clive hastened to Bengal, burning to avenge this awful outrage. He had nine hundred Europeans and fifteen hundred Sepoys with which to oppose Suraj-ud-Dowlah's huge army. Nevertheless he drove it before him, and it fled, leaving baggage, guns, and cattle in his hands. This battle of Plassey, fought on June 23, 1757, won for us Bengal, the richest province of India.

In 1760 Clive returned to England, and was everywhere greeted as a "heaven-born general." Five years later he was governor of Bengal, and was very busy trying to do away with the many abuses which had sprung up. In doing so he made a host of enemies, who, in 1767, when he finally returned to England, broken down in health, charged him with receiving bribes from native princes. Some of the charges were proved, but the House of Commons did not wish to condemn him, so he was acquitted; but his acquittal was really a disgrace. Clive was a proud, high-spirited man, and he felt the disgrace keenly. Finally his mind gave way, and he shot himself.

Thus perished, in his forty-ninth year, the great Clive. His faults were many, but his merits outweighed them, and he must always stand high in the roll of empire-makers. Great Britain "has scarcely ever produced a man more truly great, either in arms or in council."

Warren Hastings, who succeeded Clive, became the first governor of India. For eleven years he upheld and extended our power, and when he left India the French dominion had fallen, never to rise again. Later governors continued the warfare with native princes, and soon Britain was supreme over the whole peninsula.

Chapter XLI

The Conquest of Canada

(1754 to 1764.)

LET us suppose that you are in the forests of the Ohio one beautiful July day in the year of our Lord 1754. The only human beings whom you expect to encounter are Indians and trappers, and they will be few and far between. Suddenly the forest silence is broken by a most unfamiliar sound—the shrill notes of the fife and the roll of drums. Never before has such music ever been heard in this leafy wilderness. They who traverse it are wont to creep along in silence, and not even to let the cracking of a twig reveal their whereabouts. Who are these who now announce their approach so that all the world may hear?

You conceal yourself near the broad beaten track, and the music grows louder and louder. Now you perceive that a small British army of a thousand regulars is drawing near. Riding at their head is a British general in full uniform. Behind him you see his men, clad in red coats and black gaiters, with pipe-clayed belts crossing the chest and back, a stiff stock at the neck, and a three-cornered hat on the head. Unsuitable as this dress is for forest warfare, the men nevertheless swing along with vigour and confidence. They are veterans who have smelt powder on European battlefields, and they have nothing but contempt for the foes they are soon to meet. Behind them, in much looser array, are twelve hundred Virginian militia.

On they go through the forest. Their business is to capture Fort Duquesne, which the French have founded on the site of the modern town of Pittsburg. It is one of the chain of forts by means of which Louisiana is to be linked with Canada, and the British are to be shut out of the rich prairies of the west. The three northern links in the chain are Fort Ticonderoga, at the southern end of Lake Champlain; Fort Niagara, near the great falls; and the fort which the British are now about to attack. All three forts are threatened by separate war-parties. Fort Duquesne, being the most strongly garrisoned, is to have the honour of being captured by British red-coats led by General Braddock. He is a good soldier and a brave man, but he knows nothing of Indian warfare, and he scorns the advice which the colonials offer him. How dare these ignorant fellows presume to instruct a British general?

The commander of the fort is well aware that the British are approaching, and he knows that he cannot hope to stand a siege. So he determines to send two hundred Frenchmen and five hundred Indians into the woods to intercept the British. Even now their spies lurk in the undergrowth, silently signalling to their friends in ambush.

The British now reach the banks of a river and ford it. Hardly have they crossed when an Indian in full war-paint springs into the open and waves his hand. It is a signal, and a moment later a hail of bullets bursts upon the British. The shots come fast and thick, but the foe is unseen; every tree and every bush shelters an Indian. Braddock and his men charge again and again; but the foe eludes them, and they are shot down like dogs. A young Virginian officer, George Washington, begs him to meet Indian tactics with Indian tactics, and to order his men to take cover behind the trees. But Braddock will do nothing of the sort. He gallops to and fro, and when he sees the Virginians take cover he calls them cowards, and orders them to "come out in the open field like Englishmen." He even strikes some of them with the back of his sword. Four horses are killed under him, and he is mounted on the fifth when a bullet pierces his body, and he falls mortally wounded. His last words acknowledge his mistake—"We shall know better how to deal with them another time."

The retreat has already begun, and soon it is a rout. But for Washington and his Virginians not a man in Braddock's little army would have been left alive. Three-fourths of the officers and eight hundred of the men are killed, and all the cannon and stores fall into the hands of the victors. It is a bitter blow, and the result is dreadful. The French let loose the Indians on the outlying settlements, and the old familiar murder, burning, and torture are in full swing once more. In the midst of the gloom a cheering message arrives: at Lake George, in northern New York, the French have been beaten, and their commander has been captured.

Strange to say, the scene which I have just described took place during a time of peace between France and Britain. Two years later the nations were engaged in the great struggle known as the Seven Years' War. I need not trouble you with the quarrels which led to it, for the British only joined in because King George's kingdom of Hanover was in danger. At first the war went against us, and disaster followed disaster. A British fleet ran away from the French, and for this its admiral was shot on his own quarter-deck—"to encourage the others," as a witty Frenchman said. In Germany a British army had to yield, while in America an attempt to take Louisburg failed, and the fort of Oswego, on Lake Ontario, was captured. Worst of all, a party of British soldiers, along with women and children, who had surrendered to the French general, Montcalm, at Fort William Henry on Lake George, were murdered by Indians in the pay of France.

Britain was now in a very bad way indeed; but the hour finds the man, and that man was William Pitt, who became responsible for the management of the war in 1756. "I am sure," he said, "that I can save this country, and that nobody else can;" and his boast was no idle one. Pitt's policy was to keep France busily engaged in Europe while he tore from her grasp her great dominion in America. He paid the King of

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Prussia large sums to enable him to engage the French, and meanwhile he sent the British forces to fight on and beyond the seas. "I am conquering Canada," he said, "on the plains of Germany." He carried on the war with such vigour, he chose his commanders so well, and inspired them with so much of his own fiery spirit, that very soon defeat was turned into victory everywhere. "Nobody entered his room," said one of his commanders, "who did not leave it a braver man."

In the winter of 1758 Pitt sketched out a bold plan of campaign in America. Separate attacks were to be made at the same time on Fort Ticonderoga, on Fort Niagara, and on Quebec, the key to New France. Pitt looked around for a man after his own heart to capture Quebec. He found him in James Wolfe.

Before I tell you Wolfe's story let us learn something of the condition of the Canadians at this time. Most of the French officials were dishonest, and robbed the people right and left. When they returned to France bloated with wealth, King Louis often asked, "Are the walls of Quebec made of gold!" The farmers were continually being drawn from their fields to serve as soldiers; consequently they had no time to plough and sow, and there was little or no harvest to reap. This meant that most of the food had to be brought from France, and could only be sold at a high price. For a time there was a serious famine. The intendant, Bigot, was a thorough rascal, and he now formed a company which "cornered" all the wheat, and sold it to the people at very high prices. Canada cost France over three million dollars every year, and most of this money went into the pockets of the officials. It is said that during the last two years of his rule in Canada Bigot robbed the government of nearly five million dollars. Add to this that the taxes were very heavy, and you can easily understand that the Canadian was anything but satisfied with his lot.

There was but one honest official in the colony, and he was Louis Joseph, Marquis of Montcalm, a scholar, soldier, and Christian gentleman of the highest repute. He had won renown on several European battlefields, and had all the

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The Niagara Falls.

Fort Niagara was not far from these Falls.

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qualities of a good commander. Unfortunately the governor of the colony was hand in glove with Bigot, and he opposed every measure which Montcalm proposed for the good of the country. Such was the state of things in Canada when William Pitt chose James Wolfe to lead the attack on Quebec.

James Wolfe was a soldier born and bred, yet something better and higher than a soldier—a hero and a gentleman. His father had been an officer before him; and at fifteen years of age young James Wolfe, then a delicate, tall, blue-eyed lad, followed in his father's footsteps. At twenty-one he had seen seven campaigns, and was a major. He had fought at Culloden, and it is said that when ordered by "Butcher" Cumberland to shoot a wounded Highlander he refused to do so. It is also said that he was the first to propose that the Highlanders should be enlisted as soldiers in the British army. This may or may not be true, but it is certain that the Highland regiments began to win their great renown under his command.

In 1758 Wolfe was one of the chief officers of the great force which Pitt sent across the Atlantic to capture Louisburg. The fortress held out for seven weeks and then surrendered, after which it was razed to the ground. A crumbling wall is all that now remains of the once proud fortress. During the siege Wolfe made a name for himself, and earned the proud title "Hero of Louisburg." Shortly after his return Pitt offered him the command of the forces which were to attack Quebec. Wolfe jumped at the chance. "Mr. Pitt," he said, "may dispose of my slight carcass as he pleases." The Prime Minister was shocked at Pitt's choice, and he told the king that Wolfe was mad. "Mad, is he?" said George; "then I hope he will bite some others of my generals."

On February 17, 1759, Wolfe sailed for Canada with a large fleet and nine thousand troops. In May he was in the harbour of Louisburg, and on June 16th he weighed anchor for Quebec, the troops cheering and the officers drinking this toast: "British colours on every French fort, port, and garrison in America."

Montcalm had early news of Wolfe's coming, and at once he proceeded to make Quebec, already strong by nature, still stronger by art. On the curving shore that stretches for some seven or eight miles from the St. Charles River to the Falls of Montmorency he threw up lines of earthworks. His headquarters were at a large stone house midway along these lines. A boom of logs was thrown across the St. Charles River, and hulks mounted with cannon defended it. Fourteen thousand men lined the earthworks, and one or two thousand more manned the one hundred and six cannon on the walls of Quebec. There seemed to be no chink in the armour of defence, and Montcalm felt perfectly secure.

Days wore on, and the townsfolk and army became impatient for the appearance of the British. Meanwhile the people were on short commons, and had to support life on two ounces of bread per day. At last, on the morning of June 21st, the masts of three ships were seen. The townsfolk crowded every spot that would afford them a view, and waited to see whether the ships were French or British. As the white flag with the lilies fluttered aloft, a great sigh of relief went up from the multitude. The pilots at once launched their canoes and paddled out. They climbed on board, and then the watchers of Quebec saw the French flag hauled down and the British flag take its place. It was a trick to capture pilots who could guide the ships through the difficult channels leading to the city.

On the 26th all the ships were safely anchored off the Isle of Orleans, a few miles from Quebec. The island was seized, and the whole army landed and encamped. Then Wolfe walked to the extreme point of the island, and at a distance of four miles gazed upon the city which he had come to capture. The lofty cliffs to his left seemed impossible to climb, and they were strongly protected everywhere. To his right was the camp of Montcalm with its earthworks. Near to the St. Charles were wide stretches of mud which could be swept by the fire of many guns. The young commander's heart sank as he gazed at the mighty fortress. For weeks he wore himself to a shadow in the vain attempt to find a spot against which he might hurl his army.

Montcalm did not mean to fight a battle if he could help it. Nevertheless, he wished to do as much damage to the enemy as possible. During one dark stormy night he sent six fire-ships floating down on the tide to fall foul of the British vessels. No harm, however, was done, and the British sailors towed them to the shore, where they burnt out harmlessly. Next day Wolfe informed Montcalm that if further fire-ships were used they would be attached to the hulks containing the French prisoners.

Wolfe now seized Point Levis, and from it bombarded the city, only a mile away. Fierce as his fire was, it did nothing to help him to capture the place. At length, on the 31st of July, he attempted to gain a footing on the north shore of the St. Lawrence by landing his men at the Montmorency Falls and climbing to the plateau above. In this he was successful; but the city of his desire was as far off as ever. "You may destroy the town," said Montcalm, "but you shall never get inside it." "I will have Quebec," replied Wolfe, "if I stay here till November."

A frontal attack on the Beauport Heights was a complete failure, and Wolfe lost more than two hundred men. He was now almost worn out. His pale face and tall lean form were no more seen going to and fro amongst his soldiers. He was very ill, and his life was almost despaired of. He felt his failure keenly, especially as news now arrived that Ticonderoga and Niagara had been captured.

Meanwhile the British fleet had done its part gallantly. Despite the guns of Quebec, ship after ship had managed to sail up the river past the forts, and were now able to threaten the city from a position which the French believed they could never reach.

On the 20th of August the young general was about again, searching the steep rocky shore above Quebec for a possible landing-place. At last, about three miles from the city, at a place now called Wolfe's Cove, a goat track was discovered winding up the wooded cliff for two hundred and fifty feet above the St. Lawrence. By this track he resolved to climb the Heights of Abraham with four thousand men, and meet Montcalm's army at the very gates of Quebec.

Now let us pass on to the night of September 12, 1759. Under cover of the darkness the British boats moved silently with muffled oars towards the landing-place. Wolfe, who was in the leading boat, began in a low whisper to recite some lines from Gray's "Elegy." When he had finished the noble verse which ends with the words,

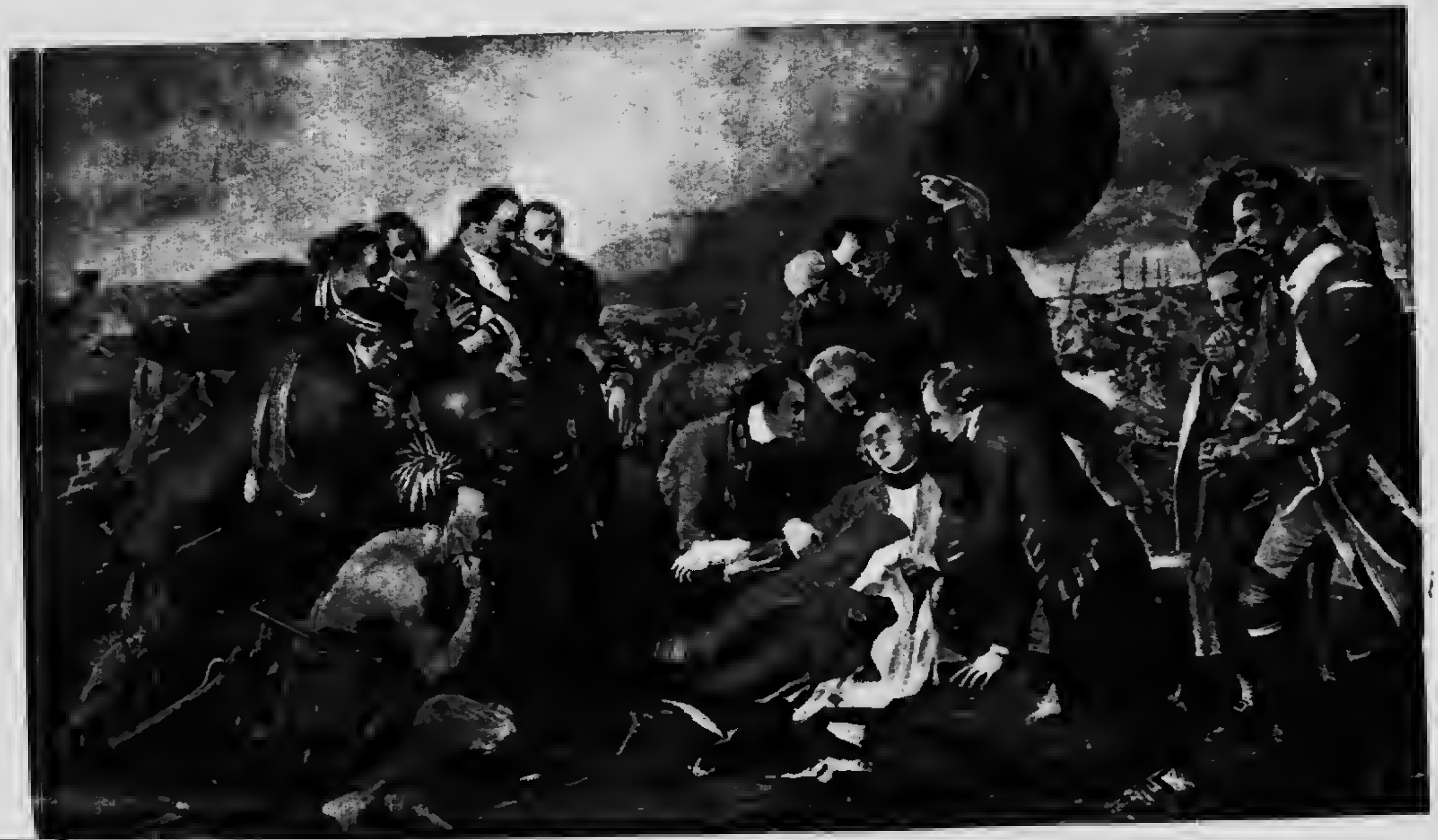
> "The paths of glory lead but to the grave"—

"Now, gentlemen," he said, "I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec."

The boats drifted on in death-like silence. Suddenly, as the tide bore them inshore and the huge cliff loomed above them, they were challenged by a sentry. "*Qui vive?*" he cried. A Highland officer replied in good French, "*La France.*" The sentry was satisfied, and a sigh of relief escaped from the commander. The boats glided on, and presently another sentry challenged; but he too was satisfied. In a few moments more the boats ran aground.

The men left the boats silently, and scrambled up the wooded cliff on their hands and knees. The French guard at the top was overcome, and loud British huzzas told the watchers on the ships that at last a footing had been gained on the heights. Through the night the troops were disembarked, and before the day broke Wolfe had drawn up his men on the Plains of Abraham. In the gray dawn they saw Quebec almost within their grasp.

News was carried to Montcalm, who instantly galloped to a point where he could see the enemy. "This is a serious business," he said. Bugles and mounted messengers at once called in his troops, and while they were gathering he rode through the narrow streets of the town towards the battlefield. There he saw, to his dismay, an army which he could not hope to overcome. All the watchfulness, the patience, and the labours of months had been of no avail. "I see them," he said, "where they ought not to be."



Death of Wolfe.

Death of Wolfe.

The battle that followed was soon over, yet it settled the fate of Canada. The French advanced, firing rapidly; but the British reserved their fire until the enemy was within forty yards. Then a fearful hail of bullets sped from their muskets. The French wavered, and as the Highlanders, drawing their broadswords, sprang forward to the charge, they turned and fled.

Wolfe was hit in the wrist as he led the charge, but he wrapped a handkerchief about the wound and pushed on. Soon afterwards another bullet struck him in the breast. "Don't let my men see me drop," he said, and they carried him to the rear. There he lay, his eyes glazed, and his life fast ebbing away.

Suddenly one of the little group about him cried, "They run! see, they run!" The dying man roused himself as if from sleep. "Who run?" he asked. "The enemy, sir," was the reply; "they give way everywhere." The dying flame of life flickered up for a moment, and he gave a clear order for cutting off the retreat. This done, he turned on his side, murmuring, "Now God be praised. I die happy!" Wolfe was dead.

His gallant foe, Montcalm, swept along by his retreating army, was struck by a shot from the one British gun which had been hauled up the cliffs. "How long have I to live?" he asked of his surgeon. "Twelve hours, more or less," was the reply. "So much the better," said the dying man: "I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec."

Before passing away he wrote to the British commander, beseeching him to show mercy to the townsfolk. "Do not let them perceive," he said, "that they have changed masters. Be their protector as I have been their father." It is to Britain's honour that she has observed with the utmost care this dying request of a great and good man. The French Canadian of to-day would be the first to say that under the Union Jack he is more prosperous than he ever was before. He rules himself and taxes himself; he retains his faith and his language; he has far more liberty than he ever enjoyed in the days when King Louis was his sovereign.

Never was rout more complete. Montcalm had no troops in reserve, and now that he was dead all was panic and dismay. The wretched governor led the flight, and the men followed in such disorder and confusion that had the wearied British been able to send three hundred men in pursuit hardly a soul would have escaped. Quebec yielded, and on September 18, 1759, the British flag was hoisted on the citadel.

A monument to the joint memory of the two leaders who in death were not divided now stands in the Public Gardens of Quebec, and on the battlefield is a simple column with these words: "Here died Wolfe, victorious."

British troops remained in Quebec during the long winter, and the fleet and army returned to England with the joyful news. The scattered remnants of the French fell back on Montreal; but in spring of the next year they numbered eight thousand, and felt themselves strong enough to besiege Quebec. The arrival of British ships with fresh troops forced them to retreat to Montreal, where early in September they were surrounded and forced to surrender. The victory was complete; Canada had become British.

In 1763 the Seven Years' War was brought to an end, and by the treaty of peace France yielded Canada, Cape Breton, and the island of St. John (now Prince Edward Island) to Great Britain. The little islands of Miquelon and St. Pierre, together with the right of curing fish on certain parts of the coast of Newfoundland, were all that remained to France of her once vast dominion in North America.

Canada had changed masters; the inhabitants had yielded, but the red man could not bring himself to submit to the "Boston men," as he called the British. The French had always made much of the Indians; the "Boston men" despised them, and this greatly angered the haughty chiefs. Pontiac, the chief of the Ottawas, was at this time the most powerful Indian in the whole continent. He was clever and daring, and he now plotted to drive the British out of Canada altogether. Pontiac knew that under British rule the days of the Indians were numbered. "With the French," he said, "we can live in friendship, but with the restless British we must flee afar, or we or they must die."

Slowly but surely Pontiac laid his plans. His messengers went to and fro amongst the tribes, and at last all agreed that on a certain day they would rise and fall upon the British in their neighbourhood. Pontiac himself meant to lead the attack on Fort Detroit, the strong western fort at the head of Lake Erie. He arranged for May 7th a peaceful meeting with Major Gladwin and the other officers in charge of the fort, and promised that his men should come to it unarmed. The Indians, however, were to file their gun-barrels in half, and conceal the shortened weapons under their blankets. When all were inside the fort Pontiac would engage the officers in friendly talk, and then suddenly give a signal, at which his followers would shoot down every white man in the place.

This cunning plot would have succeeded but for a young Indian girl who had been kindly treated by the officers in the fort. She overheard Pontiac's plans, and warned her white friends. The eventful day arrived, and the redskins made their way to the fort. Imagine their surprise when they found the soldiers drawn up with loaded muskets. Pontiac saw that his plan had failed, but not by the slightest word or sign did he show his annoyance. Next day he tried the trick once more, but this time was sternly ordered away from the fort. In his rage he openly attacked the place; but Gladwin and his men held out until relief arrived.

In most other places the garrisons were tricked into confidence and slaughtered. Detroit, Niagara, and Duquesne (now called Pitt) alone escaped, and for a time Pontiac defied the British. Troops, however, slowly overcame the Indians, tribe after tribe yielded, and Pontiac's fierce war-whoop was no longer heard. Deserted by his followers, he joined the Illinois, and in a drunken scuffle with a brave of that tribe was killed. For years afterwards British settlers in the lake region and on the banks of the Mississippi remembered with horror the days of Pontiac.

Chapter XLII

The Coming of the Loyalists

BRITAIN was now supreme both in India and in America. In the year following Wolfe's great victory at Quebec, George the Second died suddenly. He was succeeded by his grandson, George the Third, a pious, good-hearted, but very obstinate man. His people rejoiced that at last they had a king who could say, "Born and educated in this country, I glory in the name of Briton." His mother had been his chief adviser, and she urged him to be the master of his ministers, and not their servant, as the two former Georges had been. "George, *be king*," she constantly cried; and the young sovereign learned the lesson well.

It was impossible for George to look without pride at the map of North America. From the Arctic Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico all was British, except two almost unsettled provinces in the south. The people of a few small islands in the North Sea were now masters of a continent richer and more varied in the produce of field, forest, mine, and fishery than any other part of the world. King George, however, had only been on the throne seventeen years when nearly half of this vast dominion was lost.

The American colonists had a number of grievances. They were forbidden to export such articles as tobacco and coffee to any country but Great Britain. They were not allowed to trade freely with the French and Spanish colonies, nor could they buy tea except from British merchants. The consequence was that a good deal of smuggling was carried on. So long as the government winked at the smuggling, the colonists had nothing to say; when, however, the British Government began to put down smuggling, there was a great outcry.

The Seven Years' War came to an end in 1763, and then the heavy bill had to be paid. French and Indians alike had been crushed, and the colonists were now free to till their farms and build up their fortunes secure from foes. Statesmen in England thought that the colonists ought to pay something towards the expenses of the war which had so greatly benefited them. Accordingly, in 1765, the British Parliament passed a Stamp Act. This Act required that all legal papers in America should be written on stamped paper, which had to be bought from the government. The profits obtained by selling this stamped paper were to be spent in supporting an army in America.

Never before had the British Parliament directly laid a tax upon the colonists. When the king needed money, he asked the parliaments of the various colonies for it; and they levied the taxes, and handed over the proceeds to the British Government. Now, by means of the Stamp Act, the British Parliament claimed the right to tax the Americans without asking their yea or nay. The colonists said that they were willing to tax themselves to keep up an army, but they would never consent to be taxed by a Parliament which did not contain members elected by them.

Feeling soon began to run high. The colonists banded themselves together as "Sons of Liberty," and frequent riots took place. Every scrap of stamped paper in the country was seized and burned, and the American merchants agreed not to import any goods from Britain until the question was settled. The result was that British manufacturers could sell no goods in America, and such a loud cry went up from them that Parliament had to heed it. The consequence was that the Stamp Act was repealed, though Parliament still declared that it had the right to tax the Americans if it so wished.

There was great rejoicing in America when the news crossed the ocean. Eighteen months later, however, another attempt was made to tax the colonists. An Act was passed to place small duties on glass, lead, painters' colours, paper, and tea. Again the wrath of the colonists was aroused. Soon there was rioting in Boston and elsewhere, and in the year 1770 British soldiers were attacked by a Boston mob with sticks and snowballs. The soldiers fired on the crowd, and shot four or five of the rioters. So angry were the colonists at this "massacre," as they called it, that the soldiers had to be removed to an island in the bay. On the very day of this riot the British Parliament did away with all the taxes except that on tea.

The colonists still refused to be pacified. They refused to drink any taxed tea, and the only tea bought in America was that which was smuggled from Holland. At the end of three years the East India Company's warehouses were choked with tea which could not be sold in America. At last the British Government took off a British tea tax, which enabled the company to send shiploads of tea to America, where it could now be sold at a lower price than the smuggled tea. The colonists, however, refused to let the tea ships land their cargoes.

At Boston a band of young men dressed as Indians boarded a tea ship, broke open the chests, and made tea on a large scale by flinging it into the sea. This incident, which is known to Americans as the "Boston tea-party," made the home government very angry, and an Act was passed closing the port of Boston and taking away from the colony the right to govern itself. After this the colonists prepared for war. They armed and drilled, and the first blood was spilt at the village of Lexington. George Washington, of whom you have already heard, became the leader of the Americans.

The first real battle of the war took place at Bunker's Hill, where the British, after a hard struggle, beat the colonists. Two weeks later Washington took command of the American army, which was in a miserable plight. Nevertheless, he was able to keep the British cooped up in Boston while he trained his men and gathered supplies. In March 1776 he forced the British to retreat from Boston, and in the same year the thirteen colonies threw off all connection with Britain, and formed themselves into a republic.

I need not continue the miserable story further. Let it suffice to say that the war went against Britain, and that when the Spaniards, the Dutch, and the French joined the Americans, she could not stand against all these nations. In October 1781 the British general and his troops were surrounded at Yorktown, and were forced to surrender. When Lord North, the British Prime Minister, heard the news, he threw up his hands and said, "It is all over." So it was; all hope of retaining the American colonies had passed away, and on September 3, 1783, peace was signed at Paris. The star of Britain seemed to have set in the deepest gloom. Nearly half the North American continent had gone, and the remainder was by no means secure.

Meanwhile, what was happening in Canada? At the outset of the war the Americans sent messengers to the Canadians, inviting them to join in the revolt; but Sir Guy Carleton, the governor, replied for them, "Let me tell you that Canada will have none of your disloyalty." The Canadians were quite content with their government, and very few of them showed the slightest desire to join the Americans, who were so angry at their refusal that they now prepared to invade Canada.

Ethan Allen and his "Green Mountain Boys" surprised Ticonderoga and Crown Point in June 1775, and in August of the same year General Montgomery, an Irish officer, was ordered to lead three thousand men along the old Champlain route to attack Montreal. At the same time Benedict Arnold, a brave and fearless soldier, who afterwards joined the British, was sent with twelve hundred men against Quebec. His force, which consisted mainly of backwoodsmen, made their way along the Kennebec and Chaudière rivers, and found the journey very rough and very difficult. The streams were rapid, the portages were many, the ground was swampy, and the men sank up to the knee in the bogs. Food became so scarce that they were obliged to kill and eat the two dogs which they had brought with them, and to make soup out of their old deerskin moccasins. Not more than half Arnold's army reached the St. Lawrence.

Meanwhile Montgomery had captured Montreal, and had seized eleven British vessels. General Carleton only just escaped from the city by night in a boat which was rowed with muffled oars. He hastened to Quebec; but before he could arrive Arnold had imitated Wolfe, and had landed five hundred men at the famous cove. They climbed the steep path, and gained the Plains of Abraham, where they built huts, hoping that the garrison of Quebec would come out and fight, as Montcalm had done. In this, however, they were disappointed. At Carleton's approach Arnold and his men left the Plains of Ahraham, and at a point some distance above Quebec awaited the coming of Montgomery.

Once inside Quebec, with sixteen hundred men at his command, Carleton felt that he could defy the Americans, who were suffering much from sickness, and now knew that their guns were neither heavy enough nor numerous enough to overcome those of the fortress. They therefore planned a daring attack, which was to take place on the last night of the year. Quebec was to be assaulted at four places at the same time. Montgomery was to force his way into the Lower Town on the Cape Diamond side, while Arnold scaled the walls on the other side. Then the two parties would unite and capture the Upper Town. The other two attacks were meant to distract the attention of the garrison from the Lower Town.

Late at night, when the snow was still falling, Montgomery led his men to the attack. "Come on, my brave boys," he cried, "and Quebec is ours." He soon discovered that he was expected. A storm of hullets immediately swept down on him, mortally wounding him and several of his companions. His men fell back in confusion, and in the meantime Arnold had fared no better. As he moved to the attack the city bells rang out, the drums beat to quarters, and the guns began to thunder. Arnold was wounded in the leg, and his men fled. The garrison now opened the gates and pursued the attackers.

They nearly captured the whole party. The grand attack had utterly failed.

Arnold remained before the city for some time, and early in the next year three thousand troops joined him from America. In May, however, warships and transports with British troops arrived from England, and Arnold thought it wiser to retreat. He was followed up and driven out of the country. The forts on Lake Champlain were recovered, and Canada was unmolested for the rest of the war.

Soon, however, she was threatened from another quarter. The French now thought that the time had come when New France might be recaptured. A great fleet assembled in the West Indies, and it now prepared to sail northwards. Happily it was met by the British fleet under Rodney, and a great battle was fought. At the end of the day many French ships were in the hands of the British, and the rest were scattered. This famous victory undoubtedly saved Canada.

You must not suppose that the Americans were united in throwing off what they called "the British yoke." The population of the thirteen colonies was about three millions, and it is said that at the beginning of the struggle two-thirds of the people were loyal to King George. As the war went on this number grew less, but some twenty-five thousand of them joined the British troops, and fought bravely for their king. When the war came to an end these "Tories," as they were called, were shockingly treated. Large numbers of them were shot or hanged in cold blood. Those who escaped death were robbed of their estates; their houses were fired, and they were mobbed, insulted, and beaten. Fifty thousand of them decided to shake off the dust of the American colonies and to travel north to Canada, where they would still have the right to call themselves Britons, and be able to live under the flag which they loved and honoured.

The sufferings of these loyalists during the long march to Canada were terrible. With their wives and children, and such household goods as could be carried away, they followed the long trail, homeless, friendless, hungry, and weary. Frequently they had to beg their bread or accept food and shelter from the Indians. When the news reached England, Britons at home were proud of their loyal brothers beyond the sea, and gladly gave them help to begin life over again. Land was granted to them, farming tools were provided, and they settled down, chiefly in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, and in the rich forest region north of Lake Ontario. St. John, the capital of New Brunswick, was founded in a single day as a city of five thousand souls.

"Why did you come here?" one of the new settlers was asked. "Why did you come here when you knew that every hardship awaited you?"—"Why did we come?" repeated the stranger, with tears in his eyes; "for our loyalty!"

The coming of the loyalists marked the beginning of Ontario. While Britain lost the vast land now known as the United States, she received from the revolted colonies a new population of brave men and women who had given up home, fortune, and friends rather than desert their mother country. With such men and women as the founders of Ontario, it is not strange that loyalty to the British flag is still the proud boast of her sons and daughters.

Every man received free of charge a grant of two hundred acres, and for each child a like estate was reserved; but during the early years the loyalists lived very hard lives, and frequently went to bed at night without knowing where they would find the next day's food. But they bore stout hearts and strong hands, and they persevered, hoping on and working always; and gradually homesteads arose in the midst of smiling fields, villages and little towns grew, churches and schools were erected, and over all floated the flag which they loved and for which they had suffered.

The greatest honour done to these gallant pioneers was that the king granted them permission to write after their names the letters U.E.L., signifying United Empire Loyalist. Many Canadians, especially in Ontario, are proud to claim descent from those who in the hour of bitter trial remained faithful to the land of their sires.

Chapter XLIII

The Terror of Europe

PEACE had now settled down upon Canada. In the forests the ring of the axe was heard, and little clearings began to appear in many a leafy solitude. Houses arose; fields were made and sown, and harvests were reaped. In a thousand different spots, from the misty shores of the Atlantic to the margins of the great lakes, English, Scottish, and Irish immigrants were busy building homes for themselves and breaking up the virgin soil in peace and security. Gone was the terror of the Indian; gone, too, was the cruel greed of the French tax-gatherer. Every year saw the number of settlers increase. Ontario, which before the American War had scarcely any white inhabitants, now numbered twenty-five thousand, almost all of loyalist stock.

The maritime provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Cape Breton had already been granted parliaments, in which the inhabitants were represented. The great Province of Quebec had so far been under one government, and French law had been applied to Frenchmen and Britons alike. There was much grumbling on the part of the Britons at this, but up to the coming of the loyalists they were largely outnumbered by the *habitants*, and their grumbles went unheeded. Now that the British had become numerous their demands had to be listened to. So, in 1791, the British Parliament passed a law that the old Province of Quebec should be divided into Upper Canada (which was inhabited chiefly by British Protestants) and Lower Canada (which was chiefly occupied by French Roman Catholics).

Each province was to have two councils, chosen by the governor; and an Assembly elected by the people, no matter what their religion might be. In Lower Canada the French law was retained, except for wrongdoers, who were to be judged in both provinces by English law. Tithes were still to be collected in Lower Canada for the support of the Church; in Upper Canada one-seventh of the public lands was to be set apart for the support of the Protestant clergy. The parliaments might tax the people for education, roads, and other public purposes; but duties on foreign goods coming into the country could only be imposed by order of the Parliament which sat at Westminster.

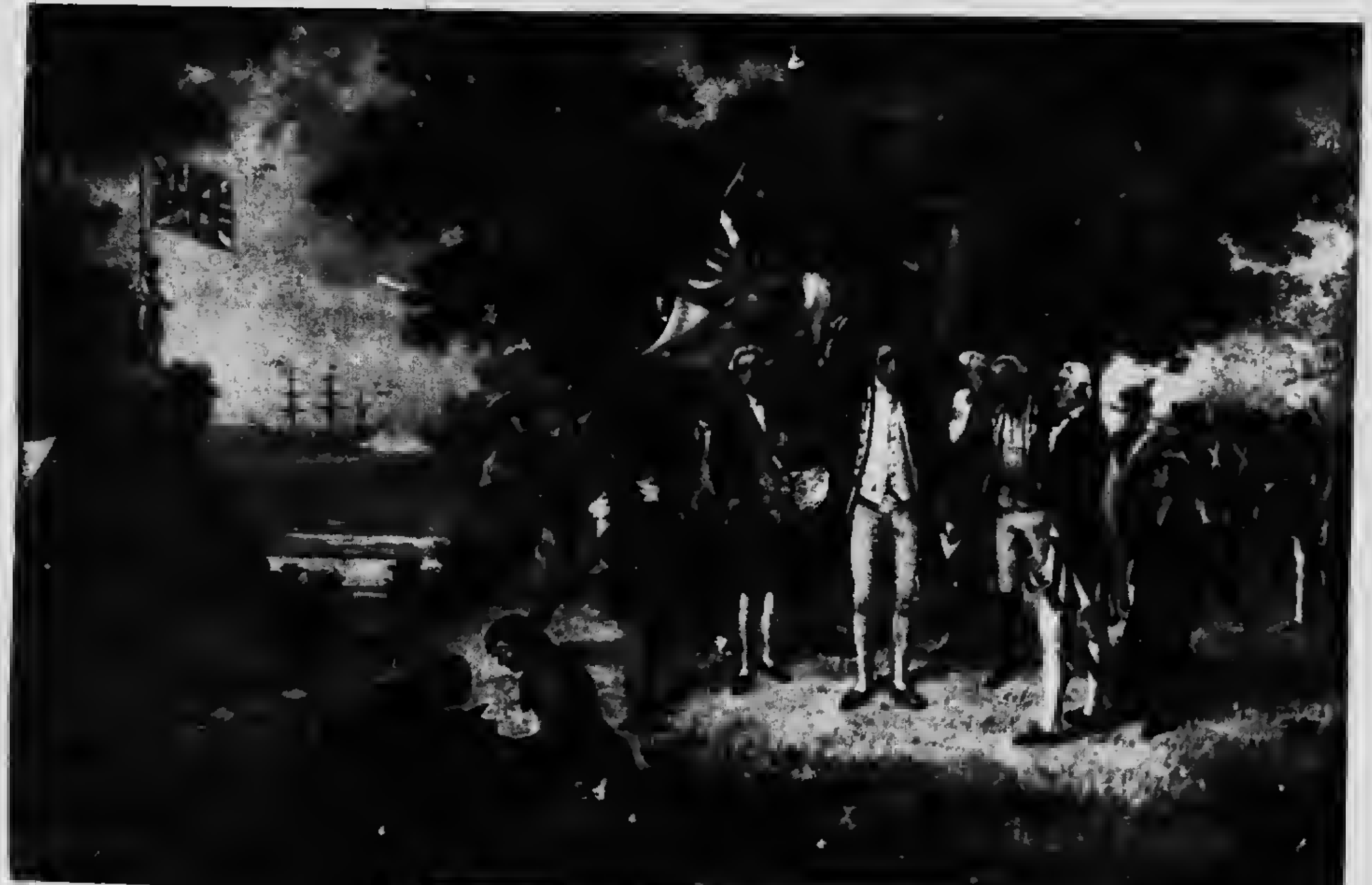
The first Assembly of Lower Canada met in the old city of Quebec in 1792. For his two councils the governor mainly chose Britons; while for the Assembly the people mainly elected Frenchmen. The councils had control of money matters, the choice of public officers, and the chief management of affairs; so there was British rule in a province which was mainly inhabited by Frenchmen. Of course quarrels soon arose between the councils and the Assembly.

The first Assembly of Upper Canada met at Niagara, which was then the seat of government. In 1793, General Simcoe, the first Governor of Upper Canada, crossed over to the north shore of Lake Ontario, and pitched his tent on a tongue of land with an excellent harbour. There were only two Indian families in the neighbourhood, and the spot did not look very promising. Indeed, an early settler said that it was more fitted for a frog farm than for the site of a city. Nevertheless, Governor Simcoe had chosen the site of Toronto wisely, for his new seat of government was so situated as to be central, and to be in touch with all parts of the province by water. York, as he christened the new settlement after the second son of George the Third, grew slowly at first. Thirty years after it was founded it contained 1,300 inhabitants; on its hundredth birthday its population was 195,000; and now it is the second city of Canada, and the handsomest and pleasantest town in the whole Dominion.

There was no strife between British Protestants and French Roman Catholics in Upper Canada, but there were other reasons for complaint. The governor and his councils managed matters as they pleased, and the elected Assembly had little or no power. This caused discontent, which gradually grew until the beginning of the warfare of which I shall speak in the next chapter. Then the Canadian people forgot their quarrels with the governors and the councils, and every able-bodied man shouldered his gun and fought for his hearth and home. When great dangers arise, all wise and true men throw aside their differences and unite in defence of their country. So it was in Canada.

And now, while the land is growing daily in prosperity and while new settlers are constantly arriving to tame the wilderness, let us glance across the Atlantic and see what was happening in the Old World. On board one of the ships which carried Wolfe and his men to Quebec there was a young officer named James Cook. He was a remarkable man, and he began life as a draper's boy in a little fishing village on the Yorkshire coast. The boy disliked his work in the shop, and loved to slip down to the quay and listen to the yarns of the fishermen as they smoked their pipes by the waterside. At last he ran away to sea and shipped as cabin-boy on a collier. He had now found his life's work, and before long he was mate of the ship and a fine seaman.

In Cook's day it was the custom, when the Royal Navy needed men, to send out a number of armed sailors, who seized seamen, watermen, and, in time of great need, landsmen, and carried them off to the king's ships. One day Cook found a *pressgang*, as it was called, at his heels, and to escape violent treatment he offered of his own will to serve the king. He was so active and intelligent that before long he was promoted to be "master." Then he sailed with the fleet for the capture of Quebec, and did splendid service by taking soundings right in front of the city.



In 1768 he was made captain of a small ship called the *Endeavour*, and was instructed to search for new lands in the Southern Seas. He "fell in" with the group of islands known as New Zealand, and took possession of them in the name of King George. Then he sailed eastward, sighted Australia, which was then known as New Holland, and planted the flag on its shores. Cook made a second voyage to the Southern Seas, and when he returned home he begged the government to establish a colony in Australia. His advice was neglected until the year 1788—that is, five years before the founding of Toronto. Then the government sent out a party of convicts and soldiers, who made a settlement not far from the site of the city of Sydney.

This was the beginning of the great British possession of Australia—a continent which contains more than four million people, mainly of British race and loyal to the British Crown. It is not so large as Canada, but it is well fitted for the abode of white men. One-fourth of all the sheep in the world are bred on its downs, and enormous quantities of wool and preserved and frozen meat are shipped every year to Europe. It is also rich in gold, silver, tin, copper, and coal. Australia stands ninth in the roll of nations.

New Zealand, which Cook also gave to the empire, did not receive its first white settlers until the year 1814. Its progress was checked by native wars, but these came to an end in 1871, since when New Zealand has advanced by leaps and bounds. It contains more than 888,000 people, chiefly of British race and devoted to the empire. For its size and population New Zealand claims to be one of the richest countries in the world.

While the American war was raging Great Britain was rapidly becoming the workshop of the world. Great inventions had been made, and machinery now did the work formerly done by hand. The new machines were driven by steam, and they produced articles so rapidly and cheaply that their products flooded the markets of the world. All this did not take place, however, without much suffering. The change came about so suddenly that large numbers of hand-workers found themselves without employment. Frequently they rioted and broke the machines, but in time they settled down to the new conditions, and found their lot much improved.

It was very fortunate that Great Britain became wealthy at this time. The American War had left her deep in debt, and she was now on the eve of a long struggle which was to prove so costly as to strain even her great resources. Great Britain weathered the storm, chiefly because she was the only nation which had peace at home during the twenty-two years of warfare. The other European nations were torn with strife, and they could not manufacture the goods which they needed, consequently they were obliged to purchase wares from Great Britain, and thus provide her with money to continue the war.

Now let us learn how this war began. Seven years after peace was made with the American colonists there was a terrible upheaval in France. For hundreds of years the kings and nobles had mismanaged the country and ground down the people. The nobles paid no taxes, and they alone could hold high office in the state, the army, and the church. The people had few rights, but had countless wrongs. They were forced to work without pay on the roads and on their lords' estates; they were crushed by heavy taxes which were wrung from them with the utmost cruelty. The land was full of starving, hopeless men.

In May 1789 King Louis the Sixteenth was compelled to call together the French National Assembly, which had not met for one hundred and seventy-five years. Every one was prepared for great changes, but no one dreamt of the terrors that were soon to come. The "Third Estate," or Commons, was of less importance than the other two estates, which consisted of the nobles and the clergy; but now it made itself all-powerful, and the king dared not oppose it. When he threatened to send the members away, their leader said, "We are here by the will of the people of France, and nothing but the force of bayonets shall disperse us."

This victory made the people eager for more victories, and there was great disorder everywhere. Paris broke into revolt and the guards joined the people. The Bastille, or state prison of Paris, was stormed, the prisoners were set free, and the garrison was slain. All over the land the peasants rose, murdered the nobles, and burned their castles. The king could do nothing, and the Assembly, backed by the mob, passed laws sweeping away the old rights of the nobles and the Church.

Early in October a mob of starving women marched to the king's summer palace crying for bread. They entered the queen's bedchamber, killed two of the guards, and returned to Paris carrying with them the king, the queen, and the young dauphin. Many of the nobles now left the country and took refuge in foreign lands, where they called upon the governments to make war on the French people. The German princes talked of invading France, and at once the French replied by declaring war on them.

At first there were many people in Great Britain and in America who welcomed the upheaval as likely to give France a new and glorious freedom. As, however, the leaders of the people became more and more violent, their sympathy turned into anger. In the autumn of 1792 the Paris mob stormed the palace in which the king was confined, and slew his Swiss guards. Then the king was removed from the throne, and a republic was set up. "The kings of Europe threaten us," said one of the leading men; "let us hurl at their feet the head of a king." On January 21, 1793, the axe fell on the neck of King Louis, and a few months later his wife perished in the same way. A thrill of horror went through Great Britain, and war was declared against France. The real reason for the war was that the French had seized Belgium, and were calling upon other nations to follow their example and do away with kings altogether.

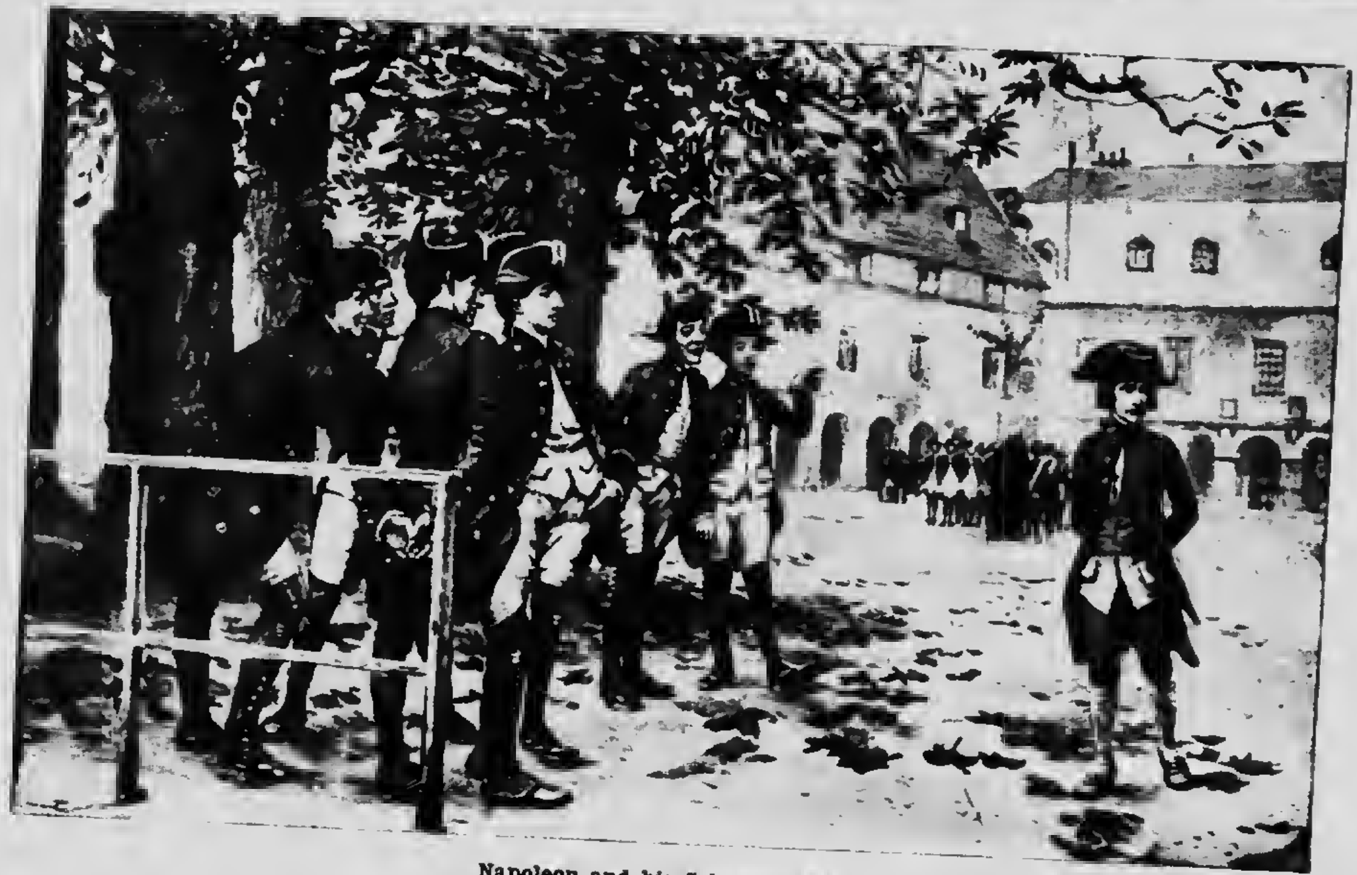
Great Britain, Holland, Spain, Austria, and Prussia now joined together against France, and the great war began. France was in a terrible state. In the summer of 1793, during the awful "Reign of Terror," no less than fourteen hundred persons were put to death in six weeks, and some of the most bloodthirsty scenes in all history took place. Nevertheless the leaders of the people showed wonderful courage and energy. They put down disorder and raised army after army, though they could scarcely feed or clothe their soldiers.

The allies, on the other hand, were disunited, and were slow to move. The French, therefore, carried the war into the enemies' country. They conquered Holland, and then Prussia and Spain made peace with them, leaving Britain and Austria to carry on the war. Twice Britain tried to make peace, but with no success. At the end of the year 1795 France held the upper hand in Europe.

In the midst of this tumult and strife there arose one of the greatest figures ever known to history. His name was Napoleon Bonaparte—a name which was soon to be the terror of Europe. He was born in Corsica in the year which saw the American colonists rise in revolt against the British Government. During the first year of peace he was a "gentleman cadet" in the military school at Paris. Here he was known as a silent, haughty lad, full of self-love and of great ambition. He made no special mark in the schoolroom, and none of his teachers ever dreamed that he would become one of the world's mightiest men.

In 1793, when he was a young officer, he was placed in command of the artillery for the siege of the naval port of Toulon. Why, you ask, did the French besiege one of their own cities? Toulon at that time was filled with Frenchmen who hated the Republic, and had called on the British to hold the town for them. Napoleon soon showed his genius. He planted his cannon so skilfully that the British were forced to leave the town. Before doing so, however, they burned the French fleet, lest it should fall into the hands of their foes.

After this Napoleon rose rapidly. In 1796 he was in command of the army in Italy, much of which then belonged to Austria. In two campaigns he defeated the Austrians, and made himself master of Italy. Austria begged for peace, and Great Britain was left to continue the struggle alone. The French now prepared to cross the English Channel and invade



Napoleon and his Schoolfellows.

Great Britain. It was a black hour for the mother country. The banks stopped cash payments, alarm was at its height, and all looked to the fleet as the only hope of succour.

On St. Valentine's Day next year the British fleet won the first of its many great victories during the war. Off Cape St. Vincent Admiral Jervis met the Spanish fleet, which had been forced to join that of France, and beat it soundly, though he had fewer ships than the enemy. The hero of the fight was a young captain who bore the proudest name in the history of our navy, and was soon to win for his land the mastery of the sea. He was Horatio Nelson, the son of a Norfolk parson, and he had been in the navy since his twelfth year. Already he had shown himself a fine seaman, a gallant officer, and a man who never knew fear.

During the autumn Britain made another effort to come to terms with France, but all to no purpose. The French still intended to invade England, and the Dutch fleet, which was under their orders, was sent to join the French fleet. Off Camperdown it was met by Admiral Duncan's fleet, and during the battle that followed the British captured twelve ships. This victory put an end for a time to the fear of invasion.

Meanwhile, what was Napoleon doing? He returned from Italy to Paris, to find France burning for martial glory and eager to beat Britain to her knees. He now proposed to take India from us, and, as the first step, sailed with a huge fleet and army to Egypt, which he declared to be the key to India. By the end of July 1798 Egypt was in Napoleon's hands. Already Nelson had been placed in command of a British fleet, with orders to seek the French fleet and to do his best to "take, sink, burn, and destroy it." After a long and anxious search he found it in Aboukir Bay, not far from Alexandria, at the mouth of the Nile. "We are moored in such a manner," wrote the French admiral, "as to bid defiance to a force more than double our own." It was a vain boast. The French ships were anchored in single file along the shore, and the admiral believed that no ship could possibly sail to shoreward of him. Nelson, however, sailed his ships up both sides of the French vessels, and thus placed them between two fires. The French were trapped, and Nelson cried, "Before this time to-morrow I shall have gained a peerage or Westminster Abbey."

At half-past six, just as the sun was setting, the battle began, and in twelve minutes the first and third ships of the enemy were dismasted. Black night came on at seven, and only the flash of the guns lit up the darkness. At half-past eight the fourth and fifth ships yielded, and at ten minutes past nine the *Orient*, the flagship of the French admiral, caught fire. She lay between two British ships, and was almost cut in half by shot. Her gallant admiral was dying on the deck, and every moment the flames grew fiercer and fiercer. At a quarter-past eleven she blew up with a loud roar, and the battle of the Nile was over. All that remained was to render the victory complete. By three in the morning only two ships of that proud French fleet had escaped.

This victory put fresh heart into the enemies of France, and Austria and Russia once more became Britain's allies. Napoleon, however, showed no dismay, but resolved to conquer the whole of the East. He crossed the desert into Syria, and drove the Turks out of the southern part of the land. Before the walls of Acre, however, he was checked by a British fleet under Sir Sidney Smith. In later years Napoleon said, "That man made me miss my destiny"—which was, as he thought, to become emperor of the East.

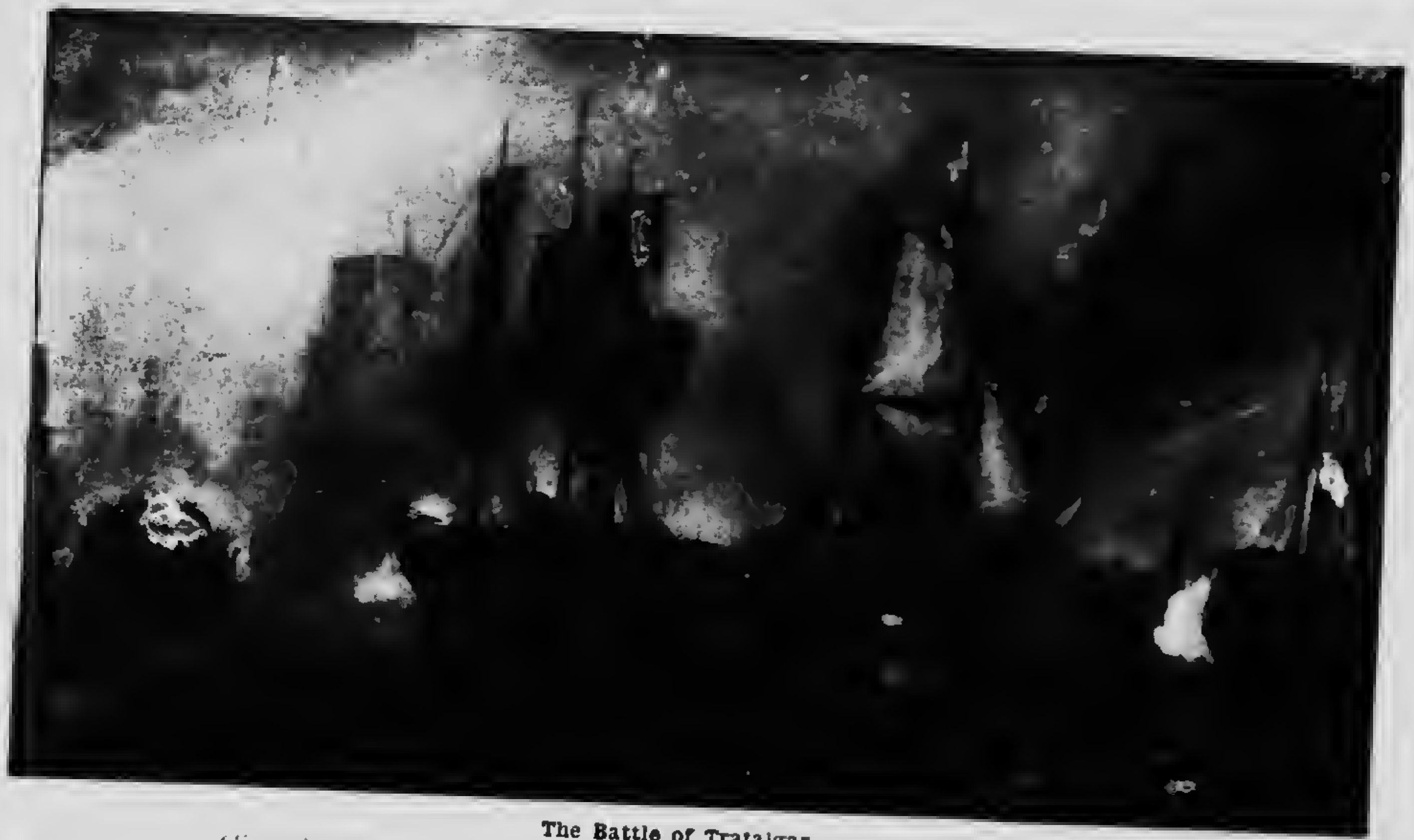
He now retreated to Egypt, and leaving his army behind him, took ship for France, where his friends made him the head of the Republic. He took up his abode in the palace of the late king, and began to dream dreams of an even loftier position. He had pledged his word to save France from her enemies, and in May 1800 he led his troops across the Alps by the great St. Bernard Pass, which had never before been trodden by the feet of a great army Then he fell upon the Austrians and crushed them. Later in the year one of his generals defeated another Austrian army, and then Austria sued for peace. Russia had already gone over to Napoleon, and Britain was again left to struggle single-handed against the "Terror of Europe."

Napoleon now tried to injure Britain by striking at her trade. He persuaded Russia, Denmark, and Sweden to mass their ships and to close all their ports against British vessels. This was a deep-laid scheme, but it came to nothing. The league was broken up by a splendid victory which Nelson gained at Copenhagen over the Danish fleet, and by the death of the Tsar, whose successor was more friendly to Great Britain.

Meanwhile the French army had been driven out of Egypt, and there was no reason why the war should not come to an end. Peace was therefore signed in March 1802, and Great Britain restored all the conquests she had made except Ceylon and Trinidad. This was all that she obtained from a struggle which had cost her thousands of lives and had added 1,350 millions of dollars to her national debt.

Before the ink was dry on the treaty of peace Napoleon was preparing for war. He knew that he could never be master of the world—for that was his aim—until Britain lay crushed and bleeding at his feet. A little more than a year passed away, and war was again declared. Napoleon forced Spain to join him, and then prepared to invade England. One hundred thousand men were marched to Boulogne, where a fleet of flat-bottomed boats lay waiting for them. "The Channel," said Napoleon, "is but a ditch, and any one can cross it who has the courage to try." He meant to put his courage to the test as soon as the Channel was clear of the British fleet. Command of the Channel for six hours was all that he required. To secure this he ordered the French ships which were then in Brest harbour to slip out during rough weather and sail for the West Indies. As soon as they arrived they were to turn round and come back as quickly as possible, so as to cover the crossing of the troops.

Nelson with a British fleet was watching the harbour, and Napoleon felt sure that when the British admiral found that his birds had flown he would immediately go in pursuit of them. So he did, and the plan nearly succeeded. Nelson



The Battle of Trafalgar.

(From the painting by Clarkson Stanfield, R.A., in the National Gallery of British Art.)

crossed the Atlantic, but finding that the French fleet had already started for home, saw that he had been tricked, and at once sent a swift ship to warn the government. Happily, some British ships were waiting for the French fleet, and were able to drive it into a Spanish port to refit. Before it could put to sea again Nelson had arrived. Napoleon's plan had failed, and in disgust he broke up his camp and marched into Germany to attack the Austrians once more. A number of victories followed, but in the midst of the rejoicing terrible news arrived. The greatest sea-fight in history had been fought, and the fleets of France and Spain were no more. The beginning of the end had come for the "Terror of Europe."

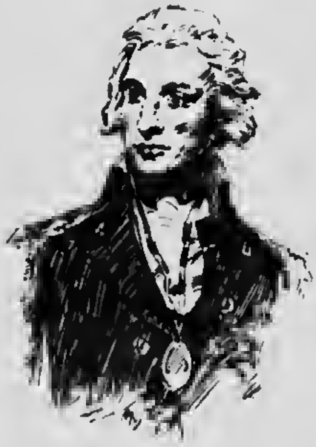
The French admiral lay in Cadiz harbour with thirty-three French and Spanish ships, and outside was Nelson with twenty-seven British ships. Napoleon had sent a bitter letter to his admiral, calling him a coward. Stung to the quick, the admiral now determined to prove that he did not lack courage. So he put to sea, and on the morning of October 20, 1805, the two fleets came in sight of each other. Nelson's plan of battle was to advance in two columns and crash into the enemy's line, thus breaking it in two places and enabling him to destroy the ships in the centre before those on the wings could come to their aid.

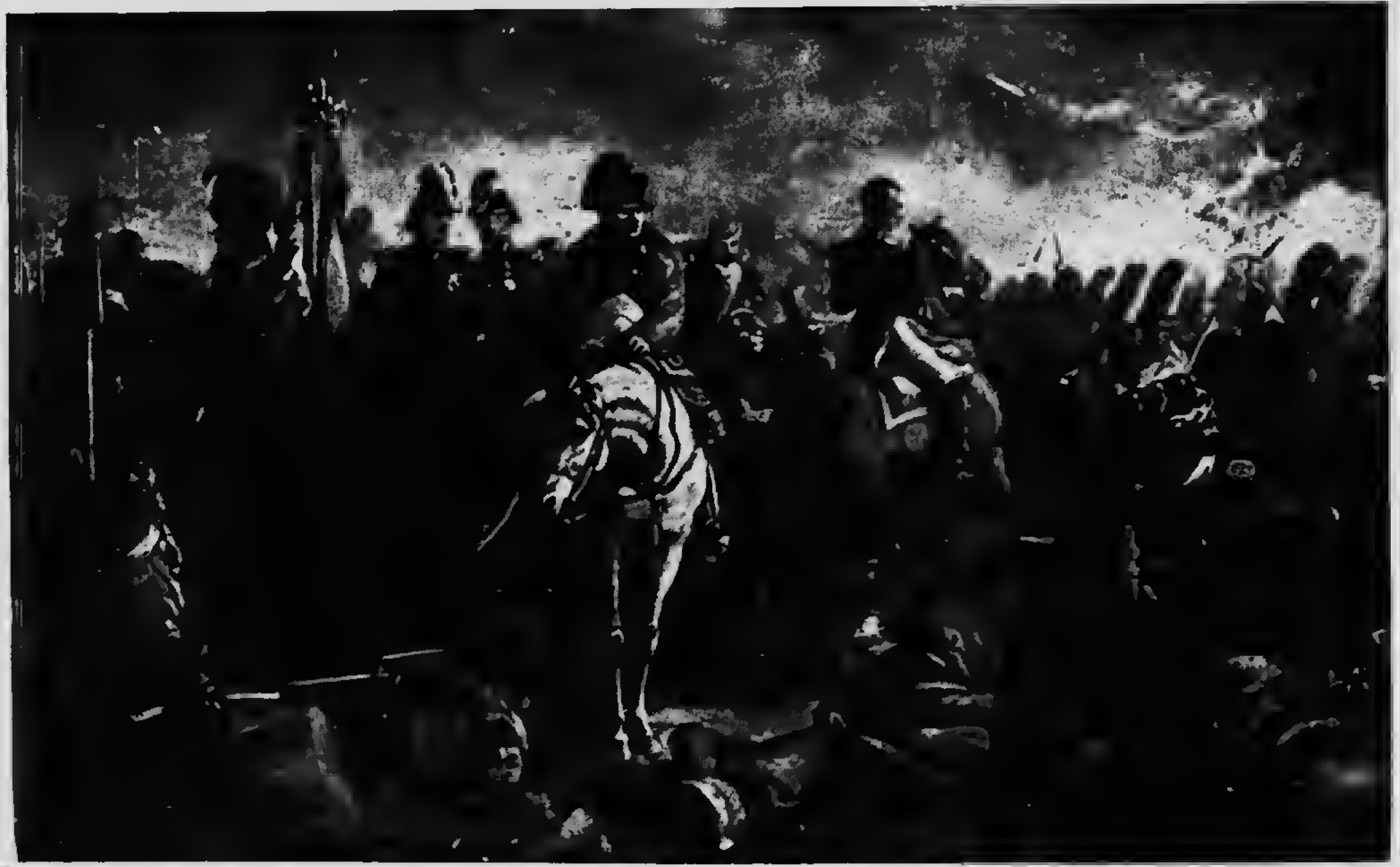
Just before the battle began Nelson went to his cabin and there on his knees wrote a beautiful and touching prayer. Coming on deck again, he ordered the famous signal to be made—"ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY." Loud cheers arose from the fleet as the signal was read. "Now," said Nelson, "I can do no more. We must trust to the great Disposer of events and to the justice of our cause."

I need not describe the fight fully. You may read it for yourselves in Southey's "Life of Nelson," a book which every British boy and every girl ought to possess. When the great fight was over, all that was left of the French and Spanish fleets was a huddle of hulks rolling helplessly in the sea with the British colours flying from the stumps of masts, and a trail of beaten ships flying towards Cadiz. Of the thirty-three Franco-Spanish vessels, nineteen were taken and one was burned.

The greatest blow to the British fleet was the death of the gallant Nelson in the hour of victory. He had arrayed himself in full uniform, and the stars and orders on his breast had made him a good mark for the enemy's riflemen. He fell with his backbone shot through, and his last words were, "Now I am satisfied. Thank God I have done my duty."

Britain's great naval hero was dead, but he had not spent his life's blood in vain. He had won for his country that command of the sea which enabled her to spread her empire far and wide, and to build up a vast trade with all the world. He had struck the blow which brought Napoleon to his knees ten years later; but above and beyond all, he had given to his land the memory of a heroic sailor who made "Duty" the watchword of his life.





Napoleon on the Battlefield.

Chapter XLIV

How Canada fought for the Empire

HAD you lived in Canada in the year 1811 you would have heard much about Tecumseh and the "Prophet." Tecumseh was a splendid type of Indian, a trustworthy, honourable, upright, and brave man. The "Prophet" was his twin brother. From time to time the "Prophet" fell into trances and foretold a great future for the Indians whose hunting-grounds were constantly being taken from them by the white settlers. Tecumseh and his brother deserted the Shawnee tribe to which they belonged and settled on the Wabash, where the fame of the prophet's visions drew crowds of Indians from far and near. While the "Prophet" prophesied, Tecumseh told the Indians that the whole country belonged to them, and that those who had sold their lands to the white men had done what they had no right to do. Growing in strength, he sent messages to the American Government ordering them to give up all the lands north of the Ohio. Meanwhile he travelled from tribe to tribe, and in a short time united them against the white man. In July 1811 Governor Harrison marched against the Indians and defeated them. Tecumseh was absent at the time of the battle, and when he heard of the defeat he forsook the United States and took service with the British in Canada.

In the next year Canada was fighting for her life. After thirty-five years of peace the Americans declared war against Britain, and invaded Canada. It was a disgraceful act, and many of the people in the United States heartily detested it.

The New Englanders thought the war wicked and senseless, and in Boston the flags floated half-mast high. At this time Britain was straining every nerve to hold Napoleon in check. She needed every man and every gun, and she could not afford to send more than a handful of troops to defend Canada. "The land of the maple leaf" had to fight her own battles. Nobly indeed did she do so.

Why did the Americans declare war? You will remember that Napoleon tried to cripple Britain by injuring the trade which gave her the means of opposing him. He "boycotted" our trade by refusing to let the nations under his control receive British ships in their ports. We in turn refused to let foreign nations trade with him. Now at this time the Americans were doing a large business with France. Their ships went to and fro in great numbers, carrying goods which enabled Napoleon to continue the war. Britain now declared that all vessels attempting to trade with France would be seized, and many captures of American vessels were made by British cruisers. This was very unfortunate for the Americans, and many of their merchants suffered grievous losses.

There was a second reason. Britain then held that a man who was once a Briton was always a Briton, and that he could not become a citizen of another country by merely removing to it and saying that he belonged to it. You know that in times of difficulty she obtained sailors by *pressing* them into her service. On board the American ships there were many deserters and others who were British subjects. The British Government claimed the right to search all vessels, to see whether they were carrying war material for France, and also to discover if there were any British subjects on board. If a vessel carried war material, she was captured; and if she had British sailors on board, they were seized and forced to serve on the king's ships. Naturally, the Americans were very angry when this was done; but Britain was so strong on the sea that they could not resist.

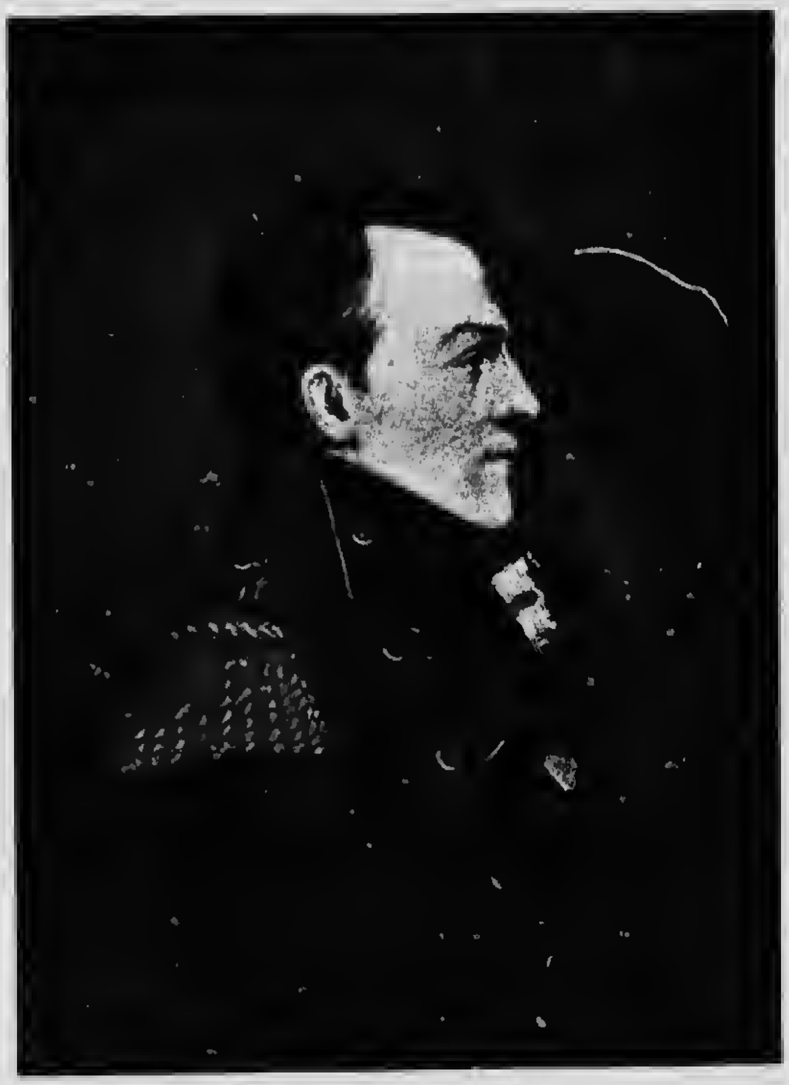
At last, however, they declared war. They could not fight Britain by sea, so they determined to seize Canada. The

United States at this time had a population of eight millions, while in the whole of Canada there were less than half a million people. The Americans expected an easy victory, especially as they believed that the Canadians were quite eager to "throw off the yoke of Britain." In this they were greatly mistaken. Canada was loyal to the core, and her militia rallied nobly. There were only four thousand five hundred regular troops in the country.

The Americans sent three separate armies into Canada. The first, under General Hull, was to cross the border by way of Detroit; the second, under General Rensselaer, was to enter Canada by the Niagara peninsula; and the third, under General Dearborn, was to follow the old trail by way of Lake Champlain.

Immediately war was declared a small band of Canadians captured the American fort of Mackinac on Lake Michigan. This victory enlisted the Indians on the British side, and led by Tecumseh, they did excellent work throughout the war. Along with a small body of Canadians they cut off Hull's supplies, and he and his two thousand five hundred men had to retreat to Detroit. Major-General Sir Isaac Brock, who was commander-in-chief in Upper Canada, at once followed Hull with half the number of men, and prepared to attack the fort. Just as the signal was being given for the assault the white flag was raised, and Hull and his whole army yielded without striking a blow! After the surrender Brock girded his own sash about Tecumseh; but the noble Indian, though proud of the honour, passed it on to an older warrior.

The Americans had hardly recovered from the shame of their surrender at Detroit when another disaster befell them. Their second army crossed the Niagara River by night, and climbing the cliffs on the Canadian shore, seized Queenston Heights, which on the one side rise sheer from the foaming waters. This position they meant to use as a base for their attacks on Upper Canada. The sound of firing was heard by Brock at Fort George, and he instantly galloped to the spot. Taking in the situation at a glance, he ordered the Canadians to clear the



Major-General Sir Isaac Brock.

heights at the point of the bayonet. At the head of his men the gallant Brock charged up the steep hillside, shouting, "Push on, ye brave York volunteers." The words had hardly left his lips when he fell shot through the breast. As he lay dying he cried, "Don't mind me; push on, boys!" So hot was the fire from the top of the hill that the Canadians were checked for a time.

Shortly afterwards General Sheaffo arrived from Fort George with fresh troops. With wonderful dash and spirit they charged up the hill, and gradually pushed the Americans back to the edge of the precipice. The enemy had now the choice of yielding or of being hurled into the boiling waters two hundred feet below. Before long eleven hundred Americans laid down their arms. The victory, however, was dearly bought; for General Brock was a splendid commander, and his name will ever be revered by Canadians. But for his foresight and great activity Canada would have been totally unprepared to meet the invaders. He was the very model of a soldier—as brave as a lion, quick to see and prompt to act. His character was simple, frank, and modest, and it is said that he was never known to make an ill-natured remark. His memory is preserved by a monument which stands in a park of forty acres on Queenston Heights.

But what of the third army? Under General Dearborn ten thousand men advanced by way of Lake Champlain, but were met by a force of Canadian militia and compelled to retire. The first year of the war came to an end, and Canada had won all along the line.

Early in the spring of 1813 the Americans again attacked Canada. A battle was fought on the Rasin River, and once more the Canadians were victorious. Soon, however, the tide of fortune turned. The Americans launched a small fleet on Lake Erie and on Lake Champlain. Another fleet attacked the little capital of York, which was defended by a small force. After some sharp fighting the place was captured, houses were robbed, public buildings were burned, and stores carried away. Fort George, at the mouth of the Niagara River, was besieged;

but the British general held out bravely, and when he could no longer defend the place he spiked his guns, blew up his fort, and made a good retreat to Burlington Heights, near the present city of Hamilton. The Americans closely followed the retreating Canadians; but their camp was surprised at night, and over a hundred officers and men were taken prisoners. The invaders then retired to Fort George.

It was during the time that the Americans occupied the Niagara peninsula that a Canadian woman named Laura Secord won everlasting fame by her splendid heroism. Her husband was a sturdy loyalist who had been wounded with Brock at Queenston, and was now helpless. He happened to overhear the American pickets talking of an attack which was to be made on a small Canadian party at Beaver Dams, twelve miles from Niagara. Immediately he set his wits to work. How could he warn his fellow-countrymen? He was unable to carry a message himself, so he took his brave-hearted wife into confidence. She was a frail woman of forty, but she did not hesitate a moment. "I will go," she said. It was no easy task which she thus fearlessly undertook. The roads were bad, and the woods were swampy. Americans and Indians blocked her path, yet she did not shrink from the difficulty and danger.

Slowly driving a cow before her, she was allowed to pass the sentries, and all day long she trudged through the woods, avoiding the beaten track. At length, after a walk of nineteen miles, she reached the fork of a river. There was no bridge, but she managed to cross by means of a fallen tree-trunk. Just as her long walk was ending and Beaver Dams was close at hand, she was seized by a party of Indians. At first she was terrified, but she soon discovered that the red men were friendly. They brought her to the officer in charge of Beaver Dams, and she told him her story.

The officer, whose name was Fitzgibbon, only waited to thank the brave woman; and then he prepared to meet the enemy. He had only thirty Canadians and two hundred and forty Indians, but he spread his men out in the woods and waited for the Americans to appear. As soon as they came in sight they were greeted by a hail of bullets and loud yells. The Americans, who found themselves attacked on all sides by an invisible foe, fell fast. Then Fitzgibbon appeared with a white handkerchief tied to his sword, and called upon them to surrender so as to avoid bloodshed. The American commander hesitated, and Fitzgibbon said, "I will give you five minutes. After that I cannot control my Indians." Thinking he had fallen into a trap, the American commander yielded, and his five hundred men and twenty-five officers gave themselves up to Fitzgibbon's little band!

Laura Secord's name and fame are still remembered with pride by Canadians. When our late King Edward visited Canada in the year 1860, he was taken to see the white-haired old lady who had so nobly shown that the Canadian women of 1812 were just as loyal and devoted as the men.

While Laura Secord was covering herself with glory, the American fleet on Lake Erie had defeated and captured a small Canadian fleet, and had thus obtained control of the lake. Another British reverse was shortly to follow. General Proctor had been forced to leave Detroit with his garrison of nine hundred Canadians and a body of Indian braves under Tecumseh. They retreated to Moravian Town, on the banks of the Thames, and there, with a thick cedar swamp on the right and the river in front, prepared to give battle. Proctor was a worthless leader, and the riflemen of Kentucky rushed upon him before he had felled trees and thrown up ramparts. To make a long and sad story short, the Canadians fled. Tecumseh and his brave Indians, however, stood fast. They were outnumbered by six to one, and were bound to be beaten; but they fought like lions. Amongst those who fell was Tecumseh, the faithful ally of the Canadians and the last of the great Indian chiefs. His body was shamefully treated by the victors, who, it is said, actually carried off his skin as a trophy. As for Proctor, he was afterwards tried by court-martial, and was driven out of the army.

In Lower Canada, however, the Americans received a check.

Under Generals Hampton and Wilkinson two armies were sent to attack Montreal—the one marching by the Lake Champlain route, the other sailing down the St. Lawrence in boats. To prevent these forces from uniting, an old French-Canadian nobleman, named De Salaberry, was entrusted with sixteen hundred men. He marched them to a place where he could block Hampton's path to Chateauguay. Here he threw up trenches, and waited for the foe to attack. A furious fire greeted the advance guard of the Americans, who fell in large numbers. De Salaberry had hidden a dozen buglers at various points in the woods, and they now began to blow the "advance." As the trumpet blasts echoed and re-echoed through the woods the Americans imagined that a large army was in front of them. Seized with panic they fled back to their comrades, dropping their knapsacks and muskets as they ran. The main body of Americans thought the fugitives were Canadians, and fired on them. When they discovered their mistake they too took to their heels. With the trifling loss of two killed and sixteen wounded the Canadians had completely overcome an army which greatly outnumbered them. A monument on the field at Chateauguay reminds Canadians of a later day how gallantly De Salaberry and his French-Canadians fought for the empire.

Meanwhile Wilkinson with eight thousand men was moving down the St. Lawrence, closely pursued by a small body of Canadians, who hung upon their rear like wasps, and cut off all stragglers. At last the rearguard of the invaders turned and gave battle. At Chrysler's Farm, near what is now known as Cook's Point on the St. Lawrence, Colonel Morrison and his small band of eight hundred Canadians were fiercely attacked by two thousand five hundred Americans; but the invaders were forced to give way, with the loss of their general and several hundred men. Soon afterwards Wilkinson heard of Hampton's rout at Chateauguay, and promptly beat a retreat across the border.

Towards the close of the year an American general named M'Clure, at the head of three thousand men, was forced to give up Fort George. Before retreating to the other side of the river he disgraced himself by plundering the people of the district and destroying the town of Newark. One winter's night he burned down all the houses in the place except one, and drove out the inhabitants, even the weak and helpless women, into the bitter cold. This cruel act so angered the Canadians that, in revenge, they followed him and burned Buffalo and three other American towns.

In the third year of the war Wilkinson made another attempt on Lower Canada, but was again driven back. By this time there was peace in Europe, and the British were able to send troops and stores to Canada. Oswego was retaken, and soon the outlook was brighter everywhere. The last and fiercest battle took place near the beautiful village of Lundy's Lane, where three thousand Canadian and British troops met six thousand Americans on the 25th of July. The battle began about six in the evening, and continued until after midnight. The Canadians gallantly charged the foe, but were met by a fierce fire from a few well-placed guns.

Night fell, and the moon shone out, but the slaughter still continued. After some hours of battle a short pause occurred, during which the groans of the wounded could be heard mingling with the dull roar of a neighbouring waterfall. Then the battle began again, and the Canadians pushed forward their cannon until the muzzles almost touched those of the enemy. Furious bayonet charges by the Americans were met and repelled by the British, until shortly after midnight the invaders drew back their baffled forces. Both Canadians and Americans had nearly a thousand men killed and wounded. During the night the enemy retired to Fort Erie, and later in the season withdrew from Canada altogether. As far as Canada was concerned the war was now over.

It was now the turn of the British to invade the United States. In the autumn Sir George Prevost with a strong force attempted the capture of Plattsburg on Lake Champlain. Owing to bad generalship the British fleet was badly beaten, and the army was ordered to retreat to Montreal.

This retreat was a disgrace to the British commander, who had already shown that he was quite unfit to command troops.

The British invasion by way of Chesapeake Bay was more successful. In August the British landed in Maryland, and at the battle of Bladensburg drove the Americans before them. Then they marched on Washington, and very nearly captured the president. In revenge for the burning of Canadian towns the Capitol and most of the public buildings were destroyed. Another British force attacked New Orleans, and a battle was fought after peace had been made in Europe, but before the news could reach America. On December 24, 1814, peace was signed, and neither side gained anything from the struggle. The right of searching American vessels was not even mentioned in the treaty of peace.

The results of the war were bad for both Canadians and Americans. For three years Canada's industries had been well-nigh stopped, and her trade at an end. Much property had been destroyed, and there had been much loss of life. The maritime provinces were far from the scene of the fighting, but they had their troubles to bear. American ships seized their vessels and plundered the settlements on the coast. No wonder that the news of the peace was hailed with the greatest delight.

Chapter XLV

Waterloo

IF ever you visit London, you will see at Hyde Park Corner a statue to the Duke of Wellington, the man who foiled Napoleon on land, as Nelson had already foiled him on the seas. In this chapter we are to learn how Wellington brought about Napoleon's downfall. The English poet Tennyson spoke of Wellington as—

> "Foremost captain of his time,
> Rich in saving common sense,
> And, as the greatest only are,
> In his simplicity sublime."

Arthur Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington, was born in the year 1769, less than four months before Napoleon. His father was an Irish peer, and Dublin still shows the house where he was born. When eighteen years of age he became an ensign in the army, but at first he seems to have been somewhat dull and rather idle. Not until the year 1793, when he was placed in command of his regiment, did he show himself a first-rate soldier.

When his eldest brother was made Governor-General of India, Arthur went with him, and was soon given a post in the Indian army. He saw much fighting in India, and won the battle of Assaye. In 1805 he returned to England, and became a useful member of Parliament.

At this time Napoleon was supreme. He had beaten the Prussians, had overthrown a Russian army, and the Tsar had become his friend. The little kingdom of Portugal, however, refused to do his bidding; whereupon he overran the country, thrust its king off the throne, and placed the crown on the head of his own brother Louis. The people of Spain and Portugal refused to be treated in this high-handed way, and they constantly rose against him. So disturbed was the land that the British Government thought that they could act as a thorn in Napoleon's side by waging a land war in the Iberian Peninsula. They helped the Spaniards with arms and money, and sent an army to Portugal. Thus began the Peninsular War.

Arthur Wellesley was placed in command of nine thousand men, and was ordered to help either the Spaniards or the Portuguese, according to his own judgment. He sailed from England on the 12th of July in the year 1808, and advanced on Lisbon. This was a bold step, for the French general Junot held the city. On the 21st of August Wellesley fought a battle with Junot, and defeated him on the hillside at Vimiera. Lisbon would have been captured and the French army destroyed had Wellesley been allowed to pursue the beaten foe. A superior officer, however, had now arrived, and he forbade Wellesley to follow up his advantage. Instead of destroying Junot's army, this superior officer made a treaty with the French general, by which he and his troops were to return unharmed to France. The British people were very angry at this treaty, and Wellesley and his superior officer were recalled and tried for making terms with Junot. Wellesley, however, was found not guilty, and was sent back to Portugal. Then he began a long, dogged struggle which lasted six years, and only ended when the French were driven out of Spain. Before the war was over he had been made Viscount Wellington, and was known far and wide as Britain's greatest soldier.

I cannot in these pages tell you the long story of the Peninsular War. I hope some day you will read it for yourselves in Napier's History. I can promise you that you will find the story most interesting. You will read of many fierce battles and sieges, of advances and retreats almost without number, and you will be certain to admire the wonderful generalship, the splendid foresight, and the dogged spirit of "the Great Duke."

In June 1812, the year in which Canada and the United States began their war, the Tsar grew tired of being Napoleon's servant, and disobeyed him. Napoleon at once declared war on him, and marched a vast army of six hundred thousand men into Russia. The Russians did not attempt to fight this army, but retreated before it, laying waste the country as they fell back. The French soon found themselves short of food, and thousands died of hunger. The line of march was marked by dead horses and the unburied bodies of men. Seventy miles from Moscow, the old capital of Russia, a great battle was fought, and at the close of the day one hundred thousand men lay dead or mangled on the field. A week later Napoleon's troops entered Moscow with loud shouts of delight. To their dismay, however, they found it deserted—silent as a city of the dead. Still worse remained behind. The citizens had set fire to the place, and soon after the French marched in flames began to shoot up from a hundred different places.

The fire burned for five days, and the city lay in ruins. Then want of food and shelter forced Napoleon to retreat. When he left Moscow his army had dwindled to about one hundred thousand men. The Russians hung upon their flanks and rear, and cut off all stragglers. Soon the snow began to fall, and the cruel Russian winter set in. Thousands perished daily of hunger and cold.

Starving and benumbed, the army soon became a disorderly rabble. When Napoleon reached a river which he was obliged to cross, he found the Russians waiting for him. Their cannon swept the only bridge, and as the French tried to cross it thousands of them were mowed down, and heaps of dead and wounded blocked the way. So awful was the slaughter that when the thaw came the Russians buried the bodies of twelve thousand Frenchmen who had fallen into the river. A miserable, crushed remnant of twenty thousand men was all that struggled back to Germany.

This terrible blow led to a general rising of the European nations against Napoleon. He was beset on all sides, but he speedily gathered together a new army, and twice he smote his foes. The third time, however, the fortune of war forsook him, and at what the Germans call the "battle of the nations" he was defeated, and was forced to retreat to France.

By this time Wellington was carrying all before him in Spain. In 1813 he drove the French across the Pyrenees with the loss of all their cannon and wagons. The allied nations began to swarm into France, and Wellington stood on the south-west border with one hundred thousand well-tried soldiers.

The end now rapidly drew near. Napoleon struggled against the overwhelming forces which beset him. Time after time he checked them, but he was overcome at last, and on March 31, 1814, the allies entered Paris, where the fickle people received them with loud shouts of joy.

Peace was made, and, as you know, Britain was now free to turn her attention to the American War. Meanwhile Napoleon had been sent to the little Italian island of Elba, where he played at being king for eight or nine months. All the time he was watching and waiting for the moment when he might regain all that he had lost. In 1814 there was a great meeting of the European powers to settle affairs. There were constant disputes, and at one time it seemed that war would break out amongst the allies. Suddenly, however, on March 7, 1815, a messenger arrived with news which ended their quarrels, and at once brought them shoulder to shoulder again. The Tsar rose, and said to Wellington, "It is for you to save Europe."

What had happened? Napoleon had landed in France, and was pushing on towards Paris amidst loud shouts of welcome. The new king had proved himself selfish and stupid, and the people were disgusted with him. Everywhere, as Napoleon advanced, his old soldiers flocked to his banner, and whole regiments joined him. The king fled the country, and Napoleon was once more master of France. Then he set to work to raise an army, and in a very short time he was in command of two hundred thousand men. Meanwhile the powers were not idle. They bound themselves to raise a million men, and never to rest until Napoleon was crushed. In a few months they would have an overwhelming force, but in the meantime they had only a small army of British and Prussians. It was now in Belgium, and was placed under the command of Wellington and a Prussian general named Blücher.

Now, while both sides are preparing for the great fight, let us pay a visit to the most renowned battlefield in all the world. It is a long journey from our shores, for it is in Belgium, eleven miles south of Brussels, near to the village of Waterloo. Leaving the village we follow a road bordered on both sides by houses, and having walked a couple of miles we arrive at another village called Mont St. Jean. Here two roads meet, both of which cross the battlefield.

We push on beyond the cross roads, and see on our right a mound topped by the figure of a lion. The mound is two hundred feet in height, and was thrown up on the spot where the Prince of Orange was wounded in the battle. We ascend the mound, and facing south find ourselves on the best place to examine the battlefield. Unfortunately the levels of the ground have been much altered by the removal of earth to form the mound. Nevertheless, from this point of view we may obtain a good idea of the position occupied by both armies on June 18, 1815.

We are now on the ridge of a long chain of low hills with gentle slopes. On this ridge Wellington placed his first line of troops. The ridge is narrow, and the second line took shelter on the sloping ground behind. One mile distant, across a shallow valley, is another line of hills. These were occupied by the French. Now notice a farmhouse on the main road to our left. This is La Haye Sainte, which was garrisoned by German troops. Follow the road across the battlefield, and you will come to the farm of La Belle Alliance. During the greater part of the battle Napoleon watched and directed the fight from a position a little to the right of the farmhouse. Were you to push along this road for seven or eight miles you would come to Quatre Bras ("four arms"—that is, cross roads), from which place two roads lead to the river Sambre.

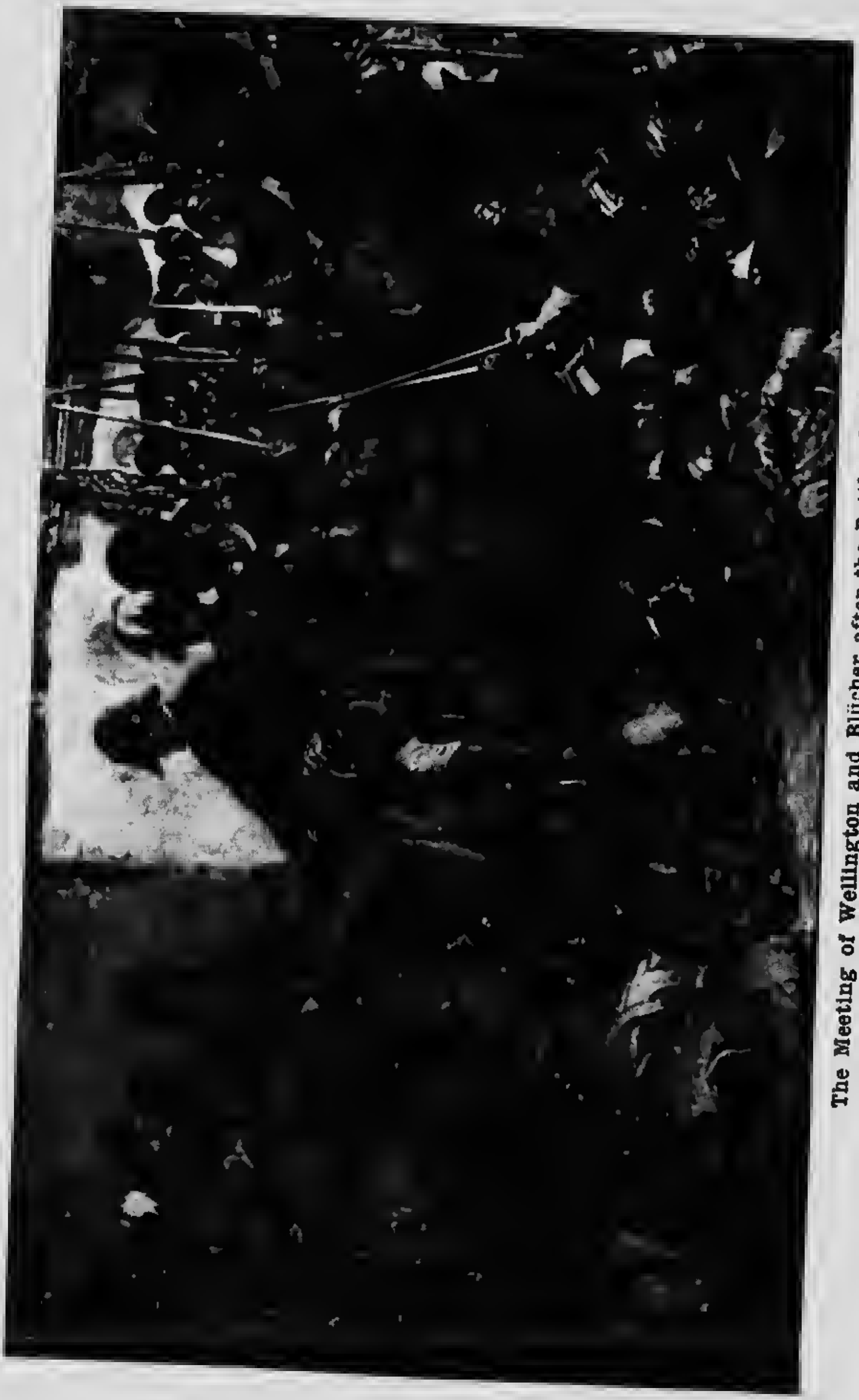
Now look along the road to our right front and notice the remains of the country house of Hougoumont. It was a ruined place even in 1815, and the building still bears traces of the fearful struggles which took place around it. Hougoumont was on the right of the allied line, and had it been captured the allies would have been taken in flank and overcome. Had Napoleon once gained possossion of Hougoumont the battle would have had quite a different ending. All the day long it was fiercely attacked, but it never fell.

Now that we have some idea of the battlefield, let me tell you the story of the great fight that has made it so famous.

By the beginning of June Napoleon had gathored one hundred and twenty thousand men on the Sambre, ready to advance when he gave the word. Wellington's army was scattered widely on the other side of the river; his troops were to the west, and Blücher's to the east, with a gap between them. Napoleon's plan was to prevent the two generals from uniting their forces. He meant to fall upon them before they could join hands, and defeat them as two separate armies in two separate battles, which he meant to fight at the same time.

When Blücher with eighty thousand men reached the village of Ligny, to the east of Quatre Bras, Napoleon met him, and a fierce battle took place. The Prussians lost heavily, but they were not defeated, and they retired in good order to a place called Wavre, which lay to the east of Waterloo. Blücher had already arranged with Wellington to retreat to Wavre, and then to march to join him at Waterloo. Napoleon thought the Prussians were retreating to the Rhine, so he sent one of his generals with thirty-three thousand men to follow them. This general missed the Prussians, and his troops took no part in the battle of Waterloo.

On the same day General Ney, with twenty thousand men, attacked Wellington's army of British and Belgians at Quatre Bras. The Belgians fled before the French cavalry, but the British foot-soldiers stood fast while fresh troops were hurried



The Meeting of Wellington and Blücher after the Battle of Waterloo.
(From the fresco by Daniel Maclise, R.A., in the Houses of Parliament.)

to the front. At the close of the day Ney found himself outnumbered, and withdrew. Then Wellington marched his men to Waterloo, and took up his position on the line of hills which we have already visited.

Napoleon now pushed on to measure swords with Wellington for the first time. On Sunday morning, the 18th of June, the two armies faced each other. As Napoleon looked across the valley and saw the British red-coats on the rising ground opposite, he said, "I have them." He had good reason to believe that he would win. He had more men, more guns, and more cavalry than his foes. Most of Wellington's British were raw soldiers, and he had with him the Belgians who had already fled before the French cavalry.

The night of June 17th was wet and stormy, and when morning broke Napoleon thought that the ground was too soft for his cavalry, so he put off the battle until between eleven and twelve in the forenoon. The delay was fatal.

The battle began with a fierce attack on Hougoumont, but it was held right gallantly by the British Guards; and though the French won the gardens and orchards, they could not drive the defenders from the buildings. Then Napoleon attacked the British left, but his men were driven back. His third effort was to break the British centre, and this he tried to do by heavy cannon fire and frequent charges of cavalry.

The British formed square, and though attacked time after time they stood for five long hours as though "rooted to the earth." Every attempt to break them failed. As squadron after squadron of cavalry charged them and was beaten back the British soldiers were heard to say, "Here come those fools again." Napoleon could not capture the ridge; every charge was repulsed with terrible slaughter. At last, in the thick of the fighting, the cannon of the approaching Prussians were heard. They were rapidly drawing near to the battlefield, and Napoleon made one last effort to break the British line.

La Haye Sainte was captured about six in the evening, and Napoleon's cannon were now so near to Wellington's centre that it was in grave danger. Blücher was beginning to attack the French right and rear. If Napoleon was to win, it must be now or never. So, like a desperate gambler, he now staked the issue of the day on a charge of his famous Old Guard — the men who had never been known to surrender. A little after seven he gave the word to advance, and six thousand of his Old Guard were hurled against the long-tried British. As the French rushed up the slopes the British Guards, who had been lying down behind the ridge, sprang to their feet and poured a volley into them. They wavered, and our soldiers charged with the bayonet, driving the French down the hill in utter confusion. Napoleon saw with dismay what had happened. "All is over," he said.

Soon after eight o'clock the Prussians attacked Napoleon's right flank with forty thousand fresh troops. At this moment, "on the ridge, near the Guards, his figure standing out amidst the smoke against the bright north-western sky, Wellington was seen to raise his hat as a signal for the wasted line of heroes to sweep like a dark wave from their covered positions and roll out their lines and columns over the plain. With a pealing cheer the whole line advanced just as the sun was setting." In vain the French Guards rallied, only to be swept away by the fierce British charges. When darkness fell the whole French army was in flight.

Wellington and Blücher met at La Belle Alliance. There was only time for a grasp of the hand, and then the Prussians set off in hot pursuit. Before long the proud French army of the morning was almost destroyed. Wellington and Blücher lost twenty thousand men in the battle. The French loss will never be known.

No victory was ever more complete; the long struggle was at an end, and Napoleon was crushed at last. He put spurs to his horse and rode hard through the midsummer night to escape capture. Fearing death at the hands of the Prussians, he gave himself up to the captain of a British man-of-war. A few weeks later he was banished to the lonely island of St. Helena, where he remained a wretched captive until death gave him release in the year 1821.

Chapter XLVI

A House Divided

TWENTY-TWO years have come and gone since the sun set on the blood-red field of Waterloo. Old King George has laid down life's weary burden after a reign of sixty years. His eldest son, the weak and wicked George the Fourth, has gone to his account after wearing the crown for ten years; and now his third son, William the Fourth, has passed away after a brief reign of seven years. During this time the land has been free from war and the rumours of war, and the people have turned their thoughts and energies to the improvement of their government and the extension of their trade. The Roman Catholics have been placed on the same footing as their fellow-subjects; the middle classes have won the right to vote for members of Parliament; slavery has been done away with in all British possessions; the steam-engine has been invented; railroads have been opened, and a steamship has crossed the Atlantic for the first time. It has been a time of political strife and tumult, and of great misery to the poor; nevertheless Britain has continued to prosper, and has now become the richest country in all the world.

Now let us hear how a new sovereign came to the throne. It is five o'clock on a June morning in the year 1837. Though London is not yet awake, four high officers of state are knocking and ringing at the outer gate of Kensington Palace. They have come from the deathbed of William the Fourth, and they have news of great moment for the young princess who resides within. But at this early hour of the day the whole palace is wrapped in slumber, and the knocking and ringing have to be repeated many times before the drowsy porter is awakened. You see him rubbing his eyes and slowly throwing open the gate.

Now the little party, which includes the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord High Chamberlain, enters the court-yard, and another long wait follows. At length they are shown into a lower room of the palace, and there they seem to be quite forgotten. They ring the bell, and request that the Princess Victoria be informed that they desire to see her on business of the utmost importance.

There is another long delay, and then the door opens again, and a young girl of eighteen, fresh as a newly-opened rosebud, enters the room. She has not waited to dress. Her hair falls upon her shoulders; she has hurriedly thrown a shawl about her, and has thrust her feet into slippers. There aro tears in her eyes when she learns that her uncle the king is dead and that she is queen.

At once she turns to the archbishop and says, "Pray for me." All kneel together, and the aged archbishop begs the Most High, who rules over the kingdoms of men, to give the young queen an understanding heart to govern so great a people.

Thus Victoria, before she is out of her teens, takes up the heavy burden of her high office. Some day you will read the letters which she wrote in those early days to her friends, and you will marvel at the clear judgment, the strong will, and the sound common sense of the girl queen. Her reign opens in times when the people have lost respect for the throne. But all this will suffer a great change as the years roll by, and the time will come when she will be the idol of her people, and the richest jewel in her crown will be her people's love.

There was political unrest not only in Great Britain, but in our own land. During the years of peace settlers flocked into Canada, and her population was now over a million, less than half of them being French-Canadians. You remember that before the war of 1812 the people had been dissatisfied with the government, but that in face of the American invasions they had laid aside their differences and had stood shoulder to shoulder against the enemy. When the land was once more at peace the people again turned their minds to the defects of their government. They knew that the people of Great Britain had won the right to elect their rulers, and they were determined to have equal freedom in Canada.

I have already told you that Upper and Lower Canada were each governed by two councils and an Assembly. The councils were chosen by the governor, and the Assembly was elected by the people. The governor chose for his councils men who would support him, and the councils were the real rulers of the country. In Upper Canada a small group of persons known as the "Family Compact" kept all the power in their own hands. Not only were they members of the councils, but they appointed all the government officers, and had control of the crown lands and part of the public money as well. A large number of the people hated this state of things, and determined to get rid of it.

Amongst those who wished to break down the power of the small ruling party was a young Scotsman named William Lyon Mackenzie. He was full of zeal for reform, and he wrote and spoke violently in its favour. He was the owner of a newspaper, in which he called attention to abuses and demanded that they should be set right. The governor and the councils were constantly quarrelling with the Assembly, and feeling ran very high. Mackenzie was five times expelled from the House, but he was re-elected every time. Other strong reformers were Robert Baldwin and John Rolph.

In Lower Canada there were quarrels of the same kind, but the chief reason for the unrest was that some of the people still hoped to establish a French nation on the banks of the St. Lawrence. They were led by a very eloquent but very rash and reckless man named Louis Joseph Papineau, who went to and fro amongst the ignorant *habitants* calling upon them to rise against the British Government. The peasants began to arm and to drill, and in the very year when Princess Victoria became queen they broke out into rebellion. Bands of armed men roamed the country about Montreal and plundered farmhouses. Troops were sent against them, and within five or six weeks the rebellion was crushed. Papineau, who had stirred up all the trouble, fled to the United States as soon as the fighting began.

These risings had scarcely been put down when Mackenzie and his friends in Upper Canada took up arms. They collected some eight or nine hundred men near Toronto, and planned a night attack on the city. The plot, however, was discovered; the rebels were beaten, and Mackenzie and Rolph, with some of their followers, fled to the United States. Gathering together a number of lawless men from Buffalo and other cities, they seized Navy Island, in the Niagara River, and made it their headquarters. Supplies and guns were brought to them by a United States steamer, the *Caroline*, and the Canadians now saw that if their country was to be safe this steamer must be captured. A party crossed over by night, seized the ship, made prisoners of the crew, and killed one man. Then they cut the vessel from its moorings, set it on fire, and sent it over Niagara Falls. In the following year the raiders managed to seize several small Canadian towns, but in a fight near Prescott about fifty of their number were killed, and the rest laid down their arms. Thus ended the rebellion in Upper Canada. Several of the men who had taken part in it were hanged and others were banished.

The British Government now took steps to restore order in Canada. In Lower Canada the government was set aside, and a special council was appointed. The Earl of Durham was sent out from England as governor-general, and his duty was not only to make the country peaceable, but to report to the British Government on the state of affairs with a view to altering things for the better. He dealt firmly with the rebels, and banished the leaders, threatening them with death if they returned to Canada. In doing this he did not act strictly according to law, and he was much blamed in England

Shortly afterwards Queen Victoria was crowned, and this was considered a suitable time to show mercy to the rebels. Pardons were given to almost all who had taken part in the risings, and Papineau, Mackenzie, and other leaders were allowed to return. They were afterwards elected to seats in the Assembly.

In his report to the British Government, Lord Durham urged that Upper and Lower Canada should no longer be separate provinces, but that they should be united, with one government for both. He hoped that in this way British and French Canadians would learn to work together, and would come to regard themselves as members of the same nation. In 1841 the British Government passed an Act to unite the provinces, and though this was opposed both in Upper and in Lower Canada, it was carried into effect. Under the new law the Assembly had control of money affairs, and the Executive Council—that is, the group of persons who actually carried on the government—was only allowed to hold office so long as its measures satisfied the Assembly. One of the early acts of the new Parliament was to give counties the power to elect persons to look after their local affairs.

All the strife, however, was not yet at an end. A new governor-general arrived who tried to rule in the old way. He was, however, recalled, and his place was filled by Lord Elgin, son-in-law of Lord Durham, and under him the government was carried on smoothly for a time. Then came a question which roused much ill-feeling. During the rebellion a great deal of property had been destroyed, both in Upper and in Lower Canada. The loyalists of Upper Canada were paid for their losses out of the public funds; but when it was proposed to treat those who had suffered in Lower Canada in the same way, a great outcry was raised. The watchword of the objectors was, "No pay for rebels. We will not be taxed to help rebels." As a matter of fact no money was to be paid to rebels; but the mob would not listen to reason, and a disgraceful riot took place.

When the Bill passed, large numbers of people gathered in the streets of Montreal and pelted Lord Elgin's carriage with sticks, stones, and rotten eggs. In the evening, while the Assembly was sitting, the rioters rushed in, drove out the members, and burned the Parliament House to the ground. From that day Montreal ceased to be the seat of government. For some time Parliament met for four years at Quebec, and for four years at Toronto. This was not convenient, and the queen was asked to choose a place which might become the home of Parliament. In 1858 she chose Bytown, a little city, beautifully situated on the river Ottawa, which divides the two provinces. Bytown became the capital of Canada, and its name was changed to Ottawa.

The maritime provinces also had their political troubles, but in no case did they break out into rebellion. The object of the reformers was to obtain responsible government for their provinces—that is, power to remove the Executive Council if it did not satisfy the members elected by the people. In the course of a few years all the maritime provinces obtained responsible government.

Now that Canada had self-government she began to make rapid progress. The age of railways set in, and several local railroads were started. Samuel Cunard, a native of Nova Scotia, founded the famous Cunard Line, which still owns the finest and fastest of the great steamships which ply across the Atlantic. The Rideau, Lachine, and Welland Canals were constructed, and a beginning was made of that system of waterways which now enables large steamers to sail from the sea to the head of Lake Superior. Good schools had already been started in Upper Canada and in the maritime provinces, and many new ones were now opened. The postal system was improved, and newspapers began to circulate widely, especially in Upper Canada. With the constant arrival of settlers Canada began to prosper greatly. Her period of strife and tumult was over; never again was she to know any warfare that seriously troubled her. All her energies thenceforth were to be devoted to the opening up of her great and rich land, and to the work of bringing its vast wealth of field, forest, mine, river, and sea to the service of mankind.

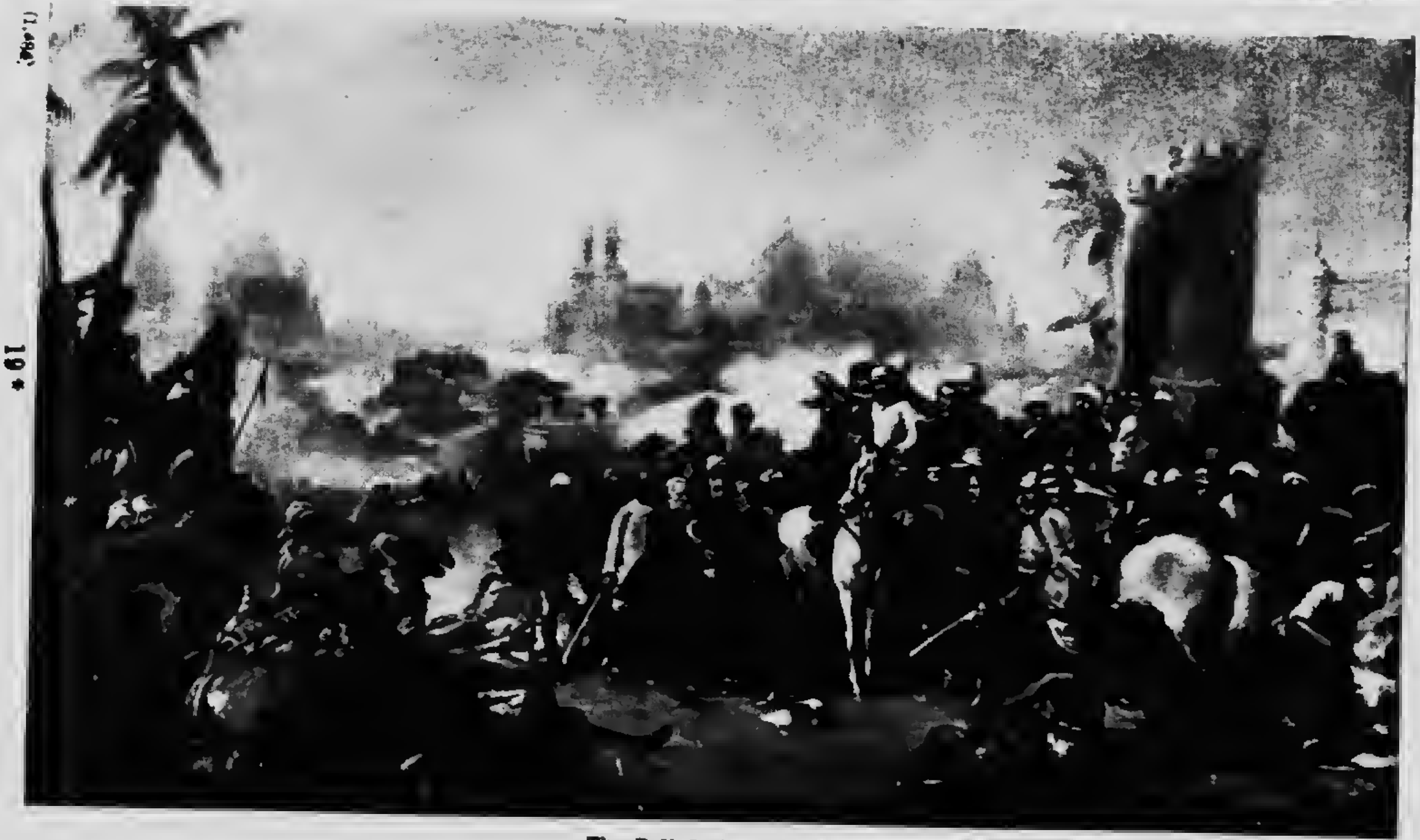
Now let us turn our eyes to the mother country and see how she was faring. When the queen came to the throne the working-classes in Great Britain were suffering many hardships. Trade was bad, and harvest after harvest had failed. There was a high duty on foreign corn, which brought up the price to seventy shillings and more per quarter. There was a great deal of unrest, and many of the people demanded a larger share in the government of the country. The Chartists, who wished for large political changes, asked, among other things, that every male over twenty-one years of age should have a vote. According to one of the speakers, this meant "that every workman in the land had a right to a good coat, a good hat, a good roof, a good dinner, no more work than will keep him in health, and as much wages as will keep him in plenty." To wretched, starving people such vain promises as these seemed like the dawning of the golden age.

Political changes could not fill empty stomachs or bring good times to the country. Something more was needed to better the condition of the working-classes. They were hungry, and food was dear. While the corn laws remained in force the price of bread was sure to be high. When Britain was a wheat-growing country the pinch was not felt. Now that she was chiefly a manufacturing country, and her people were gathered in towns, she suffered greatly. The manufacturers saw that if foreign wheat were brought into the country free of duty their workmen could get cheaper food.

In 1838 seven merchants of Manchester met to consider how they might persuade the country to do away with the duty on foreign wheat. From this meeting sprang the great Anti-Corn-Law League. Its chief leaders were Richard Cobden, a calico printer of Manchester, and John Bright, the son of a Rochdale Quaker, who had made a fortune by manufacturing carpets. These two men were warm friends, almost brothers. Together, on public platforms and in the House of Commons, they pleaded their cause with great power and skill, and won large numbers of people over to their side. Amongst those whom they almost persuaded was Sir Robert Peel, the Prime Minister. In the year 1845 an event took place which made Peel do away with the corn laws. Most of the Irish peasants then lived entirely on potatoes, and in the autumn of that year, after months of cold, wet weather, the potato crop failed. Four millions of people were without food; thousands died of hunger, and thousands more sailed for Canada and the United States. It was clear that if the Irish were to be kept alive the corn duty must be taken off, so that bread might be cheap. This was done, to the great anger of British landlords, who had profited greatly by the high price of wheat.

As soon as the duty on foreign wheat was taken off, a movement began for what is known as Free Trade—that is, for allowing foreign products to come into the country without being taxed on admission. This is the trade system of Great Britain at the present time. Only a few articles which are not produced in the country are taxed, so as to provide the government with money; all the rest enter free of duty. Peel and Gladstone and other statesmen supported the movement, and in a few years after the repeal of the corn laws free trade became the law of the land. When Great Britain adopted free trade Canada was forced to do so too. The Canadians disliked the change very much, and at first it brought hardships upon their merchants. Some Canadians even went so far as to propose joining the United States rather than submit. However, in 1858, Canada began to throw over free trade, and to tax certain classes of foreign goods which came into the country to compete with her own products. In 1878 this system was fully adopted, and since then Canada has advanced by leaps and bounds.

In 1903, Mr. Chamberlain proposed a change in the British system, in order to give better treatment to colonial produce than to foreign produce. He proposed that small duties be put upon foreign wheat, meat, and dairy produce, and on completely manufactured goods coming from foreign countries; but that colonial produce should be admitted free. Some



The Relief of Lucknow.

(From the picture by Jones Barker. By permission of the Corporation of Glasgow.)

The three central figures are those of the most prominent generals in the suppression of the Mutiny. The figure on the left is that of Sir Henry Havelock, the central figure is that of Sir James Outram, and the figure on the right is that of Sir Colin Campbell policy of this kind has many supporters in Britain, though, as yet, the bulk of the people favour free trade.

In the year 1854 Britain "drifted" into war with the most powerful monarch in Europe. The quarrel arose out of what is called the "Eastern Question"—that is, "What is to become of Turkey in Europe? Is it to remain, or is it to be wiped out?" About the year 1850 statesmen thought that the Turkish Empire was breaking up. The Tsar of Russia, writing to an English official at that time, said, "We have on our hands a sick man—a very sick man. It would be a great misfortune if, one of these days, he should slip away from us before the necessary arrangements were made." By this he meant that Turkey in Europe was on the point of falling to pieces, and that plans should be made for dividing it up amongst neighbouring nations. He offered Crete and Egypt as Britain's share of the spoil, and he intended to take for himself Southern Turkey with the port of Constantinople, which he greatly desired. Britain, of course, refused the bribe, and the Tsar's plans were foiled.

In 1852 a trifling cause of difference arose between France, and Russia, and this led to a claim that the Sultan should allow the Tsar to be the protector of all the Christians in Turkey. This was refused, and war broke out. Britain was not in the least interested in the quarrel, but she was afraid that the Tsar was going to bring about the death of the sick man by violent means, in order to seize Turkey, and thus enable Russia to aim a blow at India. Accordingly Britain joined France and Turkey against Russia.

The war began in the two northern states of Turkey, but the Turks forced the Russians to withdraw. Then Britain and France landed their united forces in the peninsula of the Crimea, so as to attack the great fortress of Sebastopol. Almost immediately the battle of the Alma was fought and won. The British commander wished to make a dash for Sebastopol, but the French commander would not agree, and the Russians were thus given time to shelter themselves in the great fortress. Then began a long siege.

During the autumn of 1854, when the Russian winter was fast approaching, the battle of Balaklava was won. The fight, which took place on October 25th, will never be forgotten because of two magnificent charges which were made by the British cavalry. The more famous is that of the Light Brigade, which, by some mistake, actually charged into the centre of the Russian army. Six hundred and seven men set forth on that memorable ride, and only one hundred and ninety-eight returned. All Europe rang with wonder at this splendid but useless charge. A French general said very truly, "It is magnificent, but it is not war."

At Inkerman, on November 5th, the fiercest fight of the war took place, and again the British won, but at a great cost of life. After this battle the hardships of our soldiers began. Fierce storms on the Black Sea destroyed the ships carrying clothing, blankets, and provisions. On land tents were blown away, food ran short, and our soldiers suffered terribly from the biting cold. Everywhere there was gross blundering, and the army, always victorious in battle, was swiftly melting away because of mismanagement. More than eight times as many men died in hospital as on the battlefield. The hospitals were in a terrible condition; but, thanks to Florence Nightingale and other ladies, they were afterwards greatly improved.

The siege of Sebastopol still went on, and soon the place was a heap of ruins. Then the Russians dug rifle pits, and made earthworks outside the town. The strongest of these earthworks was the Malakoff, which the French gallantly captured on September 5, 1855. Then Sebastopol could no longer be held, and the Russians abandoned it. The war came to an ond, and peace was signed in March 1856. Britain had lost some twenty-four thousand men, and two hundred and five millions of dollars had been added to the National Debt. The Turkish Empire was saved for a time, but twenty-one years later Russia and Turkey were at war again.

In the next year occurred the great mutiny in India. The Sepoys believed that the British wished to defile them, and so make them become Christians. In a country such as India.

where custom never changes, and where rumour spreads rapidly and is believed without question, such a belief was like the spark which lights the forest fire. Almost everywhere in the basin of the Ganges the British were fiercely attacked, and terrible massacres took place. At Cawnpore over two hundred women and children were hewn in pieces and their poor bodies thrown into a well. At Lucknow the British held out against the Sepoys, and performed remarkable feats of heroism. As quickly as possible a small British army marched to their relief, while another little army besieged Delhi, in which thirty thousand rebels had taken refuge. Some day you must read for yourself the story of the siege of Delhi; there is nothing like it in the annals of warfare. On September 14, 1857, Delhi was stormed, and then the worst of the danger was over. After another eighteen months of fighting the land became peaceful.

The lessons taught by the Mutiny were taken to heart, and important changes were made so as to prevent a similar outbreak in the future. The number of native soldiers was reduced, and the British army in India was increased. All the chief posts were garrisoned by Europeans, and India was divided into districts, each with its own army and government. The most important change, however, was that the East India Company, which had formerly ruled the country, now came to an end, and its powers were taken over by the British Government. In 1876 Queen Victoria was made Empress of India.

India now includes Baluchistan on the west and Burma on the east. In all, its area is about two-thirds that of Canada, and it contains about one-fifth of all mankind.

As far back as 1840 the queen had married her cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. He was a man of noble character and much ability, who did his best to assist his wife in the duties of her high office, and to help forward art and education. In 1860, when their eldest son, Albert Edward, afterwards Edward the Seventh, was nineteen years of age, he paid a visit to Canada. He made a triumphal progress throughout the country, and everywhere received a right royal welcome. During his visit he laid the corner stone of the noble Parliament buildings which stand high on the cliff above the river at Ottawa. In the next year the Prince Consort, "Albert the Good," died, to the great grief of the nation.

In the year of the Prince Consort's death the question of slavery in the Southern States of North America gave rise to a terrible civil war. This is not the place in which to describe the great struggle which raged with much bitterness until 1865. While North and South were fighting, and were therefore unable to till their farms and work their factories, Canada benefited greatly. Happily Great Britain was not drawn into the struggle.

At the beginning of this chapter I told you that before Queen Victoria came to the throne Roman Catholics in Great Britain and Ireland were placed on the same footing as their fellow-subjects. This act of justice was chiefly brought about by the efforts of a famous Irishman named Daniel O'Connell. After this victory had been won O'Connell began a movement in Ireland to secure Home Rule—that is, the setting up of a Parliament in Dublin to manage Irish affairs. The movement gained ground rapidly, and many Irishmen were led into lawlessness and crime. At the close of the civil war in America a large number of Irish-American soldiers found their occupation gone, so they formed societies to aid Ireland to free herself from Britain and to become a republic. At last, in 1866, bands of these Fenians, as they were called, crossed the border into Canada, in the foolish and wicked attempt to strike a blow at Great Britain by injuring the country in which so many of their fellow-countrymen had found happy homes. The invasion was a complete failure, though a good deal of property was destroyed, and seven Canadian youths were killed. The Fenians were met by Canadian volunteers, who easily drove them back. In 1870 another Fenian raid took place, but it met with the same fate.

The Fenian movement extended to Ireland, where in 1867 there was an outbreak which came to nothing. There were also Fenian plots and murders in England; but after certain reforms were granted to Ireland the movement died out.

Chapter XLVII

The Great North-West

SO far, in telling you the story of Canada, I have chiefly dealt with the fair and rich region which lies between the great lakes and the Atlantic Ocean. Fair and rich and extensive as this region is, it is but the antechamber to a far vaster region of rolling prairies, lofty mountains, rich valleys, and mighty rivers stretching to the shores of the Pacific Ocean and to the ice-clogged waters of the Arctic seas. Northward and westward of the valley of the St. Lawrence, Canada possesses a vast territory nearly equal in extent to the whole of Europe. Let us hear the story of this mighty land, which even now is not fully known and still cries aloud for settlers.

In Chapter XXXV. I told you that King Charles the Second presented his dashing cousin Prince Rupert with half a continent, and that a company called "The Governor and Company of Adventurers trading into Hudson Bay" was formed for the purpose of trading in furs with the Indians. Great ladies in Europe eagerly desired the skins in which the northern savage clothed himself and his children, and they were willing to pay high prices for them. The Hudson's Bay Company set up "forts" at various convenient places on or near the coast, and bartered with the Indians for the spoil of the forests and rivers. Every summer ships from London sailed into the bay laden with provisions and articles for barter. Then they filled their holds with furs, and hurried away so as to reach the ocean before the winter's ice blocked up the strait.

The presence of the British in these regions soon brought the French on their track. For years the French did their best to drive out the agents of the company, but without success. Nevertheless, the company did not make much progress until Wolfe's famous victory at Quebec brought Canada under the British flag.

Gradually the forts grew in number, and were dotted at wide intervals over the vast land. These trading-stations consisted of a few wooden huts, surrounded by a stockade with well-barred gates, and loopholes through which muskets could be fired should an attack be made. As a rule, the posts were near rivers, so that the Indians could easily reach them by canoe or sledge. For the greater part of the year the men living in the forts were terribly lonely. For hundreds of miles on every side of them stretched the dense forest or the boundless prairie, untrodden by the foot of man. At fixed seasons —once or twice in the year—the Indians appeared, bearing skins. Frequently the whole tribe came to market. They encamped outside the fort; the company's agent came out to welcome them, gifts were exchanged, and speeches were made.

Then the Indians were admitted to the forts in groups of three or four, and were taken into the "shop," which was stocked with blankets, beads, knives, fish-hooks, muskets, powder, tea, sugar, and so forth. The company's servants put a value on the articles brought by the Indians, and an exchange was made. The standard of value was, and still is, a beaver skin; for in the days of beaver hats, beaver skins were chiefly in demand. So many beaver skins are reckoned as worth one marten skin, so many marten skins are worth a fox skin, and so on.

In 1787, twenty-four years after France had given up Canada to Britain, a new company of fur-traders, chiefly consisting of merchants in Montreal and known as the North-West Company or "Nor'-Westers," entered the field. The Nor'-Westers found their way into the interior by the Ottawa River and the great lakes, and set up posts on the Assiniboine and Red rivers, along the Saskatchewan and Athabasca rivers, and even beyond the Rocky Mountains in the valley of the Columbia. The servants of the Hudson's Bay Company were chiefly Scotsmen; those of the new company were mostly French. Before long the agents of the rival companies became bitter foes; fights took place between them, and much blood was shed. The profits of the Hudson's Bay Company fell off greatly, and business was almost at a standstill.

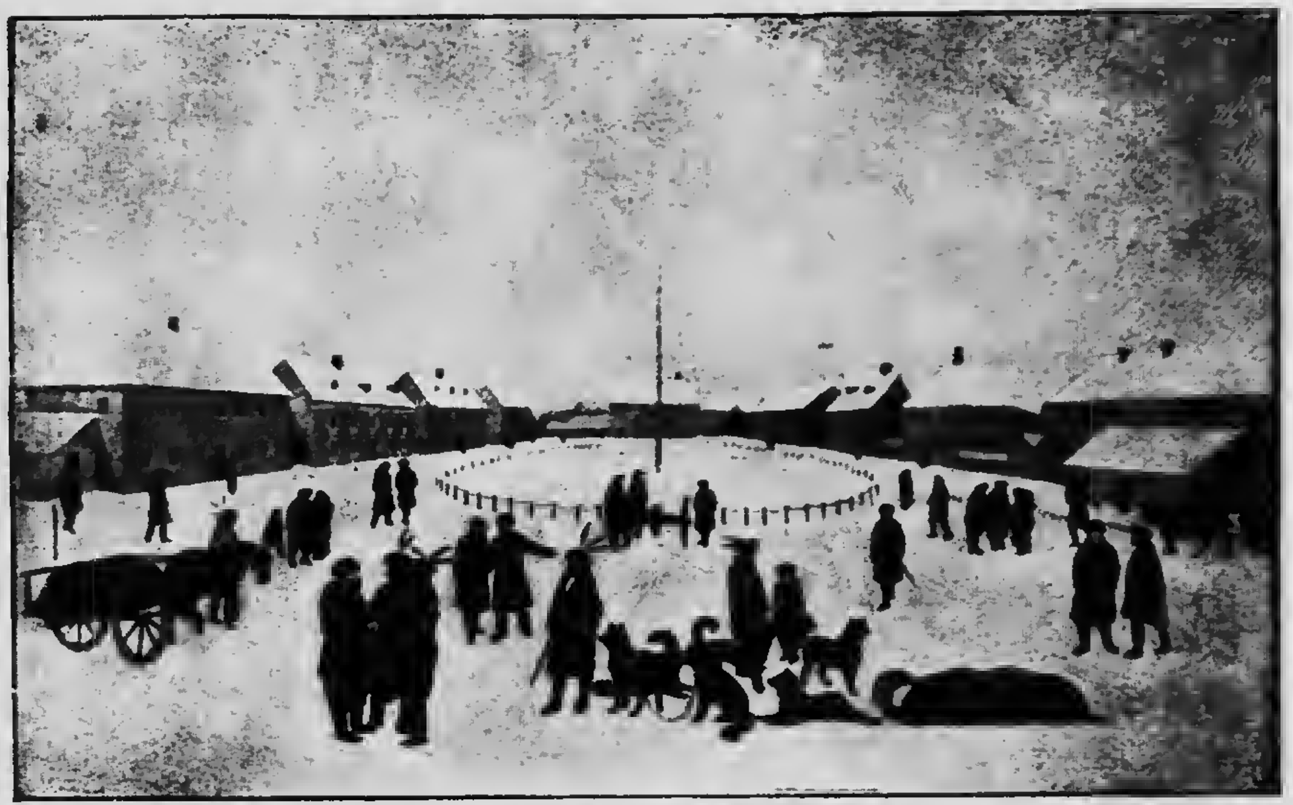
While strife was raging, Lord Selkirk, chairman of the Hudson's Bay Company, sent out a party of Highlanders from Sutherlandshire to found a settlement at the junction of the Red and Assiniboine rivers. The settlers arrived on the coast of Hudson Bay in the autumn of 1811, and spent the winter of that year amidst Arctic cold at Fort Churchill. When spring arrived they made their way by slow and painful degrees up the Nelson River, crossed Lake Winnipeg, and ascended the Red River to the spot where the city of Winnipeg now stands. The Nor'-Westers greatly objected to their coming, for settlement and the fur trade cannot exist together. They therefore stirred up the French half-breeds, known as the Métis or Bois-Brûlés, against the newcomers. The Métis were chiefly the descendants of French fathers and Indian mothers, and their sole occupations were hunting and fur-trading. No sooner had the "first brigade" of settlers arrived than a great band of Métis, painted and feathered to look like Indians, appeared, and ordered them to depart. They advised the Highlanders to seek shelter across the American border at the fort of Pembina, seventy miles away. The settlers suffered themselves to be led to this place, where they spent the winter in tents amongst the Indians.

When spring returned they made their way to the Red River once more, and began to build log houses and plant little fields of corn and wheat. They dared not, however, spend the winter in their little settlement, so they trudged back to Pembina once more. As soon as the weather permitted they returned to the Red River, only to find that their foes were about to attack them again. In June 1815 a large force of Nor'-Westers and Métis surrounded the little colony, forced the governor to surrender, drove out one hundred and thirty-four settlers, including women and children, and burnt down their dwellings. Nevertheless, some of the more dauntless colonists returned to their settlement, and began to build it up anew.

Perhaps you wonder that such lawless doings were permitted. You must remember that then, and for many years after, there was no way of getting from the east to the west except by a long and wearisome journey over hundreds of miles of river, lake, and forest. The Red River was so difficult to reach from Eastern Canada that a stove made in Quebec had to be shipped to England and thence sent out to Hudson Bay before it could reach its destination.

Lord Selkirk now left England to look after the interests of his colonists. When he arrived in Canada he heard what had happened, and forthwith hired a number of soldiers to help him to put down the Nor'-Westers. When all was ready he marched his little force towards Fort William, the headquarters of the Nor'-Westers. Meanwhile the half-breeds in the pay of the North-West Company had made another attack on the Red River Settlement. At Sault Ste. Marie, Lord Selkirk received news that the governor of his colony had been shot, some twenty of his settlers had been massacred, and the remainder had been carried to Fort William. He determined to punish the Nor'-Westers, and pushed on with all speed towards Fort William.

The night before Lord Selkirk's arrival a motley crowd of voyageurs, Indians, and half-breeds held high revel within the fort. They danced, sang, drank, and rioted, all unwitting that an enemy was about to attack them. Next day Lord Selkirk's men forced their way into the fort before the gates could be closed, and the Nor'-Westers, seeing that resistance was useless, laid down their arms. Some of those who had been concerned in the attack on the settlers at the Red River were sent to Canada to be tried as murderers. They were, however, all set free, for the North-West Company was very powerful throughout Canada at this time. A few weeks later Lord Selkirk



Interior of Fort Garry, the Winnipeg of 1870.

The figure with the outstretched arm is that of the governor, Mr. Donald Smith, now Lord Strathcona.

pushed on to the Red River, where he restored law and order for a time.

Lord Selkirk, who must be considered the father of the North-West, died in 1820; and two years later the two companies united, and the Red River Settlement was allowed to grow in peace. A stone fort, with walls from ten to twelve feet high and capable of being defended by cannon and muskets, was built, and was known as Fort Garry. It became the headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company. By the year 1867 a line of houses and farms stretched along the banks of the Red River and the Assiniboine for twenty-four miles. Churches and schools were built, and Winnipeg was founded. At first it grew very slowly: in 1871 it had only four hundred inhabitants; in 1911 it was a city of more than one hundred and thirty-five thousand souls.

Before we pass on we must notice that the servants of the two companies were the first explorers of the great North-West. For example, in 1789 a trader of the North-West Company, named Alexander Mackenzie, was the first to discover and follow to the Arctic Ocean the vast stream which bears his name. A few years later he crossed the Rockies into what is now British Columbia, and journeyed to the Pacific Ocean. Two other traders, named Fraser and Thompson, followed in his footsteps, and gave their names to two other magnificent rivers. I have not space to tell you of the remarkable adventures of these men. They made their way by river and portage to the foot of the Rockies, and then climbed over that vast barrier of snow-capped mountains until they reached the head-waters of the westward-flowing streams, upon which they launched their canoes and struggled on towards the Pacific Ocean. By their wonderful endurance and dogged pluck these and many other pioneers revealed to their fellow-men the great extent, the chief features, and the rich resources of the North-West.

About the time that brave explorers were pushing across the Rockies two famous British seamen, James Cook and George Vancouver, were exploring the coast of British Columbia.

Interior of Fort Garry, the Winnipeg of 1870.

The figure with the outstretched arm is that of the governor, Mr. Donald Smith, now Lord Strathcona.

They sailed along amidst a maze of islands, through narrow straits overshadowed by lofty forest-clad mountains, and into deep bays with waters so calm that they reflected the great trees growing on their shores. In 1843 the Hudson's Bay Company began a settlement on the large island which was named Vancouver after its discoverer. A fort and buildings were erected on the site of Victoria, the present capital of British Columbia. Colonists began to arrive, and when their numbers increased the rule of the Hudson's Bay Company came to an end, and a representative government was set up.

The mainland was a wild, pathless land, overgrown with majestic forests, quite unpeopled save for a few wandering trappers and Indians. In 1858, however, gold was found in large quantities along the Fraser River. One creek actually yielded ten thousand dollars' worth of gold a day. News of the discovery spread like wildfire, and soon a crowd of eager gold-seekers poured into the country. Many of them were fierce and lawless men from all parts of the world. A governor was appointed, and, thanks to his strong and able rule, order was enforced. The colony now began to receive settlers, who sought a golden harvest by providing for the wants of the miners. Gradually British Columbia was discovered to be rich not merely in minerals, but in a most fertile soil, in glorious forests, and teeming fisheries. At first British Columbia and Vancouver had separate governments, but in 1866 they were united into one province, with Victoria as the capital.

Before we leave the North-West I must finish the story of the Red River Settlement. In the year 1867 the greatest event in the history of Canada took place. You already know that after the troubles of 1837 Upper and Lower Canada had been yoked together. But they did not run well in double harness. One of the horses was strong and active, the other was somewhat easy-going; the one wished to push forward, while the other continually hung back. Naturally the strong, active horse grew very dissatisfied with his yoke-fellow, and it was feared that before long there would be a serious quarrel between them. By this I mean that Upper Canada wished to dissolve the union with Lower Canada and have an Assembly of its own. At this time Upper Canada had three hundred thousand more inhabitants than Lower Canada, and she naturally wished to have more members in the Assembly. This was opposed in Lower Canada, but the leading men of both parties in Upper Canada combined and demanded separation.

At this time Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island were considering the question of union. Representatives from these provinces met at Charlottetown, and were joined by some of the leading men from Canada. The upshot was that a great union of all the provinces was proposed. Each province was to keep its own parliament for local affairs, but there was to be a great united parliament to make laws for Canada as a whole, and to deal with those matters in which one body can best act for all. A great conference was held in Quebec, and for seventeen days the matter was discussed in all its bearings. The leading men saw at once that United Canada would form a great nation, but that divided the provinces would always be weak. Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick were quite willing to unite; but Newfoundland, Prince Edward Island, and British Columbia refused to do so. Nevertheless the three first-named provinces were formed into the Dominion of Canada, with a united Parliament meeting at Ottawa. Before we reach the end of this chapter we shall learn how the remaining provinces, with the exception of Newfoundland, came into the union. On Dominion Day, July 1st, in every year you make holiday to rejoice in the foundation of the Dominion of Canada.

One of the first acts of the Dominion Parliament was to buy out the Hudson's Bay Company, and thus add to its possessions the vast domain of the North-West. The company received fifteen hundred thousand dollars, the land around its forts, and one-twentieth of all the land within the "Fertile Belt." In 1870 the Red River district was granted responsible government, and was admitted to the Dominion as the Province of Manitoba.

As soon as the Dominion became possessed of the North-West surveyors were sent to map out the country. The half-breeds now imagined that their land was to be taken from them, and they grew very angry. They found a leader in a young, half-educated man named Louis Riel, who had all the ambition of Napoleon without any of his ability. Six hundred half-breeds and some Americans joined him, and set up the republic of Rupert's Land, with Riel as president. Their flag showed the French lilies and the shamrock. Fort Garry was seized, and the new flag flew above it.

Governor MacDougall was then on his way to Fort Garry, but he was met by Riel and a large body of half-breeds, and was not allowed to cross the border. Before long the half-breeds began to grow violent. They seized some sixty men who refused to join them and threw them into prison at Fort Garry. Donald Smith, afterwards Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, was sent from Canada to bring the rebels to reason. Riel, however, seized him, and ordered a guard to shoot him if he attempted to escape or refused to obey orders. Happily no harm was done to Donald Smith, who afterwards devoted himself to the welfare of the new territories, and became one of Canada's best, most generous, and most honoured citizens. He was the first Canadian to be made a peer.

Amongst those who dared to defy Riel was a young Canadian named Scott, who now underwent a mock trial, and was condemned to be shot. On March 4, 1870, he was led outside the fort, and a coffin covered with a white sheet was carried before him. The brave young man was then allowed a few minutes for prayer; his eyes were bandaged, and he was ordered to kneel on the snow. A drunken party of half-breeds fired at him, and he fell dead, pierced by three bullets.

This shameful murder aroused the greatest anger in Canada, and a little army was collected to punish the murderers and to put down tho rising. Fort Garry was twelve hundred miles from Toronto, but half the distance could be easily covered by railroad and steamboat. Beyond the head of Lake Superior, however, the rest of the journey was full of difficulty and danger. The route lay along a chain of rivers and lakes, through six hundred miles of dense and pathless forest. Rapids and waterfalls obstructed the rivers, and past these barriers the light birch-bark canoes which alone plied on the waters had to be carried on the shoulders of toiling men. Now, for the first time, an army with big guns and military stores was to try to make its way to Fort Garry through this difficult wilderness.

Happily at this time there was in Canada a young and able officer who afterwards rose to great fame in the service of Britain. His name was Garnet Wolseley, and he was already noted for his skill in planning a campaign in the face of difficulties. He at once took charge of the Red River Brigade, and made such careful preparations that his little army was able to do its work without the loss of a single man.

For two months he was busy making ready for the journey. He had twelve hundred fighting men, two-thirds of whom were Canadian volunteers, and the rest were British regulars. For the transport of these men, with cannon, stores, and provisions, he was furnished with two hundred boats. On May 21, 1870, the journey began. Six weeks were occupied in covering fifty miles of the difficult country beyond Lake Superior, and after all sorts of accidents the force at last found itself peacefully floating on the tranquil waters of Lake Shebandowan.

At length the high land which forms the watershed between the streams running to Lake Superior and those finding an outlet in Hudson Bay was crossed, and a chain of small lakes was reached. The portages between lake and lake caused immense trouble. Everything had to be landed and carried or dragged across the rugged land which divided lake from lake. Forty-seven times this toilsome work had to be done. There was no grumbling, however; for the force was in the highest spirits, and its health was perfect.

One morning towards the end of August the expedition reached Lake Winnipeg, and forty-eight hours later the boats ran ashore on the bank of the Red River, two miles from Fort Garry.

Wolseley had kept his coming secret, and he now prepared to attack the fort. To his surprise no flag flew above it, and there was no sign of life anywhere. After breakfast that morning Riel had looked out of the window, and to his surprise and alarm had seen twelve hundred men marching up from the river. At once he saddled a horse and galloped for dear life across the border into the United States. His half-breeds followed his example, and Wolseley found that his birds had flown. The Red River rebellion was over, and peace once more reigned.

Settlers now poured into the country, and the rich black soil of Manitoba began to raise its amazing crops. The half-breeds saw their hunting-grounds turned into farms, and began to grow discontented once more. Louis Riel now returned, and in the spring of 1885 he led a band of half-breeds against the settlement at Duck Lake. A body of North-West Mounted Police came to the rescue; but they were beaten back, leaving eleven of their number dead or wounded in the snow.

Riel now tried to get Indians to join him. Most of them had been so fairly treated by the Hudson's Bay Company and the Canadian Government that they refused to go on the "war-path." One tribe, however, led by its chief, Big Bear, massacred the white men of an infant settlement on Frog Lake. Then they attacked an old Hudson's Bay post called Fort Pitt, which was garrisoned by a score of mounted police, and crowded with men and women who had taken shelter in it.

Before this fort, one spring morning, Big Bear appeared with his braves, and sent in his terms: "Let the police go off down the river, and the settlers come into the Indian camp." There was no lack of courage in the fort; even the girls—the daughters of the Hudson's Bay factor—themselves, with Indian blood in their veins, shouldered rifles and "manned" loopholes with the rest. But the besiegers were getting fire-arrows ready, and in a few hours the fort would probably be a heap of ashes. The factor, thinking he was popular with the Indians, decided to surrender. The police were sent off in an old ferry scow down the river, and when they arrived at

Battleford they found that the Cree chief, Poundmaker, was besieging the little town. Meanwhile militia in Toronto and elsewhere in Eastern Canada were making ready to go to the rescue of Battleford. The railway to the west was not finished, and a long and trying trail lay before them. The march was made with splendid pluck and spirit, and the volunteers reached Battleford to find that the fort still held out. The Indians at once decamped, but they were followed; and a six hours' fight took place, but the volunteers were forced to retreat.

About this time another band of militia crushed Riel and his half-breeds at Batoche, and Poundmaker, hearing the news, surrendered. The war, however, was not yet over. Big Bear was still at large with tho white folks whom he had taken at Fort Pitt. The volunteers now split up into flying columns, and went in search of the Indian chief through a maze of lakes and swamps.

The white prisoners learnt somehow that rescue parties were out, and they managed to let their whereabouts be known by leaving scraps of paper on the bushes. Nearer and nearer the volunteers drew to the Indians, and at last one morning the red men abandoned their captives and hurried off into the wilds to escape capture. The white folks, helped by friendly Indians, tramped back to Fort Pitt, where they arrived in the most miserable condition. For ten weeks they had been prisoners of Big Bear.

To make a long story short, Big Bear and Poundmaker were sent to prison for a year or two, and Riel, along with some other half-breeds, was hanged. Since that day there has been peace in the west. The North-West Territory had already been divided into several districts, with one government for all, and Regina had been made the capital. In 1905 the territory between Manitoba and British Columbia was divided into two new provinces, Saskatchewan and Alberta; and now a connected line of self-governing provinces extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

You will remember that British Columbia and Prince

Edward Island refused to join the Dominion in 1867. British Columbia held out because she greatly desired a railroad to link her with the east, and Prince Edward Island wished to have her land question settled. The greater part of the land in Prince Edward Island was owned by English landlords, to whom the farmers were supposed to pay rents. The people of Prince Edward Island wished this system to be brought to an end before they agreed to join the Dominion.

The new government was, of course, eager to open up the vast fertile lands beyond the great lakes, and the question arose, "How shall we do it?" One party said, "Build a railroad right across the continent. You will then open up the new land to settlers, and bring British Columbia into the Dominion at the same time." The other party said, "No. Let us open up the west by means of its waterways, and then, when settlement begins to advance, we will proceed with the railroad."

For a time the question was a matter of politics, but in the year 1871 the railroad party won, and British Columbia came into the Dominion on the understanding that the railroad across the continent from ocean to ocean was to be completed within ten years. Four years went by, but little was done, and the promised railway seemed to be as far off as ever. Then the British Columbians began to grumble, and some of them talked of withdrawing from the Dominion altogether. Thanks to the good offices of Lord Dufferin, one of the best governors-general Canada has ever known, confidence was restored, and shortly afterwards the work began. The cost of the undertaking was far too great for a private company, so the Dominion government stepped in and helped the enterprise with loans and with grants of land.

The railway was begun from both ends at the same time. The eastern section was fairly easy to make; and across the great flat prairies it was almost child's play, for there were no gradients, no embankments, and no great bridges needed. Sometimes the rails were laid at the astonishing rate of six and one-third miles a day.

The western section, however, was very difficult to construct. Between the seaboard of British Columbia and the prairies are huge mountain chains, which at first sight would seem to make railway-building impossible. There were great rivers to be bridged, tracks to be blasted out of the face of precipices, hills to be tunnelled, ravines to be spanned, and mountains to be climbed by means of bewildering loops and zigzags. All obstacles, however, were patiently and skilfully overcome. In November 1885 the rails met, and the last spike of the steel highway that bound east to west was driven home by Lord Strathcona. Immediately afterwards, for the first time, was heard the joyful cry, "All aboard for the Pacific!"

The Canadian Pacific Railway, thus completed, is one of the wonders of the world. In all, the company controls some 11,320 miles of line, and it is "red" all the way. Its main line is second only in length to that which crosses Siberia, and without doubt it is the most important railroad in the British Empire. This mighty trade route has become a bond of communication not only between Great Britain and the Far West, but between Europe and the Far East.

So rapidly is the North-West filling up, and so vast is the territory to be served, that the Canadian Pacific Railway no longer suffices for its needs. The Canadian Northern Railway now connects Winnipeg with Edmonton, the capital of Alberta; and the Grand Trunk Pacific, which is now under construction, also crosses the province to the south of the Canadian Northern, and will soon link Monckton in New Brunswick with Prince Rupert on the Pacific coast.

Troopship on the Suez Canal.

Troopship on the Suez Canal.

Chapter XLVIII

Britain in Africa

WE must now turn to the Old World and see what was happening meanwhile in other parts of the empire. We shall not trouble about the home politics of Great Britain, but shall learn how she was extending her empire in the "Dark Continent." Look at a map of Africa, and notice the broad patches of red that are painted on it. In West Africa you will notice several small patches along the coast, and one great patch running north and east from the Gulf of Guinea. Old William Hawkins, as far back as 1530, made voyages to this coast for gold dust and elephants' tusks. A London company began to trade in 1618, and set up forts along the coast. In the course of time we extended our territory inland from these forts, until now our West African possessions are more than one-seventh of the area of Canada. West Africa is very rich in tropical products, and some day it will grow cotton in vast quantities. Its rubber forests are very valuable at the present time.

On the other side of Africa you will notice a red patch running from the great central lakes to the sea. This is British East Africa, which came into our hands as the result of an arrangement with the Germans in 1885. Unlike West Africa, it contains regions which are fitted for the abode of white men. A railway runs through it, and some day it will grow cotton, sugar cane, and coffee in vast quantities. British East Africa has about the same area as Ontario.

Another glance at the map shows you that, except for a break of some five hundred miles, it is possible to travel from the Mediterranean Sea to the Southern Ocean and be in British territory the whole way. In this chapter I shall tell you very briefly the story of how we came to possess Egypt and the Sudan, as well as British South Africa.

You have all heard of the great Suez Canal, which unites the Mediterranean Sea with the Red Sea, and enables ships to reach India and the Far East without rounding the Cape of Good Hope. It was made, between the years 1854 and 1869, by a French engineer named Ferdinand de Lesseps, and about half the shares in it belonged to Ismail Pasha, the Khedive of Egypt. Shortly after the canal was opened Ismail was at his wits' end for money, so he accepted the offer of Lord Beaconsfield, and sold to Britain his one hundred and twenty-seven thousand shares in the canal for about twenty million dollars. In this way Britain became half owner of the canal, and therefore much interested in the good government of Egypt.

About 1875 Egypt became bankrupt, and could not pay her way. Ismail had borrowed much money, chiefly from Britons and Frenchmen. When these people no longer received the interest on their loans, France and Britain took over the management of the debt, so that their subjects should not suffer. Ismail soon found that he was no longer master in his own house, so, in 1879, he dismissed the British and French managers of the debt. The British and French governments sent their fleets to Alexandria, took the crown away from him, and gave it to his son. The new Khedive had to do precisely what his foreign advisers told him to do, and this caused great discontent amongst his people. In 1882 an Egyptian officer named Arabi Pasha headed a revolt against the foreigners with the cry of "Egypt for the Egyptians!" The Khedive made Arabi war minister, and he began to strengthen the forts at Alexandria and to mount big guns on them. In June a native rabble invaded the European quarter of Alexandria, and killed many foreigners.

Meanwhile a fleet of British and French ships of war had entered the harbour of Alexandria. The British admiral gave notice that unless the forts were yielded up to him within a fixed time he would bombard the place. The French refused to take part in the fighting which was about to begin, and the greater part of their fleet sailed away. At 7 a.m. on the 11th of June the first shot was fired. The Egyptian forts and batteries replied, but by 5.30 p.m. their guns were completely silenced. During the bombardment Lord Charles Beresford handled his gunboat in such a daring manner that the admiral signalled, "Well done, *Condor!*"

Next day the white flag was hoisted, and the forts were given up; but meanwhile Arabi and the Egyptian army had retreated. Bluejackets and marines were landed, but before they could take possession of the city the mob had plundered and burned it. More than two thousand Europeans were massacred.

In August a British army, which included Indian troops, arrived with Sir Garnet (now Lord) Wolseley in command. The Egyptians had strongly entrenched themselves at Tel-el-Kebir. The British army made a night march across the desert, and by dawn our men were within two hundred yards of the enemy. Then with a ringing British cheer they charged up the slope in front of the position, and cleared the trenches. Within twenty minutes of the first shot being fired the Egyptians were in full retreat, with the loss of upwards of two thousand killed, while the British had only four hundred and fifty-nine men killed and wounded. Arabi escaped on horseback, but was shortly afterwards captured. Within thirty-six hours of the battle Cairo surrendered, and in a week or so later the rebellion was at an end.

Victory had been won without the help of the Sultan, the overlord of Egypt, or of France, our partner in what was known as the "Dual Control." France now wished to join us again in ruling the conquered country; but Britain, having borne the whole burden and cost of the war, was no longer ready to share the government with France or with any other power. Finally, in 1904, the French agreed to let Britain have a free hand in the country. In name Egypt is still ruled by its Khedive, but Britain is his master.

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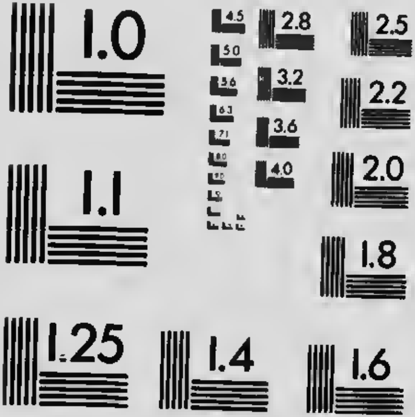
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Ismail had tried to extend his power southwards in order to stamp out the slave trade, which until recently was the curse of the region known as the Sudan. In this he was helped by an Englishman named Sir Samuel Baker, who did good work, but did not put an end to the slave traffic. In 1873, General Gordon—"Chinese" Gordon, as he was called, from his exploits in China—was appointed Governor of the Sudan. Though much hampered in his work, he managed to scatter the slave merchants and destroy their trade. In 1880 he resigned his post.

During Arabi's rebellion troubles broke out in the Sudan, where a Mahdi, or "prophet," arose and roused the people to revolt against the Egyptians. In November 1883 the Mahdi defeated and utterly destroyed a mixed force of British and Egyptian troops under Hicks Pasha. Then the British Government advised the Khedive to abandon the Sudan after withdrawing the Egyptian garrisons in that country to a place of safety. The work of withdrawal was entrusted to Gordon, who, on January 18, 1884, set out for the Sudan in order to bring away the garrisons of Khartum and other places. A month later he reached Khartum, and by the end of March he had sent two thousand five hundred men down the Nile. He was then being gradually hemmed in by the Mahdi's forces. On April 16th the telegraph wires were cut, and thenceforward Gordon was unable to communicate with the outer world.

At length, on September 1st, Sir Garnet Wolseley left England to try to relieve him. Everybody felt that if Gordon was to be saved the victor of Tel-el-Kebir was the man to do it. Remembering the prowess of the boatmen with whom he had journeyed to the Red River, Wolseley sent to Canada for river men to help him in getting his boats up the Nile. This was the first time that Canadians had crossed the Atlantic to help the mother country. Everything possible was done to hasten to Gordon's relief, but it was then too late. A large force set out across the desert to cut off the great loop of the Nile, and on the very day it started a messenger arrived with a piece of paper the size of a postage stamp, on which was written in Gordon's handwriting, "Khartum all right—14/12/84." The written message was meant to deceive the Mahdi's men if it should fall into their hands. The real message told a very different tale. "Our troops," the messenger was ordered to say, "are suffering from lack of provisions. The food we still have is little—some grain and biscuit. We want you to come quickly......"

The force which crossed the desert attacked the Mahdi's men at Abu Klea, and after a desperate fight, during which the British square was broken and hand-to-hand fights were frequent, the enemy was overcome and the march continued. At length the Nile was sighted, and Metemmeh was reached on January 19, 1885. On the morning of the 21st four steamers arrived from Khartum bringing Gordon's journal and several letters. One of them, dated December 14th, said that he expected a disaster after ten days' time. On the same day he wrote to his sister, "I am quite happy, thank God; and like Lawrence"—the hero of Lucknow—"I have tried to do my duty."

On the 24th two of the steamers, with soldiers on board, were sent back to Khartum. One of them stuck on a rock, and this caused much delay. During the afternoon of the 27th a man on the bank shouted out that Khartum had fallen, and that Gordon was dead; but he was not believed by those on board the steamer.

Under a heavy fire the steamers advanced until they came within sight of the Government House at Khartum. Alas! the Egyptian flag was no longer flying, and the town was in the hands of the enemy. It was now evident that the man on the bank had spoken the truth—Gordon was dead. He had defended Khartum for three hundred and seven days.

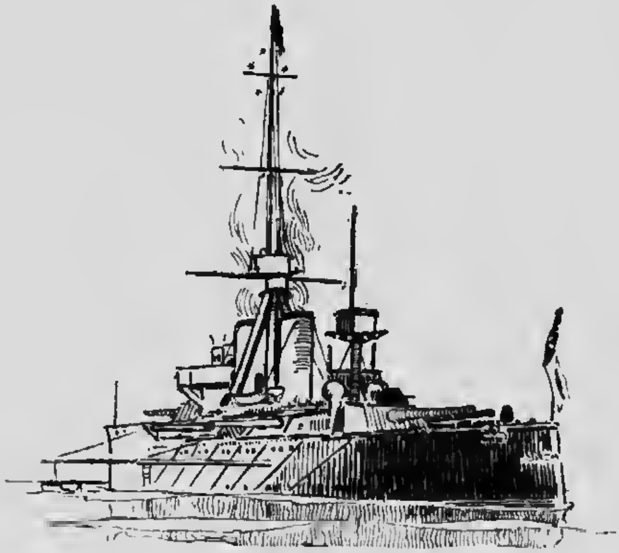
Early on the morning of January 26th the Mahdi's men had made a general attack and entered the palace. Gordon awaited them in front of the entrance to his office, his hand resting on the hilt of his sword. He was quite calm, and showed not the slightest sign of fear. A man dashed at Gordon crying, "O cursed one, your time is come!" and plunged a spear into his body. Another spear wound followed, and Gordon fell face forward, and soon afterwards breathed his last. Thus died a "soldier saint," one of the bravest and most steadfast Britons who ever lived.

The Sudan was abandoned, and it remained, as it were, sealed up for nearly thirteen years. In 1896 its reconquest was begun. Sir Herbert (now Lord) Kitchener led the British and Egyptian troops, and in 1898 completely defeated the Mahdi's army at the battle of the Atbara. A few months later, at Omdurman, the Mahdi's power in the Sudan was shattered for ever. On the afternoon of September 2nd the victorious army entered Omdurman, the "filthy stronghold of Mahdism;" and two days later the British and Egyptian flags were hoisted on the walls of Khartum, close to the spot where General Gordon fell. Thus the Sudan became British.

While the reconquest of the Sudan was going on Canadians were surprised and delighted to learn that the far-away north-west corner of their land, which had hitherto yielded nothing but furs, contained one of the richest gold-fields in the world. Gold in vast quantities was discovered on the Klondike and other tributaries of the Yukon River. Thousands of miners undertook the long and dangerous journey over snow-clad mountains and along rushing rivers, and many of them died on the way from exposure or accident. Those who reached the gold-fields were amply rewarded for their pains, for the output of gold was very large, and reached ten million dollars in a single year. Before long this remote corner of the Dominion had a large population, and Dawson City, with more than eight thousand inhabitants, speedily arose in the wilderness. A railway has now been constructed from Skagway to the gold-fields.

While miners were rushing to the Klondike, Britons all over the world were rejoicing that their aged queen had completed sixty years of prosperous rule. On June 22, 1897, her Diamond Jubilee was celebrated. Ten years before, great public thanksgivings had taken place to mark the fiftieth year of her reign. Now that she had occupied the throne longer than any other British sovereign, and had ruled wisely and well for more years than any other European monarch of modern times, the nation's delight and gratitude knew no bounds. The aged queen visited St. Paul's Cathedral, and there returned thanks for the blessings vouchsafed to her. She also took her place in a procession which showed the might and majesty of the British Empire. Men of British race from all parts of the earth took part in the procession, and you may be sure that stalwart troopers from Canada bore themselves proudly in the eyes of their kinsmen "at home."

Another feature of the rejoicings was a naval review in the Solent, where the most splendid fleet ever seen in the history of the world was assembled. Twenty-one battleships, forty-four cruisers, and seventy torpedo craft were mustered without withdrawing a single ship from foreign stations. This grand armada was manned by forty thousand trained seamen. It was right that the navy, which is the symbol of our empire, should play an important part in this great object lesson of British dominion.



Chapter XLIX

The Boer War

THE queen had but three and a half more years to live. This brief span of life was clouded and saddened by the most serious war which Britain has waged since the days of Napoleon. Before I tell you the story of this war, let me tell you how we became possessed of vast territory in South Africa.

You already know that the Portuguese were the first Europeans to sail along the coast of South Africa on their way to India. About one hundred and twenty years later the Dutch East India Company founded a station on Table Bay, and this was the beginning of a Dutch colony at the Cape of Good Hope. During the wars with Napoleon a British force landed at the Cape and drove out, not the Dutch settlers, but the Dutch governor and the Dutch soldiers. In this way the British gained a foothold in South Africa. At the beginning of the nineteenth century there were some seventy-five thousand white people, mainly Dutch, in what we now call Cape Colony. The descendants of these people are the Boers or Dutch farmers who are found all over South Africa.

British settlers began to arrive in 1820, and, side by side with the Dutch, began to tame the wilderness. The Boers worked their farms chiefly by slave labour. When Britain freed the slaves, the Dutch shook the dust of Cape Colony from their feet, and with their families and flocks and herds began to "trek" northwards, so as to be free of the British Government. Parties of Boers pushed on across the Orange River, and some

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even advanced beyond the Vaal. They had to fight many fierce battles with the Zulus, and to suffer the most terrible ...ships; but in the end they founded two republics—the one known as the Orange River Free State, and the other, farther north, as the South African Republic. In 1854 the British Government agreed that the Orange River Free State should be independent, and two years later it took the same course with regard to the Transvaal. Natal, where the Boers had first settled, became a British colony.

The Transvaal made but little headway, and in the year 1877 it was hopelessly in debt, and was unable to defend itself against the great Zulu chief Cetewayo, who was threatening the country. A British official appeared on the scene, and on April 12, 1877, the British flag was hoisted, and the Transvaal became part of the British Empire.

At first most of the Boers seemed satisfied with this arrangement, but they soon changed their minds. After the Zulus were crushed and the debt was paid off, the Boers rose against the British Government and defeated a small party of British soldiers. Shortly afterwards they overcame six hundred British regulars on Majuba Hill. Instead of punishing the Boers, the British Government determined to give the Transvaal back to the Boers and let them rule it in their own way.

In the next year gold was discovered on the Rand, and many miners, chiefly of British race, hurried thither in the pursuit of wealth. These "Uitlanders," as the Boers called the foreign settlers, worked the mines and developed the country, and soon made it very prosperous. The Boers disliked the newcomers, and refused to give them political rights, even though they taxed them heavily.

In the year 1888 our possessions in South Africa were greatly enlarged by the addition of a mighty region equal in area to one-fifth of Europe, and stretching right away from Cape Colony to within five hundred miles of British East Africa. The chief agent in securing this vast tract of country for Britain was Cecil Rhodes, who was then Prime Minister of Cape Colony. Rhodes was a dreamer of great imperial dreams, and he was eager to see Britain all-powerful in Africa. He formed a company to govern and develop the new territory, and the southern part of it was called Rhodesia in his honour.

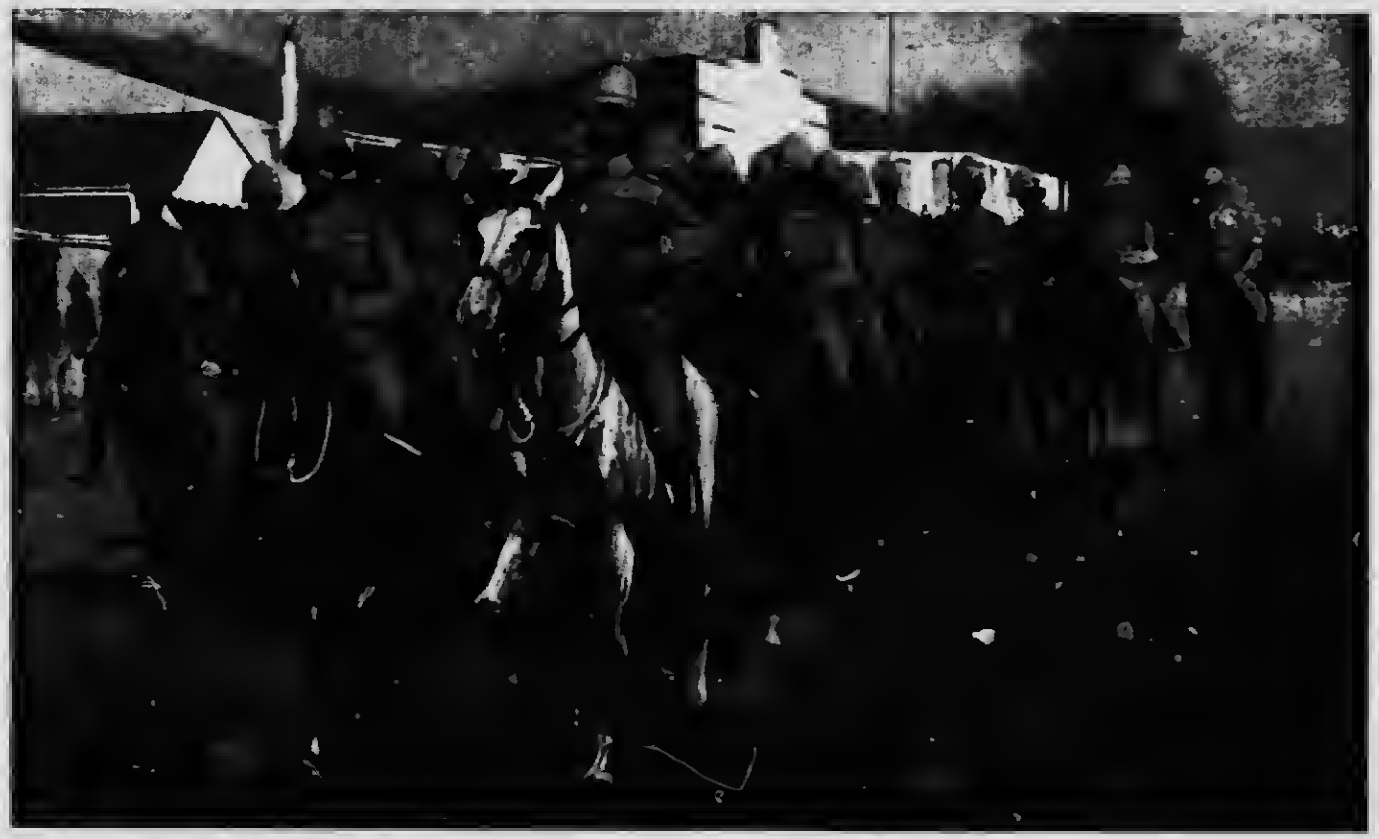
Now let us return to the Transvaal. In the year 1895 some of the leading "Uitlanders" were so discontented with their lot that they plotted to overthrow the Boer Government and bring the Transvaal under the Union Jack once more. In order to assist this movement, Dr. Jameson, with five hundred police belonging to Rhodesia, crossed the Transvaal border and tried to force his way to Johannesburg, the chief town of the gold-mining district. After a march of one hundred and sixty miles, and a series of small fights lasting twenty-four hours, Jameson and his men were obliged to surrender to the Boers.

The raiders were lodged in jail at Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal, and for some days their fate hung in the balance. Only when the Uitlanders laid down their arms did the Boer Government agree to hand over the raiders for trial in England. Jameson and his officers were sent home, tried for waging war on a friendly country, and imprisoned.

After this the lot of the Uitlanders became much worse They were badly treated in many ways, and at last they asked Queen Victoria to take up their cause. A British official was sent to South Africa to try to bring about some agreement; but he failed, and soon the shadow of war appeared. Meanwhile the Boers had been importing rifles, cannon, and military stores in vast quantities.

The Orange River Free State now threw in its lot with the Transvaal, and early on the morning of the 10th October 1899 a letter was received from the Boers demanding that British troops be withdrawn from the frontiers and no further soldiers sent out. It was further stated that if a reply were not sent within a certain time the Boers would consider war to be declared.

At once, and in the clearest possible terms, the Boers were told that their demands could not be listened to. On October 10, 1899, the Boers crossed the Natal border, and on the 20th



Lord Roberts entering Pretoria.

(From the picture by Sidney Paget. By permission of the owners of the "Sphere.")

the first battle of the war took place. Meanwhile Boers hurried to besiege Kimberley, the town of diamonds; Mafeking, in Rhodesia; and certain other towns in the north of Cape Colony. At this time there were few British soldiers in South Africa; the bulk of our army could not reach the Cape before the beginning of November

The early battles of the war were fought in the northern angle of Natal. Though the British forces checked the enemy, they were forced to retire on Ladysmith, where they were hemmed in by the Boers, who mounted "Long Toms" on the surrounding hills and began to shell the town. Thus began the famous siege of Ladysmith.

Meanwhile British troops were pouring into Cape Colony. One force under Lord Methuen was sent to relieve Kimberley and Mafeking, and a second was to fight in the north of Cape Colony. Lord Methuen marched north, and defeated the Boers in several battles, though with great loss of life. After the failure of a night attack on the Boer trenches at Magersfontein he was forced to withdraw to the Modder River and wait for fresh troops. Meanwhile matters had been going badly in Cape Colony.

By this time a change of generals had taken place. The veteran Lord Roberts, with Lord Kitchener as chief of his staff, had been sent out to take command, and Britain began to understand what a terribly difficult task she had undertaken. It was evident that the army must be greatly increased. Two hundred thousand troops were asked for, and from every part of the empire there was an eager response. On October 3rd a Canadian contingent was offered to the Imperial Government, and the services of a battalion of 1,000 men were accepted. Immediately there was a great rush of volunteers from all parts of the Dominion, and within a fortnight the thousand men were enrolled and equipped. Enthusiasm rose to fever heat, and gifts of money and useful articles were showered upon the troops, who sailed for the front on October 30th. The splendid work done in South Africa by that part of the contingent under the command of

Lord Roberts entering Pretoria.

(From the picture by Sidney Paget. By permission of the [illegible] of the "Sp

Colonel Pilcher still further increased Canadian enthusiasm. Numerous meetings were held, at which it was declared, "We too are loyal Britons, and our patriotism is at its best when our country needs us most." Later on a second contingent of mounted men and artillery was accepted, and Lord Strathcona raised and equipped at his own expense a corps of 530 men, known as "Strathcona's Horse." In all, Canada sent some 2,820 picked men to fight in South Africa. Australia and New Zealand also lent their aid, and for the first time in history sons of the empire from all over the world fought shoulder to shoulder. Never before had Britons realized what the bonds of empire meant, and foreign nations looked on amazed.

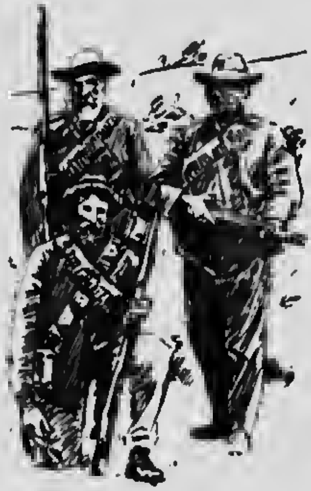
During December 1899 General Buller made many gallant attempts to cross the Tugela River and relieve Ladysmith. The country beyond the river is one mass of rugged mountains, where a small force of well-mounted men can defy a whole army. Time after time Buller's men were driven back though they stuck doggedly to their task.

Early in February 1900 success began to reward British efforts in the west. General Cronje's force, which had entrenched itself on the steep banks of the Modder River, was fiercely bombarded, but held out for eight days. During the night of February 26, the Canadians and No. 7 Company of the Royal Engineers, under a heavy fire, dug a trench only eighty yards away from the enemy's position. In the morning the Boers found that the British troops in the newly-dug trench had them at their mercy. Cronje, therefore, was forced to surrender with four thousand men. This was the turning of the tide, for it was the first great blow struck at the Boer forces.

While Lord Roberts marched on to the capital of the Orange River Free State, General French relieved Kimberley after a siege of one hundred and twenty-two days. Meanwhile the defeats and disasters suffered by the Boers in the west began to tell upon them, and Buller was at last able to reach Ladysmith, which had held out for one hundred and nineteen days. The defence of Ladysmith is one of the most notable events in the history of warfare. Shortly afterwards Mafeking was relieved, after a siege of seven months.

After six weeks in the capital of the Free State, Lord Roberts pushed on rapidly to Pretoria, and as he did so the Boers fell back from position to position. On May 30, 1900, he occupied Johannesburg, and on June 1st entered Pretoria in state. Some months of vigorous fighting followed, and, generally speaking, British arms were everywhere successful. The Free State had already been added to the British Empire, and now came the turn of the Transvaal.

Lord Roberts returned to England in December, and Lord Kitchener took command. The Boers now broke up into small parties, and harried the British troops whenever they could, but avoided pitched battles. Owing to the vast tracts of country over which they fought, and the rapid way in which they appeared and disappeared, the work of dealing with them was most difficult. For our troops it meant marches, countermarches, and small fights almost without number. In this kind of warfare the year 1900 came to a close.



Chapter L

The Reign of Edward the Seventh

IN the year 1900 the example of Canada was copied by Australia. The five states of the island continent together with Tasmania, decided to unite in a Commonwealth, with one united Parliament to deal with all those matters which concern Australia as a whole. Almost the last public service rendered by Queen Victoria was to sign the Commonwealth Act, which came into force on January 1, 1901. Her Majesty presented the first Premier of United Australia with the table, inkstand, and pen which she used on the occasion.

On January 18th the British people were deeply grieved to learn that the queen was ill. Four days later she died, to the great sorrow of all her subjects. The funeral ceremonies which took place on February 2nd were most impressive. In London hundreds of thousands of people in mourning lined the route, and on every face there was the strained, tense look that spoke of heartfelt grief.

The new king, Edward the Seventh, was already well known to his people. During the latter part of his mother's life he had taken her place on many occasions, and had thus prepared himself for the office of king. As Prince of Wales his sturdy British spirit, his love of our national sports, and his hearty good nature made him a favourite with all classes of his future subjects. As king he showed himself so thoroughly at one with his people, so deeply anxious for their welfare, so broad-minded and warm-hearted, that he became by far the most popular man in the land. In every way his beautiful wife, Queen Alexandra, seconded his efforts, and her great sympathy for the poor and the suffering won her the real affection of the British people.

From the first the new king set himself the task of doing all that lay in his power to promote peace among the nations. Early in the second year of his reign the Boers showed a desire for peace, which was signed at Pretoria on May 31, 1902. The war had cost the British people some twenty thousand men and two hundred and fifty millions of money. It had lasted two years, seven months, and nineteen days. No one rejoiced more at the conclusion of peace than King Edward.

In the first year of his reign the king showed his great regard for the British dominions beyond the seas by sending his sailor son, our present king, George the Fifth, on a tour round the British Empire. Accompanied by his wife, Prince George sailed in the *Ophir* on March 15th for Australia, and there opened the first Commonwealth Parliament. From Australia he proceeded to New Zealand, thence to South Africa, and finally crossed the Dominion of Canada from east to west and from west to east. This visit gave the greatest possible pleasure to the Canadian people, who welcomed the prince and princess with the utmost heartiness.

On Monday, September 16th, the *Ophir* arrived at Quebec, and the royal pair were received by a salute from the citadel, and from the warships in the river. As they passed under a triumphal arch in front of the Parliament buildings, two thousand children sang the National Anthem. All the public bodies presented addresses, and in reply to one of them the prince said that it was his proud mission to come amongst them "as a token of that feeling of admiration and pride with which the king and the whole empire have seen the sons of the Dominion rallying round the flag." In the evening the city and the ships in the harbour were illuminated, and next day a review took place on the Plains of Abraham.

At Montreal the city gave the prince and princess "a loyal, hearty, and loving welcome;" the M'Gill University presented them with degrees, and visits were paid to many places of interest, including the Convent of Ville Marie. Ottawa showed much loyalty, and the prince was specially delighted with the noble Parliament buildings. A statue to Queen Victoria was unveiled, and war medals were presented. Amongst those thus honoured was Lieutenant Edward Holland, who received the Victoria Cross, the highest meed of valour which the king can bestow. After visiting a lumber camp, the prince and princess were paddled down the river in canoes manned by French-Canadians, singing the old-time boat songs.

From Ottawa the royal visitors journeyed by the Canadian Pacific Railway past Fort William to Winnipeg, where the same loyalty was evident. Amongst those who greeted the prince was a member of the Red River Brigade, who was then lieutenant-governor of the province. After hearing the National Anthem sung and seeing the schoolboys drill, the prince and princess departed for Calgary, where they inspected the North-West Mounted Police, and drove to an Indian encampment in the neighbourhood. The red men at a "powwow" claimed that they refused to bear arms against their queen in 1885, and that they were loyal to their king. The children sang "God save the King" as well as English children could have done.

So the royal pair passed on, pausing at Banff before crossing the "Great Divide" into British Columbia. At Vancouver city and at Victoria the prince and princess received a most hearty British welcome. A few days later the return journey began, and on the 10th of October Toronto was reached. The most remarkable enthusiasm prevailed, and in reply to an address the prince said that the deeds of Canadians in the South African War had shown not only their loyalty, but their warlike character. "You have," he said, "fully maintained the noble traditions of your forefathers, who fought for hearth and home under the leadership of the heroic Brock."

The next day ten thousand troops were reviewed by the prince, and war medals were distributed, Major H. Z. C. Cockburn also receiving the Victoria Cross, and a sword of honour from his fellow-townsmen. After planting a tree in memory of his visit, the prince received the degree of Doctor of Laws from the University. In the evening there was a great reception, at which the prince shook hands with two thousand two hundred and eighty-eight persons.

After leaving Toronto the royal pair visited Niagara, London, Hamilton, and Kingston. On the homeward journey they stayed some time in St. John, New Brunswick, and finally in Halifax, where the visit ended. Before leaving Canada the prince wrote as follows to Lord Minto, the governor-general:—

"Our hearts are full at saying farewell. We feel that we have made many friends in all parts of the Dominion, and that we owe and gladly extend to its people our sincere friendship and good wishes. May the affectionate regard which all races and classes have so generously shown us knit together the peoples of Canada, and strengthen the existing ties that unite the empire."

One of the most pleasing incidents of King Edward's reign was the warm friendship which sprang up between Britain and her old enemy France. In the year 1904 an agreement was made whereby several long-standing differences were happily settled; our position in Egypt was recognized; and an old dispute about the rights of French fishermen on what is called the "French shore" of Newfoundland was brought to an end.

In 1907 the British Government granted full rights of self-government to the Boers, and the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies took their places beneath the Union Jack as members of the great family of British nations. General Botha, formerly commander-in-chief of the Boers, became first Prime Minister of the Transvaal. Within three years after this event the states of South Africa were ready to follow the example of Canada and Australia and become one nation. On May 31, 1910, United South Africa came into being, and the event was duly celebrated in all the schools of the Dominion of Canada.

In the year 1908 Prince George again visited Canada, in order to take part in the rejoicings held at Quebec in honour of its three hundredth birthday. The warships of five nations lay in the St. Lawrence, and the chief incidents in the history of the old city were acted over again in the form of a pageant. A subscription had been raised to buy the Plains of Abraham, and on behalf of the subscribers Prince George handed over to the government of Quebec this historic battlefield to be preserved for all time as a national park.

And now we reach the closing scene in the long eventful history recorded in this book. At a quarter before midnight on Friday, May 6, 1910, King Edward died with startling suddenness from heart failure due to an attack of bronchitis. Never was there profounder grief at the death of any sovereign. Britons loved, honoured, and trusted King Edward. They knew him as the friend of peace and the friend of the poor, and yet, at the same time, he was "every inch a king." His body lay in state in Westminster Hall, and hundreds of thousands of men and women reverently passed by his coffin to bid him a last farewell. On May 20th his body, "to glorious burial slowly borne," was carried in lordly procession through the densely-thronged streets of London, followed by a mourning band of kings and princes. Finally it was laid to rest in St George's Chapel, Windsor.

The King is dead. Long live the King! Our new sovereign, George the Fifth, has already shown himself most eager to follow in his father's footsteps. He knows the empire, and understands it better than any former king, and its interests are safe in his hands. Long may he reign!

May it be his proud privilege to see the British nations—

> "Welded each and all
> Into one imperial whole;
> One with Britain heart and soul—
> One life, one flag, one fleet, one throne!"

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