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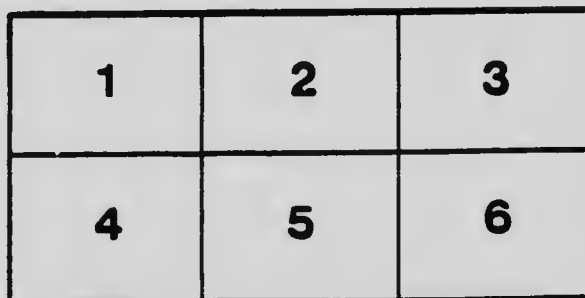
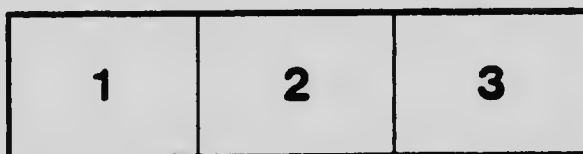
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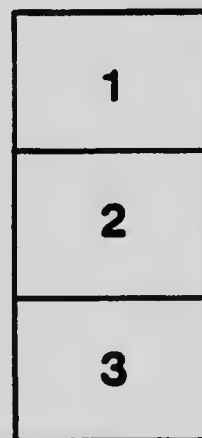
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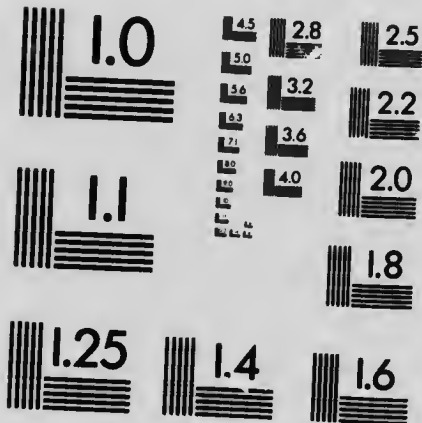
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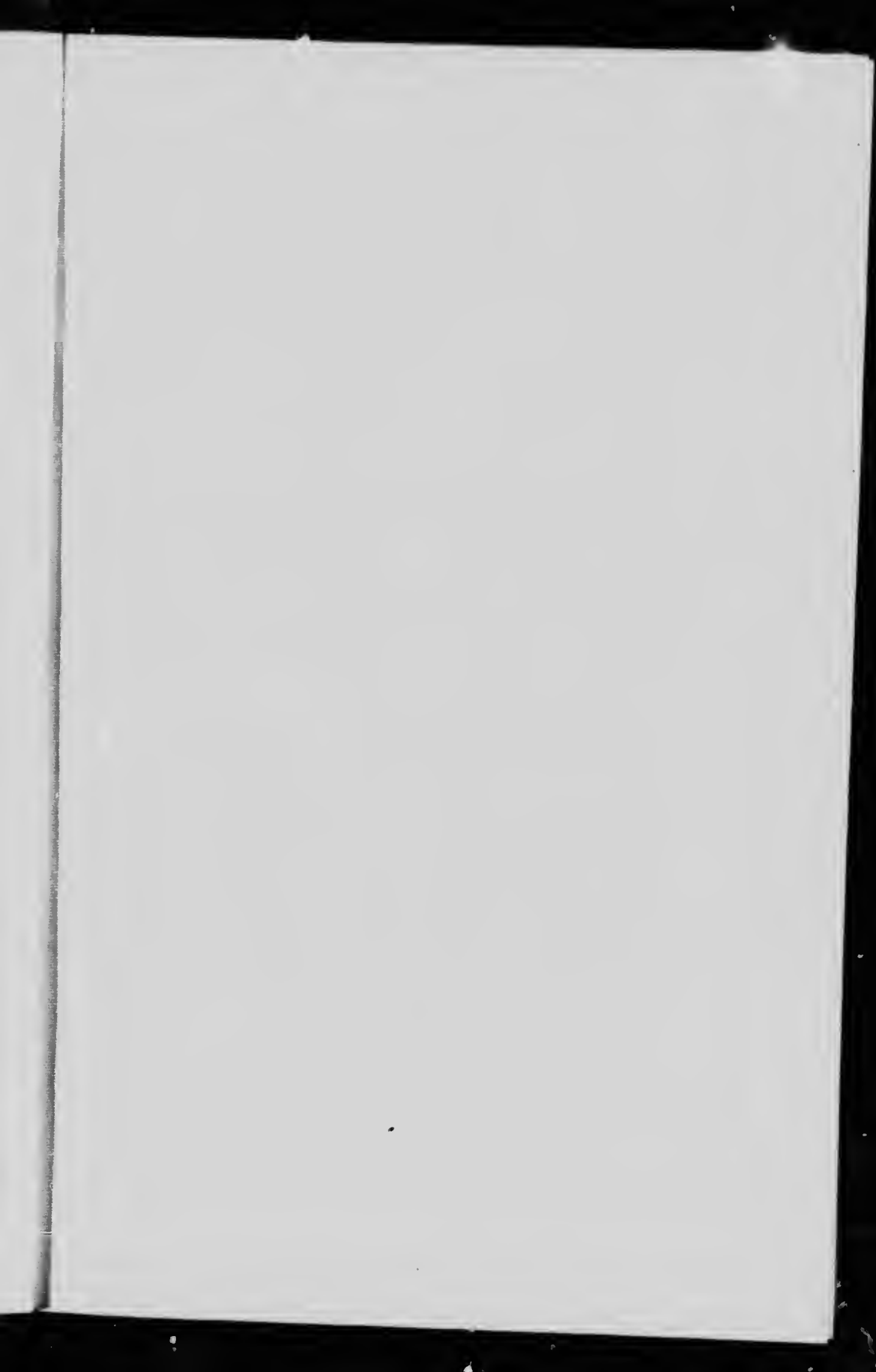
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BOOK ONE

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STORIES FROM CANADIAN AND BRITISH HISTORY

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FIRST EDITION, 1910

PREFACE

This little book is, in the main, simply an abridged and very slightly revised Edition of the Britannia English History Reader so widely used in Great Britain. The pages on Canada have been added, however, for the benefit of Canadian schools.

The aim of the book is to present in an informal and concrete way the story of our race. It is intended for the use of pupils in Form III of the Public Schools. Teachers and mature readers will recognize that many facts and considerations of great importance and of deep significance to more advanced students must be omitted from a book of this kind. At the same time historical importance, not picturesqueness, has guided both author and editor in the selection of facts. For there are involved two pedagogical principles that the teacher would do well to keep in mind,—that the interest of the child should be awakened and held, and that when the survey of the field be finished the facts and names remembered be the *ones worth remembering*. There are many picturesque incidents that form admirable bases for instructive anecdote. But history is not made up solely of instructive and picturesque anecdotes, and unless the course in the third grade paves a solid way for the course that follows in the fourth it has failed to answer its purpose. So although many things of importance have not been included in this book, yet on the other hand nothing has consciously been introduced that has not a real bearing on the great controlling events and persons of British history.

I have been materially aided and guided by the good sense and practical experience of Mr. J. Russell Stuart, formerly of Stratford, Ontario, and now Public School Inspector of the city of Kingston and Lecturer on Elementary Education in Queen's University.

C. F. L.

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HISTORY READER.

The Red Men.

Once upon a time this country of ours was covered with forests and prairies. The people who dwelt here had skins of dark red, like copper. They did not live as we do in warm houses. They lived in tents made of the bark of trees. When they needed bigger houses they made them of logs. The floor of these houses was just the bare ground. When it was cold they made a fire in the middle of the floor. The smoke went out through a hole in the roof.

These red men had no shops or stores. They grew corn and killed wild animals for food. The women did nearly all the hard work. They planted the corn and cared for it. They did all the cooking and cleaning. The men hunted and fished. They had no guns. They hunted with nothing but arrows, spears, stone knives and a little axe called a tomahawk. They wore very few clothes. These were made of the skins of wild animals. When they wanted to look fine they did not put on better clothes. They just painted their faces in bright colours. Then they would put feathers in their hair.

These people were nearly as wild as the beasts. They loved to fight. When they wanted to fight they got together and went off into the forest. They walked as

quietly as cats. They could go through the woods without breaking a twig. When they reached a village of their enemies they would attack it with terrible yells. They killed everybody they could find or else carried them away as prisoners. When they reached home they burned their prisoners alive just for the pleasure of seeing them suffer. They liked doing this just as a cat likes to play with a mouse she has caught.

Our life is very different from that of these Red Men. But three things that we use they taught us to make. The moccasins that we often wear in winter are just what these wild men used to wear for shoes. They never wore boots and shoes like ours. They could not make them. Besides, they would have been too stiff and heavy for the woods. So they took the skins of deer and softened them. Then they sewed them up into moccasins. We wear them only when it is very cold and the ground is covered with snow. The Red Men wore them all the time.

The Red Men also taught us to make snow shoes. In England or Ireland there is not enough snow to make snow shoes worth while. In Scotland there is often plenty of snow, but no one over there ever thought of snow shoes. In the long winters of Canada the Red Men hunted the deer. On their snow shoes they could skim over the drifts quickly and easily.

One other thing the Red Men taught us to make was the canoe. They made their canoes out of birch bark. In them they could paddle swiftly down little rivers or across great lakes. They could run fierce rapids in

them too. Even now canoes are often better for small rivers than our heavy boats. They were so light that when they came to bad places in the river they could easily be carried.

These people were too wild and savage ever to build Canada into a great country. They were good fighters and good hunters. Often they were good speakers too. But they would not live together in peace. They were divided into little tribes. It is not likely that they would ever have made a great nation.

So we must think of Canada in those days as a wild country. There were no great cities or towns. Wild beasts and wild men roamed everywhere. But the rivers and lakes and hills were like they are now. The mountains were just as grand. The prairies were just as vast. Only there was not a church nor a train nor a white face in the whole of America.

Christopher Columbus.

When Alfred the Great was King in England, neither he nor his people knew anything about Canada. They did not know that the continent of America was here at all. The great Atlantic Ocean lay between Europe and America, and no one had been brave enough to cross it.

Many, many years passed, and still nobody had sailed across the Atlantic. But one day a poor Italian sailor named Christopher Columbus came to the court of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella of Spain. He wanted

permission to sail across the ocean to see what he could find.

Columbus was born in the lovely city of Genoa. He learned at school to read and write. He learned also all that his teachers could tell him about the geography of Europe, Asia and Africa. He was interested in geography because he wanted to travel. Genoa had a great harbour and many ships. A great many of the friends of Columbus were sailors. So he heard tales of other lands, and set his heart on going to sea.

When the boy's father saw this he sent his son to study navigation. This meant the knowledge of winds and currents and the stars. For all ships were sailing ships then, and they were steered at night by the stars.

At last he went to sea and bye and bye he became a captain. He sailed to many distant lands. It is said that once he went away north as far as Iceland. He learned how to make maps and charts too. There was no better captain in all Europe than Columbus.

Now when Columbus offered to sail across the ocean he did not really know about America. He thought that if he sailed far enough west he would reach Asia. He had no idea that the whole journey would be nearly so long as it really is. But he was sure that if he were given ships and men he could find land by sailing straight west for a few weeks.

Most people thought that the earth was flat, and that the idea of Columbus was very foolish. Before he came to Spain he had tried to get help from the kings of England, France, and Portugal. He was not rich enough



COLUMBUS.

to buy ships or to get food for the voyage. His only hope was that some king might pay the expenses of the journey. But they thought that he would just sail away with his ships and never come back. They did not dream that across the wild ocean there was a continent far larger than Europe.

At last Queen Isabella decided to help him. She had three little ships fitted out—the *Santa Maria*, the *Pinta* and the *Nina*. With these ships he set out on his voyage. Those who saw him go did not expect ever to see him again. The men who went as sailors were afraid too. But Columbus was sure he was going to succeed.

Very soon they left the shores of Europe far behind them. Day after day and week after week they sailed with only the wide ocean around them. The sailors were dreadfully frightened. Even Columbus began to think he must have been mistaken.

One day they saw a little bird light on the mast. It was a land bird that could not fly very far from the shore. They knew it could not have come all the way from Europe. So they cheered up, and kept looking harder than ever for land. Then one night they saw a light far ahead of them. Next morning they saw land. And so at last they came to the beautiful continent that we live in, and gave thanks to God for their safe voyage.

The land that Columbus had found was one of the islands of the West Indies. He thought it was the shore of Asia and he called the natives Indians as we do still. He did not know that he was still thousands of miles

from India. But at any rate the ocean had been crossed safely. The brave sailor took possession of the new lands in the name of the king of Spain. Then after looking about a little he returned to Europe.

You may imagine with what joy and surprise he and his comrades were welcomed home. Bells were rung in every city in Spain. Columbus was praised as a hero. The king and queen received him as if he were a prince. There was no trouble now about giving him ships for another voyage. He made three more journeys across the Atlantic. In one of them he reached the coast of South America. He lived fourteen years after his first voyage. When he died he still thought that the land he had found was part of Asia.

But other sailors came across from Europe, and soon they saw that it was not Asia at all, but a new continent. One of these was named Americus Vesputius. He wrote a book about his voyages. So the men who read his book began to call the country Columbus had found, America. We keep the name of Columbus in the name of our Pacific province, British Columbia.

John and Sebastian Cabot.

One of the kings who had turned Columbus away was King Henry VII. of England. When America was discovered, King Henry knew he had made a mistake. But he thought that if Columbus had found a new way to Asia English ships might find another way still.

So he looked about for a good captain. The man who offered to go was not an Englishman. He was an Italian

and his name was John Cabot. It seems strange that an English king should send out an Italian. But in those days the Italian sailors were the best in the world.

John Cabot was born in Genoa, like Columbus. He had lived most of his life in Venice. Venice is a wonderful city that is built in the sea. It has streets of water. Its people use boats instead of carriages. Every Venetian is a sailor. Now Cabot had business in England, and he came to live in the city of Bristol. There he and his sons were well known as good sailors and merchants. There is a great tower on a hill near Bristol called the Cabot tower. This was built by the people of Bristol in memory of the great sailor.

About five years after the great voyage of Columbus Cabot set sail from Bristol. He had a ship no larger than our river boats. Only eighteen men went with him. He had to pay all expenses himself. King Henry was not very fond of spending money.

Cabot sailed his little ship straight west. For nearly two months they could see nothing but the wild salt water all around them. But at last they saw land. It was Cape Breton. So Cabot and his companions were the first white men to see the coast of Canada. They landed and hoisted two flags. One was the flag of England. The other was the flag of Venice. Then they sailed home.

King Henry was much pleased. He gave Cabot rich presents and promised help for the next voyage. But of that next voyage we know nothing. It seems a pity

that we know so little about the man who was the first to plant the English flag on the new continent

Cabot had three sons. One of them was as brave a captain as his father. His name was Sebastian, and he was born in Bristol. Soon after John Cabot's voyage to Cape Breton Sebastian came across the ocean with two ships. When he reached America he turned north. He sailed along the wild coast of Labrador, until the ice made him stop. He was hoping to find some way through to China. But he had to turn back. Near the coast of Newfoundland he saw thousands of great fish. . . were cod. From that time to this men have fished for cod in that part of the sea. Hundreds of brave fishermen go out in their boats every day from the coasts of Labrador, Newfoundland and Nova Scotia to fish. The sea there is as full of cod as it was in the days of Sebastian Cabot.

These two men were the discoverers of Canada. But they did not come here to stay. They were in search of the rich countries of Asia. So they just sailed back to England, and for a long time no Englishmen tried to settle in America.

Jacques Cartier.

About thirty years after Cabot's voyage the king of France thought he would like to have part of America for a colony. So he sent out a brave sailor named Jacques Cartier.

Cartier sailed straight across the ocean until he came to Newfoundland. Then he steered on into the Gulf of

St. Lawrence, turned south, and entered the Bay of Chaleurs. This name means the Bay of Heat. It was the month of July. Cartier wrote that the country was "hotter than the country of Spain, and the fairest that can possibly be found." When he went back to France he took with him two Indian children to show the king what the Indians were like.

The country around the Gulf was so beautiful that Cartier came out again next year. This time he sailed straight up the river St. Lawrence. None of these French sailors had ever seen so great a river. At last, after days of sailing they came to the Island of Orleans. Then they saw the grand cape that we call now Cape Diamond. Here they cast anchor.

From the Island and from the shores of the river now came canoes full of Indians. They had never seen white men before. They were quite friendly, and when Cartier landed they guided him to their village of Stadacona. Here he saw their chief, Donnacona, and they had a great feast. Where Cartier and Donnacona met the city of Quebec now stands.

But the French sailor wished to know more about the country that he had found. He thought that if he sailed inland far enough he might find the road to China that Cabot had looked for. Besides he knew that there were more villages. The Indians of Stadacona did not wish him to go. They did not like the other Indians, and they did not want the white men to be their friends. So they told Cartier that there were devils up the river. But Cartier just laughed.

He saw very well that they wanted just to keep him to themselves.

So he went on board his ship again and sailed many miles up the great river. At last he came to fierce rapids. These were the rapids of Lachine. This is the French word for China. The French called them this because they still believed that they were on the way to China. Here he had to stop. There was an Indian village near the foot of the rapids. It was called Hochelaga, and was larger than Stadacona.

Cartier was welcomed joyfully by the Indians at Hochelaga. They guided him to the top of their mountain, which he called Mount Royal. This is still the name of the mountain. In French it is Mont Real, the name of the great city that stands now on the site of Hochelaga. From the top of the mountain you now look over miles of roofs and towers and steeples. Montreal has come to be the largest city in Canada. But when Cartier was there he saw only the Indian village and the green leaves of the great forest.

Cartier did not stay long at Hochelaga. The Indians wanted him to stay, but his ships were at Stadacona, and he wished to return to them. The poor savages thought he was a god. They brought him their sick chief and others who were ill or old. They thought he could cure them by laying his hands on them. He was sorry for them and gave them presents. He touched them when they asked him to, but he told them that he could not take away their sickness.

The voyagers returned to Stadacona and spent a winter there. They had a terrible time, for we know how cold the winter is in Quebec. It was far worse than any winters that these Frenchmen had known in their own country. They suffered a great deal of sickness, and some of them died. But at last spring came, and Cartier returned to France.

He and another Frenchman named Roberval crossed the ocean again a little later. But they did not stay in Canada. They were afraid of the Indians and of the cold winters, and became homesick. So Canada was left to the Indians once more.

Champlain I.

Many years after the voyages of Jacques Cartier a French nobleman, named De Monts, sailed for America to found a colony. He knew how cold the St. Lawrence winter was, so he headed further south. When he came in sight of land it was the south coast of Nova Scotia. The French called it Acadia. It was not called Nova Scotia until some years later. De Monts built a fort at St. Croix, and he and his little company spent a winter there. It was a terrible winter too. There were seventy-nine of them, and thirty-five died that winter of cold and sickness.

Next spring De Monts and a brave officer with him named Sammel de Champlain, set out again to explore the coast. They sailed west and south. Mile by mile they journeyed, landing here and there, until they had



CHAMPLAIN SURRENDERING QUEBEC TO ADMIRAL KIRKE, JULY 20, 1629.

seen the whole shore of Maine and Massachusetts. Once they took shelter in the harbour where the Pilgrim Fathers were to land from the "Mayflower" fifteen years later.

When they returned they decided to change their home. St. Croix was not a very good place for their village, so they moved to a beautiful bay which they called Port Royal. Here they built the little village that is now the city of Annapolis, and here they spent a happy year. But misfortunes came, and once the English came up from Virginia to burn the fort and destroy all they could. For the English, the French and the Spaniards in America were enemies, and tried to harm one another whenever they had a chance. So the little colony of Acadia could not grow very fast.

In the meantime Champlain had gone back to France. There he was asked to plant a colony on the St. Lawrence. It was seventy years since Cartier's last voyage. Two ships now came out. One was in charge of a captain named Pontgravé. The other sailed eight days later with Champlain. After two months voyage Pontgravé cast anchor at Tadousac. He soon found that he was not the only Frenchman there. There was a little ship with fur-traders on board. These had come out to make money by trading with the Indians. They were angry with Pontgravé for coming. They said that they were the first there and that he had no right to come and trouble them. They soon quarrelled and had a fight. Pontgravé was wounded and one of his men was killed.

In a few days Champlain arrived. The fur-traders saw that they would have to be sensible. So they made peace. The traders stopped buying furs and went off to catch whales instead. Pontgravé was cured. He and his men stayed to trade with the Indians. Tadousac became a thriving French village, and before long it was sending furs regularly to France. Tadousac is now a beautiful town. Thousands of people go every year to Tadousac and on up the wonderful river Saguenay. Except for Annapolis, Tadousac is the oldest city in Canada.

Meanwhile Champlain sailed on up the river. Bye and bye they reached the great cliffs of Quebec. The village of Stadacona was there no longer. Perhaps it had been destroyed by enemies. Champlain and his men landed and began to build a fort. Soon there was a fine group of wooden buildings between the cliff and the shore. The lower town of Quebec stands there now. So Champlain was the founder of Quebec. It was the summer of the year 1608.

Quebec is a large city now. In that first year there were just twenty-eight inhabitants. Autumn came and then winter. It was terribly cold and it was hard to get enough to eat. They had almost no vegetables. They had to live on salt meat and on the few birds that they could shoot. Eating salt meat brings a dreadful disease called scurvy. Many of the poor Frenchmen took sick and died. At the end of the winter only eight of them were left alive.

Help came from France in the spring. Then the settlers planted corn and vegetables. More men and women came from France to Quebec. They never had quite so hard a time again as they did that terrible first winter.

Champlain II.

Champlain did not want to return to Europe as Cabot and Cartier had done. He wanted to make a new country so that people could come from France and make Canada their home. So he tried to find out all he could about the country and its people. Of course he could not go about very much the first year. Houses had to be built, and there was a great deal to be done without stirring from Quebec. Then the winter came with its cold and sickness. But when spring came and the ice broke up he was ready to begin his exploring.

First he went on a journey up the Richelieu with some of his Indian friends. They belonged to the Huron and Algonquin tribes, and they were at war with the Iroquois. Day after day they paddled their canoes up the river. The savages had their faces painted. They always did this when they went to war. Each evening when they landed they danced their war-dance around the fire. Once they had to carry their canoes through the woods to avoid a fierce rapid.

Soon they reached the country of the Iroquois. The Iroquois were the fiercest and strongest Indians in America. They were divided into five tribes. They lived in the country just south of the St. Lawrence

river and Lake Ontario. The strongest of their tribes was the Mohawk tribe. Some of these Mohawks now live in Brantford in Western Ontario. They are as peaceful as we are now. In Champlain's time they were savages, and the best fighters of all the Iroquois.

Bye and bye Champlain and his companions reached a beautiful lake. It was surrounded by forests and mountains. It is called Lake Champlain now. One evening they saw canoes in the distance. As they came nearer Champlain saw that they were filled with Indians. They were the Iroquois.

Both parties landed. They were all greatly excited. They agreed not to fight that night. Next morning they made ready for battle. When they came near to one another, Champlain stepped forward and fired his gun. The Iroquois had never heard one before. They were brave, but this new way of fighting frightened them. Each time the gun was fired one of them dropped dead. Then they turned and ran for their lives.

This was the first battle between the French and the Iroquois. If Champlain had known how strong the Iroquois were he might not have made enemies of them.

During the next twenty-five years Champlain tried to find out all he could about his new country. He went in canoes away up the Ottawa. He was told that after seventeen days journey from Montreal he would reach a great sea. We must remember that he did not know how broad America was. He still hoped, like Cartier, to reach the west coast and sail for Asia. It seems odd to us to think of getting to China by paddling

up the Ottawa. But that is what Champlain hoped to do.

The Ottawa river is very swift and full of rapids. Sometimes Champlain and his Indians could not paddle against the current. Often they had to walk on the shore or in the water. They would pull their canoes along by ropes. At last they came to a place where a little river came over a high cliff into the Ottawa. As it fell it looked like a lace curtain. The French word for curtain is *rideau*. So Champlain gave the name of Rideau to the waterfall. We have given it to the river too, and now the great canal that runs from Ottawa to Kingston is called the Rideau Canal.

When Champlain saw the Rideau Falls he saw also a much greater waterfall right in front of him. This we call now the Chaudière Fall. If he could see the same place now he would see two great cities. One is the city of Hull. The other is the city of Ottawa, the capital of Canada.

After a time Champlain turned back to Quebec. But two years later he went up the Ottawa again far past the Chaudière Falls. He reached the river Mattawa and paddled up it until he came to Lake Nipissing. Still he went on until he reached Georgian Bay. He had never seen so large a lake before. Here lived the tribe whose name we have given to the great lake, the Hurons. These Indians welcomed Champlain and asked him to go with them against the Iroquois.

He agreed. With hundreds of painted Indians he went away across Lake Ontario. But this time they had

bad luck. They attacked a town that was too strong for them. Champlain was wounded. The Hurons lost heart, and they all decided to return home.

In this way Champlain gradually found out more and more about the country. He was the friend of the Indians and they came to love him. He did all he could to make them less savage. They were terribly cruel and ignorant. So missionaries came out to teach and baptize the Indians. The best of all these missionaries were the Jesuit priests who came to convert the Hurons on the shores of Georgian Bay. These Jesuits were noble men, who were willing to suffer and die if only they could do the savage red men some good. They were called Jesuits because they were members of a great society called the Society of Jesus.

At this time the little colony was conquered by the English. England and France were at war for a little while in the reign of Charles I. While the war was going on an English admiral named David Kirke, entered the St. Lawrence with a little squadron of three ships. Soon after a fleet of eighteen ships came from France with food and supplies for Quebec. Kirke's ships were better fitted for fighting than those of the French. So he attacked the French fleet and captured seventeen of the eighteen ships. Soon after he sailed up to Quebec. Champlain had no food and very few men, so he had to surrender.

For three years the English flag flew over Quebec as it does now. But then Charles I. gave Canada back to France. Champlain came out once more, and governed

for two years and a half. Then he died in the city he had built, on Christmas Day, 1635.

The Jesuits.

While Champlain was still governor of Quebec, the Jesuits began their mission among the Hurons. They worked hard to convert the Indians. They lived in the dirty, smoky huts of the savages to learn their language and their ways. Their food was usually porridge made of pounded corn and bits of fish. Their life was very hard and unpleasant. They knew that at any time they might be captured by some enemy and cruelly put to death. But they had come to Canada not to be comfortable but to do good. So they worked away and were happy because they knew they were doing right.

The Indians did not understand the new religion. Most of them thought the good priests were magicians. They were generally polite and would listen to what the missionaries had to say. Now and then a man or woman was baptized. But most of the Indians went on living in their old way.

One year there came a dreadful plague. People took sick and often died in a day or two. The Hurons thought that their gods were angry at them for listening to the missionaries. Soon nobody would speak to them. Some of the Indians even tried to kill them. The poor priests had a hard time. But they kept on trying to do good. Wherever an Indian lay sick a

priest would come to comfort and baptize him. The savages thought there was bad magic in the holy water and the sign of the cross. They did not understand that the priests were only trying to save the souls of the dying people.

Bye and bye the Indians began to love and honour the missionaries. But a sad time was coming for both the Indians and their priests. The Iroquois were deadly enemies of the Hurons. Since Champlain's battles with them they were enemies of the French too. The Iroquois, we must remember, were really five tribes joined in one. Sometimes they used to be called the Five Nations. They were the best fighters of all the American Indians.

About thirteen years after Champlain's death the Iroquois made up their minds to destroy the Hurons entirely. So they made up a great army of their best warriors and went secretly north to the shores of Georgian Bay. They reached the mission of St. Joseph at a time when service was going on in the chapel. The Jesuit priest, Father Daniel, tried bravely to lead his flock against their terrible foe. But he was soon killed with arrows. Seven hundred Hurons were taken prisoners and the village of St. Joseph was burnt.

Next spring the Iroquois finished their work of destroying the Hurons. Thirteen villages were burnt. The two brave priests, Father Brébeuf and Father Lalemant, were tortured and killed. Some of the defeated nation took refuge on the islands of Georgian Bay. But they were pursued even then. At last the few who were left fled to Quebec. There, protected by the French, they

settled at Sorel. The Iroquois had conquered, and the Huron country was left silent and deserted.

One of the first missionaries to the Hurons was Isaac Jogues. He left the Huron Mission before it was destroyed and went to other tribes on Lake Huron. He travelled in canoes away north to Lake Superior.

One day Jogues was with some Hurons and two other Frenchmen on the St. Lawrence. He had just left Quebec and was going to Lake Huron. Suddenly a party of Mohawks darted out from the shore of the river in their canoes. The French turned to fly, but another band of enemies came from the opposite shore. No escape was possible. Jogues and his friends were captured and taken south to the Iroquois country.

When they reached the Mohawk towns they were terribly beaten and tortured. Soon one of them was murdered. Jogues was allowed to live, and though he was a slave he tried to teach and baptize those who would listen to him. He knew that at any moment they might burn him to death.

These Mohawks used often to go down to the Hudson to trade with the Dutch. While the French had been settling along the St. Lawrence, the Dutch had been planting little villages on the Hudson. They owned Manhattan Island, where the great city of New York is now. They had another village where Albany is. The Iroquois who hated the French were friends of the Dutch and traded with them.

Now Jogues sometimes went with his masters to Albany. He came to know some of the Dutchmen there and they

were always kind to him. But once while he was there the news came that the Mohawks were angry with him for something he had done. They were going to kill him as soon as they got home. So the good priest's Dutch friends helped him to escape. They hid him in one of their boats and took him down to Manhattan. There the same kind friends got him passage on a ship.

Bye and bye he stood again on the soil of his own country. Imagine how glad he would be to be home again. His friends welcomed him as if he had risen from the dead. They had not expected ever to see him again. But when he was strong enough the brave priest went back again to Canada. He even went again as a missionary to the wild people who had tortured him and nearly killed him. He knew they would kill him some time, and they did. One day as he entered a tent an Indian crushed his head with a tomahawk.

The Heroes of the Long Saut.

A few years before the destruction of the Hurons the French had made a new settlement on the St. Lawrence. A fort was built by a noble Frenchman named Maisonneuve on the island of Montreal. It was called Ville Marie in honour of the Virgin.

When the Iroquois heard of it they were very angry. They thought that the French were coming too far inland. So they made up their minds to destroy Ville Marie if they could. This meant sad times for the French. If one of them went a hundred yards from the

fort he might be killed or carried off. There seemed to be Indians behind every tree. Now and then great war parties came to see whether they could not burn down the fort itself. The French were careful and brave, but they had to stop working in the fields and many lives were lost. The Iroquois seemed fiercer than wolves.

At last the Iroquois made up their minds to crush the French as they had crushed the Hurons. They planned to have one band go down the Richelieu; another was to circle around and descend the Ottawa. They were to meet at Montreal and kill every Frenchman on the island. Then they would go to attack Quebec.

The danger was very great. No one knew what to do. Then a young man named Daulac des Ormeaux, or Dollard, decided to sacrifice himself for his country. He and sixteen companions took the last sacrament and then paddled up the Ottawa to meet the enemy. They had a few friendly Indians with them too.

At the foot of the Long Saut rapids they landed near an old stockade. They made this into a rude fort and waited. By and by the first canoes of the Iroquois came leaping down the rapids. They thought they would capture the little fort in an hour or two. But the French fought so fiercely that the Iroquois sent for the other war party that was to meet them at the mouth of the Richelieu. Soon hundreds of angry Indians were swarming around Dollard's fort. Day after day the brave little band fought. They lost man after man. Those who were left became weak through hunger, thirst, and loss of sleep.

At last in one wild rush the Indians swept over the palisades and into the fort. Every man in it was killed. But the Iroquois had lost so many men and were so discouraged by the long fight that they went home. They thought that if seventeen Frenchmen could hold them back so long they did not dare to attack Montreal and Quebec. So Dollard and his friends died to save Canada. We call them the Heroes of the Long Saut, and must never forget them.

Madeleine de Verchères.

The French were much encouraged by the failure of the Iroquois attack. Soon they gathered so strong a force that they were able to march right into the Iroquois' country. They attacked the Mohawk towns and burned a great many of them. They did all the harm they could just to teach the Indians a lesson. The Mohawks were very much surprised. They had no idea that the French would ever dare to attack them in this way. It was so fierce a blow to their power that for a long time there was peace.

But then the wars began again. Farmhouses and villages were burned. Men and women were killed or carried away. One summer night, a great band of fifteen hundred Indians entered the village of Lachine, near Montreal. When they were ready, they suddenly broke down the doors and killed every man, woman and child in the whole village. It is hard for us to think how horrible such a war could be.

Not far from Montreal lived a gentleman named the Seigneur de la Verchères. He had a little daughter of fourteen named Madeleine, and two boys still younger. His house was strongly built, for it was in a dangerous place.

Once he was away in Quebec. His wife was in Montreal. The Indians had been quiet for some time, and no one expected any danger. The men of the place were out working in the fields, and almost nobody was left in the fort during the day but the women and children. One morning in October, Madeleine was down at the landing place. A hired man was with her, mending a boat. All at once they heard a shot. Then the man cried out: "Run! Run! Here come the Iroquois!" Madeleine turned, and there, only a little distance away, she saw the savages coming.

Just think how frightened she would be! They both ran as hard as they could to the fort. The Indians tried to catch them, and when they saw that they could not they stopped and fired at them. They were not hit, though, and they reached the gate safely. The Indians did not know how many were inside, so they did not dare to come too near. But Madeleine knew that she had only the hired man and two soldiers to fight for her. Besides these there were only the frightened women and children and an old man of eighty.

Even the soldiers were afraid. One of them wanted to blow up the fort. But they were soon ashamed when they saw how brave their little mistress was. The wall was made of nothing but big logs. She made the men

close the gates and mend every hole where a man could get through. Then she had the three men and her two little brothers each take a place on different sides of the fort and keep a look out.

That night was stormy. As the wind and rain beat on her face Madeleine thought every minute that she would hear the yells of the Indians. But every now and then one of the sentries would fire a shot or call "All's Well" to the others. The Iroquois heard them, and knew that watch was being kept. They did not dare to make the attack. If they had known that a girl was in command and that she had only three men with her to protect the women and children it would have been different. But they did not know. The night passed, and the fort was still safe.

So, day after day, the brave girl stayed at her post. The men in the fields had all been killed. She knew that soldiers would come from Quebec as soon as they could. If only she could keep the Indians away for a few days, help would be sure to come. But she did not dare to go to bed for even an hour. All the sleep she could get was in her chair, with her gun in her hands. The men helped her, and her two little brothers did all they could. She was so brave and cheerful that they lost their fear.

At last, one evening Madeleine heard a call in French. "Who goes there?" she cried. "We are Frenchmen, come to help you," was the answer. So she opened the gate, and in came the soldiers at last. She knew the officer and saluted him. "Sir, I surrender my arms to

you," she said, with a thankful heart. "They are in good hands" he answered, smiling. "Better than you think, perhaps," she said. He did not know what she meant until he looked around. Then he saw how bravely she had held the fort with her little company against the wild Iroquois.

In those sad years of fighting and watching there were many brave deeds. Many stories of danger and heroism were told about the fireside during the long winters. And many brave hearts were made braver by the story of Madeleine de Verchères.

Frontenac.

During all this time the English colonies were growing fast. While Champlain was building Quebec, a little group of Englishmen were settling in Virginia. Soon after a band of Puritans came out from England to Massachusetts in their little ship the *Mayflower*. They were called Puritans because they wished to live a pure life. They came to America so that they could worship God in their own way. They built the towns of New England. One of them is the great city of Boston. Then other Englishmen came to America. They took Manhattan from the Dutch, and built New York. Still others came to the shores of the Delaware and built Philadelphia. Then they had many smaller villages and towns all through Virginia, Pennsylvania, New York and Massachusetts.

The French did not like to see them growing so fast. So the two countries—New England and New

France—were often at war. Some of the Indians sided with the French. Others, like the Iroquois, hated the French and sided with the English.

Bye and bye it was no longer only a war between Canada and the Iroquois; it was a war of the French and their Indians against the English and theirs. Just as the Iroquois burned Lachine so the French Indians burned the English towns of Schenectady and Salmon Falls. Both sides were cruel. One would think that there was plenty of room in America for both English and French. But they hated one another and kept fighting. The result was that many men and women were killed and their homes burned.

Of all the Canadian governors at this time the greatest was Count Frontenac. He was brave, firm and honest. He had a fiery temper and quarrelled a great deal with those around him. It was not easy for people to get along with him. But he did his best to make Canada richer and stronger.

He tried to make the colony richer by encouraging the fur trade. He built forts as trading-posts all way up the Ottawa river and in the western woods. The one he cared most about was at the place that the Indians called Cataraqui. It was at the east end of Lake Ontario just at the beginning of the river St. Lawrence. The fort here was called Fort Frontenac, after the governor. The city of Kingston stands there now and the county has kept the name of Frontenac. All of the tribes of Indians around the great lakes used to bring

their furs to these trading-posts. Then they were brought to Montreal and Quebec.

The great trouble that Canada had was the constant war with the Iroquois. Frontenac thought that he ought to be able to make friends with them. If they would not be friends then he wanted all the more to make sure of all the tribes north of the Great Lakes. He used to visit their villages and talk to them in their own houses. He called them his children and gave them presents. Once he even danced their war-dance with them, which pleased them very much. He was stern with them too and always punished them when they did wrong. They learned to love and respect him.

Even the Iroquois trusted him more than they did the other white men. They found that he always kept his word. He wanted peace, but even to get peace he would do nothing wrong. The Iroquois knew that if he said he would do anything he would do it. They did not know whether to make peace with him or not. Some of them wanted to but the English persuaded them to keep up the war. Then Frontenac told them that if they wanted war they could have it. He marched into their country again and again and burned their villages. They soon learned that peace was better than war as long as Frontenac was governor of Canada.

Once the English sent a fleet up to capture Quebec. They had already captured Port Royal in Acadia and thought they could take Quebec just as easily. They did not know that Quebec was a much harder place to

capture than Port Royal. The fort is at the top of a high steep cliff. At the back there is no hill, but Frontenac built walls there and kept them well guarded. Then he went up the river to Montreal to make sure that all was well there. He was afraid that the Iroquois might attack Montreal while the English were trying to take Quebec.

News came at last that the English fleet was coming up the river. The French watched it from the walls of Quebec until it stopped in front of the city. They saw a boat put off from the Admiral's ship and head for the shore. It contained an officer who said that he wanted to see the Governor. So they blindfolded him so that he might not see the path and led him up the cliff. They took him into the fort and then let him open his eyes.

Before him he saw Count Frontenac and all his officers dressed in their ribbons and gold lace. He gave the Governor a letter asking him to surrender Quebec at once. Frontenac refused. Then the messenger asked him to send his reply in writing. "No," answered the Count, "I will answer your General only by the mouths of my cannon. Let him do his best to take Quebec, and I will do mine to keep it." So the officer was blindfolded again and taken back to his boat.

The English did do their best to take the city, but they did not succeed. Their guns could not hurt the fort very much. Many of their shots just hit the face of the cliff. The French had a much better chance. They fired right at the ships, and did them a great

deal of damage. After a few days the English went away.

So Frontenac saved Canada both from the Iroquois and the English. Years afterwards the English came again and conquered. This time the French won the victory. Soon after the brave old Count died in the city of Quebec.

La Salle.

When Frontenac came to Canada as Governor he found one man whom he liked. This man's name was Robert Cavelier de la Salle. Frontenac had a hot temper and was very proud. He did not get along very well with other people. La Salle was as bold and proud as the Governor. Some men like these two might have quarrelled at once. Instead of quarrelling they came to respect and like one another.

La Salle did not come to Canada to make a home for himself. He was restless and loved adventure. He wanted above all things to explore the western country and see what lay beyond the Great Lakes. He soon had a chance to go part of the way. Two other Frenchmen named Dollier de Casson and Galinée were going to Lake Erie. So La Salle went with them.

It was hard work going up the St. Lawrence, for they had to carry their canoes past each of the great rapids. But at last they reached the quieter part of the river. They paddled through the Thousand Islands and came to the place where Kingston is now. Before them stretched Lake Ontario, so far that they could not see any land beyond. Day after day they paddled on to

the other end of the lake. They camped at last near Hamilton. Dollier and Galinée wished to go farther still, so they carried their canoes over land past Niagara Falls to Lake Erie. Then they paddled westward once more.

But La Salle preferred to go South. He had heard of the river Ohio. He thought that it might lead to the Mississippi. Everybody believed that the Mississippi flowed into the Gulf of California. La Salle thought that if he could only reach this great river of the west he might find a road to China after all. He and his men did reach the Ohio too, and went many miles towards the Mississippi. But his provisions gave out and he had to turn back sooner than he wanted to. He had found out enough from the Indians to make him believe that the Mississippi did not flow into the Gulf of California but into the Gulf of Mexico. He made up his mind that some day he would find out for himself.

La Salle went back to Montreal. While he was there two other Frenchmen did reach the Mississippi. They were a Jesuit missionary named Father Marquette and a trader named Joliet. They started at Green Bay, near the northern end of Lake Michigan. When they reached the river Wisconsin they paddled down until they reached the Mississippi. They journeyed many miles southward before they had to turn back. They met a great many Indians, but they were all friendly and they did not have to do any fighting.

About this time Fort Frontenac was built. La Salle was made its Governor. All of the land for miles around

was given to him. It was to be a great trading post, but La Salle meant it to be only the first of a chain. He soon had his plans laid, and another fort was built at Niagara. Then he built a little ship that he called the *Griffin*. The poor *Griffin* was afterwards wrecked on Lake Huron. But she first carried La Salle and his men through Lake Erie, Lake Huron and the Straits of Mackinac until they landed on the shore of Lake Michigan. Then they had to go over land until they reached the River Illinois. This river flows into the Mississippi. So once they reached it they could go the rest of their way in canoes.

It was not nearly so easy to do all this as it is to tell about it. Sometimes they ran out of provisions. Much of their travelling was done in the winter when the ice and the cold troubled them. Then when La Salle sent the *Griffin* back to Fort Frontenac for supplies it was lost and never heard of again.

Once, in early spring, La Salle had to go back all the way to Fort Frontenac himself to get things that were needed. It was a dreadfully hard journey through the breaking ice and the melting snow. A journey through the woods and across lakes and rivers is worse in March than it is when everything is frozen hard. But he never gave up. He wanted to win all the great west for France. To do this he had to go all the way down the Mississippi, so that others could follow him. He would not let anything discourage him. Sometimes the Indians troubled him, but generally they were his friends. He could manage them better than any of the French except Frontenac.

At last he was able to leave his forts on the Illinois and begin his voyage down the Mississippi. One thing he saw that no one will ever see there again. This was the prairie covered with buffalo. There were thousands of these great beasts with their shaggy heads. La Salle and his men often killed them for food. Mile after mile they paddled down the broad river. At last they reached the marshy land near its mouth. They felt on their brows the fresh salt breeze of the sea. Then they saw before them the waves of the Gulf of Mexico.

The return trip up stream was a hard one, but he at last got back to Quebec. He had named the land he passed through Louisiana, after the French king. He wished now to reach it by sea. So he was given ships and men in France, and set sail for the Gulf of Mexico. But he could not find the mouth of the great river. He landed much too far west, and as they struggled eastward through swamp and forest his men grew tired of hardship. One day there came a burst of rage. La Salle had faced savage Indians and the ice and snow of the north without fear. But this time his courage was in vain. He was murdered by his own countrymen in the wilderness which he had named Louisiana.

Wolfe and Montcalm.

Although La Salle was gone, other men completed his work. New Orleans was founded at the mouth of the Mississippi. Forts were built also along the great river. These, with the forts at Detroit, Niagara, Frontenac and other places, made a chain connecting Quebec with the

Gulf of Mexico. This was made still stronger by adding one at Ticonderoga, on Lake Champlain, and one called Fort Duquesne, on the Ohio,—where Pittsburg is now. By these forts the French hoped to hem in the English and prevent their spread westward.

But the English did not like this. They had already conquered Acadia and Newfoundland in the reign of Queen Anne. They meant also to break through the chain of forts that kept them from moving westward. They especially wanted the Ohio valley. But the French would not let them go past Fort Duquesne.

At last the English tried to capture Fort Duquesne. An army under General Braddock marched through the woods to attack the French. George Washington was with him in command of the Virginian troops. But in the forest the English were attacked by the Indians and forced to go back. Braddock was killed.

For some time everything went very badly for the English. But then a great man named William Pitt came into power in England. The generals he sent to America, especially Wolfe and Amherst, took fort after fort from the French. At last there were left only Quebec and Montreal. There was really only Quebec, for if Quebec were once taken Montreal would have to surrender too.

So Pitt sent General Wolfe to take Quebec. He was a fine soldier and a good man, though he was too ugly and shy to be a favourite with most people. But his task was a very difficult one. Quebec stood on high rocky ground between the river St. Lawrence and



WOLFE SCALING THE HEIGHTS.

another river which flowed into it at this point. Westward of the city were the Heights of Abraham, which formed steep cliffs for some miles along the bank of the St. Lawrence.

The French commander, Montcalm, had very cleverly placed his army to the east of Quebec, in a place where Wolfe could neither attack it nor pass by it to get into the city. After trying in vain for weeks to entice him to come out and fight, Wolfe wrote home in despair, saying he could never take the place.

After writing this letter he resolved to make a desperate attempt to storm the Heights of Abraham and attack the city from the west. On a dark night he and a body of picked men got into boats and with muffled oars slipped silently down the river.

As they went Wolfe repeated to his officers a beautiful poem called the "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard," which had been written by Thomas Gray a few years before. One line of this poem was—

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

"Now, gentlemen," said Wolfe, "I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec."

At last the boats reached a point at the foot of the cliffs from which a very narrow zigzag path ascended the precipice. In the darkness the men clambered up it as best they could. When they reached the top the French sentinels were so astonished to see them there that they fled, and by daybreak Wolfe had four thousand men on the Heights of Abraham.



THE DEATH OF WOLFE.—BENJAMIN WEST.

Montcalm hurried up from the city with the French army. Wolfe made his men hold their fire until the enemy were within forty yards of them, and then a blinding volley, followed by a fierce bayonet charge, drove the French in headlong rout down the heights.

In the moment of victory, Wolfe was struck by a ball and had to be carried wounded to the rear. As he lay dying, an officer by his side suddenly cried, "See how they run!" "Who run?" asked Wolfe, eagerly raising himself on his elbow. "The enemy," replied the officer. "Now God be praised," said Wolfe, "I shall die happy," and, falling back, he expired.

Montcalm was also mortally wounded. The doctor told him he had only a few hours to live. "So much the better," he said; "I shall not live to see the English in Quebec." In a few days the city surrendered, and before long all Canada was conquered.

Pontiac.

In the great war that was now over one of the Indian allies of the French was a chief of the Ottawas named Pontiac. The Ottawas were not a very powerful tribe, but Pontiac himself was a famous warrior. He helped to defeat General Braddock and had fought in many battles. When the English conquered Canada Pontiac thought it was wise to submit. So he told the English that he would be their friend. One by one the different forts were filled with British soldiers. Pontiac, like the other Indians, kept quiet and supposed that the war was over.

But the Indians soon began to dislike the English. The French had given them presents and had tried to win their friendship. The English would not give any presents and did not try in any way to be pleasant. They did not like the Indians and did not think they needed to fear them. The Indians did not say anything, but they were angry and wished that the French would come back again.

The Indians were so divided that they never made war together. Some of them had fought the English. Some of them had fought the French. Some of them did not take sides at all. But the idea occurred to Pontiac that if he could get them to act together he might conquer the English after all. So even when the French had given up all hope this bold Indian began to see what he could do. He sent messengers to all the tribes he could reach. He proposed that on the same day they should all attack the scattered English forts. When these were taken and the soldiers killed the Indians should join together and drive the English out of America. They hoped that France would help them, and that then the French would have Canada once more.

Pontiac soon had his plans all made. He himself lived with his tribe near Detroit. He intended to capture Detroit himself. So he arranged a great council with the English commander of the fort, Major Gladwyn. He was to meet the officers of the fort and was to bring fifty of his chief warriors to the council. Each of his warriors was to bring a gun and a tomahawk and a

knife hidden under his long blanket robe. At a signal from Pontiac they were to throw aside their robes and leap upon the English officers.

In the meantime the other Indians were to pretend to be lounging about inside and outside the fort. They were to have hidden weapons too. As soon as they heard the war whoop of Pontiac they were to rush upon the soldiers and take the fort. Something like this was to be done at the same time with every English fort west of Montreal.

No Indian had ever before made nearly so good a plan. It almost succeeded. The only thing that saved Detroit was that Major Gladwyn was warned by a friendly Indian. When Pontiac came to the council he found all the officers and soldiers armed and ready. He could not take them by surprise after all. So he did not make the signal, and the council ended as quietly as it began.

Pontiac did not do anything more until he began to hear news of the other forts. As soon as he heard that his plan had succeeded at other places he gathered his warriors and attacked the fort. The garrison was a very small one, and Pontiac had many hundreds of warriors, but the English fought bravely and would not surrender. For months Pontiac kept up the siege. Sometimes he almost succeeded. Help did come once or twice from other places, but each time the Indians were able to kill many of the new soldiers before they could reach the fort.

It was a terrible time for the English. Many little forts and outposts were taken by the Indians and the English in them murdered. No one was expecting any danger, and often the soldiers were attacked and killed before they knew that there was anything wrong.

At one fort the Indians pretended to be gathered for a game of lacrosse. The soldiers were either looking on or scattered about doing other things. Suddenly the ball was thrown from the field over the wall into the fort. It looked like an accident. In rushed the players after the ball. Once they were inside the Indians threw aside their lacrosse sticks and drew their tomahawks. The surprised soldiers were killed almost before they could move. In five minutes the savages had taken the fort without losing a single man.

The English in America were saved by only two things. One was their own courage. For as soon as the larger settlements in the east heard of this terrible rising of the Indians they sent help at once. Even then many of the soldiers who were sent out were killed. They had some fierce battles with the Indians and often the Indians won the victory. But the English kept on fighting. They were able to save the forts which had held out, like the one at Detroit.

The other thing that caused Pontiac's failure was that the Indians could not keep up anything for very long. Strong and brave as they were, they were like some kinds of children. They got tired of a long siege, such as the one at Detroit. If they could have done everything at one blow they would have succeeded. When

they saw that no matter how the English suffered they kept coming on, the warriors became discouraged.

Pontiac did his best to keep them together, but his Indians were savages after all, and they soon wanted to stop fighting. So by degrees the different tribes made peace. At last Pontiac saw that he could not succeed. Perhaps he would have tried again, but one day an Indian of the Illinois tribe crept up behind him in the forest and murdered him with a tomahawk. He had caused terrible suffering, but he was the greatest Indian of his time, and perhaps he thought he was fighting for the liberty of his people against the white men. The great city of St. Louis stands now over his grave.

The Hudson Bay Company.

After Wolfe's great victory, Canada gradually became used to British rule. At first the French Canadians hated everything English. But the new English governors tried to be kind and just. By degrees the French found that they were better off than they had been before. So, when during the American Revolution the Americans tried to persuade Canada to join them, the Canadians refused. Then, when the American general, Montgomery, tried to take Quebec, the French fought so well for their new flag that the Americans were beaten back.

By degrees people began to come to Canada from England, Ireland and Scotland. There was money to be made in fur-trading, and there were good farms. Montreal began to grow larger and richer. Furs were

brought down the Ottawa or down from the Great Lakes, and they all came to Montreal. From there they were shipped to England.

Some of these furs came from the North-West, and from the land about Hudson Bay. Many, many years before, Prince Rupert, a cousin of King Charles II., had organized a great trading company. It was called the Hudson Bay Company. The King gave it the right to trade and govern in all the country about Hudson Bay. So ships were sent out, and a fort was built on the shore of the great bay. Twice a year a ship would come out from England and carry back the furs. Some of the greatest and richest men in England used to belong to this Company. Churchill, the great Duke of Marlborough, was its President for many years. The Churchill River, flowing into Hudson's Bay, is named after him.

Soon other forts were built. They were really trading posts. The Indians would bring the furs to the traders and exchange them for guns, or beads, or knives brought from England. The Indians could not make such things themselves. They were glad to get them. But they did not cost much in England, where the furs were worth a great deal. So the traders and the Indians each got what they wanted.

Bye and bye there were trading posts built up rivers and farther inland. Bit by bit the Company spread its trade further west. Sometimes these English and Scotch traders met French traders from Montreal and Quebec. For in the years that followed the voyages of men like Marquette and La Salle other priests and traders of

Canada kept moving westward. The brave Verandrye and his sons travelled all the way from Lake Superior to Lake Winnipeg and still farther west. They built



SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

a fort where Portage la Prairie stands. They journeyed along the course of the rivers Assiniboia and Saskatchewan. They even hoped to reach the Pacific. So it was no wonder that the traders of the Hudson's

Bay Company sometimes met these bold Canadians in the far west. When they met they quarrelled, of course, because both wanted the furs.

When the English had conquered Canada it was easier for the Hudson Bay Company, for now England ruled all the land from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The Company's traders went farther and farther west and grew richer and richer.

But other men wanted to make money in the same way. A company was organized in Montreal for trading in the North-West. It was called the North-West Company. Soon it had trading posts all through the North-West, just like those of the Hudson Bay Company. The traders of the two companies fought fiercely whenever they met. For there were no policemen or courts in that wild country then.

**The Explorers of the North-West. Hearne,
Mackenzie, and Fraser.**

The men of these two companies were the pioneers of the North-West. Only a few years ago after the British conquest of Canada a bold trader, named Samuel Hearne, left the Prince of Wales' Fort at the mouth of Churchill River, reached the Coppermine River and descended to its mouth. He was the first white man who reached the Arctic Ocean.

In these cold lands of the north there were not as many Indians as there were further south. A traveller might go for miles without seeing anyone. Once Hearne found a woman who had been the prisoner of a band of Indians. She had escaped, but for seven

months she had not seen a human face. She had just managed to live on what she could find and the little animals she could catch.

A little later Alexander Mackenzie, a North-West Company trader, decided to see whether he could not go even farther than Hearne. He had charge of the trade in furs at Lake Athabasca. When he decided to go on an exploring tour he sent for his cousin Roderick to take charge of the fur trade. Roderick Mackenzie came and built Fort Chippewyan on the end of a long cape that jutted out into the lake. From this fort Alexander Mackenzie started one month of June with three canoes. Most of his companions were strong, hardy French Canadians and Indians.

Mackenzie wanted first to find the Arctic Ocean by some river that no white man had seen. So he went up the Slave River to Slave Lake and from there he started down a river that he knew nothing about. They suffered a great deal from mosquitoes and had to carry their canoes around a great many rapids. But they kept steadily on until they had gone nearly a thousand miles straight north. At last they reached the end of their journey. They were in a great icy sea. Away to the north stretched the Arctic Ocean with its huge fields of ice. The river whose course he had followed is now called the Mackenzie River. It had taken him about six weeks to reach the Arctic Ocean.

But he was not satisfied. As soon as he could he went to Britain for a year of study. Then he came back to Lake Athabasca. This time when he left the Fort he

ascended the Peace River. This was a harder journey, and winter came before he was finished. He spent the winter in camp, trading for furs, and when the bitter cold was over, he went on up the river. Through the spring and early summer he journeyed on through the Rocky Mountains and through British Columbia to the Pacific Coast. There he wrote on a cliff in great letters of red, "Alexander Mackenzie, from Canada by land, July 22nd, 1793."

The work of Hearne and Mackenzie was only a beginning. The two companies were eager to know more about this great North-West country where all their furs came from. They felt that they still knew almost nothing about the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Coast. So as soon as they could they sent David Thompson with orders to go straight up the Saskatchewan and then on through the Rockies.

David Thompson had already explored Manitoba and the country between Lake Winnipeg and Lake Superior. Now he went steadily westward. He reached the mountains and went all the way down the Columbia River until he reached the Pacific. This river had already been discovered at its mouth and named the Columbia by a brave American sailor, Captain Gray, of Boston. The two American explorers, Lewis and Clark, had gone part of the way down the river. Thompson was the first to go all the way from its source to the sea.

At the same time Simon Fraser was sent further north. He was to go up the Peace River while Thompson went up the Saskatchewan. Fraser was a

rough, strong man without much education. He was full of energy, though, and had no fear. He found that his route took him into the most beautiful and dangerous part of the Rocky Mountains. Instead of paddling along a river they often had to creep along the edge of a great precipice. They had to carry or pull their canoes over cliffs and past furious rapids. The river that they followed is now called the Fraser River. The worst place they went through is named the Fraser Canyon. Canyon means a deep gorge with terrible cliffs on each side. The Canadian Pacific Railway runs through the Fraser Canyon now, along a ledge of the cliff.

They reached an arm of the sea at last in July, 1811. They could not go any farther because the Indians of that coast would not let them, and Fraser had only a few men with him. So they toiled their way back again up the river. But the way to the sea had now been found by these three men,—Mackenzie, Thompson and Fraser. They made maps of the country too, so that the fur traders could follow them. One that David Thompson made is still in the Government Buildings at Toronto.

The Pacific Coast. Cook and Vancouver.

While the fur traders were exploring the prairies and mountains, there were brave sailors trying to find all they could about the coast. In the days when Wolfe and Montcalm were fighting for Quebec almost nothing was known about the Pacific coast. Long, long before,

a great English sailor, Sir Francis Drake, had touched the shore of California. But he did not go very far along the coast of North America. He had other things to do, and he finally sailed west across the Pacific Ocean.

A great many years afterwards a great Russian sailor explored the coast farther north. This was Captain Behring. Behring's Straits between Alaska and Siberia are named after him. He sailed along the coast of Alaska, and that part of America for a long time afterwards belonged to Russia. It is only a few years since the Americans bought Alaska from Russia and made it part of the territory of the United States.

About thirty years after Behring's voyage another English sailor came to the Pacific. This was Captain James Cook, one of the greatest of English seamen. In his little ship the "Endeavour" he sailed away south to the lovely islands of the South Pacific. He sailed all round New Zealand. Then he went farther still and found Australia. It is because of this voyage that Australia is part of the British Empire.

When Cook came home to England from Australia he was told to go back to the Pacific to see whether he could sail from the Pacific to the Atlantic by way of the Arctic Ocean. Many English sailors had tried this from the Atlantic. They had sailed up by Greenland and had done their best to go on to the Pacific. They had always been stopped by the ice. Cook was now to see whether he could do it by starting from the Pacific.

So he tried to do this. He sailed away round Africa, past Australia, and came straight across the Pacific

Ocean to the coast of America. He landed at Nootka on Vancouver Island. Then he went on north past the coast of Alaska through Behring's Straits. He was the first Englishman who ever saw that wonderful coast and the beautiful mountains of British Columbia. But when he reached the Arctic Ocean he found a great wall of ice in front of him. He tried to get through, but in vain. It was the month of August, when it is so warm further south. Yet the sailors saw nothing but this icy sea around them and often there was a snowstorm. They saw seals and sometimes a huge walrus, but no men. At last they turned back.

Captain Cook never saw America again. He was murdered soon after his voyage through Behring's Straits. But another Englishman, Captain Meares, soon came to see more of the land that Cook had found. He sailed along the coast and every now and then stopped to trade for furs with the natives. He even built a trading-post at Nootka, so that the English could come back and have a place to settle and trade. Then he went away to tell others about the country and to bring back supplies for trade.

Captain Meares, like Cook, never came back to Canada. After he went away a party of Spaniards came and destroyed the houses he had built. They thought the land ought to belong to Spain. For Spanish sailors too had sailed along this coast. One of them, Juan de Fuca, had sailed into the strait that is named after him. But England made the Spaniards go away, and sent out still another sailor to find out more about

the country. This was Captain George Vancouver, after whom the great island is named.

Vancouver, who had been out before with Captain Cook, was the real explorer of the Pacific coast. The other captains had landed here and there. They had seen parts of the coast. Vancouver was the first to sail slowly along from California to Alaska noting everything he saw. He never went out of sight of land, so he was able to make a map of the whole coast.

When he came to the Straits of Juan de Fuca he sailed in. He found that he could go right up Queen Charlotte Sound and out again into the Pacific. So he was the first to find that Vancouver Island was not part of the mainland. As he went north he sailed into every bay. He made sure that there was no way of getting through to Hudson's Bay, as some had hoped. This voyage was made by Vancouver at the same time as Sir Alexander Mackenzie was toiling through the Rocky Mountains. So in this way, by traders and sailors, England found the beautiful country that is now our province of British Columbia.

For a long time brave men continued to look for a passage between the two oceans. The greatest of these was Sir John Franklin. He tried again and again to find out more about this icy north coast of Canada. The first time he went down the Coppermine River to the Arctic Ocean and then sailed away to see what he could find. Another time he went down the Mackenzie River. Each time he was hemmed in or driven back by the ice and cold. At last there came a time when he

did not come back. He had been caught by the dreadful Arctic winter, and had died on an ice-field in that terrible northern ocean.

Selkirk.

Long before Quebec was conquered, the British had become the rulers of Acadia. The name of Port Royal was changed to Annapolis in honour of Queen Anne. The name of the southern part of Acadia was changed to Nova Scotia. This means New Scotland. The name had been given long before by a Scotchman named Sir William Alexander, who hoped to make it a Scotch settlement. A number of Scotch families did go there too. But since then the French had owned the country so long that there were far more French people than Scotch. Even after they had given Acadia to England the French hoped some day to win it back.

There was one sad incident of the long war between France and England which Longfellow has told in his beautiful poem "Evangeline." The French people of Acadia had helped the French armies. They wanted to be ruled by France again. They did not realize that as long as they lived under British rule they should be faithful to England. Again and again they were warned that if they helped the French they were traitors. At last the governor of Nova Scotia and the British generals decided to move to some other colony all who would not take an oath of allegiance to Britain. Many hundreds refused and were scattered among the other colonies to make new homes far from their loved

Acadia. This caused much suffering, but the government did not know what else to do.

Many villages were left deserted by this act. But English and Scotch settlers came, and according to English custom they were given representative government. In October, 1758, the first parliament of Nova Scotia met at Halifax. It was the first representative assembly that ever met on Canadian soil.

Nova Scotia at first included New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. But soon it was divided, and the three provinces took their present names.

Then there came a time of terrible war in Europe. The French people rose against their government and killed their king and queen. By and by they made a great general named Napoleon Bonaparte their ruler, and he was called Emperor of the French. He led the French armies all over Europe. He became master, not only of France but of Germany, Italy, Holland and Spain. He tried to conquer England too. He did not succeed, but England had to fight him with all her strength. This meant heavy taxes and a great deal of suffering for the poor people of England, Scotland and Ireland.

There was a Scotch nobleman, named the Earl of Selkirk, who thought he saw a way to help some of his people. It was hard for them to live at all at home, but he knew that there was plenty of room for them in Canada. So he made up his mind to help as many as he could to go across the ocean to find a new home. He was both rich and energetic. Plenty of

families were ready to go as soon as the ships were ready to take them. So in time he had a part of Prince Edward Island made ready and took eight hundred people to his new colony. This was only a beginning. He soon sent other settlers, this time to Western Ontario. People in Scotland who learned how happy their countrymen were in Canada followed them. A great many came out, and by and by Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island had far more Scotch inhabitants than French.

After a while Lord Selkirk became interested in the West. He bought a great tract of land on Red River. He called it Assiniboia, and planned to people it with settlers from Scotland and Ireland. The journey was a harder one than the journey to Prince Edward Island. Three ships brought out the colonists through Hudson's Straits to York Factory at the mouth of Nelson River. There they had to spend the winter before going on to the Red River.

Even when they did reach their future home they had to build houses and stand another long winter before they could till the ground. But they were determined to succeed. They built their little village at the forks of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers. The farms of these brave settlers were the first farms of the Canadian West. There were many white men in the west before the Red River Settlement, but they were all hunters and traders. These settlers sent by Lord Selkirk were the first farmers, and the first who tried to make homes for themselves. Their little town was the first of the scores

of busy towns and cities that are now scattered over the west from Winnipeg to Vancouver.

This settlement was formed in 1812, and it grew fast as Selkirk brought out other families from the old country. The half-breeds of the North-West Company became jealous. They thought that all the prairie country was theirs. So one day they attacked the Selkirk Colony, and its governor, Mr. Semple, was killed. But Selkirk soon came himself with men enough to bring back law and order.

In time the North West-Company and the Hudson Bay Company stopped quarrelling and became one Company. A great Governor, Sir George Simpson, came out to take charge of the fur-trade and to govern the west. Under him everything prospered. The Red River settlement grew in peace, and by and by it had a regular council of government. This council met at Fort Garry, where Selkirk's first settlers had built their houses. Then as time went on the settlement around Fort Garry became the great city of Winnipeg, and the Red River settlement became our Prairie Province of Manitoba.

Sir James Douglas.

For a long time the mountain country of the west was called by three different names. One was New Caledonia. Caledonia was the old name for the north of Scotland. Scotch explorers like Mackenzie and Fraser gave this name to the country in honour of their old home. Another was Oregon. Still another was Columbia.

This name was given by the American captain Gray to the Columbia River, and the name passed from the river to the country. So when a line came to be drawn between Canada and the United States the land to the north of the line was called British Columbia. One of the states further south kept the name of Oregon.

When Simon Fraser made his great voyage up the Peace River and down the Fraser, he placed trading posts at different points in the mountains. The fur traders were soon at work. When the North-West Company and the Hudson Bay Company were united in 1821 the new Company built Fort Vancouver. It was placed on the Columbia River not far from the sea. As Fort Garry was the centre of the prairie trade so Fort Vancouver was the centre of the trade in the mountains. A great trader named John McLoughlin managed all the Company's affairs west of the prairies. His men were soon roaming all through the mountains as far north as Alaska. Forts were built on every mountain pass and on every river.

McLoughlin had a young man with him named James Douglas. The two were great friends. They both saw how great and rich British Columbia was going to be. They were working in the mountain country while Sir George Simpson was governor at Fort Garry. For many years these three men ruled the west. The greatest of their trading posts beside Fort Garry and Fort Vancouver was Fort Edmonton. It was not far from the mountains, on the river Saskatchewan. It is now the city of Edmonton, the capital of Alberta.

Most of the Company's trade was in furs. McLoughlin and Douglas saw that they could trade in other things as well. So they began to buy and sell fish. The bays and straits of the coast swarmed with fish. This new trade grew until now the salmon of British Columbia are sold all over the world. Then they began to deal in lumber. They even laid out land for farms and ranches. The Company soon was selling grain, wood and cattle. Its ships went up and down the coast and even away off to the Sandwich Islands.

When McLoughlin retired Douglas took command. He soon saw that the land on which Fort Vancouver stood was going to belong to the United States. American settlers came pouring into Oregon and there had to be some arrangement of the boundary line. When it was drawn the lower part of the Columbia River was on the American side. Douglas saw what was going to happen, so he decided to move his trading post away from Fort Vancouver. The new fort was built on the south end of Vancouver Island. A little settlement grew up around it. It is now the beautiful city of Victoria, the capital of British Columbia.

Soon after Douglas had founded Victoria two important things happened. Gold was discovered in California, and coal was discovered in Vancouver Island. Settlers began to come faster than ever to the Pacific coast. All the grain and potatoes and cattle that could be raised in British Columbia were sold for high prices in California. Then only a few years later gold was found in British Columbia. By this time Douglas had

been made Governor of Vancouver Island. The miners began to come by thousands to look for gold. Then as still more people came, Douglas was made Governor of British Columbia. It was a good thing for the colony that so strong a man was there to take charge of things. The capital was placed at New Westminster. Vancouver Island and British Columbia were separate colonies, though Douglas was governor of both.

Now roads had to be made and schools had to be built. British Columbia was no longer only a fur trading country. The Hudson Bay Company did not like the change very much. When Douglas became Governor he ceased to be an officer of the Company. He saw that British Columbia could no longer be ruled to make money for a Company. Bye and bye Vancouver Island and British Columbia were made into one colony. Just before the union the great Governor retired from office. He had done more than any other one man to lay the basis of this western province of our Dominion.

Brock.

In the days when Canada was just beginning to grow, there came war between Great Britain and the United States. It was a foolish war, for which both sides were to blame. Many good Americans were sorry when it began, and Boston hung its flags at half mast. But it lasted for two years, and did a great deal of harm.

When the war began the Americans decided to conquer Ontario and Quebec. They had a population of eight

millions. We had only three hundred thousand. It seemed to them an easy thing to send over armies and take all they wanted. But the Canadians loved their flag and their independence. They made up their minds to resist as long as they could.

The governor who had to take the lead in defending Canada was Sir Isaac Brock. He had been ten years in Canada and the Canadians loved him. He was not only a brave soldier. He was kindly, honest and wise as well.

The Americans planned to cross the line into Canada at Detroit and Niagara. Then they thought they would send another army down the St. Lawrence to Montreal and Quebec, and still another north from Lake Champlain.

Brock went first to meet the army that was crossing at Detroit. The Americans there were commanded by General Hull. Hull had really not expected that the Canadians would try to fight. He thought they would be glad to become Americans. So he was surprised to hear that Brock was coming with a Canadian army to attack him. He went back to Detroit. But Brock followed him across the river. Then Hull became discouraged and frightened, and before his own men knew what he was going to do he surrendered his whole army to General Brock.

So for a while there was nothing to fear in Western Ontario. But a strong American army was gathering at Niagara. Brock hurried from Detroit to Niagara and made things ready as well as he could.

At last, in October, the American general led part of his army across the river. They came very quietly at night.

Then by a dash, a body of the Americans reached the high-land that is called Queenston Heights. By the time broad daylight had come there were a good many Americans holding the height. The Canadians were gathering below at the slope. Then General Brock made up his mind that the hill would have to be taken.

So the Canadians charged right up the hill. Their enemies could fire straight down at them, and many fell dead or wounded. But they went on until suddenly their brave leader fell. He had been shot through the breast. Full of anger and grief, the Canadians waited for a little while until more of their comrades joined them. Then under General Sheaffe they swept up the hill. Nothing could resist them. When the day was over not an American remained on the Canadian side of the river, except those who had been taken as prisoners.

But their beloved General was dead. As they buried him both Americans and Canadians fired a salute to bid him farewell. The American flag across the river flew at half-mast. On the place where he fell stands a stone monument that can be seen for miles around. But even if no monument stood there Canadians would never forget Isaac Brock.

Tecumseh.

The man whom Brock relied on most to help him was not an Englishman or a Canadian, but an Indian, the great chief Tecumseh. He and his tribe had once lived far away in Indiana. Like other Indians they had fought bravely for their land against the white men.

But at last they had been conquered. After their defeat Tecumseh and his tribe left their old home and came to Canada. They were called the Shawnees, and in the war with their old enemies they fought gallantly beside Brock and his comrades.

Tecumseh's post during the war was in Western Ontario. He and his Indians were with Brock when Detroit was surrendered by Hull. Later on when the Americans gathered again to try to retake Detroit the gallant Indian helped Colonel Proctor to beat them back.

But then General Harrison came. Tecumseh had fought him before. Years ago before the Shawnees had come to Canada, while they were still fighting the Americans for their old home in Indiana, they had been defeated by Harrison. He was a good soldier, and he had no intention of surrendering like General Hull.

Harrison had an army of men from Kentucky, woodsmen who knew how to shoot. Soon he was ready to try once more to invade Canada. His soldiers were no better than the Canadians, but he was a better soldier than Proctor. The English leader decided to retreat. Tecumseh tried to persuade him to stand and fight, but he would not do it.

So the Canadian army retreated. But at Moravian Town, on the river Thames, near London, Harrison and his Kentuckians caught up with the Canadians. Proctor and his men ran away. Only the Indians stood fast and fought bravely against an enemy far too strong for them. The fight could not last long. Before it was over Tecumseh was killed. He was not of our race,

and he was not even born in Canada. Yet this time he fought more bravely than either the English or Canadians who were with him. He was one of the best Indians whom we know about, and a hero who died for Canada.

A little later in the same year the French Canadians showed how well they could fight for their new flag. An American army came up from Lake Champlain to take Montreal. There were over three thousand men. Right on its road north, at Chateauguay, Colonel de Salaberry blocked its march with only three hundred and fifty men. They were nearly all French Canadians, with a little company of Scotchmen from Glengarry. The Americans fought fiercely, but the Canadians fought even better. At last the Americans gave it up and went home.

Laura Secord.

In the meantime there were anxious times at Niagara. The Americans managed to cross the river. There were so few Canadians to oppose them that it looked as if this part of Canada might be conquered.

At one time there was a little Canadian outpost of two hundred men about where St. Catharines is now. About thirty miles nearer Niagara, Lieutenant Fitzgibbon with thirty British soldiers and thirty Indians held a place called Beaver Dam.

The American general at Niagara thought he could capture both of these places by surprise. So six hundred men were got together. They were to wait until it was dark, and then march secretly towards the two

Canadian camps. They thought they could take them one after the other. The Americans were commanded by Colonel Boerstler.

They would probably have succeeded, if James Secord had not heard of it. He was a volunteer who lived in Queenston. He had been wounded and was staying at home until he was well again. He found out by accident what the Americans were going to do. He was not strong enough to do anything himself, and yet he knew that Fitzgibbon ought to be warned.

So his wife, Laura Secord, said she would go. Beaver Dam was twenty miles away. It was a lonely road too, through the woods, and she knew that she might meet parties of Indians. But she was strong and brave and off she went.

It took her nearly all the night to reach Fitzgibbon's camp. She often stumbled in the dark, for the road was rough, and the bushes and twigs would tear her clothes. But though she was very tired and footsore she kept on until she had given her warning. Then she was tenderly cared for in a farm-house.

Fitzgibbon had only his sixty men, and there were six hundred coming. So he sent word at once to the two hundred at St. Catharines, and then got ready to receive the attack.

He decided that he would play a trick. He scattered his Indians and some of his soldiers in the woods on each side of the American line of march. After a while they heard the enemy coming. The Americans came as quietly as they could, for they were hoping that the Canadians

were still asleep. But they did not know that every time anyone stumbled or whispered they were heard by the Indians among the bushes.

Then Fitzgibbon gave his signal, and the men in the bushes began to fire their guns as fast as they could. They seemed to be everywhere at once. Some of the shots came from the front and some from each side and some from the rear. The Indians were yelling terribly too. The Americans could not see any enemy. They thought they were surrounded. Soon Fitzgibbon ordered his men to stop firing. Then he came out with some of his men and asked the Americans to surrender at once. If they had known that he had only sixty men they would have laughed at him. But they thought there must be hundreds of Canadians and Indians among the trees. It looked like a trap, and they thought that if they did not surrender they would all be killed. So Colonel Boerstler gave up his whole force.

That is the way that Laura Secord helped to save her country. The Americans never dared to come so far from Niagara again. This brave Canadian wife lived for many years. She is buried now in a pretty little churchyard at Niagara Falls, and a monument has been placed over her grave to tell what she did.

The Loyalists. Simcoe.

During all these years Ontario was steadily growing. After the American Revolution was over many thousands of Americans came to live in Canada. These were the men and women who could not believe that the rebellion against Great Britain was right. When the fighting

began some of these loyal Americans did not take sides at all. But others joined the British and fought against Washington. It was hard for them to do this, but they were loyal to England and wished to remain British subjects.

When the war was over and the United States became independent, some of the Loyalists stayed at home and tried to be satisfied. But many of them came to Canada to live under the British flag. All along the edge of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick and by the shores of Lake Ontario and Lake Erie there arose little settlements. Sometimes the Loyalists left behind them comfortable homes and rich farms. They had to begin all over again,—to hew down the trees and plow the ground and build their own houses. There were no trains then either, and often they had to go many miles for food and supplies.

One of these Loyalists was a brave officer who had lived in Virginia, and had commanded a British regiment there during the American Revolution. Not long after the war was over he was made Governor of Upper Canada, as Ontario was called then. His name was John Graves Simcoe. As soon as he was made Governor, he said that all Loyalists coming from the United States would be given land for nothing. This made it easier for them to begin life in their new country.

Upper Canada was now a province by itself. Quebec was called Lower Canada. The only two places in Upper Canada that were larger than villages were Kingston and Niagara. Kingston stood where Fort

Frontenac used to be, where the great River St. Lawrence flows out of Lake Ontario. Niagara was the capital at first, and here the little parliament of Upper Canada used to assemble to make laws. Then Simcoe decided that Niagara was too near the United States, so he made York the capital. York was a little village on the north shore of Lake Ontario. It is now the beautiful city of Toronto.

Simcoe had a friend named Colonel Talbot, a young Irish officer. Talbot liked Canada so well that he decided to make his home here. So he was given a great tract of land in western Ontario. Simcoe and Talbot built roads and began little settlements all through the country. The road that Simcoe built from York to Lake Simcoe is now Yonge Street. The road from Dundas, near Hamilton, running west, is the long road called Dundas Street. It was named after a British statesman. Simcoe made it partly because he meant to make London the capital of Canada. He wanted Dundas Street to connect York and London. Colonel Talbot made a great road that now runs from Niagara to Windsor and is called Talbot Street.

Colonel Talbot's house is still standing on a hill that looks over Lake Erie. People still tell how he used to do all his own work. He baked his own bread and milked his own cows. He could make butter and cheese, and washed and ironed his own clothes. He built a mill too, where he could grind corn for himself and his settlers.

In those days those who came to western Ontario all had to work hard. They often had no good tools. One

woman whose husband was sick cut her whole crop of wheat with a butcher knife, and then she threshed and ground it. She did this while she was caring for her sick husband and two children. But if the life was hard it was happy and healthy.

Mackenzie and Durham.

Year after year new settlers kept coming to Canada. Little villages grew into big villages or towns. Farms appeared where there had been nothing but woods a few years before.

All of the new settlers had been used to what is called self-government. In England the King does not do as he pleases. And in the same way the Governor-General of Canada cannot do as he pleases. In a country like Russia or Turkey or China, the people have to do as they are told and their King or Emperor is their master. But we vote to send men to Parliament, and the Parliament really governs the country. So as we govern ourselves we say that we have self-government.

Now a hundred years ago there was a Parliament as there is now, and people had votes. But the Parliament had not very much power. Many men thought it ought to rule the country, as it does now. The Governor did not think so. He said he was sent out from England by the King to govern as he thought best.

They quarrelled a great deal about this. The man who wanted self-government most was William Lyon Mackenzie. He was a small, passionate Scotchman. He started a newspaper called *The Colonial Advocate* which

attacked the government bitterly. Some of the other party broke up his printing presses one night and threw his type into the lake. But they had to pay him three thousand dollars damages, so they did him more good than harm.

At last Mackenzie decided to rebel and set up a republic. At the same time a French-Canadian leader, named Papineau, decided to do the same thing in Quebec. But neither in Upper nor Lower Canada did the people want a republic. A great many people wanted reform and self-government. But they loved England and their flag, and they would not join any rebellion.

So both Mackenzie and Papineau failed. There were one or two little battles, and everybody was excited. But in a little while the country was quiet again.

The Government in England was much troubled at all this. Queen Victoria had just become Queen. She and her advisers wanted Canada to be happy and peaceful. So they sent out a wise statesman, named Lord Durham, to see what the trouble was and to try to set matters right.

So Lord Durham came to Canada. He asked questions of a great many people. He had the governors of all the provinces meet him at Quebec to talk things over. Then he sent in his report to the British Government.

He advised that Upper and Lower Canada be united into one Province of Canada. This was done by the Act of Union in 1840. The first Parliament met at Kingston, and Canada was given self-government at last.

Egerton Ryerson.

Not very long after Simcoe left Canada there was born in the County of Norfolk a boy who was named Egerton Ryerson. His father was a farmer. Egerton grew up accustomed to hard work. He went to school near his home, and later on went for a year to the Grammar School at Hamilton. There he studied Latin and Greek. This was all the education he ever received. He wanted to learn more, and of course he could go on reading. But he could not take a course in the High School and the University as so many do now. When he had finished his year at Hamilton he became a Methodist preacher. For some years he was a missionary among the Indians of the Credit Valley.

When Ryerson was about twenty-six years old the Methodist Church started a weekly paper. It was called the *Christian Guardian*, and Ryerson was made its first editor. Soon it was the most powerful paper in Upper Canada. This was because its editor was full of energy and enthusiasm for reform.

Long before the government had set aside land for the support of the Church. The national Church of England is that which we know as the English Church. It had a great deal of influence with the government and it claimed all the land. But the national Church of Scotland was the Presbyterian Church, so it claimed a share. Ryerson claimed that all of the churches that were at work should have support. At the same time he said that the grammar schools and the new college

that were being planned were too much under the influence of the English Church.

The leading man in Ontario Education then was Bishop Strachan. He was trying to arrange for a college at York to be called King's College. He wanted every professor to be a member of the English Church. Ryerson fought this as hard as he could. He began also his efforts to have a system of public schools organized. He said that he believed in grammar schools and colleges as much as anyone. Still he thought that schools for the little boys and girls were more important. He thought that every child in Canada should learn how to read and write.

Ryerson did not want to have the schools or the college controlled by the Methodists. He wanted them to be free from connection with any church. King's College has since become the University of Toronto, and is now as Ryerson wanted it. But in the meantime he said that the Methodists would have a college of their own. When they built Victoria College, Ryerson was made its first President.

His greatest work was not the founding of Victoria College. He had thought for a long time that Ontario should have a complete system of public schools. In the old days when farms had to be cleared and when there were few hands to do the work there was not much time for school. The farms were scattered. The towns and villages were small and not very rich.

But the children had to be taught to read and write and count. As the new settlers came into the country

they would get together and build little churches and school-houses. The people were often so scattered that the children had to go miles to school. Then it cost a great deal to keep the schools up. The people who sent their children had to build the houses and heat them and pay the teacher. If everybody had helped it would have been easier. As it was no one had to go to school and no one could be made to pay who did not want to. So it was often hard to learn even how to read and write. The school buildings were often cold and poorly furnished. It was hard to get teachers, too.

Governor Simcoe and others tried to remedy this a little. They promised some government aid. A few good schools were placed in different parts of the province. These were called "grammar schools," because grammar was taught more than anything else. But there were so few of them that they did not do much good.

At last Ryerson was given a chance to carry out his ideas in regard to public schools. He was made Superintendent of Schools. He went to different parts of the United States and Europe to see the best way to arrange his new system. Then he came back and set to work. The result is the school system of Ontario as it is now. He had to think about a great many different things. There had to be comfortable school-houses, and good teachers, and good text-books, and these were all hard to find. He travelled about himself to see that the buildings were good. He had to arrange for books that were both good and cheap. To train teachers he built a Normal School at Toronto.

So this is what Egerton Ryerson did. No one has done more for the children of Ontario. Each child who sits in a bright room and learns the things that we all ought to know, should remember the name of Ryerson. For his influence has gone far outside of Ontario. The children of all Canada owe a great deal to the good Superintendent.

The Dominion.

JOHN A. MACDONALD : GEORGE BROWN : JOSEPH HOWE.

So far, Canada just meant Ontario and Quebec. Canada was one province. Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, Manitoba and British Columbia were all separate provinces. A man who lived in Nova Scotia or Manitoba did not call himself a Canadian.

But gradually people made up their minds that this was not right. So by degrees men began to talk of Confederation, which simply means Union. The different provinces were very far apart. There were hundreds of miles of forest between New Brunswick and Quebec. There were thousands of miles between Quebec and British Columbia. But they were all British, and if they were joined together they would make a great country.

The three greatest statesmen of those days were John A. Macdonald, George Brown, and Joseph Howe. John A. Macdonald was born in Glasgow. He came out to Canada with his father when he was a little boy of five. He grew up like other boys, went to school and

after a time began to study law. Soon he entered Parliament, and by and by he was the leader of the Conservatives in Upper Canada. He was a clever lawyer and a good speaker. He was a man too, whom no one could help liking. He had a pleasant word for every one, and his followers thought there was no one like him. They called him their chieftain and would have done anything in the world for him.

George Brown was a Scotchman too. He was born in Edinburgh. Before he came to Canada he was a big boy six feet tall. He was always earnest and serious. Sir John Macdonald loved to tell stories. He could keep people laughing hour after hour. George Brown could not do this. He was too much in earnest to make jokes. But he was so honest and wise that no one could help respecting him. He entered Parliament and became the leader of the Reformers. He was a man of fiery energy and firm honesty. His party admired him as much as the Conservatives did Macdonald. He was the editor of the *Toronto Globe*, and was a great journalist as well as a great statesman.

Joseph Howe was a Nova Scotian. He was the leader of the Nova Scotia reformers, and the best speaker in Canada. Macdonald and Brown both wanted Confederation. Howe loved his own Province and he loved England, but he did not want Confederation. The other Provinces seemed too far away. It seemed to him that if Nova Scotia joined in a Union of all the provinces of British North America, she would lose her independence and gain nothing.

There were meetings of the leaders from all the Provinces to talk it all over. They met first at Charlottetown in Prince Edward Island. Then they met at Quebec. There were delegates from Upper and Lower Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, and Newfoundland. Newfoundland decided to have nothing to do with Confederation. But the delegates from the other provinces, with great enthusiasm, decided on Union. Then each man went home to try to persuade the different Provinces to adopt the idea. Most of them agreed on Confederation, and all that was left was to get the consent of Great Britain.

The people of the home islands were only too glad to see Canada made into one country. The decisions reached by the delegates from the Provinces in Quebec were put into an Act passed by the British Parliament. This was called the British North America Act, and it became law on the first day of July, 1867. This was the birthday of Canada. That is why we celebrate the first of July each year as Dominion Day.

For many years after Confederation Sir John Macdonald really ruled Canada. He came to be loved and admired by Liberals as well as Conservatives. Everyone did not agree with him, but many who voted against him liked him and knew that he was the greatest of Canadian statesmen. When he died at last, after an attack of paralysis, the whole country mourned him. He had done more than anyone else to make Canada a nation.

The Canadian Pacific Railway.

Upper and Lower Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island all accepted Confederation. Nova Scotia was not very sure that she wanted to join the rest of the Provinces. Her great leader, Joseph Howe, even tried to have the law changed. He preferred a Union of the Maritime Provinces only, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. But at last he gave in. He was a great man and a loyal British subject, but he was not sure that Confederation was best for Nova Scotia.

Once Confederation was agreed upon it was felt that the provinces should be bound together by railroads. The Grand Trunk already connected Toronto with Quebec. Now the Intercolonial was built between Nova Scotia and Quebec. It ran for hundreds of miles through barren woods and did not pay very well. But it made Canadians of Nova Scotia and Canadians of Ontario feel as if they belonged to one country.

Now that five provinces were joined, men began to think that the Red River Settlement and the settlement on the Pacific Coast might be brought in, too. But they were a great deal farther from Ontario than Nova Scotia was. If a railroad was to be built to the Pacific it would have to be longer than all the other railroads in Canada put together. But Sir John Macdonald, who was Prime Minister after Confederation, decided that the railroad must be built. Twenty years before Confederation

Joseph Howe had once said in a speech that many who were listening to him would live to hear the whistle of the steam engine in the Rocky Mountains. He was quite right. It was a long task though, and it took years to finish it.

So Manitoba and British Columbia became provinces of Canada. As the Canadian Pacific Railway crept mile by mile further west, it became easier and easier for people to go out there to live. At last it was finished. Sir Donald Smith, whom we know better now as Lord Strathcona, drove the last spike in the great road on November 7th, 1885.

Cities and towns now grew up all along the railroad. The village that stood by the old fort of the Red River Settlement, Fort Garry, became the great city of Winnipeg. The city of Vancouver sprang up at the western end of the railroad, and in the prairie country cities grew up like Regina and Calgary. Now the whole west is dotted with towns and villages. It is as easy to go from Halifax to Vancouver as to go from one city to another in England. Yet it is not long since there was not a city west of the great lakes, and since all the great farms of the west were wild prairie.

Canada Now.

Since Confederation, many men have done noble work for Canada. Our country has grown in every way. Macdonald and Brown and Howe are all gone. Most of the men who worked with them, too, have either passed away or are grown to be old men. Alexander

Mackenzie, the fine old Scotchman who once defeated Macdonald and ruled Canada for five years, died years ago. The men who now rule Canada were either young men or boys in the days of Macdonald and Howe. Some of them were babies then, and some were not born when Macdonald and Brown made Canada a united Dominion.

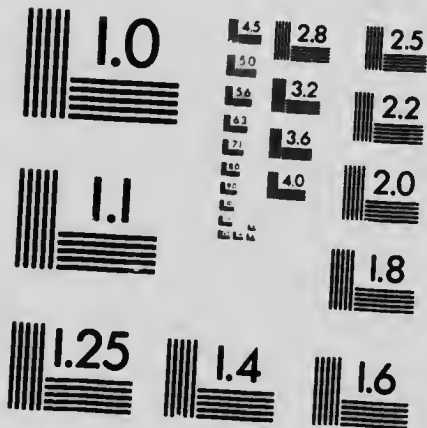
The greatest of the statesmen who came after Sir John Macdonald was the eloquent French Canadian, Sir Wilfrid Laurier. When Queen Victoria had reigned sixty years, in 1897, she celebrated her Diamond Jubilee in London. Sir Wilfrid Laurier represented Canada there. The Premiers of the other colonies were there, too, but he was the most brilliant of them all. While he was Premier two new provinces were added to the Dominion, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Another great railroad was built across the continent, too, called the Grand Trunk Pacific.

Canada now is very different from the Canada of Champlain or of Simcoe. There are still Indians, but they have learned to live as we do. They no longer go on the war path and no one is afraid of them. The little forts of the old days have been cleared away. We do not need forts now. The little villages that once clustered about the forts have become cities. And as the white men and red men are now at peace so are the French and the English. The French Canadians of Quebec still speak the French language as they did two hundred years ago. But Quebec is a province of Canada just as Ontario and Manitoba are. The Prime Minister



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of Canada is a French Canadian and both English and French admire and follow him.

In the year 1908 there was a great festival at Quebec. It was to celebrate the three hundredth birthday of Quebec. The Prince of Wales, who is now King George V., came in a great English battleship. Men were there to represent France and the United States. The descendants of those who had fought for Quebec in the past met in peace to rejoice over the greatness of Canada. The field where Wolfe and Montcalm fought their great battle is a National Park. All Canadians admire now the two great men who died there, and the brave French and English soldiers who died with them. The old quarrel is all over, and we are all Canadians now.

If Champlain or Wolfe could see Canada now the thing that would surprise them most would be the change in the west. In their time no one cared for anything in the west excepting the fur trade. There were no white men out there except the traders.

Now Winnipeg, Vancouver and Victoria are great cities. The farms of the western provinces are the greatest in the world. Regina and Edmonton will soon be as large as Winnipeg. Settlers are coming in from the eastern provinces and from Europe. Thousands come in every year from the United States. Railroads run now where the buffalo used to roam fifty years ago. Great steamers ply on Lake Winnipeg and on the rivers instead of the canoes of the fur-traders. Telephone wires run over the prairie and through the mountains. A man may talk from Quebec to another man in Vancouver or Edmonton.

The schools of Saskatchewan and British Columbia are as good as the schools of Ontario. All of the provinces in the west have their Normal Schools and Universities.

As Canada has grown richer and greater she has become more and more attached to our motherland. A few years ago Great Britain had to go to war with the Dutch Republics of South Africa. She did not ask any help from Canada, but both Canada and Australia thought they ought to share in the burden and danger of the war. So a Canadian army was sent across the sea to South Africa. Our soldiers fought so well under the great British General, Lord Roberts, that the whole Empire was proud of them.

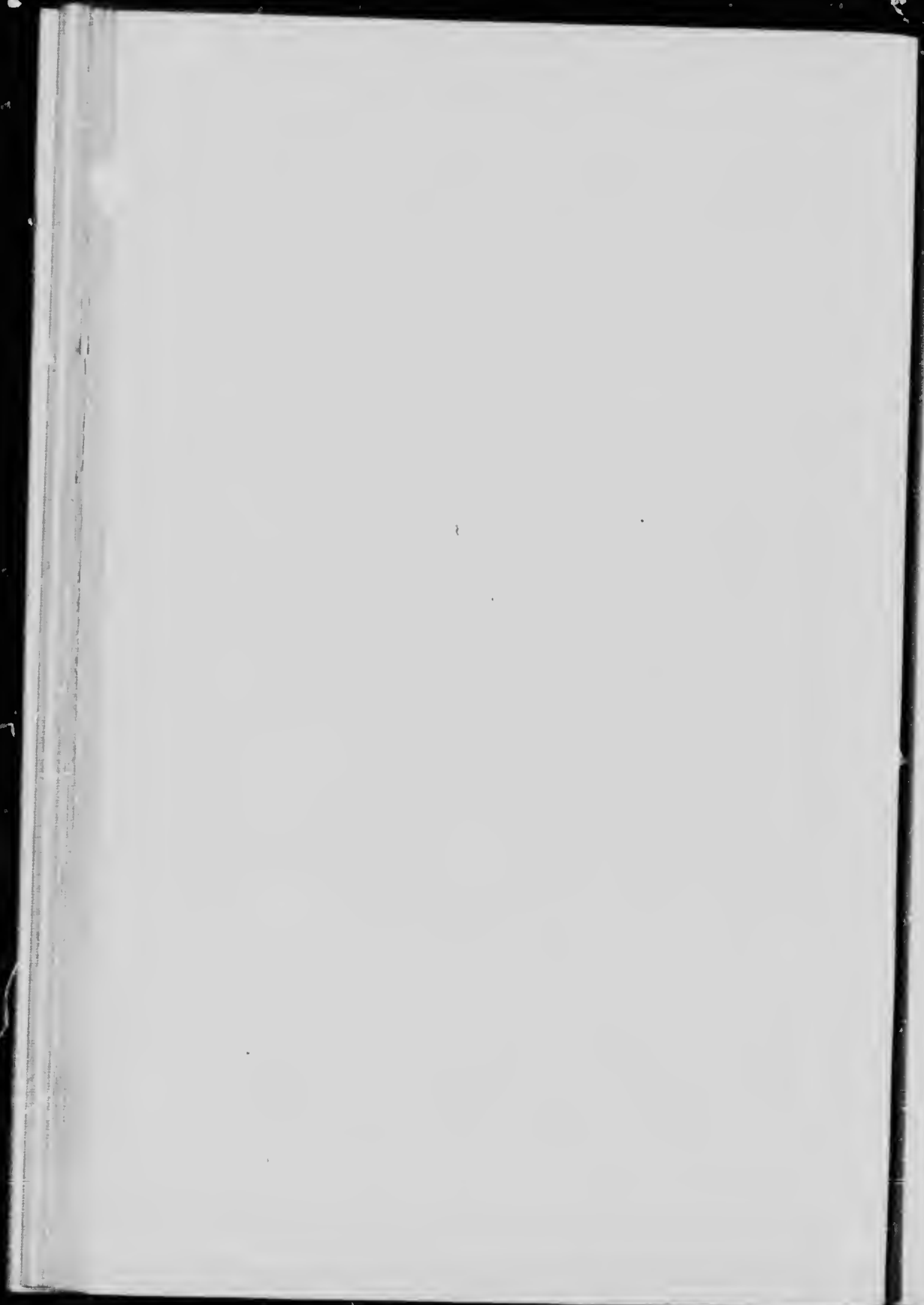
Since then our government has decided to help with the navy too. It did not seem fair to have our friends in England and Scotland and Ireland pay all the expenses of the Empire's navy. So now we shall have warships of our own. We do not want to go to war. But if the Mother Country should have to fight another nation we shall help on the sea as well as on the land. Those who come to us from other countries become Canadians and take our flag. And our flag is the same British flag that flies at London and Edinburgh, or away in the south at Melbourne or Cape Town. We are as proud to be Britons as we are to be Canadians.

Canada is still a young country. If we do our duty it will be one of the great nations of the world. None of us can afford to be idle. One of our great missionaries, Dr. Grenfell of Labrador, one day found Lord Strathcona working in his office in Montreal. It was

a holiday, and no one else was in the building. Lord Strathcona was more than eighty years old. Besides, he was one of the richest men in Canada and did not have to work unless he wanted to. Dr. Grenfell was surprised to see him so busy. But Lord Strathcona just laughed and said, "I should die if I did not work." That is the way we all ought to feel.

Every year Canada grows richer and greater. It is our duty to keep making her better and stronger by trying to be as good and brave as Champlain and Brock, as wise and patient as Macdonald and Laurier. All these men and women whom we have been reading about loved their country and did all they could for her. Their Canada is now our Canada, so we must take their place.

BRITISH HISTORY.



HISTORY READER.

The Britons and the Romans.

There was a time long ago when the English people had not yet come to the British Islands. In those days the ancestors of the people of Wales had their homes all over the land that we call England. They were called Britons, and were almost savages. The country itself was savage too, covered with thick forests and great marshes, while many wild beasts roamed over it,—wolves, wild boars, wild cattle and deer.

The people were divided into tribes, and these tribes often fought one another as the Indians of America used to do. Like the Indians, too, they did not live in towns, but in villages and scattered huts. When an enemy attacked them they took refuge in a clearing of the wood, behind banks of earth, on the top of which they set up wooden palings. When they went to battle they painted their faces blue and green in order to frighten the enemy. Ordinary men fought on foot, but the chiefs drove along the enemy's ranks in chariots, which had seythes fastened to the axles. When they saw a gap in the line, they leaped down out of the chariots and fought on foot with axes, spears, or bows and arrows.

The British teachers of religion were called Druids. They looked upon the mistletoe as a sacred plant, and at certain seasons the Druids went in white robes to cut it down from the oak trees with golden sickles.



STONEHENGE.—J. M. W. TURNER.

At Stonehenge, in Wiltshire, and some other places are still standing great circles of enormous stones. These are set upright, with flat stones lying across their tops like the side-posts and top-beam of a doorway. Some



DRUIDS BURNING THE MISTLETOE.—W. W. COLLINS R.I.

people think these were Druid temples, but it is more likely that they were monuments to dead chieftains.

As the Britons could not read or write, they could not leave us any books telling us about themselves. We should have known very little about them had they not been visited by people of another nation, who have left accounts of what they saw.

These visitors to Britain came from the far-away city of Rome, not very long before the birth of Jesus Christ in Palestine. The Romans were the greatest people in the world at the time, and they came to Britain, not as peaceful traders, but as conquerors. One of their generals, Julius Caesar, had just conquered the country that is now called France, and in doing this he had had to fight against some people who were kinsfolk of the tribes of Southern Britain. To prevent the Britons from trying to help them, he thought he would cross the narrow straits between the two countries and frighten the Britons by showing them what a Roman army was like.

Caesar therefore crossed the sea in his ships. He found the high white cliffs crowded with Britons quite ready to fight, and it was some time before he managed to land on the coast of Kent. But it was already autumn, and a storm soon damaged his ships so badly that he had to return to Gaul without having done anything.

Next year he came again, earlier in the summer, and with a larger army, and marched inland. It was difficult for the Roman soldiers in their heavy armour to

force their way through the thick forests, but Caesar managed to get as far as what is now the city of St. Albans in Hertfordshire, where the British chief who took the lead in opposing him had his stronghold.

The Romans carried the stronghold by storm, and the brave British chief had to submit. Then Caesar, having succeeded in frightening the Britons, went back to Gaul.

For about a hundred years after this the Romans left Britain alone. At last one of their emperors made up his mind to conquer the island completely, and sent over an army to do it.

Many armies and many generals were sent, one after another, until after some time Britain became a Roman province. Although the Britons were too much divided amongst themselves to resist very successfully, they did not submit without a struggle.

A brave chief, named Caractacus, having been driven out of his own dominions in the east of Britain, took refuge with some very wild tribes amongst the mountains of South Wales. He gave the Romans much trouble before he was captured and sent a prisoner to Rome.

As he was led in triumph through the streets of the great city, he said he wondered that men who had so much wealth at home should envy him his poor cottage in Britain. The Emperor, struck by his bold behaviour, gave him his freedom instead of putting him to death, which was what generally happened to such captives.

The Romans never really conquered the whole of the islands. They ruled as far north as the Firth of Forth in Scotland, but beyond there lived some very

wild tribes of tall, red-haired people, called the Picts, and though the Romans won some battles over them, they could never get possession of their rugged land.

So to keep the Picts out of the country they had really subdued, the Romans built two great walls right across the country. The stronger of the two was made of stone. It was twenty feet high and over eight feet thick, and on the northern side, from which the enemy would approach, it was guarded by a ditch. About every quarter of a mile there was a watch-tower. But even this could not always keep the Picts on their own side of the wall.

The Romans ruled in Britain for about two hundred and fifty years. In many ways they did the Britons good. They forced them all to live at peace with each other, and made just laws, so that every man could quietly keep what belonged to him.

The Romans were famous road makers too. They made very straight, good paved roads from one end of the country to the other. Some of them are still used as highways.

When they first came to Britain the Romans were heathens. But during the time they ruled there the Christian religion was making its way in the world. The apostles and the teachers who followed them persuaded many of the people of Rome to become Christians. After a long time the Roman emperors became Christians; other people followed their example, and in time the whole empire was converted.

But as time went on the Romans were less able either to govern or to fight. They had become lazy and easy-going, and were not such good soldiers as they had been, although at this time they needed to be braver than ever to defend their empire from great swarms of free, hardy people who were pressing into it from the north.

Even in Britain they could not keep off the attacks of such enemies. At last the Emperor called all his soldiers back to defend Rome, and told the Britons they must look after themselves. So the Roman rule in Britain came to an end.



THE BRITISH ISLES AND THE HOME OF THE ENGLISH.

The Coming of the English.

Three different sets of enemies were now attacking the poor Britons. The Piets broke through the great wall. The Scots came in their light boats over the Irish Sea.

You will ask how it was that the Scots came from Ireland. At that time the Scots lived in Ireland (called by the Romans *Hibernia*), though afterwards many of them crossed the sea to that part of Great Britain which we call, after them, Scotland (*Caledonia*).

The Piets and Scots belonged to somewhat the same race as the Britons. But the third set of foes who came to Britain from the east over the North Sea belonged to quite a different race, and spoke a different language.

In the north of Germany there were living some tribes of people called Angles, and Saxons, and Jutes. "Angle" is really the same name as "English." So there were English men in Germany before there were any in our islands.

The English were of the same race as the Germans, and their language was something like German or Dutch. They had blue eyes and fair hair. They were fierce and hardy, and still heathens. They were such good sailors that they were not afraid to cross the stormy North Sea in their little ships.

They were really pirates, or sea-robbers, and for a long time before the Romans left Britain they had been plundering the eastern coasts. Now a British chief, Vortigern, being attacked by the Piets, foolishly made



THE COMING OF THE ENGLISH. — W. W. COLLINS. R.I.

up his mind to hire some of these sea-robbers to help him.

About the year 449 A.D., more than fourteen hundred years ago, some Jutes landed in the Isle of Thanet, which is now part of Kent, but was then really an island, separated from the mainland by a wide strip of sea.

Vortigern asked these Jutes to conquer the Picts for him, and they did so. But when they saw what a good land they had come to, they made up their minds to take it for themselves.¹ Fresh shiploads of their kinsmen followed them. They soon crossed over into Kent, and began to fight the Britons and seize their lands.

The Britons fought bravely, but were defeated again and again. The English way of conquering was far more cruel than the Roman. They slew or drove away the Britons, and divided their lands amongst themselves. Then they sent home to Germany for their wives and children, and settled down in their new homes.

The English hated towns; they had always lived in the open country. So they plundered the Roman towns and burned all of them that they could. But some of the strong Roman walls would not burn, and remain to this day.

Saint Augustine.

At first the English were heathens. They thought that the chief thing their gods wished them to do was to fight bravely, and that the souls of those who died in battle would live happily ever after in the abode of the gods.

Their religion made them fierce and cruel to their enemies, instead of teaching them to be merciful and gentle. But they were kind to their own wives and children, and they were also a very truthful people.

Some of the days of the week are still called after the old English gods: Wednesday means "Woden's day"; Woden was the great father of the gods, they thought. Thursday is "Thor's day"; Thor was the god of thunder and war.

The Britons were Christians, but their proud conquerors would not learn from them. But about one hundred and fifty years after the English settled in Britain, some Christian missionaries came from Rome to teach them. This is how it happened.

Soon after the Romans left Britain, the Roman Empire in the west of Europe was overrun by a number of German nations and came to an end. These Germans, however, were Christians, and the person they all respected most was the Bishop of Rome, who was called the Pope.

There was now a Pope named Gregory. Many years before he became Pope, he was one day walking in the slave-market at Rome when he noticed, among the poor people who were being bought and sold as slaves, some very beautiful boys with fair skins and golden hair.

Gregory asked to what nation the children belonged, and was told that they were Angles. "Not Angles," said he, "but *angels*." "Who," he then asked, "is their king?" "His name is Ella," replied the slave-merchant.

"Then," answered Gregory, "*Alleluia* shall be sung in the land of Ella."

When he became Pope he remembered the heathen Angles, and sent a missionary named Augustine to teach them about Christ.

Augustine landed in Thanet, at Ebbsfleet, the very same place where the English had first set foot in Britain when they came to stay. The king of Kent at that time was called Ethelbert, and he lived at Canterbury which means "the dwelling of the men of Kent."

Ethelbert had married a Christian princess who came from Gaul, and allowed her to worship her God in a little church called St. Martin's, which had been built by the Romans, and which stood just outside the town.

Ethelbert had therefore heard something about Christianity, and he welcomed Augustine, and promised to listen to what he had to say. So Augustine and his companions appeared before him carrying a silver cross and singing Christian hymns. Augustine preached to the people, and after a time Ethelbert and the men of Kent became Christians.

Augustine afterwards became the first Archbishop of Canterbury.

Long before Augustine came to England, the great and good Saint Patrick had taught the Irish to be Christians. So much good did he do that by and bye the Irish became more religious and more learned than any nation in the world, except, perhaps, the Italians.

Men in those days were so fierce and rough that it was very hard to be good and gentle, and many people



GREGORY IN THE MARKET-PLACE.—W. W. COLLINS, R.I.

found it easier to be religious if they went away and lived by themselves. These were called monks, and their houses were called monasteries. Saint Augustine was a monk, and so was the great Pope Gregory.

The monks did not live comfortable, lazy lives. They ate as little as they could, and spent a great deal of time in prayer. But they also had to work hard with their hands to grow their food and supply their daily needs. Some of the monks became clever farmers and gardeners; they cleared the forests and drained the fens and taught the people many useful things.

There were many monks in Ireland, and one of these, whose name was Columba, sailed over to Scotland to preach to his countrymen who had gone to settle there. He founded a monastery in a little island called Iona, off the west coast of Scotland, and was so gentle and affectionate that his monks loved him dearly.

When the monks of Iona had taught the Scots they travelled farther south, and by and bye they were preaching their religion through all of northern England. But, unluckily, the Irish missionaries and the missionaries from Rome did not agree very well, and in the end the Irish missionaries went back to Iona.

Alfred the Great.

In those days England was not ruled by one king as she is now. There was really no England at all. In the north there was the powerful kingdom of Northumbria, and in the south were the kingdoms of Kent and Wessex. Even these were not the only ones, though

they were the greatest. The worst of it was that they were nearly always at war, each kingdom trying to conquer the others. The king who was most powerful for the time being was looked up to by the others as a kind of over-lord.

Gradually the kings of Wessex became the most powerful, until at last one of them named Egbert



ALFRED THE GREAT.

brought all the other kings more or less under his rule.

There was a very good reason why all the English should join together at this time. England and all the west of Europe were being attacked by a new enemy. Just as the English had come over the sea many years before, plundering and slaying, so a new set of sea-robbers were now harrying our coasts.

They came from Denmark and Norway, and the English called them Danes, but the people on the Continent spoke of them as Northmen. In their light ships they sailed up the mouths of the rivers, got all the booty they could, burned the villages and slew the people. Then they sailed off before the English, who had forgotten their old sea-faring ways, could catch them.

Egbert fought the Danes, and so did his sons and grandsons. But though they were sometimes defeated, the Danes kept swarming over, until the time came when they began to stay, instead of only making raids, and it seemed as if they might in the end conquer the whole country.

From this danger England was saved by the noble King Alfred, one of the greatest and best kings any country has ever had. It is a little more than a thousand years since he died, but he will never be forgotten by Englishmen.

Alfred was the youngest grandson of Egbert. Three of his brothers had been kings before him, and by their side he had fought against the Danes from the time when he was a boy. When the last brother died the men of Wessex chose Alfred to succeed him.

By this time the Danes had subdued a great part of England. They had also overrun all the north and middle of England, taken the best land away from the English there and divided it amongst themselves. Now under a leader named Guthrum, they came into Wessex.



KING ALFRED IN THE HERDSMAN'S COTTAGE.—SIR D. WILKIE.
(By permission of Messrs. H. Graves and Co., Limited.)

The men of Wessex seem to have lost heart altogether, and would not fight. Alfred had to hide himself, with a few faithful warriors, in the Island of Athelney, in Somersetshire, which was then all fen country, though it is dry enough now.

There is a story that he lived in the hut of a faithful swineherd, who did not tell his wife that the stranger they were sheltering was the king. One day she set him to watch some cakes which she was baking on the hearth. Alfred, who was busy mending some arrows, and perhaps thinking of his own troubles, forgot all about the cakes and let them burn.

Then the good woman rushed in and scolded him well for being so lazy and careless, for, she said, he liked well enough to eat the cakes when they were nice and hot.

When she found out who it was that she had rated so soundly, she was dreadfully frightened. But King Alfred only laughed good-humouredly and said he quite deserved the scolding.

Alfred had not to stay long in hiding. His warriors began to gather round him, and as soon as he felt himself strong enough he sallied out to attack the Danes. He collected his army at Edington, in Wiltshire. On the chalk downs there he fought a great battle, and gained a complete victory.

The Danes were obliged to make peace with him at a place called Wedmore. It was agreed that Alfred should keep all England south-west of the old Roman road called Watling Street, which ran from the Thames, a

little below London, to Chester on the Dee. All the land north-east of this was to belong to the Danes.

Alfred seemed to be giving up a great deal to the Danes. But he knew that he could not conquer all the country from them, so he thought it better to keep half, and do everything he could for that.

His people loved him dearly, and were grateful to him for saving them from their cruel enemies. To keep off fresh attacks of the Danes from the sea, Alfred built many long, swift ships, of a shape he invented himself. They were very useful, though once they did run aground in the shallow mouth of a river, while the lighter Danish ships got away. This was the beginning of the English navy.

Alfred had been fighting all his life, but he cared for many things better than fighting. Very few people, even if they were kings or nobles, could read and write in those days. But Alfred could read when he was a little boy, and is said to have won a book, full of painted pictures, which his mother had promised to that one of her children who could first learn to read it.

He was very anxious that his people should be better taught, and invited learned men from abroad to come and instruct them. There were very few schools in those days, except in the monasteries.

There were no printed books. All books had to be written out by hand on prepared skin, called parchment. This took a very long time, so that there were very few books at all, and these cost a great deal. They were nearly all in Latin, the language which the

Romans had spoken, but which only a few learned men in England could now understand.

Alfred wanted English books for his people. So he took several Latin books, which taught a good deal about history and geography, and turned them into English, and he added to them many things which he thought it would be useful for the people to know.

He collected the good laws which his forefathers had made, and had them written down, and he was very strict in seeing that they were obeyed.

It is really wonderful how Alfred contrived to do so much, especially as he was very often ill. But he never wasted any time. It is said that as there were no clocks in those days, he had his candles painted in rings of different colours. When one ring had burned down he knew it was time to leave off writing and go to business, or prayer, or a meal, until another ring had disappeared, and so on.

Alfred died at Winchester after reigning thirty years. England has never forgotten this great and good king. In the year 1901, one thousand years after Alfred's death, a noble monument was raised to him in his old royal city of Winchester.

After Alfred's death, his son, and his grandson, and his two great-grandsons set themselves steadily to work to win back for the English that part of the country which had been given up to the Danes by the Treaty of Wedmore.

Step by step they re-conquered the middle and north of England. There was plenty of hard fighting, but the

English in those parts, who had once been jealous of the power of the West Saxon kings, were now willing to be ruled by them rather than by the Danes.

After about eighty years, then, all England from the English Channel to the Firth of Forth became joined under one English king, Edgar the Peaceful. It is said that eight under-kings once rowed his boat on the Dee.

Cnut.

But with all these years of fighting the people could not remain quite as free as they had been. When the Danes came the smaller farmers could not defend themselves, so they sought out some powerful man, and asked him to protect them, and he became their lord, and made them follow him to war. In this way the nobles became more powerful.

As long as Edgar reigned things went very well, but when a weak king came to the throne troubles began again. Such a king was Ethelred the Unready.

Fresh swarms of Danes began to come over, plundering in the old fashion, and all that the foolish king could think of doing was to give them money to go away. But of course this only made them come back quickly in the hope of a fresh bribe.

The English had no good leader, so they could not resist them much. Then Ethelred ordered that all the Danes who could be caught should suddenly be killed on a certain day. This naturally only made the others more furious.

At last a Danish king named Swegen conquered all England, and Ethelred fled to France. When Swegen died his son Cnut became king of all England. But really the country was better off under a foreign king like Cnut than under an English one like Ethelred. Cnut was a just and good ruler, and he put an end to the continual fighting which was so bad for the country.

One day Cnut was walking with his courtiers on the seashore, and some of them began to try and flatter him by talking of his power and greatness. Cnut thought he would teach them a lesson, for he hated flattery. So he ordered a chair to be set for himself close to the water's edge as the tide was coming in.

Then he cried, "O sea, I am thy Lord; my ships sail over thee whither I will, and this land against which thou dashest is mine. Stay then thy waves, and dare not to wet the feet of thy master."

The waves, of course, came on, and soon they were all round Cnut's chair, and wetted his feet and clothes. Then he turned to his courtiers and said, "You see now how weak is the power of kings and of all men, for the waves will not hearken to my voice. Honour then God only, for Him do all things obey."

His two sons, who reigned after him, were bad men, and when they were both dead, the English, who hated being ruled by foreigners, sent to France for one of the sons of Ethelred the Unready, and made him their king.

Edward the Confessor.

If the people thought that Edward, the son of Ethelred, would be a real English king, they soon found out their mistake. Even by birth he was half a foreigner, for his mother was a Norman.

Who were the Normans? They were the Northmen, or Danes, who had conquered the north-west of France



EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

just as the Danes had conquered the north of England. With these men the French king had been obliged to make a treaty allowing them to keep the land they held.

But in France there had been no kings like those who came after King Alfred to win this land back, little by

little. It is true that the Norman leader, or Duke as he was called, pretended to consider the French king as his master. When a Duke of Normandy died the next Duke went to the French king, and kneeling down before him, put his hands between the king's hands and swore to be faithful to him. This was called doing homage, and by this act the Duke was supposed to become the king's "man" or vassal.

But really the Duke obeyed the king only when it suited him to do so, and the French king were very much afraid of their powerful vassal.

The Normans were very clever, especially in being always able to learn from other people. In a very short time they gave up talking Danish and spoke French, and they cured themselves of their rough ways and became well-mannered and educated. They had become Christians when they settled in France.

They did not give up fighting. On the contrary, they were a nation of soldiers. Most of the Normans fought on horseback, and wore armour made of tiny links of steel, in which they could move about almost as easily as in a knitted jersey.

The Norman barons knew that their Duke did not obey the French king any more than he liked, and they saw no reason why they should obey the duke any better. They built strong castles, and often shut themselves up in them and defied the dukes, who had great trouble with them.

Edward, the new king of England, who because of his piety was afterwards called Edward the Confessor, had

lived at the Norman court while Cnut was reigning in England. He was very gentle, and might have made a very good monk, but he made a very poor king.

He thought his English subjects very rough and ignorant, and so they were, compared with the Normans. But it was scarcely wise of Edward to let them see how much he despised them, and to invite over to England crowds of Normans, with whom he talked French, and to whom he showed great favour, even making one of them Archbishop of Canterbury.

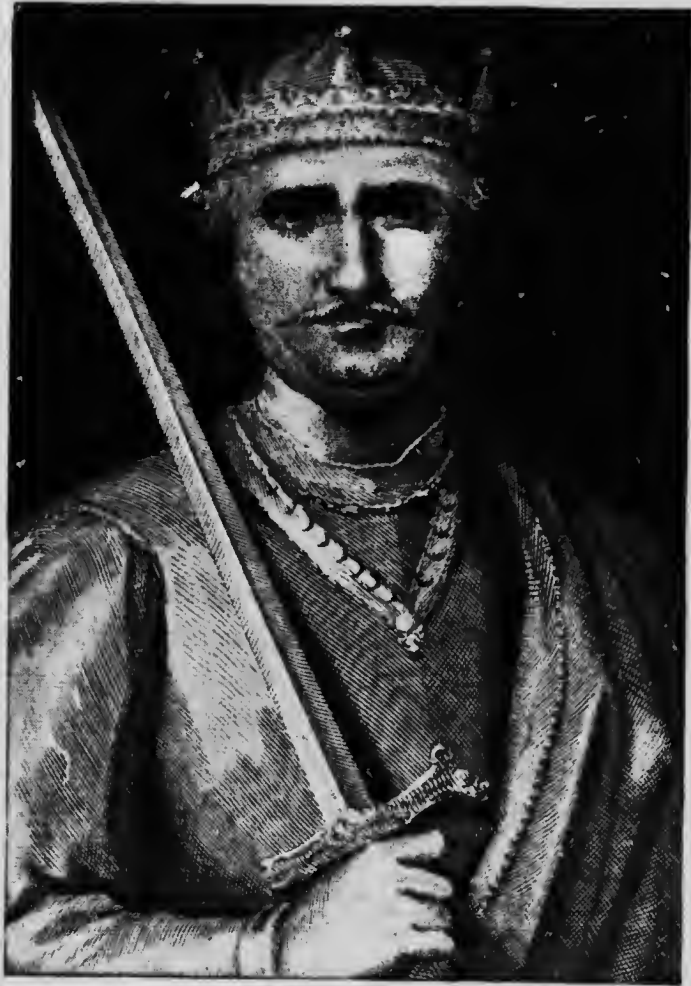
Of course the English were very jealous of these Norman favourites, and in this they were led by Godwine, Earl of Wessex. Unfortunately the other earls were jealous of Godwine, and when he displeased the king by quarrelling with some Normans they sided against him, and contrived to have him banished.

Godwine soon came back, however, and the Normans were so much afraid of him that many of them fled out of England. Godwine did not live long after this. When he was dead, his son Harold became Earl of Wessex, and really ruled England for Edward, who could not rule for himself. Harold showed himself to be such a brave, clever man that he was loved and respected by nearly all Englishmen.

When Edward the Confessor died he was buried in a beautiful church he had built just outside London towards the west, and which was called the West Minster, or church. There is not much of Edward's building left in Westminster Abbey as it now stands, for it was rebuilt 200 years later, but ever since his day it has been the most famous church in England.

William the Conqueror.

Edward the Confessor left no children, and his nearest relative was only a boy. The Wise Men had therefore to choose a king, and they chose Harold.



WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

But there was some one else who claimed the crown. This was William, Duke of Normandy. He said that Edward the Confessor had promised that, when he died, William should succeed him as King of England.

So the Duke collected a great army and made ready to invade England. Just at this moment Harold had to go north to fight against the King of Norway. He had invaded the country with one of Harold's own brothers, who had behaved badly and had been banished.

Harold defeated and slew them both. Then while he and his men were resting after the hard fight, a messenger came in hot haste from the south with the news that the Duke of Normandy had landed in Sussex.

Harold marched south with all speed. All true Englishmen ought to have followed him to drive out the foe. But the northern earls were jealous of him, and though he had just saved them from the Norsemen, none of their men joined his army.

He could only collect his own followers, who were well armed, and the men of the southern shires, who had no better weapons than pikes and hay-forks.

With these troops he took up his stand on a ridge of chalk hills a few miles north of Hastings, at a place which was then called Senlac, but is now called Battle.

The English still fought in the old way, on foot, standing in such close rank that their wooden shields touched each other and made a kind of wall. From behind this shield-wall they hurled their spears at the enemy, and then fought them hand to hand with heavy axes and swords.

Nearly all the Normans fought on horseback. They had also many skilled archers, whereas at that time the English scarcely used bows and arrows at all.

Harold commanded his men to stand firm behind their shields, and on no account to break their ranks or let the enemy get a footing on the hill-top. He himself, with his brothers, took his post in the centre of the hill between two standards.

The battle took place in October, 1066. It began early in the morning and raged all day. Time after time the Normans charged up the hill, but they could not break the English ranks.

Then William thought of a trick by which he could draw the English from their posts. He made some of his men pretend to fly.

The English, who were tired of standing still all day, forgot Harold's orders and rushed down the hill in pursuit. Then the Normans turned on them suddenly and followed them so closely, as they retreated up the hill, that at last they got a footing among them.

The Normans had now really won the battle, yet the English fought on stubbornly. At last, as it was getting dark, William ordered his archers to shoot their arrows straight up into the air, so that they might fall on the heads of the English.

As Harold was looking up, an arrow pierced his right eye. Four Norman knights rushed in and slew him. The battle was soon over, and thus England fell into the hands of the Normans.



WILLIAM I. GRANTING A CHARTER TO THE CITIZENS OF LONDON.—SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A.
(From the picture in the Royal Exchange by kind permission of the artist.)

Soon after the battle of Hastings, the chief men of England, not knowing what else to do, chose William for their king, and he was crowned in Westminster Abbey. In different parts of the country, especially in the north, the English tried to resist, but it was of no use.

William was obliged to reward the Norman barons who had followed him to England by giving them English lands. Gradually most of the land of England came to be owned by Norman lords, who held it under William in the same way as they held their lands in Normandy.

For more than a hundred years the English people were oppressed and despised. English was spoken only by the poor; French was talked at court and by the nobles. Englishmen were thought to be good for nothing but to fight for their proud Norman masters, to till their land for them, and to pay them taxes.

It was a hard time for the poor English, but it taught them one great lesson. From this time the men of one part of the country left off being jealous of the men of another. They began to feel they were all Englishmen. They were all suffering alike, and they all hated the Normans.

But all the same William showed much favour to the English. The reason for this was that he wanted them to help him in keeping down his own Norman barons. Directly the barons were settled in England they began to quarrel with the king. They wanted to do just what they liked, while William was determined not to let them get too powerful.

He would not give any baron a large estate all in one place. He gave him several portions of land scattered about the country, so that if he tried to fight against the king it would take him a long time to get his men together.

William carefully kept up the old English notion that every man who owned land must come and fight for the king when he wanted his aid. This gave him an army with which he could put down any baron who dared to rebel.

To please the English he let them keep many of their old laws and customs, and would not let the barons have as much power over the people who lived on their lands as they would have liked.

William was a just man on the whole. He was very strict in collecting the taxes which people had to pay him, but he did not want any man to pay more than his fair share. He had a book written which contained an account of all the lands in England, and what each landowner ought to pay the king. It was called the Domesday (or judgment-day) Book, because what it said settled a matter once for all.

The English thought it a shame that every ox and cow and pig in the country should be set down in the king's book. They did not at first understand that the king was their friend, and hated him as their conqueror. Soon, however, they began to hate the barons more than the king.

William had very little peace. He had both England and Normandy to manage. When he was in England

the barons in Normandy rebelled, or the French king attacked his lands. When he went to Normandy, the barons in England took the opportunity of rebelling. His own sons often fought against him too, and gave him much trouble.

The Successors of the Conqueror. Henry II.

When William died the English people stood by the Conqueror's second son, William, who was generally called Rufus, or the Red King, because he had red hair. He had a very strong will, and they thought he would keep the barons in order. So they helped him to get possession of the crown of England.

When he was king he did not seem to care how badly the barons behaved, as long as he could go on in his own wicked ways. Indeed he was much more of a tyrant than any of them. His reign was a miserable time for every one.

One morning he went out to hunt in the New Forest. In the evening he was found dead, his heart pierced by an arrow. Some said that one of his knights had aimed at a deer, but that the arrow struck a tree, glanced aside, and killed the king. Some said he had been killed on purpose.

His younger brother, Henry, at once seized the throne. He had a fierce struggle with his barons, for he meant to rule like his father. But in the end he won the day, chiefly by the help of the English, who rejoiced when they saw the Norman lords humbled.

Henry was a stern man, but he liked to keep order and to do justice. When he was crowned he promised to undo all the evil that Rufus had done, and he kept his word so well that he was called the Lion of Justice.



HENRY THE SECOND.

But when Henry I. died he was succeeded by his cousin Stephen, a good-natured man under whom the wild knights and barons did as they pleased. So for a time there was dreadful confusion in England, and

people wondered when the years of robbery and murder and civil war would end. Then Henry's grandson became king. His name was Henry too, and he proved to be one of the greatest kings who ever ruled England. He protected the weak and punished those who did wrong, trying in every way he could to carry out his grandfather's plans for doing justice.

Henry's best friend and adviser was Thomas Becket, the son of a London merchant. They hunted and travelled and worked together, and Becket helped the king greatly in his work of putting down the barons.

Now Henry wished to carry out some reforms in the Church. Often the clergy and their servants behaved badly, and yet they could not be touched by the king or the law of the land. For the clergy could be tried only by the Church courts and the Church law. Henry knew well that the clergy would oppose him if he tried to change this. So the idea occurred to him that he might have his friend, Thomas Becket, made Archbishop of Canterbury. Then with the Archbishop's help he thought he could bring order into the Church.

Now Becket felt that if he became archbishop he must take the side of the clergy, and that the king's friendship for him would turn to bitter hatred. But Henry would not listen, and Thomas became archbishop. From that moment he gave up his gay, splendid way of living, and thought only of how to make the clergy more powerful. As he had expected, Henry and he soon quarrelled, and the new archbishop had to flee in disguise to France.

After six years the Pope persuaded Henry to let Thomas Becket return to Canterbury. The archbishop was not at all a forgiving man, and he at once began to take revenge upon his enemies. Complaints soon reached



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL

the king, who was at that time abroad. Upon receiving this tiresome news Henry flew into a rage and cried impatiently, "Who will rid me of this turbulent priest?"

Four of his knights took him at his word, and at once started off for Canterbury. A few days after Christmas

they found the archbishop, and he was murdered on the steps of his own altar.

This dreadful murder shocked everybody, both in England and abroad. The English people looked upon Archbishop Thomas as a martyr. Soon people began to flock to Canterbury to pray at his tomb. The pavement near it is quite worn away by these pilgrims moving up the church on their knees.

Henry was punished for his share in Becket's death. His barons rose in rebellion against him. His own son Henry joined them; the King of France helped them, and the King of Scotland invaded England.

But the Scotch king was taken prisoner; the rebellious barons were defeated; and the king was victorious over all his enemies excepting his own sons. He even partly conquered Ireland. But he was more of a king than a soldier, and we honour him most because he tried to be just and to give his people peace and order.

Richard Lionheart.

During the last years of his life, Henry II. had a great deal of trouble with his sons, although he tried to satisfy them by dividing his lands amongst them even before he died. He had a great deal to divide, for besides England and Ireland and Normandy, he owned a large part of France. Indeed, he had much more of France than belonged to the French king himself.

It was the news that his favourite son, John, had joined in a rebellion against him that at last broke the

old king's heart. He was succeeded by his son Richard, who on account of his courage came to be called Richard Lionheart. Richard was everything that it was then thought a knight ought to be: handsome and strong, ready for any bold deed, generous even to his enemies. He could also make songs and sing them.

Richard was much more of a Frenchman than an Englishman. Yet Englishmen were rather proud of him because he was a Crusader.

A Crusader was a man who went to fight in the Crusades, or Wars of the Cross, which for two hundred years were carried on by the Christians of Western Europe against the Turks. The Turks had got possession of the Holy Land, and cruelly ill-used the Christians who went to visit the places where Christ was born and crucified and buried.

The Crusaders were so called because they wore on their dress a cross to show that they were Christian soldiers. There had been two Crusades before Richard's day, and at one time the Christians had got possession of Jerusalem. But lately it had again been lost, and Richard longed for the glory of winning it back.

It was thought to be a very holy deed to go on the Crusade, and many Englishmen followed their king's banner to the East. Richard made himself very famous by his courage, but unluckily he was self-willed and hasty, and he managed to offend nearly all the other kings and princes who went with him.

He made two very bitter enemies—the King of France, who was already jealous of Richard's power in

his own country, and the Duke of Austria. The duke did not like being ordered by Richard to work like a common soldier in digging trenches, though the English king was not above doing such work himself.

So the other princes would not join heartily with Richard in the war, and without their help he could not take Jerusalem. Twice he came within sight of it, but he turned his eyes sadly away, saying that if he was not worthy to take the city, he was not worthy to look at it.

He had to turn homewards without having done much. He had made so many enemies that he thought it best to try to travel through Germany in disguise. But he carelessly forgot to take off a splendid ring that he always wore on his finger, and this led to his being found out by his enemy, the Duke of Austria.

He took Richard prisoner, and sold him to his master, the ruler of Germany. He was kept in prison until his mother could raise a large ransom, most of which was paid by his English subjects, for whom he cared so little.

When he got home he found that his brother John had been plotting with the French king to get Richard's lands for himself. Richard forgave his false brother, but he spent all the rest of his life fighting against the King of France.

He was killed at last by an arrow shot from the walls of a castle he was besieging. As he lay dying he caused the archer to be brought before him, and asked why he had wished to slay him.

"Thou hast slain my father and two of my brothers with thine own hand," replied the man, "and wouldst

gladly have killed me too. Torture me now as much as thou wilt, I will bear all gladly, since I have had the pleasure of seeing thee on thy death-bed."



THE ARCHER BEFORE RICHARD I. —JOHN CROSS.

Richard generously ordered that the archer should be set free. But as soon as the king was dead his servants killed the man with cruel tortures.

The Great Charter.

John, who succeeded his brother Richard, was one of the worst kings England ever had. He was selfish and cruel, and mean and cowardly too. Yet in the end, and quite against his will, he did more than other kings to make Englishmen free.

Some of the French barons would not agree to let John rule over them, because his elder brother, Geoffrey, who was dead, had left a young son named Arthur. The English leaders thought it better to have a grown man than a child for their king, so they passed over Arthur and chose his uncle instead.

The French king helped the barons who sided with Arthur. War began, and John took Arthur prisoner. Suddenly the poor boy disappeared. Every one believed that John had caused him to be murdered. Some even said that he had killed him with his own hand.

The King of France, from whom John was supposed to hold his French lands, ordered him to come to Paris to be tried for the murder, and when John refused, he seized Normandy and the other lands in the north-west of France which had come to John from his father: those which had come from his mother John still kept.

So the English kings lost Normandy. This made the barons very angry. Many of them had estates both in England and Normandy, but now they had to choose which of the two they would keep, for they could not serve both the King of England and his enemy the King

of France. They despised John for the cowardly way in which he had lost Normandy.

But it was a very good day for England when Normandy was lost. From that time the barons who chose to stay in England left off thinking of themselves as Normans, and began to regard themselves as Englishmen, and to centre all their interest on what was going on in England.

For a long time the English and the Normans had been gradually becoming united, instead of keeping quite apart and hating each other as they had done. After the loss of Normandy they soon became completely one people.

John next contrived to set the clergy against him. When the Archbishop of Canterbury died, the monks of Canterbury, who were supposed to have the right of choosing the new archbishop, elected, against the king's wishes, a man called Reginald. When John heard of it he was very angry, and made them elect the man he wanted instead.

There was at this time a famous pope, named Innocent, who was bent on getting the kings and nobles to give up the right to choose bishops. So when he heard the story he said that neither Reginald nor John's favourite should be archbishop, but an Englishman, Stephen Langton, whom he had chosen himself.

In the end this was a good thing for England, for Langton was a good archbishop and did much for his country. John, however, at first refused to let him come to England.

To punish him for his disobedience the Pope ordered that all the church services in England should be stopped. This was a great trouble to the people, who cared very much for the church services, and made them still angrier with John, who was the cause of it. John did not care for this. He only plundered the goods of the clergy who obeyed the Pope's orders.

Then the Pope inflicted on John himself the most dreadful punishment known in those days. He excommunicated him. When a man was punished in this way, he was treated as if he were no longer a Christian. People would scarcely speak to him, or sit down to a meal with him, or do anything for him. The subjects of an excommunicated king were no longer bound to obey him.

Still John would not give way. Then the Pope lost patience altogether and told the King of France to invade England and dethrone the disobedient king.

Generally Philip of France was not much fonder of obeying the Pope than John was himself. But this time he was delighted to carry out his orders, and collected a large army for the purpose.

John was a clever man, though a wicked one, and in this danger he acted very cunningly. He suddenly invited a messenger of the Pope to Dover. He knelt before him, as if he had been the Pope himself, and laid his crown humbly at his feet, saying that henceforward he would hold his kingdoms of England and Ireland as the Pope's servant, and pay a yearly tribute of money for them.

He also consented to receive Langton as Archbishop. Then the Pope forgave him, and told Philip of France that he must not invade England. John thought he had got out of all his difficulties.

But the barons were angrier than ever. They were ashamed of a king who could stoop to become the Pope's servant, and they felt sure that John was only biding his time to take vengeance on them.

The Archbishop, Stephen Langton, took their side very heartily. He showed them a writing in which Henry I. had promised to put an end to the evil things that William Rufus had done. A writing of this kind, which promises that certain people shall have certain rights or privileges, is called a charter. Langton advised the barons to make John give them such a charter, and to see he kept it.

John had no friends. He had lost most of his hired soldiers in a battle he fought against Philip of France, in revenge for his readiness to come over and dethrone him. Philip defeated him. For once it was a good thing for the English to be defeated by the French.

While John was abroad the barons had collected an army. Stephen Langton helped them to write out a list of promises which they were to ask the king to make. When he came back to England they marched against him.

John had to give way. On 15th June, 1215—perhaps the most important day to remember in the whole history of England—he met some of the barons on the little island of Runnymede, in the Thames, near Windsor,

and agreed to everything in the charter they had got ready for him, which he solemnly swore to observe.

This writing is known as the Great Charter. All important papers were then written in Latin. The Latin for Great Charter is *Magna Carta*; so it is often called by that name. It was rather a long writing, but the chief things in it were two.

First the king promised that from that time forward he would not take any taxes, except a few especially named, from those who had land of him, unless they granted him the money of their own free will in the Great Council of the Nation, which was the beginning of our Parliament.

From this time our kings have not been able to do just as they liked, but have had to try to please their subjects, because if they did not, their subjects would not give them any money. England now is governed, not as any one man likes, but as the whole nation thinks best.

Secondly, the Great Charter said that no freeman must be punished unless a jury of his fellow-countrymen had decided that he had broken the law. And even then he could only be punished as the law directed. Englishmen now are quite safe from punishment as long as they keep the laws of their country.

John agreed to the Charter, but he did not mean to keep his promise. He soon hired some more soldiers, and began to punish the barons savagely. In despair they asked Louis, the son of the French king, to come and help them, and he landed in England with an army.



THE SEALING OF MAGNA CHARTA.—ERNEST NORMAND.
(From the picture in the Royal Exchange, by kind permission of the artist.)

Soon afterwards, as John was crossing the sands of the Wash, the tide rose so quickly that his baggage was swept away, and he himself narrowly escaped drowning. This last misfortune seemed too much for him. He fell ill and died.

Now that the barons and people had once acted together for the good of England, it was easier for them to do so again. When John's son, Henry III., grew to manhood he, too, was a bad king. He was not as wicked as his father, but he did not know how to rule, and he would not take good advice.

So once more the people refused to be badly governed just because one man chose to be headstrong and foolish. This time their leader was a baron, the wise and brave Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester. Henry tried to fight Earl Simon, but the nation was behind the Earl, and the king was defeated.

For a whole year Simon was the most powerful man in England. But instead of using his power selfishly, he did something that has caused the English people to honour his name ever since. He summoned the first House of Commons. The only Parliament up to this time had been the Great Council of the barons. The people of the towns had had nothing to do with the government. But Earl Simon called upon the towns to send representatives to London, just as we elect representatives to go to Ottawa. So for the first time the English people began to see what it would be like to govern themselves.

Earl Simon was soon overthrown and killed in battle by the king's eldest son, who was afterwards the great

king Edward I. But his work was not forgotten. When Edward himself came to the throne he tried to govern without calling the Commons—as the common people were called—to help him. But he soon found that he would lose the love and respect of his people if he were obstinate. So he was wise enough and generous enough not to hold out too long. When he called together his Parliament in 1295 he, like Earl Simon, asked the towns to send representatives to sit beside the barons. Very soon the Commons were equal to the Lords in power, and ever since the reign of King Edward the two “Houses,” as they are called, have met together in Parliament to make laws and to help the king to govern England.

Edward I.

Although Edward I. owned a large part of France he did not rule over the whole of the British Isles. Part of Wales and all of Scotland were, at the beginning of his reign, still independent.

Most of the Welsh who remained in the west of the country had by this time been conquered, but in North Wales the people were still ruled by their native princes. These were supposed to be under the English king, but really they did very much as they liked, and were often troublesome neighbours.

Edward thought it would be a good thing for both the English and the Welsh if he could bring the latter under his own firm rule. To conquer them, however, was no easy matter.

All they had to do when an enemy approached was to retreat into the rugged mountains round Snowdon, where no regular army could follow them. Many kings



EDWARD THE FIRST.

before Edward I. had tried to subdue them and had failed.



LLANBERIS LAKE AND SNOWDON.—J. M. W. TURNER.
(By permission of Messrs. H. Graves and Co., Limited.)

Edward was more successful. Two Welsh princes who in turn resisted him were overcome, and met with their death, and their mountainous country was seized and united with England.

The Welsh did not like being governed by an English king instead of by their own native princes. Edward knew this. It is said that while he was still in Wales, trying to pacify some of the chieftains, he was called aside to hear the news that a little son had been born to him in Carnarvon Castle, a splendid new fortress which he had just built, and where the queen was then living.

Edward, greatly delighted, went back to the Welsh chieftains and told them that if they would meet him at Carnarvon in a few day's time they should have a prince, of whom he assured them that "he was born in Wales, could speak never a word of English, and never did wrong to man, woman, or child."

When they came to Carnarvon he carried the baby prince out of the castle and showed him to them. The chieftains kissed the prince's tiny hand and promised to be faithful to him, and most of them kept their promise. They were pleased because Edward gave his little son a Welsh nurse, so that the first words he learnt to speak might be Welsh. He was called Edward of Carnarvon, and afterwards became Edward II.

Wales was now joined to England. Scotland was still free, and seemed likely to remain so, as the Scottish kings were far more powerful than the Welsh chieftains, and very strongly determined to remain independent of England.

Quite unexpectedly Edward I. got a chance of gaining power over Scotland. The Scottish king fell with his horse over a cliff on a dark night and was killed. He



CARNARVON CASTLE.—J. M. W. TURNER.

had no one to succeed him but a little granddaughter, whose father was the King of Norway. The Scots sent for this little Maid of Norway to come and be their Queen, but on her way the poor little girl died.

It was now difficult to know who ought to be King of Scotland. Several people claimed the crown, but the

men who seemed to have the most right to it were two barons named John Balliol and Robert Bruce. They both belonged to Norman families and had lands in England as well as Scotland.

The best thing to do seemed to be to ask some king to judge between the different people who claimed the crown. It was decided to ask Edward of England to do this.

Edward joyfully agreed. He invited the chief men of Scotland to meet him at Norham Castle, on the river Tweed, just between the two countries. Before he began business he said he must ask them just to say that he was their over-lord. And he also said that the man he chose as king must swear to be his man, and do homage to him, as the dukes of Normandy used to do the kings of France.

Each of the rivals for the Scottish throne was so eager to get Edward to decide in his favour, and cared so little about his country's freedom, that he was ready to promise anything. Then Edward really tried to find out who had the best right, and decided for John Balliol, who became King of Scotland.

Edward, however, meant to be a real over-lord. Therefore when people who had gone to law in Scotland thought that the judge had not treated them fairly, Edward encouraged them to complain to him, and had their cases tried over again in England. He also commanded the Scottish king to come to England to explain why he had allowed such sentences to be given. This Balliol, though a poor, cowardly creature, refused to do.

The Scots were a proud people, and hated being meddled with by the English king. At last they made Balliol pluck up courage and say he would not be Edward's vassal any longer.

Edward at once marched into Scotland, defeated Balliol's army, and made him give in. Then he said that Scotland belonged to him because its vassal king had rebelled against his over-lord.

He left governors to rule the country for him and went back to England, taking Balliol with him. He also took something which the Scots prized much more. This was a rough block of stone, on which from very ancient days the Scottish kings had sat when they were crowned at Scone.

Some people believed it was the very stone which Jacob used for a pillow the night when he dreamed that he saw angels moving up and down the ladder between earth and heaven.

Edward had the stone enclosed in a chair, and set it in Westminster Abbey, where you can see it to this day. All our kings since Edward I. have sat upon the chair containing it to be crowned.

The Scots had a saying that wherever that stone was found, there Scottish kings should reign. This saying came true three hundred years after Edward's time, when James the Sixth of Scotland became also King of England.



CORONATION CHAIR.

Wallace and Bruce.

Edward now thought himself master of Scotland. He wished to rule the country well, as he ruled England. But the Scots did not want to be ruled well by an English king; they wanted to be free. Moreover, the governors Edward left in Scotland often treated the people harshly.

Before long it happened that a Scotch gentleman, William Wallace, was ill-treated by one of these officers, and determined to revenge himself. He was neither rich nor powerful, but he gathered a few friends around him, and began to attack the English, and soon drove them out of Scotland. He then took the title of Regent of Scotland, for he never tried to make himself king; he was always faithful to John Balliol.

But Wallace was soon defeated by King Edward himself, and was betrayed and put to death. He was a true patriot—that is, a man who loves his country, and willingly gives his life for it.

The Scottish people soon found a new leader. This was Robert Bruce, the grandson of that Robert Bruce who had claimed the Scottish crown at Norham. Like many other of the Scottish nobles, he had for a time sided with the English, but now he began to think of making himself King of Scotland, and setting his country free.

Bruce seemed very fit to be a king. He was a very strong, handsome man. He knew how to make people obey him, but at the same time he was generous and kind-hearted. He was also a brave and skilful soldier.

Bruce now slipped away from the English court and made his way to Scotland. At Dumfries, just over the Border, he met another powerful Scotch baron, called the Red Comyn, who next to himself had the best claim to the Scottish throne, and when they quarrelled Red Comyn was killed. Bruce knew that Edward would never forgive him, and that all he could now do was to openly defy him. So he called his friends around him



ROBERT THE BRUCE.

and was crowned at Scone, though the famous stone was no longer there.

When the news reached Edward he was indeed furious. He vowed never to rest until Scotland was subdued once for all; and as he was now too old and infirm to travel quickly, he sent forward his army under the Earl of Pembroke, while he followed more slowly.

Only three months after he had been crowned Bruce was completely defeated by Pembroke, and though he himself escaped from the battlefield, many of his friends were made prisoners and put to death.

For many months Bruce wandered about among the mountains, hunted from one place to another, often almost starving, and with no shelter from the night and the rain. His wife and several other ladies, besides a few faithful men were with him and shared his sufferings, and he kept up a brave heart to cheer them.

When the winter came on he left the ladies in what he hoped would be a place of safety and went over to Ireland. Soon afterwards his wife fell into the hands of the English. Then Bruce began almost to despair.

One day he was lying on his couch when he saw a spider trying to fasten its thread to one of the rafters of the hut in which he was living. Six times it tried in vain; the seventh time it succeeded. Bruce took the lesson to heart and went back to Scotland.

A few faithful friends began secretly to gather round him. Still for a long time he was in great danger, and had many adventures, in which he showed wonderful courage and coolness. Several times he was nearly captured.

The English set blood-hounds on his track. Once he only escaped being scented out by the animals by wading a long way down a stream; for running water will not keep the scent of a man's foot as the earth does.

Meantime Bruce's greatest enemy was taken away. King Edward died just as he was reaching the Scottish

Border. It is sad that such a great and good king should have ended his days trying to rob Scotland of her freedom; but he honestly thought he was doing what was best for both countries.

If Edward I. was one of the wisest of our kings, his son, Edward II., was one of the most foolish. He never tried to govern at all, whether well or ill, but cared only for amusements and companions as silly as himself.

The great English nobles were jealous of these favourites, and while king and nobles quarrelled Bruce was taking from the English one fortress after another, until at last only Stirling remained in their possession.

Stirling, too, was besieged by the Scots, and the English governor had agreed to give up the castle to them, unless help came to him from England by a certain day in the year 1314.

Even Edward II. was shamed into bestirring himself now. He gathered together the greatest army that England had ever seen, and, the very day before the one fixed for the surrender, drew near to Stirling.

He found Bruce and his army drawn up in front of the town, near a little stream called Bannockburn. Bruce had cunningly dug deep holes in the ground in front of his army, set sharp stakes upright in them, filled them in lightly with brushwood, and covered them with turf. In these traps he hoped to catch the English horse soldiers.

At daybreak, just as the battle was beginning, the Scots knelt down and prayed for victory. "Look," cried King Edward, "they kneel; they are asking forgiveness."

"Yes," replied one of his barons, "but they ask it of God, not of us. These men will conquer or die in the field."

Things turned out as Bruce had planned. The horses of the English knights fell into the holes, and the whole army was thrown into confusion.

Just then the English caught sight of a body of servants whom Bruce had placed on a neighbouring hill. Thinking them to be another army, they lost all heart, and fled, king, knights, and all.

The wars between England and Scotland went on for a long time after this, but Scotland was never again in danger of being conquered. The good King Robert ruled for many years after Bannockburn, and before he died he made the English king acknowledge that Scotland was a free kingdom.

Edward II. also reigned many years more, and very badly. He made new favourites and new enemies. At last every one, even his wife, turned against him, and he was forced to sign a paper saying that he was not fit to be a king, and to give up his throne to his young son Edward III.

Edward the Black Prince.

In the books of olden times we often read about knights. In those days knights were thought a great deal of, and on the field of battle the poorest of them was considered to be as good as even the richest and most powerful noble.

At that time the sons of rich men were not generally sent to school unless they meant to be clergymen, when

they went to the monastery schools. It did not matter if a gentleman did not know how to read or write, so long as he knew how to fight and had good manners.

Boys were sent to be trained at the castle of some great noble. At first they were pages, and waited on the lord and lady of the castle during meals and at other times. They were taught to be very respectful to women, and to be truthful, brave, and modest.



THE BLACK PRINCE.

They learned to ride, and to use their swords and lances skilfully. They were made to ride against a wooden figure, which, if not struck properly with the lance, turned round and gave the awkward rider a smart blow with its wooden sword.

The other amusements they took part in were sham fights, hunting, and killing game and wild birds with

hawks. From time to time a minstrel would come round to the castle, who sang songs to his harp, or told stories, or did juggling tricks.

When they grew older the youths became squires, and followed their lord to the wars, helped him to put on his armour, kept it bright, and began to take their own share in the fight. And as soon as they had done any brave deed which was thought to deserve it, they were admitted to the honour of knighthood.

This was done in a very solemn way. During the night before a young man was knighted he had to watch beside his new armour in a church. In the morning he took a bath, to show that he meant to lead a pure life, and said his prayers.

Then some older knight tapped him lightly on the shoulder with the flat of his sword and said, "Rise up, Sir So-and-so," and he became a knight.

He had to promise solemnly to speak the truth, to stand up for the right, to protect women, the poor, and distressed, to be courteous, and to behave bravely and uprightly in every peril.

The knights engaged in constant fighting, and their chief thought was to win glory and honour for themselves. They cared little about the misery caused by war if they could become famous as fighters.

Edward III. and his son, the Black Prince, were knights of this kind. They won great glory by fighting against the French, but they did not mind the dreadful suffering that these wars brought upon the poor people of France, and upon the people of England as well.

For a long time there had been a quarrel between the kings of France and England. The French kings coveted that part of the south of France which was known as Gascony. This land had belonged to our kings ever since the time of Henry II., and the French kings were always trying to seize it.

Now Edward's mother was the French king's sister, so when the king died Edward at once claimed the throne. Not that he really had any right to it, but he thought his English subjects would care more about the war if they thought their king ought justly to be king of France too.

In this way began a war between the two countries which lasted, off and on, for a hundred years.

Some years after the war began Edward III. invaded France, taking with him his eldest son, Edward, who was afterwards called the Black Prince, then a lad of sixteen.

After passing through Normandy, Edward marched towards Calais, a seaport just opposite Dover. The sailors of Calais did great damage to English trading ships in the Channel, so Edward wanted to take the town.

The French king, Philip, with an army twice as large as his own, was pursuing him. Edward came to a deep river, and found that all the bridges had been broken down to prevent him from crossing. After some time he managed to get over by a ford, and then halted near a village called Crecy, to wait for the French.

The next day was Sunday, a hot day in August. Edward caused all his knights and men-at-arms to get

off their horses, and arranged them in two bodies, one of which he put under the command of his young son. In front of them he put the famous English bowmen, strong, well-fed country fellows, who could send their arrows for more than two hundred yards.

The king himself stood on a hill behind, near a windmill, with a third body of soldiers, ready to come to the help of the others if there was need. Then he ordered his men "to eat at their ease and drink a cup, after which they sat down in their ranks and waited patiently for the French, with their long bows and helmets lying beside them on the warm grass."

About three in the afternoon the great French army came in sight. They were hungry and tired after a long march, and though there were many gallant knights and nobles on horseback, they were not used to obey orders, and were all struggling to get to the front, so that they were in great confusion.

There were no French archers. Philip, however, had hired some Italian bowmen from Genoa, and put them in front. But a heavy shower came on and wetted their bow-strings, so that they could not shoot. The English archers kept their bows in their cases until the rain was over.

At the first steady flight of English arrows the Genoese turned round and ran, getting right into the way of the French knights.

But the French horsemen were now in such confusion that they could not stand against the English arrows either, and fell fast. Then the English knights charged,

and the victory was won. The slaughter of the French was terrible.

The Black Prince fought very bravely. At one time he was so hard pressed that some one went to the king and begged him to send help. "Is my son killed?" asked the king. "No," replied the messenger. "Is he wounded?" "No, Sire." "Then," said the king, "he shall have no help from me; let the boy *win his spurs*." He meant, let him prove himself a true knight; for only knights might wear spurs.

At the battle of Crecy cannon were used, some of the first seen on the battlefield. They are described as very small ones, "which, with fire, and a noise like God's thunder, threw little balls of iron to frighten the horses."

After that the war went on by fits and starts. Ten years after Crecy, the Black Prince won another great victory, with quite a small army, at Poitiers, in the central part of France. The French king, John, was taken prisoner. The Black Prince led him to his own tent, and at supper stood behind his chair and waited on him like a servant. A true knight was bound to show respect to a conquered foe.

The English kept on sending armies to France. They could never conquer the country, but they brought it to great misery. They burned the villages, trampled down the crops, destroyed the vineyards, and killed many innocent people. France became almost a desert. The people starved. grass grew in the streets of Paris.



THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMAGE

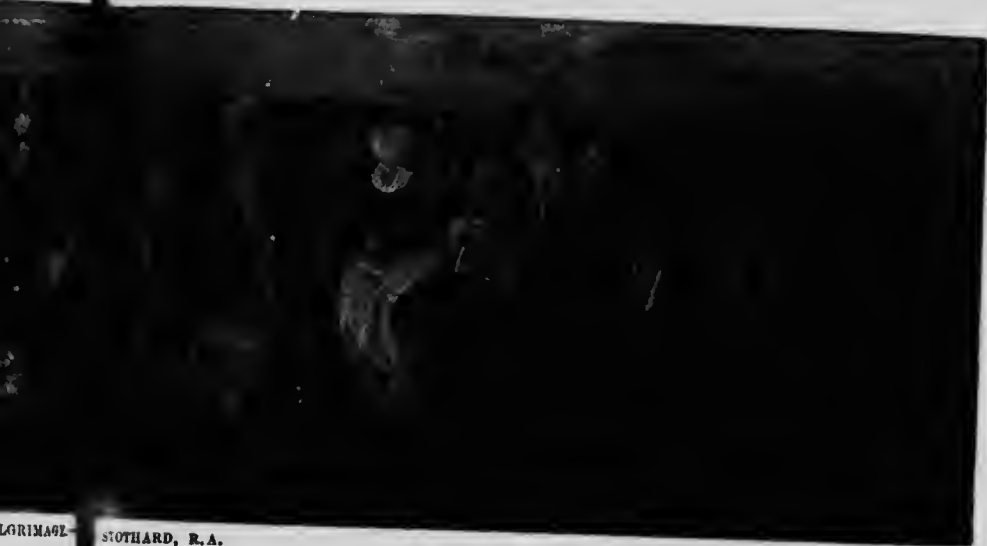
At last Edward grew ashamed of the wretchedness he was bringing on the French. He was frightened by a terrible thunderstorm, which he thought was a sign of God's anger, and he made a peace with the French.

The peace was not long kept. But the French now had a clever king. He would not fight any great battles with the English, but little by little he won back nearly all the land which they had taken.

Geoffrey Chaucer.

In the reign of Edward III. and that of his successor, Richard II., there lived a man called Geoffrey Chaucer. He led a stirring sort of life. He went to court; he went to the wars; he went to Italy on the king's business; he was a member of Parliament.

He was a stout, quiet man and kept his eyes down on the ground. Yet all the time he was watching the men



STOTHARD, R.A.

and women round him, and noticing everything they did, but in a kindly way, because he liked them and they amused him.

When he was getting elderly he began to write a poem, which became very famous. In his time the way in which people generally took an outing was to go to some holy place, often the tomb of a saint, where they prayed.

People who made such journeys were called pilgrims. The favourite place to which English people made pilgrimages was the tomb of Saint Thomas of Canterbury.

In his poem Chaucer pretended that twenty-nine pilgrims met at an inn in Southwark, which is part of London south of the river Thames, all ready to start for Canterbury.

There were people of all sorts. There was a knight who had been in many wars and his son, a young squire,

with long curls and a gown all worked with red and white flowers. There was a nun, and there was a country gentleman, with a rosy face and a beard as white as a daisy. Then there was a poor parson who thought of nothing but doing good, a monk and a merchant, a doctor, a lawyer, a sailor, a learned man from Oxford, a jolly dame from Bath, a miller, a ploughman, and ever so many more. The inn-keeper went with them, Chaucer describes them all so well that we can almost fancy we see them, and are riding to Canterbury with them.

The journey from London to Canterbury on horseback in those days took three and a half days, though the distance is only sixty miles, and you can go now by a fast train in less than two hours. The roads must have been very bad.

Chaucer made the inn-keeper invent a plan for amusing the company on the road. They were to tell each other stories, and whoever told the best story was to be treated to a supper by the others on their return to the inn in Southwark.

Chaucer of course wrote the stories for them, but he did not finish them all. Perhaps he had not time before he died. The whole poem is called the *Canterbury Tales*.

But it is not only because it is beautiful poetry, or because it tells us so much about what people were like five hundred years ago that the *Canterbury Tales* is such a famous book. It is because it was one of the first great poems written in English.

The poorer people had gone on talking English even after the Normans came. But so few of them could read that scarcely any books were written for them. Many nobles and gentlemen could not read either, but for those who could, Latin and French books were written. Boys had to do their lessons in French.

Even after the Normans and English became joined into one people, French was still spoken at Court and by the richer people. It seems likely that even Edward III. did not understand English.

But now French was going out of fashion, and every one was beginning to speak English, partly because the war made Englishmen hate everything French.

You would find it difficult to read Chaucer. His English is old-fashioned, and he uses many French words. But all the same he is our first great English poet.

John Wyclif.

In Chaucer's time all clergymen were not like the Poor Parson of the *Canterbury Tales*. Some were more like the monks and friars he tells us of, whom we cannot admire at all. In former days the monks had been poor and spent their time well, and the friars had nursed the sick and tried to help the poor and wretched.

The monk Chaucer describes spent all his time in hunting, and loved a good dinner and fine clothes; and the friars and other churchmen he tells us of were very lazy, and got money by cheating silly people. They scarcely seemed to care about religion at all.

When the monks had been deserving, people had given them money and lands, so that they had become very rich, and built splendid monasteries all over the land.

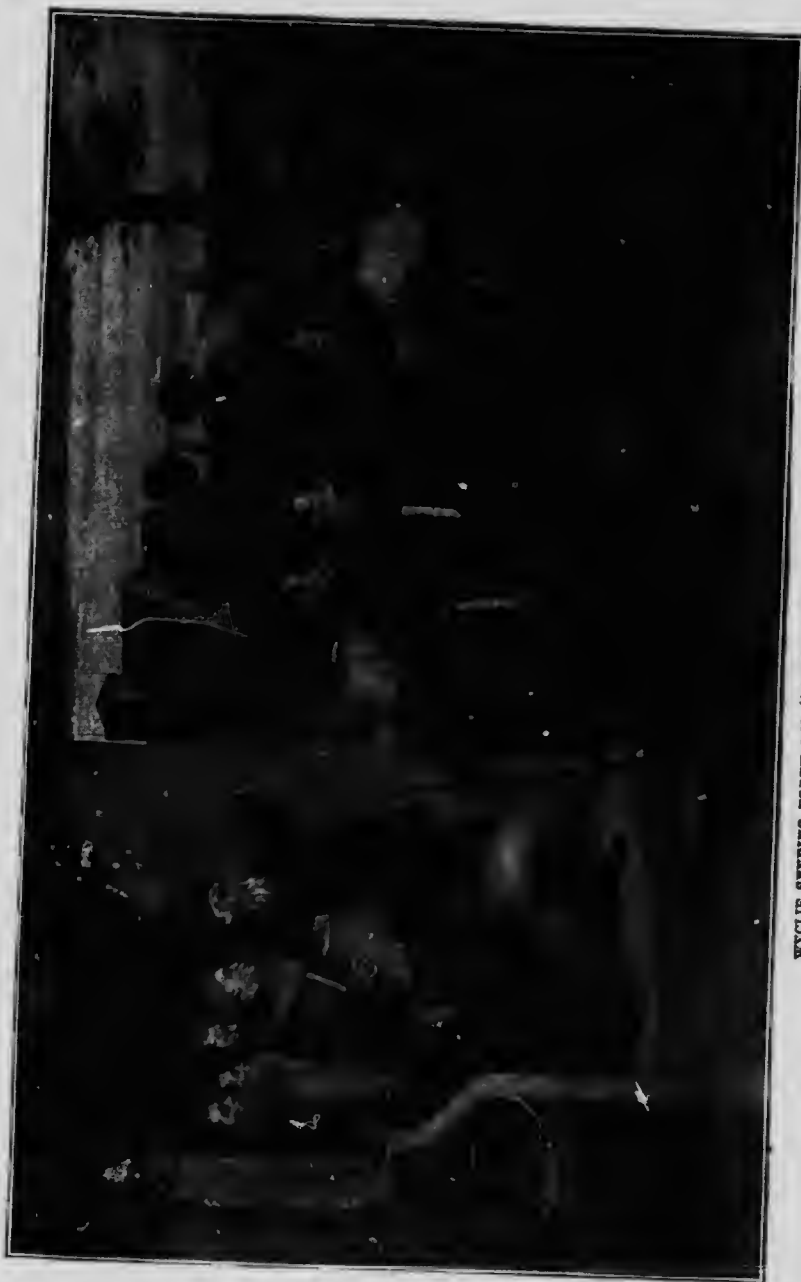
The clergy were powerful as well as rich. Nearly all the people who helped in the work of governing the country were clergymen. This was because they were so much better educated than other men.

There was one man who was very much grieved to see the clergy neglecting their proper work of teaching the people and helping them to lead better and happier lives, and who said that if they did not do their duty they ought not to be so rich.

This was John Wyclif. He was born in Yorkshire but he lived most of his life in Oxford, and taught there. Oxford and Cambridge were already famous for the number of scholars from all parts of the world who went there to study.

Wyclif got together a body of men called "Poor Priests," who went all over the country, bare-footed and clad in long brown gowns, preaching. Being poor themselves they easily made friends with poor men, who listened to them gladly.

Because Wyclif said that people who did not use their wealth well ought not to have any, some people thought he was encouraging lawless men to take away the property of the rich by violence. He was forbidden to teach at Oxford and went to live at the quiet village of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire, of which he was vicar.



WYCLIF SENDING FORTH HIS "POOR PRIESTS."—W. F. TAYLOR, R.A.
(By permission of Messrs. H. Graves and Co., Limited.)

Here he finished a great work on which he had long been busy. This was the first English Bible. The Bible was first written in Hebrew and Greek, but when Latin was so much used it was put into Latin. Before Wyclif's time scarcely any but Latin Bibles were used. Now Wyclif turned it into English. It was a great thing for Englishmen to have the Bible in their own tongue.

Yet not very many could use even an English Bible. Most people did not know how to read at all, and as printing had not yet been invented, books still cost a great deal.

Wat Tyler.

After Edward III. died, his grandson, Richard II., the son of the Black Prince, became king. He was only ten years old, so his uncles, and chiefly John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, ruled for him.

They spent a great deal of money on the French war, and yet England now was always beaten. Of course the war brought heavy taxes, and the people did not like to pay the taxes when they were being badly governed and their armies badly led.

At last the men of Essex rose in rebellion under a leader who called himself Wat Tyler, and who said that a tax gatherer had ill-treated his daughter. The men of Kent also rose under a leader who called himself Jack Straw.

The rebels began to march towards London. They complained chiefly of the new taxes, and of having to work for the landlords without pay. For many of them

were serfs, that is, they had to remain on the land on which they were born and work for their lord a certain number of days every week. They were beginning now to resent this. So they burnt the parchments on which the landlords had written down what work each serf had to do for him, and murdered the lawyers who had taken the side of the masters when they went to law.

Before long a great body of rebels was encamped on Blackheath, south of London. It would have been quite easy to keep them from getting into the city over London Bridge, but they had friends in London who would not let the gates be shut, so they streamed across the bridge.

They began by plundering the palace of John of Gaunt and the houses of the lawyers, whom they hated. The citizens were very much frightened; yet no one dared to withstand the rioters.

The king was only a lad of fourteen, yet he showed more courage than most of his councillors. He met the rebels, and promised that the serfs should be set free. Upon this many of them went quietly home.

Wat Tyler, however, and about 30,000 of his followers remained behind. They broke into the Tower of London, and finding there the Archbishop of Canterbury, by whose advice the taxes had been levied, they dragged him out and beheaded him. Then they put many lawyers to death.

The next day Richard rode out again to the rebels and asked Wat Tyler to come forward and tell him what more he wanted. Wat Tyler did so, and began to use

threatening words. Then the Lord Mayor of London, who was with the king, slew Tyler with his dagger.

Seeing him fall, the rebels bent their bows and shouted angrily, "Where is our leader?" Richard rode boldly forward. "I am your king," he said; "I will be your leader; follow me."

Scarcely knowing what they did, they obeyed. In a few minutes they found themselves surrounded by the king's troops, and had to submit. Before nightfall nearly all had left London.

It is sad to say that when Parliament met it was resolved that the promises of freedom made to the serfs in the moment of danger should not be kept. Instead of that, the rebels were cruelly punished and the ringleaders hanged.

But the landlords had been frightened. They soon found that free men earning honest wages worked better than sulky serfs who were paid nothing. In time all the serfs were set free.

King Henry V.

Richard II., who had behaved so boldly at the time of the Peasants' Rising, did not make a good king. He had many quarrels with his uncles, who were unwilling to give up governing for him even when he was grown up.

Worse than this, though, he tried to govern without any Parliament, and to take money from his subjects by unlawful means. But his plans came to a sudden end. His cousin, Henry Bolingbroke, the son of John of

Gaunt, rose in rebellion. Thousands who were tired of Richard's injustice and tyranny flocked to him. Richard was left without friends, and was taken prisoner by his cousin.



HENRY THE FOURTH.

Parliament met and declared that Richard had broken the laws of England and was unfit to govern, and forced

him to give up the crown, as Edward II. had been forced to do.

Then Bolingbroke claimed it, and was chosen king as Henry IV., the first sovereign of the House of Lancaster.

When Henry had got the throne he did not enjoy it much. He had many troubles. Some of the nobles who had helped him most to become king, afterwards grew jealous of him and rebelled, and he had hard work to put them down.

Henry IV. is said to have been very much vexed by the pranks played by his eldest son, Mad Prince Hal. But though very likely the prince sometimes did rather wild things, he cannot have done very bad ones, for as King Henry V. he showed himself to be a good and upright man, and was dearly loved by his people.

It seems a pity that he should have begun afresh the war with France, which had nearly died out. Poor France was in a sad state. Her king was mad; her nobles were fighting against, and murdering, each other.

Englishmen thought they had now a good chance of revenging the losses they had lately suffered at the hands of the French. And Henry seems honestly to have believed that it was right for him to try and conquer France, so that he might perhaps restore peace and order in the land.

So he laid claim to the crown of France, though he had not the smallest right to it, and crossed over to Normandy with an army, to the great delight of his people.

He first laid siege to a town called Harileur, but could not capture it for five weeks. By the end of that time



HENRY THE FIFTH.

so many of his soldiers had died from sickness that he had only nine thousand men left.

With these he determined to march to Calais. He found it very difficult to force his way through the enemy's country and to get food, and his little army was very tired and hungry when he received the news that fifty thousand Frenchmen were close by, blocking the road to Calais.

Henry was not in the least afraid. He trusted his men, and joyfully prepared for battle. That night, as he was going round his camp to see that all was in order, he overheard some one wishing that a few thousands of the brave Englishmen who were sleeping peacefully in their beds at home could be with them in the next day's fight.

"No," said Henry, "I do not wish for one man more. If God in His mercy favours us, we shall do well enough; and if, for our sins, He delivers us into the hands of the enemy, the fewer there are of us, the less loss will it be to England."

Through the cold, rainy night the English kept watch and said their prayers. The French feasted and made a great noise, and played at dice for the prisoners they felt sure they should make in the battle on the morrow.

The next day Henry got up very early and put his little army in array. He placed them in a narrow space with woods on each side, so that they could not be surrounded. All fought on foot.

To each of the archers, who were in front, he gave a wooden stake, shod with iron at both ends. They were to fix these into the ground before them, and in this

way form a kind of hedge, bristling with sharp points, to keep off the enemy's horses.

Then Henry put on his armour and a helmet with a gold crown round it, and, mounting a grey pony, rode up and down his lines, cheerfully encouraging his men to do their best.

When the signal was given, the English archers, with a loud halloo, began to discharge their arrows. The French horsemen, in shining armour, tried to advance and trample them down. But their horses, weighed down by the heavy armour which they, as well as their riders wore, stuck in the wet, muddy ground, and the English arrows slew many.

When the arrows were spent a fierce hand-to-hand struggle began. The king fought like a lion. A blow from a battle-axe struck his helmet and carried away a piece of the gold crown, but did not hurt. The helmet, with the dint made by the battle-axe, can still be seen hanging over Henry's tomb in Westminster Abbey.

When the fight was over, eleven thousand Frenchmen lay dead on the field, and amongst them were nearly all the chief nobles of France. Henry called the battle Agincourt, after a village in the neighbourhood. It was fought in the year 1415.

Joan of Arc.

Two years after Agincourt Henry V. invaded France again and conquered Normandy. Then the French had to make peace with him, and it was agreed that he should marry the daughter of the French king, be regent for his mad father-in-law while he lived, and be King of France when he died.

Henry, however, died first, when he was only thirty-four. He left a baby son, who became King of England, and soon afterwards, when his grandfather died, King of France. He was King Henry VI. Only the north of France would take him for their king; the south was faithful to Charles VII., the mad king's son.

While Henry was a child his uncle, the Duke of Bedford, ruled France for him, and the English went on winning many victories. At last they laid siege to the town of Orleans, in the middle of France. They felt certain of taking it, for the French had now lost heart completely.

Orleans was saved in a wonderful way. In a distant part of France lived a village girl named Joan Dare, whom the English afterwards called Joan of Arc. She was a good child and loved her parents dearly.

Joan was tall and strong, and was always chosen by the other children as leader in their games. Yet sometimes she would sit for hours under a great beech near her home, thinking. She always thought of the same thing, the stories she had heard of the dreadful misery caused by the war.



JOAN OF ARC TAKING A VOW.—W. ETTY, R.A.
(By permission of Messrs. H. Graves and Co., Limited.)

When she was about thirteen she was one day in her father's garden when she fancied she heard a voice from heaven saying to her, "Joan, be a good child, for the King of Heaven hath chosen thee to save France." Afterwards she often seemed to hear voices bidding her not to rest until Orleans was saved from the English and Charles VII. was crowned at Rheims, as all the French kings had been before him.

When she was sixteen she told her parents about it, and begged them to let her go. They scolded her for being so foolish and headstrong. Joan cried bitterly, and said, "I must go to the king, even if I wear my limbs to my very knees. I had far rather rest and spin by my mother's side. This is no work of my choosing, but I must do it, for my Lord wills it."

Her parents did all they could to hinder her, but at last they gave way, and persuaded a French officer of the district to take her to the king. To see whether she would know him or not, Charles dressed himself very simply and stood quite away from the throne among a crowd of other gentlemen.

Joan, however, went straight up to him and said, "I am Joan the Maid. The Heavenly King sends me to tell you that you shall be crowned in the city of Rheims." Charles, who was lazy and careless, let her have her way. Perhaps he really believed in her.

Her Voices, as she called them, had told her to dress like a soldier. So a suit of armour was made for her, and, mounted on a white horse, and carrying a banner in her hand, she started for Orleans.

The sight of her gave the French soldiers hope and courage again, and they were ready to follow her to the death. She managed to get through the English forces into Orleans, where she was welcomed as an angel from heaven.

She rode out with her troops to attack the English, but she never fought herself. Once when she received a slight wound from an arrow she burst out crying, just like any other girl. The English believed she was a witch, and became so frightened that they gave up the siege. So Orleans was saved.

Then Joan persuaded Charles to go to Rheims, and had the joy of seeing him crowned. Now that her work was done she begged to go home, but the French soldiers would not let her leave them.

But their captains were jealous of her fame. They were so mean that one day when a party of soldiers, and the Maid amongst them, were retreating before the English into a city, they shut the gates and left her outside, and she was taken prisoner.

It is shameful to have to tell how the English treated her. She was tried as a witch, because they said she had only been deceiving people when she said that she had been sent by God. She was condemned, and they burned her in the market-place of Rouen. She died declaring that her Voices came from heaven, and calling on the name of Jesus.

The ungrateful king of France did not even try to save her. After her death the English gradually lost all her conquests in France, until nothing remained to them but the town of Calais.

The Wars of the Roses.—Henry VII.

Although the great English lords had been obliged to set free their serfs, they were still very rich and powerful. The king, Henry VI., could not keep these lords in order. He was gentle and pious, but very weak-minded,



HENRY THE SEVENTH.

and sometimes became quite mad for months at a time. The people hated his queen, Margaret of Anjou, a masterful, passionate woman, and his favourite ministers, because they thought that it was their fault that

England had been so disgracefully beaten in France and that things were in such disorder at home.

Presently it began to be said that Henry had no right to be king, but that the crown ought to belong to his cousin Richard, Duke of York, because he was descended from an elder son of Edward III. than Henry's ancestor, John of Gaunt.

The Duke of York was a much cleverer man than Henry, and very powerful. He did not at first claim the crown, but there soon came to be two parties in England, the Yorkists and Lancastrians. Before long they began to fight. The badge of the Yorkists was a white rose; that of the Lancastrians a red one. On this account the wars which followed are known as the Wars of the Roses.

The two sides fought savagely, and for a time no one knew which was likely to win. But after a while, the Yorkists grew stronger and stronger until they became masters of England. Three of them in succession were kings, Edward IV., his little son Edward V., and the able and wicked Richard III.

For twenty years the head of the House of Lancaster, Henry, Earl of Richmond, was an exile on the continent. But he knew that the whole country feared and hated Richard. So one day he landed in England with a little army, and marched against the king. In the great battle of Bosworth Field he defeated and killed King Richard, and became king himself as Henry VII. Then he took for his badge a double rose, half white and half red.

All these battles had been fought by the nobles and their servants, and most of the people had gone on

farming and trading all the time, caring very little which side won. But still they felt too uncertain about what might happen to do as much business as they wanted. So they wished for a king who could keep order, and they did not mind his having a great deal of power if he only did this one thing.

From this time our kings began to get far more power than they had ever had before. Henry's first care was to keep down the nobles. This was the easier because many of them had been killed off in the wars. Their lands had been bought by rich merchants or gentlemen who became lords, but had no wish to fight against the king.

Henry VII. knew that if he was to be powerful he must be rich. He did not like getting money by taxes, because it made the people discontented. He liked better to make the nobles pay fines, and to take some of their wealth from rich men. But this was not right, and it made the people troubled and angry.

Cardinal Wolsey.

Nobody was sorry when Henry VII. died. The people were delighted with their young king, Henry VIII. They called him "bluff King Hal," because he had a friendly word and a joke for everyone. He was handsome and active, and was as fond of spending money as his father had been of saving it.

Afterwards people found that this jolly king could be very cruel. He had always to get his own way

whatever happened, and he was so clever that he knew exactly how to manage to do it. If he once got an idea into his head, nobody could get it out again. And if any one hindered him from getting what he wanted, he did not show him the least mercy.



CARDINAL WOLSEY.

Henry made a strange marriage. He took for his wife a Spanish princess, Katharine, the widow of his elder brother Arthur, who had died a few years before his father. Katharine was older than Henry, and rather grave and quiet, but for a long time they were very happy together.

During the early years of his reign Henry had a very faithful servant, whose one thought was to make his master as powerful as possible at home and abroad. This was Thomas Wolsey. He was the son of a citizen of Ipswich. He was very clever as a boy, and in time became a clergyman. Soon he got taken into the king's service, for kings still nearly always used clergymen to do the work of governing under them.

Before long Wolsey became the chief minister of the king. He was also Bishop of Winchester and Archbishop of York, although he was much more taken up with worldly things than with religion. The Pope, to please Henry, made him a cardinal. No clergyman could rise to a higher honour in the Church than that, unless he were chosen Pope. Wolsey himself hoped to become Pope, but he did not get his wish.

He lived in great state, and was thought very proud. He built a splendid palace for himself, called Hampton Court, and when it was finished he made a present of it to the king.

Suddenly Wolsey fell into disfavour. Henry began to say that he was afraid he had done very wrong in marrying his brother's widow. The real truth was that he was tired of Katharine, and wanted to put her away and marry a young lady named Anne Boleyn.

He told Wolsey he must arrange this for him. Wolsey does not seem to have liked the idea, but he always thought it his duty to please his master, whatever he wanted him to do.

The Pope ordered Wolsey and another Cardinal to hold a court in England, to hear what Henry and Katharine had to say. The poor queen threw herself at Henry's feet and begged him to have pity on her. She reminded him that she was a weak woman and a foreigner, and that for twenty years she had been a faithful and obedient wife to him.

Katharine ended by saying that she would have no judge but the Pope himself, and after a time the Pope declared that he must do as she wished and that the trial must be finished in Rome.

Henry thought it was Wolsey's fault, and was very angry with him. He took away his offices and his wealth and treated him most ungratefully. Wolsey left the Court in disgrace. Before long Henry ordered him to come back to London to be tried for treason.

Wolsey was broken-hearted at the king's cruelty. He was old and ill. On his journey he reached Leicester Abbey. The abbot came out by torchlight to meet him. "Father abbot," he said, "I am come hither to lay my bones among you." A day or two later he died.

On his deathbed he thought with sorrow of his past life. "If I had served God," he said, "as diligently as I have served the king, He would not have given me over in my grey hairs.

Sir Thomas More.

One of the best men we read of in English history is Sir Thomas More. He was brought up as a page in the household of Archbishop Morton, who, seeing what a bright boy he was, used to say, "This child here, waiting at the table, will prove a marvellous man." The archbishop helped him to go to Oxford to study.

At this time people all over Europe were very eager to learn. For a long time just a few things had been taught over and over again, and just a few books read. Now men were thinking of many new things, and wanted to read and write many more books.

They were able to do this because in the time of our Henry VI. printing had been invented in Germany. Books could be printed much more quickly and cheaply than they could be copied by hand, and soon they began to become more plentiful.

Printing was brought to England in the reign of Edward IV. by William Caxton, a London merchant. He had lived a long time abroad, and had there learned this wonderful new thing. He set up a printing press in Westminster, and the king and queen went to look at it as a great curiosity.

No one was more eager to learn than Thomas More and the friends he made at Oxford, and they wished to help others to do the same. They wanted particularly to have better schools, where children could be well taught and really enjoy their lessons. About this time many such schools were founded in England, and some of them are still going on.

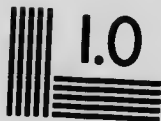


CAYTON SHOWING HIS FIRST SPECIMEN TO EDWARD IV.—P. MACLISE, R.A.
(by permission of Messrs. H. Graves and Co., Limited.)



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Every one loved Thomas More. He was not only clever, but very happy and good-tempered and full of fun. When he grew up he became a lawyer, as his father had been before him. He married and had several children, whom he loved very fondly, and who loved him dearly in return.

Children in those days were very strictly brought up. Their parents thought it right to punish them very severely. But More did not beat his children. Yet still he made them obedient and respectful. He took great pains to have them well taught, the girls as well as the boys. Other people at that time thought girls need not learn anything but sewing and cooking, and how to nurse the men when they fought and were wounded.

More became a great man in Parliament, and when Wolsey fell into disgrace, Henry VIII. made him his chief minister. The king seemed very fond of him. But More did not trust the king's favour, and he was quite right. Before long he was obliged to disagree with Henry about a very important matter, and Henry never forgave any one who did that.

Henry was very angry because the Pope made such difficulties about giving him leave to put away Queen Katharine, and he determined that he would no longer obey the Pope at all. He called Parliament together, and made it pass one law after another against the Pope, until all the power that he had always had over the Church in England was done away with.

Englishmen had never much liked being interfered with by the Pope, so Parliament was not altogether

unwilling to do this. But still it was such a very great change to make, that they would perhaps scarcely have done it so suddenly if Henry had not driven them on.

Henry then said that the king was to be head of the Church instead of the Pope, and to settle everything



HENRY THE EIGHTH.

about religion. He persuaded Cranmer, the new Archbishop of Canterbury, to give him leave to put away Katharine, and then at last he married Anne Boleyn.

Then he made Parliament pass a law by which any one might be called upon to swear that Anne Boleyn was the king's lawful wife, and that her children would be the lawful successors to the crown of England after Henry's death.

More was sent for to come and take this oath before the archbishop at Lambeth. He did not mind promising to accept Anne's children as lawful heirs to the crown, because he thought that was a thing which the king and Parliament could settle. But he would not say that Anne was Henry's lawful wife, because he did not believe that she was, Katharine being still alive.

So he was sent to the Tower, where his daughter Margaret was a great comfort to him; while his wife, when she came to see him, only told him how foolish he was not to take the oath like other people.

While he was in the Tower another law was passed which said that anybody who refused to call the king "Head of the Church," should be put to death as a traitor. As More could not honestly do this either, he was tried and condemned to die.

His daughter was waiting to get a glimpse of her father when he was brought back to the Tower after his trial. When she saw him she pushed through the soldiers who were guarding him, threw her arms around his neck and received his fatherly blessing.

More was not at all afraid to die. When he was led out to be beheaded at Tower Hill, he was quite cheerful, and even merry. Seeing that the steps up to the scaffold were not very strong, he said, "I pray you see

me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift for myself." After he had said his prayers he laid his head upon the block, but raised it again to move his beard out of the way. "It would be a pity for that to be cut," they heard him say to himself, "that has not committed treason." And so "passed Sir Thomas More out of this world to meet God."

The Boy King and the Protestants.

Edward VI., son of Henry VIII., was ten years old when he began to reign, and only sixteen when he died. He was so grave and thoughtful that he cared much more about the way in which his country was governed for him than most boys of his age would have done.

Just at this time many people in the different countries of Europe were beginning to find fault with the Popes and with the religion they taught, and to say that the Bible taught something different. These people were afterwards called Protestants. The first great leader of the Protestants was a German monk, named Martin Luther, and from German his teaching spread to other lands.

The new King's uncle, the Duke of Somerset, who was made Protector, and Cranmer, the Archbishop of Canterbury, were both Protestants, and Edward had been brought up to believe very earnestly in the new teaching. So they determined to set up the Protestant religion in England.

There were a good many Protestants in England by this time, especially in the towns. But still most Englishmen

wanted things to go on as they had been under Henry VIII., when they kept their old church services, but were no longer under the Pope.



EDWARD THE SIXTH.

Nowadays it is not considered right to try to force all the people who live in the same country to have the same religion. It is thought that each man or woman

has a right to choose in what way he or she will worship God and get help in trying to be good.

In the times we are now reading of, people did not understand this. If a king remained a Roman Catholic (as those who kept the old teaching now began to be called), he thought he must burn his Protestant subjects, to stop them from spreading what he thought to be false teaching.

If a king became a Protestant he punished those of his subjects who would not also change their religion. Each side looked upon the other as enemies, and in every country there were quarrels, or even wars, between them.

This was very sad. But one great good came out of it. Men learned to be very much in earnest in keeping to what they believed to be right and true. Often they had to choose between telling a lie and dying a horrible death, and many a brave man and woman chose rather to die than to be false to what they believed.

Very soon Edward and his advisers passed a law by which the old services in the churches were to be done away with, and a new prayer-book, put together by Cranmer, was to be used instead. Every one who used any other kind of service was to be severely punished.

The new prayer-book was written in English, that the people might understand it better than the old ones, which had been in Latin. But they did not like it. The men of Cornwall and Devon even rose in rebellion when it began to be used. They did not want to change their religion.

Edward had always been a sickly boy, and he knew that he must soon die. It grieved him very much to think that the crown would go to his half-sister, Mary, the daughter of Queen Katharine, who was a Roman Catholic.

Edward knew she would bring back the old religion again. So he let some artful men persuade him to say,



LADY JANE GREY.

quite unlawfully, that his cousin, Lady Jane Grey, should be queen when he died. Lady Jane was a beautiful girl of sixteen, very learned, very good, and a firm Protestant. She did not know that she was doing wrong in accepting the crown.

When Edward died, however, the English were faithful to their lawful queen, Mary. Queen Jane only reigned nine days, and then Mary entered London in triumph, and Jane was sent to the Tower.

Mary spared her at first. But a year later there was a rising against the queen, and though poor Jane was quite innocent of any share in it, her head was cut off, as well as that of her young husband.

Mary lost no time in bringing back the old religion. Most of the people were greatly pleased at this. Parliament even begged the Pope to forgive the English nation for having quarrelled with him.

Before long Mary got Parliament to renew the terrible laws for the burning of heretics, most of which Edward VI had done away with, though the Protestants sometimes burned people too. Mary did this not because she was a cruel woman, but because she thought it was right.

Then the English people learned how ready the Protestants were to die for their religion. Among those who suffered were two bishops named Ridley and Latimer, and Crammer, the Archbishop of Canterbury.

But it was not only bishops who were burned. Poor men and women, and even boys, who had read very little except their Bible, were just as brave and true to their faith. The dreadful work went on for about three years, and it is said that about two hundred and eighty people were burned in all, in different parts of the country.

Elizabeth and Mary Stuart.

When Mary died, her young half-sister, Elizabeth, the daughter of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn, was welcomed to the throne with great rejoicings. She was a Protestant, and in her reign the Protestant religion became that of the state, as it has been ever since.

Elizabeth was one of the greatest sovereigns that England has ever had. She had a great many faults. Yet she made her people love her so devotedly that almost any of them would have died rather than that a hair of her head should have been injured.

All the wisest and bravest of her subjects worked heart and soul for her, ungrateful as she sometimes was. For she was as wise and brave as any of them, and she loved her country and brought it safely through a time of terrible danger. Indeed in her reign England was a more peaceful and wealthy country than it had ever been before.

The Scots had also at this time a young queen, Mary Stuart, who was lovelier and more charming than Elizabeth, but not so wise or prudent. The two queens were cousins; both were descended from Henry VII. of England.

The Scottish people did not like their beautiful young queen, who was a Roman Catholic. Scotland had by this time become a Protestant country, chiefly owing to the teaching of a famous preacher named John Knox. Knox hated Roman Catholics, and he was such an



OPENING OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE BY QUEEN ELIZABETH.—K. CROFTS, R.A.
(From the picture in the Royal Exchange, by kind permission of the artist.)

earnest man that he thought that everything that was merry and amusing was wrong.

Mary had been Queen of Scotland ever since she was ten days old. But she had lived in France, the home of her mother, nearly all her life.

She married a French prince, and was Queen of France for a little time, but she was left a widow when she was nineteen, and had to go back to her own kingdom of Scotland.

Her grave Scottish subjects were shocked at Mary's gay doings, and she found Scotland very dull and dreary. Before long she married a young Scottish lord called Darnley, and they had one little son, James.

Mary soon got tired of Darnley, who indeed treated her very badly. Yet when he fell ill she was very kind to him, and persuaded him to come to Edinburgh to be near her, though he was to stay for a while in a lonely house outside the city walls until he was quite cured.

One night soon after Darnley went there this house was blown up by gunpowder, and Darnley's dead body was found lying in the orchard. The deed was believed to have been done by a nobleman of very bad character named Bothwell who wished to marry Mary.

Very soon after this Mary married Bothwell. Then people began to say that she had known beforehand that Darnley was to be murdered, and had enticed him to Edinburgh on purpose. Whether Mary really did this horrible thing or not will most likely never be certainly known; people are still trying to find out. But many of her subjects then thought she was guilty.

They took her prisoner, and some of them wanted to put her to death as a murderess. Instead of that, however, they made her give up her crown to her little son, and shut her up in a castle built on an island in the middle of a lake, from which they thought she could not escape.

However, a page in the castle was so sorry for her that he stole the keys and let her out. A boat was waiting and she got safely away. She raised an army, but it was defeated by her enemies.

Not knowing what else to do she fled over the border into England and begged her cousin Elizabeth to protect her.

Elizabeth was very much puzzled to know what to do with Mary. But she finally decided to keep her a prisoner in England without really trying to find out whether she had helped to murder Darnley or not. She thought this was the safest plan for herself, but it was very unfair to Mary.

Elizabeth was punished for it, for some of her subjects who were Roman Catholics made plots from time to time to release Mary and make her Queen of England. All these plots were found out and came to nothing.

For nineteen long years Mary was kept in prison in England, sometimes in one castle, sometimes in another. She was treated well and with respect. But at last Elizabeth's ministers went to her and told her that Mary had written a letter in which she approved of a plan to murder the Queen. They said that now Mary must be beheaded.

For a long time Elizabeth could not make up her mind to sign the paper ordering this to be done. She would have liked her ministers to do it on their own account, so that she might not be blamed; but they were too wise for that. They knew that when it was done she would turn round and punish them for it, though in her heart she would be glad.

In the end she signed the paper. Two lords went off in great haste to Fotheringay Castle to tell Mary that she must die the very next morning.

Mary did not show the least fear. She spent the night in praying and writing farewell letters to her friends. Early next morning she was brought into the great hall of the castle, the walls of which were hung with black cloth. At one end was a raised platform, on which was the block.

Mary wore a dark crimson velvet dress, over which was thrown a large white veil. She carried a cross in her hand. Some of her waiting-women were with her. They were crying bitterly, for they loved their kind mistress.

Mary gently reminded them that they had promised to give no trouble. They took off her cloak and veil and tied a handkerchief round her eyes. Then Mary quietly knelt down, and with two blows the executioner cut off her head and held it up, crying "God save Queen Elizabeth."



QUEEN MARY RECEIVING THE WARRANT FOR HER EXECUTION. —T. STOTHARD, R.A.

Drake and the English Sailors.

Englishmen have always felt at home on the sea. But it was in Elizabeth's reign that English sailors first became famous both as fighters and for the long voyages they made.

People had only just begun to make long voyages at all. In the reign of our Henry VII. some Portuguese sailors went along the west coast of Africa till they discovered the Cape of Good Hope, and sailed round it to India.

A few years earlier an Italian, named Christopher Columbus, who knew that the world was round, thought that if he sailed from Europe westward across the Atlantic he would come to India in that way. So he sailed west, and bye and bye he reached this great continent of America.

Although Columbus was an Italian, it was the King and Queen of Spain who gave him money and ships for his great voyage. Accordingly when America had been discovered the King of Spain declared that this New World and the seas round it all belonged to him, and he tried to keep all other nations from trading or settling there.

The parts he really cared about were Mexico in North America, and Peru in South America, one to the north, the other to the south of the equator, because these had rich gold and silver mines. The Spaniards conquered these lands. He also liked the West Indies because the soil was so rich.

In the time of Elizabeth, Englishmen began to feel unwilling to let the Spaniards keep all these good things for themselves. Some Devonshire gentlemen began to fit out small ships at their own cost and sail into the forbidden seas to see what they could get.

One of them, Sir John Hawkins, started a very sad trade. He used to sail down the coast of Africa, land, and catch the poor negroes, and then carry them over the Atlantic to be sold as slaves in the West Indies, where they could work better in the heat than white men.

England now tries to stop the slave-trade. But an Englishman began it. However, in those days it was not thought wrong.

The favourite plan of these Devonshire sailors, however, was to lie in wait for the Spanish treasure-ships as they were coming home, laden with gold and silver and jewels. Then they fought the Spanish crews, and if they could, carried off the treasure.

This was nothing else but robbery, for the two countries were not at war. But the English persuaded themselves that to rob the King of Spain was right. They hated Philip because he was such an enemy to all Protestants. So every year they grew more daring, and robbed more. When Philip complained to Elizabeth she took very little notice, for she generally managed to get a share of the spoil which the English sailors brought home.

The most famous of all the English sailors in the reign of Elizabeth was Sir Francis Drake. He, too, was

a Devonshire man, and a kinsman of Sir John Hawkins. He went to sea very early, and of course took to robbing Spaniards like the rest.

The third time he went to America he landed on the narrow isthmus which joins North and South America.



SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

From a mountain he caught sight of the great Pacific Ocean on the far side of America, on which no Englishman had as yet sailed. He threw himself on his knees and prayed to God that he might one day sail his ship on those waters.

Five years later he sailed out of Plymouth on board a little vessel called the *Pelican*, which would nowadays be only thought fit to go round the coast, but which Drake was not afraid to take across the stormy Atlantic Ocean. He had five even smaller vessels with him, 164 men all told, and plenty of small brass and iron guns and other arms.

Drake crossed the Atlantic to the southern end of South America, and then he had to find his way as best he could, for no Englishman had been there before. He did not know how far South America stretched, so instead of going round Cape Horn by the open sea, he went through the Strait of Magellan, a very dangerous winding passage between the mainland and the large island which ends at Cape Horn.

When he got through safely to the Pacific Ocean the *Pelican* was alone. All the other boats had been sunk or driven back. He did not find the Pacific Ocean very *peaceful*, which is what its name means. But in spite of storms he began to sail north, up the west coast of America, where the Spanish settlements lay.

When he discovered that the coast went on and on, he decided to cross the Pacific and get home round the Cape of Good Hope.

This he did, and got safely into Plymouth harbour again, after having been away nearly three years. He was the first Englishman who sailed round the world.

His countrymen were very proud of him. Elizabeth made him *Sir Francis*, and treated him with the greatest

favour. She got most of the treasure, so that she was delighted.

Philip of Spain complained bitterly of Drake's thefts, and demanded the treasure back. Elizabeth gave him a great many excuses, but she would not part with any of the gold or silver.

The Armada—I

In the year 1588, England was in very great danger. Philip of Spain had at last made up his mind to invade England and try to make it a Roman Catholic country again.

For some time he had been gathering together a huge fleet for this purpose. He would have sent it a year earlier, but Drake sailed boldly into the Spanish harbour where it was lying and set fire to the store ships which contained food for the fleet. He called this "singeing the King of Spain's beard."

In the summer of 1588 the great fleet set sail. The Spaniards called it the "Invincible Armada," which means "the fleet which cannot be beaten," so certain were they of victory.

Philip's plan was that the Armada should sail up the English Channel to the coast of Flanders, where he had a great army waiting to invade England. It was then to protect the flat-bottomed boats in which the soldiers would cross over.

Philip thought nothing could stop the Armada, for he knew that Elizabeth had no regular navy. And he felt sure that if the Spanish soldiers once got into the



THE ARMADA.
(From a drawing from R. Caton Woodville.)
This has never been used in a History Reader.

country, England would be conquered, for he knew also that Elizabeth had no regular army.

Elizabeth was not afraid. For an army she called upon every full-grown Englishman to come and fight for his country. In large numbers they willingly obeyed. Even the Roman Catholics came too, for though they were faithful to their religion, they could not bear to think of England being conquered by foreigners.

Elizabeth went to review her troops at Tilbury, at the mouth of the Thames, and spoke brave words to them. She said she had always considered her chief safeguard to be the loyal hearts and good-will of her subjects.

"And therefore," she went on, "am I come among you, as you see, at this time, to lay down my life for my God, my kingdom, and my people. I know I have but the body of a weak woman, but I have the heart of a king, and of a king of England too, and think it foul scorn that Spain, or any prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realm."

For a navy Elizabeth had a few queen's ships, but she had to trust mostly to the cleverly-managed little vessels of men like Drake, who were all delighted to have a chance of fighting the Spaniards. The English fleet was commanded by Lord Howard of Effingham, and was waiting at Plymouth.

Drake and the other captains were playing at bowls on Plymouth Hoe when a man rushed in to say that an English fishing-boat had sighted the Spanish fleet off Land's End. Drake would not hear of the game being

stopped. "There is time to finish it and beat the Spaniards too," he said quietly. He knew everything was ready.

That night the news that the Armada had come was known from one end of England to the other. There was no telegraph or express train to carry the tidings. But on every hill a beacon fire had been laid, ready to announce the coming of an enemy.

As soon as one fire blazed up, the watcher on the next hill set fire to his beacon, and so in a very short time the news of England's danger sped from Land's End to Berwick.

The Armada—II.

In lovely July weather the Spanish ships came sailing up the Channel arranged in the shape of a half-moon. The huge vessels stood very high out of the water, and looked like floating castles.

The little English fleet let them pass, and then slipped out of Plymouth Harbour and followed them up the Channel. The English vessels were much easier to handle than the clumsy Spanish ships, and sailed more quickly.

The Spanish ships could not get away from them, and could never get near enough to fight them. When they fired at them from their high decks the shots went over the heads of the English sailors. The English soon captured one or two Spanish ships, and did a great deal of damage to the rest.

By the end of a week the Armada was anchored off the French port of Calais. The English captains began

to get very anxious. Their crews had only one more day's food, for Elizabeth had been very mean about provisions for the ships. If they were obliged to go away into port, the Armada would be able to bring the Spanish army safely over from Flanders, which was close by.

The only thing to be done was somehow to drive the Spaniards out to sea again. They determined to do this by sending fire-ships amongst them. Eight English vessels were taken, the rigging smeared rapidly with pitch and the hulls filled with any rubbish which would blaze well and long. When it grew dark these ships were allowed to drift with the tide among the Spanish vessels anchored near Calais.

On each fire-ship were a few men. When they were close enough to the enemy they set the ship on fire, jumped into their boats, and rowed away. At about midnight, when but for the watch on deck the Spanish sailors and soldiers were all asleep, they were suddenly aroused by finding in their midst these blazing vessels, the flames leaping from sail to sail, and from hull to top-mast, and throwing a terrible light all around.

Thinking that his own ships would take fire, the Spanish commander, in a great fright, ordered his men to cut them loose from their anchors and put out to sea. They got into great confusion, and several big ones went aground on the sand-banks, and were taken by the English.

Those which got away were carried by a fresh breeze right past the place where the army was waiting for

them. Drake attacked them boldly and did great mischief. He could have done more, but Elizabeth had not provided much powder and shot, and it soon ran short.

But there was no chance now of the Armada turning round and getting down the Channel again. The wind freshened into a terrible storm, which blew for many days. The Spanish ships were driven before it into the rough North Sea.

Their masts were blown away, their sails torn; many of their crews were already wounded in the fighting, or fell ill when food and water began to run short. They tried to get round the Orkneys and home by the west coast of Scotland and Ireland, but many were wrecked on those rocky shores, and many of the men who escaped to land were at once killed.

Only fifty-four battered ships, laden with sick and wounded men, got back to Spain.

Elizabeth went in state to St. Paul's Cathedral to thank God for the victory He had given. And she caused a medal to be made, on which were the words, "God blew with His wind and they were scattered."

Elizabeth reigned for fifteen years after the defeat of the Armada. Her old age was very sad. She was ill a long time and felt very lonely. She had never been able to make up her mind to marry.

Her nearest relative was James VI. of Scotland, son of her old enemy, Mary Stuart. When the great queen died in 1603, James became King of England also, and the two countries were at last united under one sovereign.

William Shakespeare.

Never before had there been so many great men in England as there were in the reign of Elizabeth. There were among them the wise William Cecil, and the crafty Walsingham, her two clever counsellors; Edmund



WILLIAM CECIL, LORD BURLEIGH.

Spenser, one of the greatest of English poets, who wrote the *Fuerie Queen*; Sir Francis Drake and Sir Walter Raleigh, bold sailors and adventurers; and most beloved of all for his goodness and gentleness, Sir Philip Sidney.

Sir Philip Sidney shows us what a true gentleman was like in the days of Queen Elizabeth. He was a nephew of the Earl of Leicester. His home was Penshurst Place in Kent, a beautiful house which still



SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

remains much as it was when Sir Philip lived there. Although he died when he was only thirty-two, most

people had heard of him and admired him. He was a great lover of poetry, and wrote a beautiful little book in praise of it. He also wrote poems himself and he and his favourite sister turned the Psalms into English verses, for he loved his Bible.

Sir Philip was as gallant and brave as he was gentle and pure-hearted. He died a soldier's death. He went with some English troops, commanded by his uncle, the Earl of Leicester, to try and save the Netherlands from being conquered by Spain.

In one of the battles he was struck by a musket-ball and fell. As he lay dying some one brought him a cup of cold water to quench his dreadful thirst. As he was about to drink it he noticed a poor wounded soldier who was lying near looking enviously towards the cooling draught. Sidney handed the cup untasted to him. "Thy necessity is greater than mine," he said.

But of all the famous men of Queen Elizabeth's reign the most famous was William Shakespeare, the greatest writer of plays who has ever lived.

In the time of Elizabeth the English people were beginning to be very fond of seeing plays acted. The theatres then were not at all like the grand ones we now have in our towns. Our theatres are brightly lighted up. The actors and actresses wear beautiful dresses, of the kind which would have been worn by the people they pretend to be. Behind the stage, or platform, on which they stand are hung curtains, painted to look like gardens, or forests, or castles, or whatever kind of place the people in the play are supposed to be living in.

In Shakespeare's time there was no painted scenery. If the people in the play were supposed to be living in a forest, a board was hung out, on which was written "This is a wood." The lookers-on had to picture the scenery in their own minds.

The actors wore just their everyday clothes. If one of them pretended to be a Roman soldier he did not



STRATFORD-ON-AVON (From an old engraving).

wear armour and carry a shield and sword. He wore a little jacket with full sleeves, and very short puffed-out knickerbockers, and a great ruff round his neck, just like any ordinary gentleman of the time, and did not look like a Roman soldier at all.

There were no actresses. Boys acted the parts of women and girls. The people who went to see the

plays sat on little stools, out in a courtyard. But they enjoyed themselves quite as much as playgoers do now.

William Shakespeare was born at Stratford-on-Avon, a little country town in Warwickshire. His father's house is still standing, and the room in which it is said the poet was born is shown to visitors. We do not know much about his schooling or his doings when he was a boy. When he was very young he married a woman a few years older than himself.

After a time he went up to London and got work at the theatres. He sometimes acted. Sometimes he helped other people in writing their plays. Then he began to write plays himself. Presently he got a theatre of his own. He made some money, and as soon as he was rich enough he went back to live at Stratford, which he loved better than any other place in the world.

He bought a comfortable house there, lived in it quietly for a few years, and then died and was buried in the parish church.

Shakespeare wrote a great many plays. Some of them are very sad and terrible. Some of them are very amusing. One is nearly all about fairies. All of them are written in beautiful poetry.

Like all true Englishmen in the glorious reign of Elizabeth, Shakespeare was very proud of his country, and liked to write about the great deeds his countrymen had done in other days. So he wrote many plays about things which happened in English history.

They make everything so real that people can learn more about King John, and Richard II., and Henry V., Richard III., Wolsey, and poor Queen Katharine from those plays than from many history books.

The Puritans.

Upon the death of Queer Elizabeth in 1603, James the Sixth of Scotland became also King of England, where he was known as James the First. He was the son of Mary, Queen of Scots, and the first of the Stuart kings who reigned in England.

England and Scotland were now united under one king, which was a very good thing for both countries. For another hundred years, however, each country continued to have its own Parliament.

The English were none too well pleased with their new king. He was by no means a stupid man, but he was clumsy and homely in his ways, very unlike the dignified queen to whom Englishmen had been accustomed for so many glorious years.

A certain number of people in England, however, hoped for great things from James. They thought he would make some alterations in the forms of worship about which they were very much in earnest. They were called Puritans, because they considered that the changes they wished for would make religion *purser*.

Archbishop Cranmer and his friends, who helped Edward VI. to establish the Protestant religion in England, had tried not to make more changes than they

could possibly help. They went on having bishops, and kept many of the old prayers and customs in the church services. They hoped that this would make it easier for many men to become Protestants.

In most other countries the Protestants thought it better to make as much difference as possible between the new religion and the old, for fear people should fall back into the old ways. When Mary was persecuting the English Protestants many of them fled to foreign countries. There they learned to like simpler services than those appointed in the English prayer-book.

When Elizabeth became queen and they returned to England they brought these ideas with them. But Elizabeth did not at all agree with them. She made a few changes in the prayer-book, and then ordered that it should be used in all churches, and that no other service whatever should be allowed.

We can scarcely imagine that there was a time when people might not go to any church they pleased. But in Elizabeth's day it was thought quite possible to let people worship in different ways, for fear they should quarrel. We must remember that quarrels about religion in those days often ended in civil war.

Neither were the Puritans allowed to stay away from church if they liked. If they did not attend quite regularly, they had to pay a fine. They did not want to leave off going to church, or to have chapels of their own, or to do away with the bishops. They wanted to alter the teaching, and parts of the services of the Church of England, according to their ideas.



READING THE CHAINED BIBLE IN THE CRYPT OF OLD ST. PAUL'S.—G. HARVEY.

A good many Puritans got into Parliament, and tried to bring about these alterations by law. Elizabeth made short work of this. She used to send sharp messages to the Puritan members of Parliament, bidding them attend to their proper business and not meddle with matters they did not understand.

The Puritans thought James would listen to them, because the Protestant Church in Scotland was more like what they wanted than the Church of England.

James invited some of the Puritans to come to Hampton Court and talk over the matter with him and the bishops. He listened quietly to what they had to say until one of them proposed a change which would have taken away some of their power from the bishops. Then he suddenly flew into a rage and broke up the meeting.

After this James began to look upon the Puritans as his enemies. Almost the only result of the meeting at Hampton Court was that by the king's orders a beautiful new translation of the Bible was made, which is the one that most Englishmen still use.

The Voyage of the "Mayflower."

It has already been explained that many people then thought that in each country there must be only one church, established by the Government, to which every person in the nation must belong. But now some very earnest men, who disliked being forced to go to services of which they could not approve, began to say that



THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.—CHARLES LUCY.
(By permission of Messrs. H. Graves and Co., Limited.)

instead of having one State Church, it would be better for the people to form themselves into little separate congregations, and for each congregation to be able to choose its own preacher and have whatever kind of service it liked.

These people in later times were called Independents; there were not as yet many of them in England. When they tried to have their own services they were, of course, punished. They were mostly poor men, working on the land, and their homes were very dear to them. Yet their religion was so much dearer that some of them resolved to leave their country and go to Holland, where at that time there was greater religious liberty than in England.

After great difficulties they succeeded in doing this, and settled down in a town called Leyden, where they lived for some years, worshipping quietly in their own way. But they did not like town life, and they found it hard to earn a living among the skilful Dutch weavers.

The idea came to them that they would found a colony all to themselves in the New World. In spite of all they had suffered they were still loyal Englishmen, and wanted to go to some part of America which belonged to their own country. They fixed their hearts on a spot to the north of the colony of Virginia, and without much difficulty obtained the consent of King James to their plan.

Having crossed to England, the little band of emigrants, to the number of one hundred and two men,

women, and children, set sail late in the summer from Southampton in a small vessel called the *Mayflower*, which they had hired for the voyage. It was November when they sighted the coast of America, and anchored in a bay near a headland called Cape Cod.

A party was sent off to choose a good landing-place. Winter, which in those regions is much more severe than in England, was setting in, and the search party suffered terribly as they coasted along in their open boat. The snow fell thickly; the spray from the stormy waves wetted them to the skin, and then froze until their clothes were like suits of iron.

At last they found a sheltered harbour, to which former explorers had given the name of Plymouth Bay, and landed there. The granite boulder on which they stepped ashore is still revered by their descendants as "Forefathers' Rock." They found brooks of clear water running into the sea, and returned to the *Mayflower* with the good news that here was a suitable place for the colony. Their companions landed, and, in spite of the bitter weather, they soon built enough log-huts to shelter their families.

Still their troubles were not at an end. In the spring a dreadful sickness broke out, of which many died; and when it abated with warmer weather, only twenty full-grown men were left. Yet when the *Mayflower* set sail for home in April, and their last link with England was about to be broken, not one decided to return with her.

They had been afraid of being attacked by Red Indians; and one chief, indeed, sent a messenger with a

bundle of arrows tied in a rattlesnake's skin as a threat of war. But they sent back the skin filled with powder and bullets as a sign that they were ready to fight.

These noble colonists are known as the Pilgrim Fathers. Their descendants are the people of the New England States of North America, men who have more than once fought bravely for freedom, and who are not unworthy of ancestors who gave up everything for what they thought to be right.

Charles I. and the Parliament.

It was in the reign of James I. that there began a quarrel between the English kings and Parliament, which went on, more or less, for nearly a hundred years, and ended in a victory for Parliament. At the beginning of his reign Parliament was already very different from what it had been in the days of Henry VIII., when it did just as the king told it. It was now trying to take a real share in the government of the country.

It was a failing of the Stuart family that the more any resistance was offered to what they wanted to do, the more obstinate they became about it. They had very high ideas about the power of kings, maintaining that a king owed his power to God alone, and that for any one to disobey him, or even to try to get things done which he disliked, was as bad as to resist God Himself.

But if James was too fond of having his own way, his son Charles, who succeeded him as Charles I., was even

worse. Charles was a proud, dignified man who believed that when he became king he was given by God absolute power to rule England as he thought best. He believed that the Parliament and the people ought to have only such power as he chose to give them. But Englishmen could not help remembering some of the



THE OLD HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

bad kings they had had. They did not believe that God wished any king to rule England just as he might like. So they refused to give up their freedom, and said that if the king tried to make laws or levy taxes without the consent of Parliament they would neither obey the laws nor pay the taxes.

Charles had two bad advisers. One was Archbishop Laud, who tried to make everyone worship exactly according to his ideas. He persecuted the Puritans and drove many of them to America. There they founded the little towns that grew later on into the great cities of Boston, Hartford and New Haven. But many could not leave England. These had to stay at home and get along as well as they could.

The other bad adviser was the Earl of Strafford. Both Strafford and Laud came to be hated bitterly by the people. But the king supported them, and no one liked to rebel. Once when they tried to make the people pay a tax a brave gentleman named John Hampden refused to pay it. But when his case was tried in the courts the judges were afraid of the king and decided against him.

At last the Parliament itself decided that the king could no longer do what he liked. Strafford and Laud were both tried as traitors and condemned to death. New laws were passed that the king did not like. Then at last the king and Parliament quarrelled outright, and they began a civil war. It was the most dreadful kind of war, for it meant that Englishmen were fighting Englishmen through the length and breadth of England. Some fought for the king and some fought for Parliament. Often men who had known one another all their lives fought on opposite sides and tried to kill each other in battle.

Scotland came into the war too. The Scotch Presbyterians hated Laud, and fought on the side of the

Parliament even though the king was a Scotchman. The king's soldiers were called Cavaliers, because cavalier means horseman, and many of the king's men owned horses and rode them well. The soldiers of Parliament were called Roundheads. This was because so many of them were Puritans and kept their hair cut short, instead of wearing it in gay curls as the Cavaliers did.

Oliver Cromwell.

For a time the king's side won most of the victories. This was partly because the king had not only the best cavalry but the best cavalry leader, his own nephew, Prince Rupert.

But there came a time in the battle of Marston Moor, in Yorkshire, when Prince Rupert found himself opposed by a body of horsemen as bold, as well-equipped and far better trained than his own.

This was the famous troop of Ironsides, commanded by Oliver Cromwell. They drove Prince Rupert's horsemen before them and put them to flight. "God made them as stubble to our swords," wrote Cromwell afterwards. Then recalling his troopers from the hot pursuit, Cromwell hurled them against the Royalists who had been victorious in other parts of the field, and turned a defeat into a victory for the Parliament.

Oliver Cromwell, who from this time became the most famous man on the side of Parliament, was forty-five years old. He was a country gentleman of Huntingdon, who up to the beginning of the Civil War had quietly

farmed his own property. His home was now at Ely.

Cromwell was thought by some to be a stern, harsh man. But he dearly loved his wife, his children, and his good old mother, who lived with him. His eldest boy died at school, and so deeply did Oliver feel this loss, that long years afterwards, when he himself was on his deathbed, he said of it, "It went to my heart like a dagger; indeed it did."

Directly the civil war began Cromwell seemed to turn into a soldier quite naturally. He was at Edgehill fight, and saw at once why the Parliament men were beaten. "*Your* troops," he said to Hampden—who was his cousin—"are most of them old decayed serving-men and tapsters and such kind of fellows, and *their* troops are gentlemen's sons and persons of quality.

"Do you think that the spirits of such base and mean fellows will ever be able to encounter gentlemen that have honour and courage and resolution in them? You must get men of a spirit that is likely to go on as far as gentlemen will go, or else you will be beaten still."

When he got home Cromwell set himself to raise a troop of horse, of men of the right kind. They were mostly farmers' sons and he was their captain. He only asked two things from his troopers, but those two things he would have. Every man must be really religious, and feel that in fighting for Parliament he was fighting for God and true religion. He would have no drinking or swearing in his ranks. If a man swore he had to pay a fine of twelve pence.



OLIVER CROMWELL RESOLVING TO REFUSE THE CROWN.—CHARLES LUCY.
(By permission of Messrs. H. Graves and Co., Limited.)

The second thing he insisted on was that the men should obey orders without a moment's hesitation. And so before long he was able to write with pride, "I have a lovely company." At last he had got men who were a match for gentlemen. "I had rather have a plain russet-coated captain," he said, "that knows what he fights for and loves what he knows, than what you call a gentleman and is nothing else. I honour a gentleman that is so indeed."

Such were the famous Ironsides, some of the finest soldiers there have ever been. They wore reddish coats and plain steel breastplates and caps. As they charged to victory they sang psalms. "Truly" said their leader, "they were never beaten at all."

These soldiers and their great leader soon conquered the armies of the king. Then they had to decide what to do with Charles himself. They were stern men, and the war had caused a great deal of suffering. They blamed the king for it all, and to them he was a bad man and a murderer. So they condemned him to death, and he was beheaded before the great window of the palace of Whitehall.

Whatever may have been his faults, Charles met death like a king and a Christian, and the patience and dignity with which he bore the harshness and cruelty of his enemies won all hearts.

England was now to be a Commonwealth—that is to say, there was to be no king. Neither was there to be a House of Lords any more. The House of Commons called itself Parliament, and chose a Council of State to

carry on the work of government. But Oliver Cromwell was the real master of England.

Soon he was made Lord Protector, and though he never took the title of king he became one of the



CHARLES II.

greatest rulers that England ever had. He and his Puritan advisers were too hard and stern, but he always tried to do what was right. England prospered under him, and all over Europe the name of the great Protector was honoured.

The Restoration. Bunyan and Milton.

When Oliver Cromwell died the English people decided that they had better have a king again. So they called the son of Charles I. back to England and made him their king as Charles II. This is called the Restoration. Charles II. was merry and easy-going. He was a bad man and a bad king, but the people were glad to have a king once more.

In old days people had always talked of "Merry England." Under Puritan rule it had been a very dull England. Almost all the old games and amusements of the people had been considered wicked and put a stop to. All the theatres were closed.

After the Restoration many people went just as far the other way. They seemed to care for nothing but pleasure, and unfortunately they forgot the lessons of modesty and temperance which they might well have learned from the Puritans, and plunged into every sort of wickedness. The king and his courtiers set them a very bad example. At Whitehall little was thought of but gambling, drinking, and fine clothes.

Parliament not only restored the bishops and the services of the Church of England, but it proceeded to pass the most severe laws against the Puritans. All the clergy who would not use the Prayer-Book were turned out of their parishes. It is said that 2000 of them gave up their livings rather than agree to what they thought wrong, although many were thereby brought to great poverty. These ministers were not allowed to come



RESTORATION. — BENJAMIN WEST.
(By permission of Messrs. H. Graves and Co., Limited.)

within five miles of any town, lest they might stir up trouble among the inhabitants. Nor were they allowed to preach in chapels of their own, nor in private houses. Yet this was all they now asked for. From this time they began to be called Dissenters, because they *dissented* from or disagreed with, the teaching of the Church of England.

Among the Dissenters who suffered at this time was John Bunyan. He was a poor man, and a tinker by trade. When he was young he was careless about religion. When, later on, he became religious, he fancied that formerly he had been fearfully wicked, because he had liked playing hockey and dancing on the village green. He was very fond of helping to ring the church bells, until he thought that perhaps they might fall down and crush him for his sins.

After the Restoration he was greatly persecuted because he would not go to Church, and would persist in preaching to people himself. He was thrown into Bedford gaol, where he supported himself by making metal tags for boot-laces. While in prison he wrote his famous book, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, of which nearly everyone has heard.

There was an even greater Puritan writer who fell into disgrace after the Restoration. This was the blind poet, Milton. He and Shakespeare are our greatest English poets. Milton was the son of a rich man, and was very carefully educated, and travelled abroad.

In his youth he was so good-looking, with his pink and white skin, and long, light-brown curls, that at

Cambridge he was called the "Lady" of his college. He was very learned, and understood many languages, and



JOHN BUNYAN

he was very fond of music as well as poetry. When he was quite young he wrote several beautiful poems.

Milton did not at all like the teaching of Laud and the bishops, and thought it did harm to true religion.



JOHN MILTON AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-ONE.

For a time he considered it his duty to give up making poems and to write about the state of religion in England, and he abused the bishops very violently.

Of course Milton took the side of the Parliament, and was glad when it triumphed. But he was just as bold in attacking Parliament when it tried to force men to take the Covenant as he had been in attacking Land.

Milton was a great friend and admirer of Cromwell, and although he had become blind, he was employed by



MILTON'S COTTAGE AT CHALFONT ST. GILES, TO WHICH HE FLED FOR FEAR OF THE PLAGUE. — F. S. WALKER.

him to write letters in Latin to foreign princes. When Cromwell defended the Swiss Protestants, Milton wrote a beautiful poem about them.

Although Milton escaped punishment at the Restoration he was obliged to live very quietly. It was then that he wrote his greatest poem. He chose for his subject the Bible story of the disobedience of Adam and Eve, and called the poem *Paradise Lost*.

A young Quaker friend to whom he showed it said, "Thou hast said much here of 'Paradise Lost.' What

hast then to say of 'Paradise Found?' Milton thought about his friend's words, and later on wrote another poem about the temptation of Christ in the wilderness, and called it *Paradise Regained*.

A few years after the Restoration two great misfortunes fell upon London.

The summer of 1665 was a very hot one, and before it was over a terrible disease, called the plague, began to make its appearance in England, and especially in London.

The plague spread terribly fast. Most of those attacked by it died after a few hours, for the doctors did not know what to do for them. Directly any one in a house sickened of the plague, a red cross was painted on the door, and the words, "The Lord have mercy on us!" were written above it. Then the house was shut up, and no one was allowed to go in or come out.

In one week over 7000 people are said to have died of the plague in London, though it was then a very small city compared with what it is now. It became impossible to bury the dead in the usual way. Carts went about the streets at night, preceded by a man ringing a bell, and crying "Bring out your dead!" The bodies were thrown into great pits, for it was impossible to make coffins for all.

The very next year, on the night of September 2nd, 1666, a great fire broke out in London. As the season had been dry, and a strong wind was blowing, it gained ground very quickly among the wood-and-plaster houses of which the city then chiefly consisted.



THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON.—STANHOPE A. FORBES, A.R.A.
(From the painting in the Royal Exchange, by kind permission of the artist.)

The fire burned for three days, and destroyed almost the whole of the city. Houses, shops, warehouses, churches, all were burned down. Old St. Paul's, the largest cathedral in England, with its lofty spire, perished. People could scarcely get along the burning streets. The fierce heat scorched their faces, and the hot ground burned the soles of their shoes. At night the red glare of the sky could be seen forty miles away.

The fire was really a good thing. After it the plague never came to London again. The great architect, Sir Christopher Wren, made a plan for rebuilding the whole city. The new streets were made wider, and the houses were built of brick instead of wood.

Sir Christopher rebuilt St. Paul's Cathedral in quite a new way, with a mighty dome instead of a spire. It was thirty-four years in building, but he lived to see it completed, and when he died he was buried in it.

William III.

During all these years there were three things that troubled a great many of the people of England. One was the belief that Charles II. and his brother James wished to make England Roman Catholic again. Another was the fear lest the commerce and navy of Holland should come to be greater than those of England. The third was the growing power of Louis XIV., King of France.

There was still a great deal of the old bitter feeling between Protestants and Catholics. In France and Spain the Protestants were persecuted, and there were

severe laws against Catholics in England. Charles was believed to be a Catholic, and his brother James, who became King James II. when Charles died, was known to be one. A great many believed that if James had his



WILLIAM III.

way the old religion would be restored and Protestants persecuted.

In the wars with Spain in the reign of Elizabeth, England and Holland were good friends. They were

both Protestant, and they were both afraid of Spain. But now they were rivals. Each country had a great navy and brave, skilful sailors. They had many terrible fights before they saw how foolish it was to be at war all the time.

One thing that made England and Holland stop fighting one another was that they both became afraid of France. Louis XIV., King of France, wished to be the most powerful king in the world. He had great generals and brave armies, and France was very rich. He thought that no other country was strong enough to resist him, and when he was all ready he marched his armies into Germany and Belgium to conquer all he could.

But the Dutch people, as we call the people who live in Holland, had a great leader. This was William, Prince of Orange. He was related to the royal family of England, and his wife was the daughter of King James. He loved his country, and he hated France. He led the Dutch armies, and Louis did not find it as easy to defeat them as he had thought it would be.

Now as time went on the English grew tired of James II., who had become king when his brother died in 1685. He was just as foolish and obstinate as his father, Charles I., and he was cruel too. The English were divided at that time into two great parties, just as both English and Canadians are to-day. We call ourselves now Conservatives or Liberals in politics. Our fathers two hundred years ago called themselves Whigs or Tories.

The Tories were those who had fought for King Charles, and who thought that Englishmen ought to stand by the king even if he was doing wrong. They did not believe that the king ought to do wrong, of course; but they said that whatever he did he was the king. The Whigs believed that Parliament ought to be stronger than the king. They said that they would be faithful to the king as long as he did what was right, but no longer.

For a long time the Tories supported King James II., even though they did not like him. But the Tories were strong supporters of the English church, and both Tories and Whigs were still afraid of the Roman Catholics. They knew that the king was a Catholic and that he was both obstinate and cruel. So they were never quite sure that he would not do something terribly wrong to restore his religion in England.

At last a message was sent to the great Dutch leader, William of Orange, the husband of James' daughter Mary. It was signed by seven noblemen and gentlemen, some of them Whigs and some of them Tories, and it asked him to come to England to save the laws and liberties of the nation.

The reason for this was, that a short time before a little son had been born to the king. People knew now that it was no good waiting until James died, in the hope that his daughter Mary would become queen and undo the evil her father had done. The little prince was now heir to the crown, and he was sure to be brought up to be a Roman Catholic and to act like James II.

William of Orange resolved to accept the invitation. With great secrecy he collected a fleet and a small army of Dutchmen, and on 5th November, 1688, landed at Torbay, in Devonshire. After a little time English nobles and gentlemen began to join him, and there were insurrections in his favour in the north and middle of England.

James sent some troops to the west to oppose him, and followed them for some distance. But his own officers deserted to William, and he found that there was scarcely a man in England who would fight for him. When he got back to London he was told that his daughter Anne had gone to join the insurgents. "God only can help me," exclaimed the unhappy king, "for my own children have forsaken me."

He sent his wife and the baby prince to France, and a few days later fled himself. Some Kentish fisherman, although not knowing exactly who he was, stopped him, and he was brought back to London, greatly to William's annoyance, for he thought he had got comfortably rid of him. He took care to give him another chance to escape, and this time James got safely away. He went to Louis XIV., who treated him very kindly.

Soon afterwards Parliament met. It was decided that by governing so badly, and then leaving the kingdom, James had forfeited the crown. It was offered to Mary (who had now joined her husband), with William to rule for her. But as Mary said she would not be put over her husband, and William said he would not rank below his wife, it was resolved that they should be joint sovereigns.



WILLIAM OF ORANGE LANDING AT TORBAY.—J. M. W. TURNER.

As long as both lived William was really to govern. If either of them died the other was to go on reigning alone. When both were dead, if they left no children, the crown was to go to Mary's sister, Anne.

This great change was called the Revolution; and it was a very important event in our history. What it really decided was that Parliament, and not the king, was to have the chief power in England. For the king and queen were on the throne, not because it was theirs by right of birth, but just because Parliament had put them there.

No blood was shed over the Revolution in England. But in Scotland and Ireland William had to fight for his crown.

Most of the Scots took his side, and their Parliament offered the crown of Scotland to him and Mary. But Graham of Claverhouse, Lord Dundee, remained faithful to James. He went into the Highlands, and got together an army of Highlanders, who loved fighting, and who, being very poor in their bleak mountain homes, were glad of an excuse to plunder their richer Lowland neighbours.

Dundee and his Highlanders were at the top of a steep and narrow pass, called Killiecrankie, in Perthshire, along the bottom of which rushed a raging stream. William's troops came panting up this pass on a hot July day, without the least idea that Dundee was waiting for them above.

Suddenly, with a fierce yell, the Highlanders rushed down on them, slashing at them with their broadswords.

William's men fled down the pass. Many were driven over the steep banks into the river and drowned.

In the moment of victory Dundee was shot.

"How goes the day?" inquired the wounded general anxiously. "Well for King James," was the answer, "but ill for your Lordship." "If it be well for him," said Dundee, "it matters the less for me"; and he died happy.

But their leader being dead the Highlanders went home with their plunder, and the rising was put down. William's soldiers built forts to keep them from coming down into the Lowlands.

James II. ruled in Ireland for a year after he had lost England and Scotland. The Stuarts had always been careful to win the love of the Irish. James II. had been a tyrant in England, but not in Ireland, and the Irish were Roman Catholics like himself. The only Protestant part of Ireland was the north. These Irish of the north fought hard for William.

James had most of the Irish on his side, and he was able to get money and help from William's great enemy, Louis XIV. of France. But though he tried for months to take the northern city of Londonderry he could not capture it. Then as soon as King William could leave England he came over to Ireland with an army and defeated King James in a great battle on the river Boyne. The Irish kept on fighting a little longer, but after the Battle of the Boyne William III. was really king of England, Scotland and Ireland.

But now there began a great war with France. While William III. was in Ireland, a splendid French fleet

appeared in the English Channel. It was met off Beachy Head in Sussex by a joint fleet of English and Dutch ships. The English admiral, Lord Torrington, did not want to risk a battle; having, however, received orders to do so, he put the Dutch ships in the van, and let them fight, but scarcely helped them at all.

The Dutch were in consequence overpowered, and Torrington had to fly along the coast of Kent and take refuge in the Thames. Fortunately the French admiral did not follow him. He sailed westward, landed some Frenchmen at what was then the small village of Teignmouth in Devonshire, burned it, and then returned to France.

Englishmen felt the disgrace bitterly, and it roused all their spirit. Before this many of them would not much have minded if James II. had come back. They did not care to have a Dutchman on the throne. William could not speak English very well, and took but little pains to make himself pleasant to his English subjects.

But now that the return of James II. seemed likely to be brought about through the invasion of England by a French army, Englishmen would have nothing more to do with him, and were ready to fight for William.

Two years later a still more powerful French fleet, and a great French army, were prepared for the invasion of England. The English fleet which was to resist them was put under the command of Admiral Russell. Russell had been one of the loudest grumblers against William. He had even told some friends of James that he would be ready to help to bring his old master back.

One of them now came to ask him to keep his word. "Do not think," replied the admiral, "that I will let the



THE BATTLE AT LA HOGUE.—BENJAMIN WEST.

French triumph over us in our own seas. Understand that if I meet them I fight them; ay, though King James should himself be on board."

And so he did. He met the French fleet near Cape La Hogue, which juts out into the Channel in the north-west of France, and completely defeated it. Thirteen French ships were, by their admiral's orders, stranded at La Hogue, under the shelter of the French guns. But a few days later they were attacked by some English sailors and burned, under the very eyes of James himself.

The battle of La Hogue was the most glorious naval victory won by the English between the time of Elizabeth and the time of Nelson. It put an end to all chance of a French invasion or of the restoration of James II.

Meantime William, at the head of many other kings and princes, was fighting Louis by land. Year after year he went over to the Netherlands to oppose the French armies. Year after year he was defeated in battle, but managed so cleverly that Louis got very little good by his victories.

While he was abroad, Mary governed at home. William and she loved each other very tenderly; and his anxiety was great when she fell ill of small-pox. When the doctors told William that his wife was dying he was nearly heart-broken. "*I was* the happiest man on earth," he said to one of the bishops, "*and I am* the most miserable. She had no fault—none. You knew her well; but you could not know, nobody but myself could know, her goodness."

Mary is still remembered with gratitude for Greenwich Hospital, on the banks of the Thames, which she

founded for disabled sailors after the battle of La Hogue.

Two years after La Hogue, Louis made peace with England. But now William saw another danger ahead.

The King of Spain was dying, and he had no children. Louis XIV. had married his eldest sister, and claimed for his descendants the crown of Spain. Other princes claimed it too. William did not want Louis, who was already so powerful, to have a son or grandson ruling over the Spanish dominions, which, besides Spain, then included a great part of Italy, of the Netherlands, and of America.

Louis, who did not want to fight again just yet, agreed that the dominions of Spain should be divided. After great difficulties it was decided that his grandson, Philip, should have part; but that Spain itself should go to a son of the ruler of Germany, called the Archduke Charles. Nobody asked the people of Spain whom *they* would like for their king.

But when the King of Spain died he left the whole of his dominions to Philip. The temptation was too great. In spite of the solemn agreement he had made with the other princes, Louis accepted the inheritance for his grandson.

William wanted to fight to make him keep his promise. But the English Parliament would not hear of it. Just then, however, it happened that James II. died; and Louis at once acknowledged his son as King of England.

The people of England were very indignant that Louis should acknowledge as their king a boy whom they had

refused to have to reign over them, and whom some of them did not believe to be really the son of James. But now they were all eager to fight Louis.

At this moment, however, they lost their great leader. William's horse one day stumbled over a mole-hill, and threw him off. He broke his collar-bone, and died after a few days.

The Duke of Marlborough.

After William's death his sister-in-law, Anne, younger daughter of James II., became queen. She was a good, kind woman and her people loved her because, as she herself said, she had "an entirely English heart." They called her "Good Queen Anne."

Anne was not clever, and she always liked to have some one to tell her what to do. Her husband, Prince George of Denmark, although she loved him very dearly, was of no use to her in this way, for he was more stupid than she was. So she thought herself fortunate in having a very dear friend.

This lady was Sarah, wife of John Churchill, who became Duke of Marlborough. The queen treated her just like an equal. As she did not like her friend to call her "Your Majesty," they had nicknames for each other. The queen was "Mrs. Morley": the duchess, "Mrs. Freeman."

"Mrs. Freeman" was a good name for the duchess; for certainly she treated the queen with the greatest freedom. She ruled her with a rod of iron, and did not try to hide the fact that she did; and Anne liked it—for

a time. The duchess was overbearing and passionate. The two things she cared about were power and money.

Besides ruling the queen she also had great influence with her husband. Yet he loved her devotedly. If she



QUEEN ANNE.

wrote him an angry letter he was miserable for weeks. He would do anything to please her.

In many ways Marlborough was a fine man. He was one of the greatest generals England has ever had. He was never defeated in any battle. He was very brave, yet always cool and patient. He was very kind to his

men, and most careful in seeing that the wounded were properly cared for; and he was courteous and considerate to his prisoners.

When William III. died, Marlborough was the only person who could carry on his great plans for resisting Louis XIV. Once more under him England was at the head of a great alliance of kings and princes, all united against Louis.

He had to command not only English soldiers but Dutch and German ones too. The kings and rulers who sent these troops all had their own ideas about the war, and were not at all ready to do what Marlborough wanted. He had to be civil to everybody, and get them all to do what was really best for them.

During the first two years of the war Marlborough had enough to do to defend the Dutch Netherlands. But the next year he won his most famous victory. Louis XIV. sent a French army into Germany to attack the Emperor. The French were in Bavaria, a country in the south of Germany, through which runs the river Danube. The ruler of Bavaria was on the French side.

Marlborough suddenly marched up the river Rhine into Germany. Here he met for the first time another famous general, Prince Eugene, who was in the service of the Emperor, and the two became firm friends. They found the French army at a village called Blenheim, on the Danube, and on the afternoon of August 13, 1704, completely defeated it. The French general was taken prisoner, and 40,000 of his men killed or captured. The French were quite turned out of Germany.

In England the joy was very great. Parliament gave Marlborough a large estate near Woodstock, where he built a splendid mansion, which is still called Blenheim House.

After Blenheim, Marlborough went on winning victory after victory. By that of Ramillies, two years later,



JOHN CHURCHILL, FIRST DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

he turned the French out of nearly the whole of the Netherlands. Two years later again Eugene came and helped him, and they won another great battle at Oudenarde, and, lastly, one at Malplaquet, both in the Netherlands also. But in this last battle the allies, who

won, lost many more men than the French who were beaten.

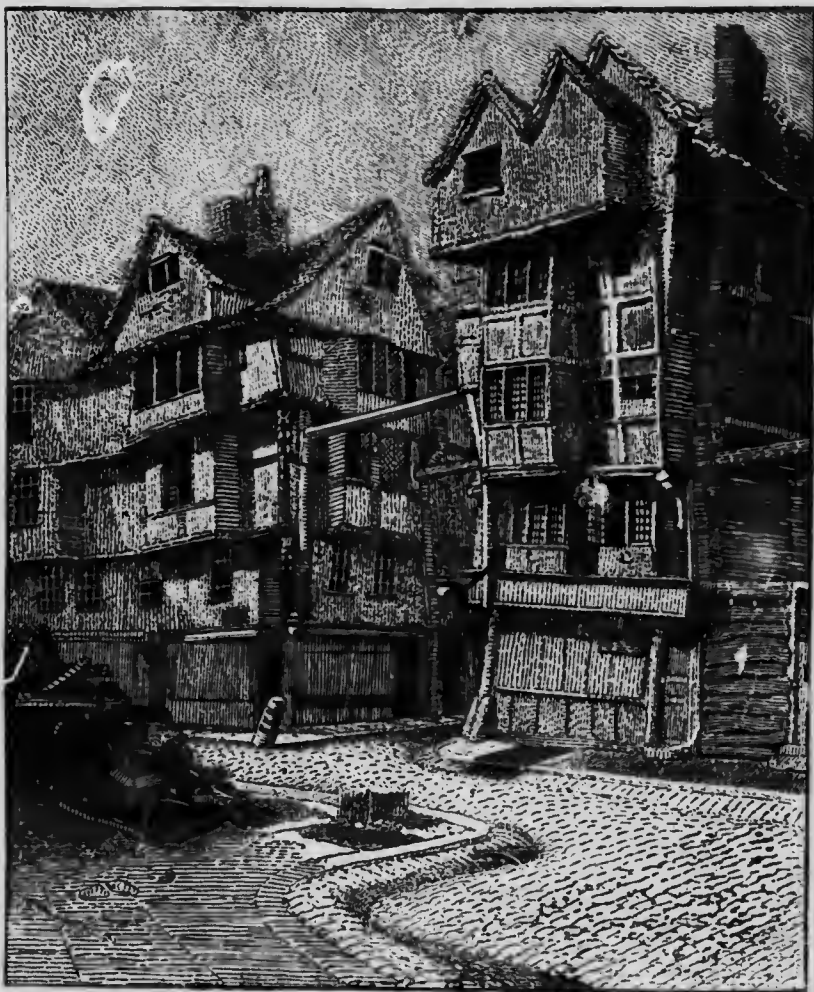
By this time people in England were getting tired of the war. They thought that enough had been done now that the French had been expelled from the Netherlands, and that it did not matter to England whether a French prince were king of Spain or not.

At this time the government of England was Whig. Just as Conservatives and Liberals try now at election time to defeat one another so did the Whigs and Tories. Marlborough was a Whig, and while he was winning his great victories abroad he was trying in every way he could to keep his own party in power at home. Just as in our own day the country was really governed by a Prime minister and a Cabinet. The Cabinet was a Committee of Ministers, and the Queen was supposed to take their advice before doing anything.

Now the Tories were hoping to defeat the Whigs at the next election. They had opposed the war all along, and now they could see that the people were beginning to agree with them. Besides, Anne's love for the duchess was fast cooling. She was getting tired of being ordered about and made to do what she did not like. Moreover, she had found a new friend.

The duchess had a poor relation, named Abigail Hill, for whom she wanted to provide. She got the queen to take her as a waiting-woman, little dreaming that harm could come of it to herself. But Abigail was a quiet, pleasant woman, and the queen soon began to think her

much nicer than the duchess, and to go to her when she wanted advice.



OLD HOUSES IN LONDON.

Now Miss Hill had a cousin, Robert Harley, who was one of the leaders of the Tories, so she did all she could to make the queen show favour to the Tories, which

indeed she had always been inclined to do. And the more Anne listened to the Tories, the colder she became to Marlborough and his wife.

Just at this time the Tories were greatly excited, because the Whigs punished a Tory clergyman who had said in a sermon that any resistance to a king was unlawful. When a new Parliament was elected nearly all the members chosen to sit in it were Tories. The queen seized the opportunity to dismiss the Whig ministers and to put Tories in their places.

The Duchess of Marlborough was dismissed from her office of Mistress of the Robes. When she was to give up the key which was her badge of office she flung it down into the middle of the room. She was so angry at having to give up her apartments in St. James's Palace that she had the mantelpieces torn down and the brass locks removed from the doors.

Soon after his wife's disgrace the command of the army was taken from the duke, but it was restored to him in the next reign, and when he died he was honoured with a splendid funeral in Westminster Abbey. His wife lived many years longer, and died at the age of eighty-four.

The Taking of Gibraltar.

As England was now carrying on war to set the Archduke Charles on the throne of Spain, there was fighting in that country also. On the south coast of Spain there is a point where Europe and Africa are separated only by a strip of sea sixteen miles wide.

This strait joins the great Atlantic Ocean, out to the west, with the large inland sea called the Mediterranean which washes the southern shores of Spain, France, Italy, Greece, and Turkey, and divides them from the north coast of Africa.

At this narrow entrance there juts out from the coast of Spain a very steep headland, called the Rock of Gibraltar, which gives its name to the strait. On the land side this rock rises straight up in a steep cliff, which can scarcely be climbed. On the west side of the headland is a bay, forming a fine harbour; and on its shores, at the foot of the mountain, lies the town of Gibraltar, safe from any attack except by sea.

In the same month and year that Blenheim was fought, August 1704, an English fleet, commanded by Admiral Sir George Rooke, with English troops on board, happened to come round by Gibraltar. Rooke suddenly determined to try to take the place, and landed some soldiers on the narrow strip of land by which the Rock is joined to the mainland.

The Spaniards thought the place so strong that they had only a garrison of a hundred and fifty men in it, and these were very careless in watching. As the next day was a saint's day they all went to church, feeling quite secure. While the sentinels were thus out of the way, some English sailors clambered up a very difficult path on to the top of the rock, and there hoisted the British flag.

And from that day to this, in spite of vigorous efforts on the part of England's enemies to haul it down, that flag has waved over the Rock of Gibraltar, now one of the strongest fortresses in the world.

The Jacobites. Bonnie Prince Charlie.

The first thing Anne's new Tory ministers did was to make peace with France. France was now so weakened by defeats that she was no longer dangerous, and it was hopeless to go on trying to force the Archduke Charles on the Spaniards, who liked Philip better. He was, moreover, no longer archduke; he had now become ruler of Germany and of Austria.

In 1713 peace was signed at Utrecht, a town in Holland. Philip kept Spain and her colonies; Charles got the Spanish lands in Italy and the Netherlands. England kept Gibraltar. She also gained from France certain lands in North America—the Hudson's Bay Territory, Newfoundland, and Nova Scotia. This peace is important to remember, because it marks the time when England began to be eager to have colonies.

Anne's health was now failing, and every one was thinking about her successor. She had had a number of children, but they had all died young.

The only possible successors were the son of King James II., Anne's half-brother, and her cousin, Sophia of Hanover, daughter of Charles I.'s sister, Elizabeth.

Most of the English people felt that they had had troubles enough with the Stuarts, and that it would not be wise to have any son of James II. as their king. So Parliament passed a law making Sophia heiress of the English crown. She never became queen, for she died a few weeks before Queen Anne, but her son became king as George I. He was Prince of Hanover and a German, but he was great grandson of King James I.

There were a great many in England and far more in Scotland who thought this arrangement unfair. They believed that Prince James ought to be king and they called themselves Jacobites, from *Jacobus*, the Latin word for James. Now while Queen Anne was still on the throne, Scotland had been united to England. They



ROBERT WALPOLE.

had had the same king ever since the time of James I. Now they were to have the same Parliament.

The Scotch did not like this very much, and perhaps that helped to make it easy for the friends of James to

raise a rebellion. The Prince himself came to Scotland to lead it. But it amounted to nothing. James was proclaimed king, but he was slow and downcast and nobody wanted to follow him. So in six weeks he went back to France after one battle at Sheriffmuir. This is called "The Fifteen" because it took place in 1715, just the year after Queen Anne's death.

But James's son Charles Edward came over thirty years later to lead a much more serious rebellion. During most of this thirty years the chief minister was Sir Robert Walpole. He belonged to a Norfolk family, and seemed to be just a hearty, good-natured country squire, very fond of hunting and drinking. But for twenty-one years he governed England very well. It was really Walpole, and not King George, who ruled, for the king could not speak English and was quite willing to let Walpole govern. Walpole kept England at peace. But when he ceased to be Prime Minister the wars with France began again, and while England was fighting France there came the second Jacobite rebellion.

Prince Charles Edward was the son of the Prince James who led "The Fifteen," and so was grandson of James II. He was a much abler man than his father, and everybody liked him. The Scotch people called him Bonnie Prince Charlie. He was twenty-five years old, handsome, active, brave, generous and gay. In the summer of 1745 he landed in the western Highlands of Scotland with only seven friends. He soon gathered round him an army of Highlanders, with whom he marched to Edinburgh.

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ENTRY OF PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD INTO EDINBURGH.—T. DUNCAN, R.S.A.

Many of the Edinburgh citizens welcomed him. The Union with England, which had been good for Scotland, had taken away the customers who used to spend their money in Edinburgh when there was a Scottish Parliament sitting there. The Prince gave a splendid ball in the old home of his ancestors, Holyrood Palace, and won all hearts.

An English army was now collected to oppose him at Prestonpans, a few miles east of Edinburgh. The Prince marched out to attack them, and, under cover of the morning mist, completely surprised them. With a fierce yell, and brandishing their broadswords, the Highlanders rushed upon the enemy, and in a few minutes swept them before them. Some of the spoil they took rather puzzled the simple mountaineers. One man, who got a watch, thought it was alive, because he heard it ticking. As he did not know how to wind it up, the ticking soon stopped. Then he sold it for a small sum. "I was glad," he said, "to be rid of the creature, for she lived no time after I caught her."

The Prince now determined to try whether he could not win England as he had won Scotland. He crossed the Border, and marched steadily southward. Having lent his carriage to an old nobleman, he himself went gaily on foot, in Highland dress, at the head of his men. He hoped that the English Jacobites would help him. But though he was allowed to pass on quietly, very few Englishmen joined his ranks. Little as many of them cared about their German king, they knew that they were well off under his rule, and did not want a change.



THE ORDER OF RELEASE.—SIR J. E. MILLAIS, P.R.A.

An Imprisoned Gordon clansman who had taken part in the Jacobite Rebellion
 liberated in obedience to an order obtained by his wife.

(By permission of Messrs. H. Graves and Co., Limited.)

When the Highlanders reached Derby they found that George's armies were closing round them. The Prince wanted to march boldly on to London, but his officers compelled him to turn back. From this moment his gay spirits all left him, and he rode sullenly in the rear of the retreating army.

Though closely pursued, the Highland army reached Scotland again in safety, and defeated an English general at Falkirk. Then King George's son, the Duke of Cumberland, was sent to Scotland to see what he could do against the rebels.

Charles Edward had retreated to the north, and was at Culloden Moor, in Inverness-shire, when he heard that Cumberland's army was about twelve miles away. He resolved to try and surprise it in its sleep. The Highlanders marched all night over a rugged, boggy moor, only to find it impossible after all to reach the enemy's camp before daylight. They had to struggle back to Culloden.

The next day Cumberland, with his fresh, well-fed soldiers, attacked the tired Highlanders, who had had nothing to eat during the last twenty-four hours but one sea-biscuit each. Nevertheless when they tried their old plan of a fierce charge the first line of the English broke. But the second stood firm. Discipline conquered at last; this time the Highlanders wavered, broke and fled.

Charles Edward himself escaped from the battlefield. For five months he wandered about in the islands and mountains of the Western Highlands. When the islands

were being searched for him he was saved by a lady, named Flora Macdonald, who got him over from Skye to the mainland disguised as her waiting-maid. On this occasion he nearly betrayed himself by the awkward way in which he walked.

For many weeks he lived with some outlaws in a cave. The English Government set a reward of £30,000 upon his head, but though his secret was known to hundreds of poor people, not one dreamed of betraying him. At last he got aboard a French frigate and escaped.

After this rebellion a great deal of their power was taken from the Highland chiefs, and Scotland settled down into a peaceable, prosperous country.

William Pitt, Earl of Chatham.

After the death of Queen Anne there were four kings named George. The first two were really more German than English. Towards the end of the reign of George II. England got into war with France, and from that time, for more than fifty years, with only short intervals of peace, the two countries went on fighting each other.

Yet the strange part of it was that though the two kingdoms were so long at war none of the fighting took place in England and very little of it in France. The battles were nearly all in America or in India or at sea. For both England and France were beginning to have colonies, and each country wanted to control North America and India and the ocean that lay between them.

The war in America and India was called the Seven Years' War because it lasted from 1756 to 1763. It was mixed up with a great European war, in which France and Austria were fighting against Prussia, a state in the north of Germany which was fast becoming powerful under a very clever soldier-king, Frederick the Great. England took the side of Prussia in this European war.

England needed a capable leader, and happily the need brought the man. His name was William Pitt. "I am sure," he said, "that I can save the country, and that no one else can." And he did save it. The people trusted him, and he taught them to trust themselves. It was said that "no man ever entered his closet who did not come out of it a braver man." In a little time he made Englishmen so courageous and self-sacrificing in serving their country that they won for her greater glory than she had ever had before.

Pitt was one of the greatest speakers there has ever been in the English Parliament. He was a noble-looking man, tall and graceful, with bright, flashing eyes, and his voice was very beautiful. When he was stirred up himself he could also stir his hearers and make them agree with almost everything he said. When he was angry they trembled at his very look.

The best part of it was that he almost always spoke on the side of justice and liberty, and was indignant at anything base or mean. He had won respect by being perfectly honest and pure when every one around him was giving or taking bribes. This was especially to his honour because for many years he was a poor man. He

had nothing but his own ability to help him forward. He wanted power very much because he knew he could use it well.



WILLIAM PITT (LORD CHATHAM).

Although he had been in Parliament many years, he had not as yet taken any important part in the government. He had generally been employed in showing up the faults of the ministers. Walpole used scornfully to

speak of Pitt and some other young men who were his friends as the "Boys." But the "Boys" helped to drive Walpole from power. Pitt, of course, had his faults. He was proud and scornful, and this made him many enemies.

At last Pitt became really the head of the Government, though he was only called a Secretary of State. No other minister had ever been so much beloved by the people. They liked to call him the "Great Commoner," because at this time he had no title, but was a simple member of the House of Commons. He was the first English minister who looked for support not to the king, or to the powerful Whig party in Parliament, but to the English people. Yet Pitt did not mind risking the people's displeasure when he thought they were wrong.

Almost as soon as Pitt began to manage the war the English began to win one glorious victory after another. This was partly because he knew how to choose the best men there were to command his fleets and armies, and how to fill them with the resolve to succeed. He sent General James Wolfe to take Quebec, the French capital of Canada. We shall see when we are reading the story of Canada how grandly he succeeded.

The same year the English admirals Rodney, Boscawen, and Hawke were beating the French by sea. Hawke pursued a French fleet into Quiberon Bay, on the west coast of France. The French admiral placed his ships for safety among rocks and shoals.

Hawke prepared to follow him. A gale was blowing, and the pilot told him it was unsafe to venture into such

dangerous places. "You have done your duty," replied Hawke, "in warning me; now obey my orders and lay me alongside of the French admiral." It was done, and a complete victory followed. England became completely mistress of the seas.

Lord Clive.

In the early part of the reign of George II. there was living at Market Drayton, in Shropshire, a naughty, idle



LORD CLIVE.

boy named Robert Clive. He was always fighting. One day he terrified every one by climbing up the lofty

church steeple, and sitting on a stone spout at the top. When he was seventeen his father, a country gentleman was glad to ship him off to India as a clerk in the service of the East India Company.

India did not then belong to Britain. At the end of Elizabeth's reign the East India Company had been formed to trade there. In the reign of Charles I. the Company bought some land at Madras, on the east side of the peninsula, and built a fort. Charles II., when he married Catherine of Portugal, obtained from her father Bombay, on the west side of India, and gave it to the East India Company. In the time of William III. an English fort was built at Calcutta, on the mouth of the great river Ganges, in the north-east of India.

When Clive went out, this was all that belonged to the East India Company. It wanted to trade, not to conquer. The rest of India belonged to native princes. But the French were also making settlements there, and were at this time far more powerful than the English. Their governor had cleverly secured the friendship of some of the native princes by helping them in their quarrels with others. He was the first to drill native soldiers in the European fashion. They were called sepoy.

Clive was so lonely and miserable when he first went out that he even tried to shoot himself. But when the pistol which he snapped at his own head twice failed to go off, though quite properly loaded, he exclaimed that his life must have been preserved because he was to do something great with it. What he was to do, was to found the British Empire in India.

When Clive was about twenty-five years old the East India Company, being alarmed at the power of the French, called for soldiers, and he gladly offered to serve. Having already become known as a very brave man, he was sent to seize Arcot, a fortified town belonging to a native prince who was friendly to the French.

As he approached the gates of the town, a violent thunderstorm came on. The garrison of Arcot expected that Clive would stop to take shelter, but when they saw him marching on quite unconcernedly, they were so struck by his boldness that they ran away and left Arcot to him.

Before long Clive's little force in Arcot was besieged by an immense army. They held out bravely, but at last it seemed as if hunger would force them to surrender. Only a little rice was left for his men to eat. Some of them were sepoys, and these faithful fellows now came to Clive and begged that he would give all the rice to his English soldiers, and leave them only the water it was boiled in, as they could do with less nourishment than Europeans.

A native prince who had been hired to help the English had for some time kept away. But when he heard how gallantly Clive was holding out in Arcot he marched to relieve him. He said that he never before believed that Englishmen could fight, but that he would willingly help them now that he saw they had spirit enough to help themselves.

Hearing of his approach, the besiegers, after one more vain attempt to storm the place, raised the siege. After

this the French power in India steadily declined, and that of the English increased.

Soon afterwards Clive went home to England for a rest, and was received with great honour. His family could scarcely believe that "naughty Bobby" had become so great a man. His father was heard to growl out that, after all, the booby must have had something in him.

When Clive returned to India he was greeted by terrible news. Bengal, the north-eastern part of India, was ruled by a native prince named Surajah Dowlah. Knowing that the English merchants at Calcutta were rich, he seized the place and all the English in it. The prisoners, one hundred and forty-five Englishmen and one Englishwoman, were driven into a dungeon called the "Black Hole," a little room measuring only 18 feet one way, and 15 feet the other, and with only two tiny windows, barred with iron.

It was summer, and the heat in India is far greater than in the very hottest weather we ever have in Canada. The poor prisoners knew they must soon die for want of air. They cried for mercy: they tried to bribe the guards outside; but all in vain. They begged for water, but when some was brought, as is the custom of the East, in skins, it was found that the skins were too large to be passed between the bars of the windows.

The wretched prisoners struggled madly for the least drop, trampling each other down in their frantic efforts to reach it. The cruel guards only laughed at them. When morning came, and the doors were at last opened.

out of the hundred and forty-six who had entered, only twenty-three ghastly figures staggered out alive.

Clive soon came to avenge his murdered countrymen, and met Surajah Dowlah's army at Plassey. Clive had with him 3,000 men, of whom only 900 were Europeans and very few guns. Surajah Dowlah had 30,000 foot and 18,000 horse soldiers and 50 heavy guns, each drawn by 40 yoke of white oxen.

Clive was very uncertain whether he ought to give battle against such fearful odds. But, after sitting for an hour by himself in a shady grove and thinking it over, he resolved to risk it. In the battle of Plassey, which was fought the next day, 23rd June, 1757, he was completely victorious, and the English became masters of Bengal. This was the beginning of our Indian Empire.

George III. and George Washington.

When George II. died, he was succeeded by his grandson, George III., his eldest son, Frederick, having died before him. The people were delighted with their young king, because he was a born Englishman and spoke English instead of German.

When he ascended the throne he had one idea firmly fixed in his head, which his mother had helped to put there. She used to say to him, "George, be king." What she meant by that was that George III. was not to be just a puppet king, as his grandfather and great-grandfather had been, while all the power was in the hands of their Whig ministers. George III. meant to be

a real king and to choose what ministers he liked, and make them do what he wished.

Now George III. was not a bad man. Yet this foolish wish to govern as he pleased did a great deal of harm, for he was dull and selfish, and terribly obstinate. Because he was king he had a great deal of power, and he used his power very badly

By this time the Englishmen who had gone from time to time to live in America had built many towns and cities, and were very prosperous. They were far better off than the French who had gone to live in Canada, for the English were free, while the French always had to do just what they were told. Those who go away from their own country to make a new home in another land are called colonists, and the places where they live are called colonies. So the English of one or two hundred years ago spoke of Massachusetts and Virginia as colonies just as they now speak of Canada and Australia.

Now one of the greatest and saddest effects of King George's foolish obstinacy was the great war with the colonists that is called the American Revolution. It came about because the king and his minister, Lord North, wanted to tax the colonies. The colonists insisted that Englishmen could be taxed only by their own consent. They said that since they were not represented in Parliament they should not be taxed. England was their mother country, and they loved her as Canadians do now, but they could not give up to her the right to control their own taxes.

The king and his ministers knew they were doing a dangerous thing, and they tried to do it in different ways. First they tried what was called the Stamp Act, making people put stamps like our postage stamps on all kinds of legal papers. Then they tried duties on lead and glass and tea. But the colonists and a good many of the English at home too, were so angry at all this that at last the king took off all the duties except the one on tea. The colonists then said that even one tax was wrong, and that they would not pay it. So just as John Hampden refused to pay the tax laid by Charles I. the Americans refused to pay the tax on tea.

The best men in the English Parliament, men like Burke and Lord Chatham, supported the colonists. But the king was stubborn, and said he would make them pay. Then there were riots. A number of Boston men dressed as Indians went on board some ships in Boston harbor and threw a lot of tea into the sea. This is sometimes called the Boston tea-party. But it made the king more angry and stubborn than ever.

The colonists now began to arm, and more troops were sent out from England. A Congress was elected, in which persons chosen by the different colonies met to decide what was to be done. In 1775 fighting began. Some English soldiers, who had been sent to seize arms and stores collected by the Americans at a place near Boston, were fired on, as they were returning, from behind stone walls and hedges, and many were killed and wounded.

Soon afterwards the British tried to seize a height overlooking their camp at Boston, where the Americans had strongly entrenched themselves. Twice they were beaten back; and they only took the hill in the end because the Americans had used up all their powder and shot and had to beat a retreat.

The next year, on 4th July 1776, the American colonies joined in publishing a Declaration of Independence, in which they solemnly declared that they were a free nation, and would no longer obey King George.

Yet a great many Americans were not really very much in earnest in wishing to separate from England. If George III. would only have given way about taxation, they would have been very content to stay as they were. They were not ready to sacrifice everything for the cause of freedom, as the Dutch had been when they let in the sea to drive out the French. The different colonies quarrelled and were jealous of each other, instead of all joining heartily against the British.

If it had not been for a few men who were really in earnest, America might not have become free. The greatest of these was their Commander-in-Chief, George Washington. He was a wealthy country gentleman, belonging to the colony of Virginia, who, during the Seven Years' War, had shown himself a brave and skilful soldier.

Washington was a quiet, modest man, who never thought about himself, but was ready to bear anything for the sake of his country. Although naturally hot-tempered, he had trained himself to be very patient,

calm, and just. People knew that nothing on earth would make Washington tell a lie, or break a promise, or do a dishonourable act.

The best thing about Washington was that he never let any difficulties discourage him, but just went on quietly doing his best. Yet there never was a general who had more difficult armies to command. There was the making of very good soldiers in the colonists. They were brave, hardy fellows, capital shots, and quick in learning military duties, but they were unwilling to submit to discipline and obey their officers.

As many of them really cared very little about the cause in which they were fighting, and grudged every hour away from their farms and families, they would only enlist for very short times. Besides Washington could not get the Government to pay them regularly or supply them with what they needed. His troops were often nearly starving. No one but Washington could have kept such an army together at all. But though often beaten, he never despaired or missed any chance of success. The British generals, on the other hand, missed many chances of beating him, and were very stupid and careless.

The first great advantage that the Americans gained was that, two years after the war began, they contrived to surround an English general, at a place called Saratoga, up in the north, and compelled his whole army to surrender.

Directly afterwards they got help from France. The French bore a grudge against England because of the

beating she had given them in the last war, and were glad of an opportunity to take their revenge. They sent money, soldiers, and ships to the colonists, and promised to make war with England until she acknowledged the independence of America.

In his heart Lord North thought it wrong and useless to go on with the war, and only did so because the king was set upon it. But being now rather frightened, he offered to give up everything that the Americans complained of if they would not ask for independence.

Even Chatham could not bring himself to agree to the separation of the colonies from England. He was now old and ill, but when the Duke of Richmond was going to propose in Parliament that the independence of America should be recognised he went to the House of Lords to speak against it.

Wrapped in flannel, and leaning on crutches, the old statesman was led in by his son-in-law and his young son, William Pitt. The Lords listened to him respectfully, but they could scarcely hear his words. He kept forgetting what he wanted to say, and repeating the same sentences over and over again.

The Duke of Richmond answered him very gently. Chatham rose to speak again, staggered, and fell down in a fit. He was carried out of the House, and died after a few days.

Soon afterwards Spain joined in the war against England, chiefly because she wanted to get back Gibraltar. England was in very great danger. The French and Spanish fleets sailed up and down the

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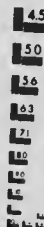
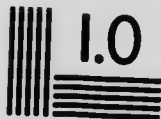


THE LAST SPEECH OF CHATHAM.—J. S. COPLEY.



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Channel, and there was no English fleet strong enough to fight them. Before long England was also at war with Holland. She had not a friend in Europe. In India a powerful native prince seized the opportunity to try and drive the English out of the country. Still George III. refused to yield an inch to what the Americans asked.

At last the English army in America, under Cornwallis, was shut up in Yorktown, a seaport in Virginia. The Americans hemmed them in on the land side, and the French fleet blocked them up by sea. Cornwallis was obliged to surrender with his whole army.

When the news reached England every one knew it was useless to struggle longer. Lord North resigned. Peace was made in 1783, and England recognised the independence of America.

The war with France and Spain ended better for England. Admiral Rodney gained a splendid victory over the French fleet in the West Indies. But the most glorious event of the war was the successful defence of Gibraltar by General Elliot. For three years the fortress had been besieged by the fleets and armies of France and Spain, and before peace was concluded they were very anxious to take it.

In September 1782 the two fleets made a determined attack on the town. They had with them ten huge floating batteries carrying great guns. These were brought to within half-a-mile of the fortress, and opened a tremendous fire upon it.

But Elliot on his side fired red-hot cannon-balls at them, set them on fire one after another, and destroyed them all. A few days later a British fleet under Lord Howe relieved the heroic garrison of Gibraltar. After this France and Spain made peace with England.

William Pitt.

At the end of the American war, England had lost the proud place she had held amongst other nations in the days of Chatham. Once more she had need of a great minister to restore her to power and prosperity. There was one statesman from whom people had hoped great things; his name was Charles James Fox.

Fox had many faults; he was much given to drinking and gambling. But he was so sweet-tempered and faithful to his friends that no one could help loving him. He had a tender heart, that could not bear to see any one ill-treated or oppressed.

But a greater man than Fox was William Pitt, second son of the great Lord Chatham. He was wonderfully clever as a child, though so delicate that it did not seem likely that he would live to manhood. His father, who was very fond and proud of him, always meant him to be a statesman, and carefully trained him for this, taking great pains to teach him to speak well, and talking to him about politics when he was still quite a little boy. Pitt was nineteen when his father died. He entered Parliament when he was twenty-one, and at twenty-four was Prime Minister.

Pitt and Fox became rivals, and continued such till the end of Pitt's life. For years when Pitt had made a splendid speech in the House of Commons, Fox would get up and answer him in another just as fine. Many people said that there never were two such speakers in the House at the same time before.

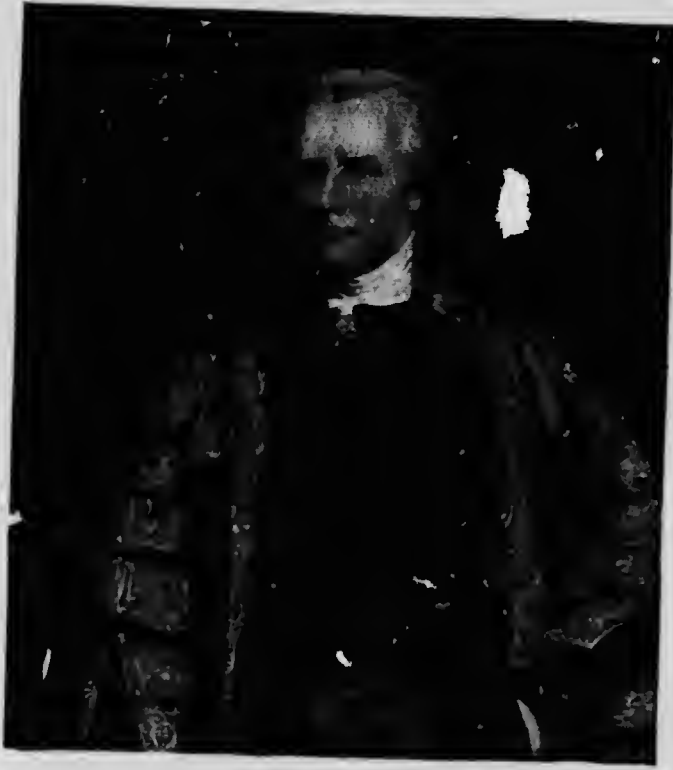
Pitt was as different as possible from Fox. He was much younger: a tall, thin, pale man, who held himself stiffly, and looked haughty and scornful. Only his very few dear friends knew how affectionate he could be. Most people respected and trusted him rather than loved him. But he remained Prime Minister for seventeen years.

Pitt was one of the first English statesmen who saw how foolish the old notion was that it was bad for one country if other countries were well off. This idea had made each country refuse to trade with its neighbours for fear of making them richer, instead of buying the goods it wanted wherever it could get them best and cheapest. He persuaded Parliament to make a treaty with France by which goods were allowed to be sent from one country to the other without having to pay very high duties.

There was one trade, however, that he wanted to stop. This was the slave-trade. Ever since the reign of Elizabeth, the English, as well as other nations, had made a regular business of catching negroes in Africa, and shipping them over the Atlantic to work in the tobacco plantations of Virginia and the sugar plantations of the West Indies.

Besides the misery of being torn away from their homes and families, the poor negroes went through

horrible sufferings on the voyage. The slave-ships crossed the hottest part of the Atlantic Ocean, yet the slaves were packed so closely in the holds of the vessels that they could scarcely breathe. When their limbs became stiff for want of room to move freely, they were



WILLIAM PITT, THE YOUNGER.

brought up on deck and flogged, to make them jump about. The slave-traders used to tell the people how glad the slaves were to go to America, and how merrily they *danced* on deck. A great many died on the voyage

to America. If food ran short (though they were always half-starved, the weakest were sometimes thrown overboard alive.

It was a young man named Clarkson who first made it his business to find out these horrible things from the Liverpool sailors, and to let the English people know about them. A very good man, William Wilberforce, a member of Parliament, resolved to devote his life to getting the slave-trade abolished, and it was he who interested Pitt in the matter. Soon afterwards, Wilberforce fell ill, and, believing himself to be dying, he made Pitt solemnly promise to carry on the work.

Happily Wilberforce recovered. Pitt brought a bill into Parliament to abolish the slave-trade, and made a magnificent speech about it. Fox for once spoke warmly on the same side. But the House of Commons would not pass it. They said it was not right to interfere with other people's property. Black people seemed to them exactly the same sort of property as barrels of sugar.

Pitt did not persevere. But Fox and Wilberforce never gave up until, shortly after Pitt's death, they got Parliament at last to abolish the slave-trade.

The Beginnings of Machinery—James Watt.

We are so used to thinking of England as a country full of great towns and famous for its manufactures, that we can scarcely realise how different everything was only 140 years ago. Before the reign of George III. there were only about 6,000,000 people in all England.

They were nearly all employed in farm work. They could easily grow enough corn to feed themselves. Their chief wealth was the wool from the backs of their sheep. London was the only really large town.

Now there are more than 32,000,000 people in England alone. Most of these people live in large towns. They have to import by far the greater part of their food from foreign countries. Their chief wealth is coal, iron, and manufactured articles, especially cotton goods, the material for which also comes from abroad. This great change, which has altered the whole life of Englishmen, took place for the most part in the first thirty years of the reign of George III.

It was chiefly brought about by the invention of machinery for spinning cotton into thread. For some time there had been a cotton manufacture in England, carried on chiefly in the villages round Manchester. In most of the cottages the father was a weaver. On his hand-loom he wove the cotton thread into calico. His wife and children spun the thread for him out of the soft down from the pods of the cotton-plant, which was brought chiefly from America to Liverpool.

All the cotton yarn was spun by hand in single threads on a spinning wheel. Spinning took so much longer than weaving that the weaver could never get enough yarn to keep his loom at work, even though he collected it from all the small farmhouses near his home, where the farmers' wives and daughters added to the family income by spinning.

But within a few years of one another two or three men invented new ways of spinning and weaving by machinery. They invented machines that could work far more quickly than men could ever work by hand. Now the question was how to make the machinery go.

At first horses were used to turn wheels. Then they were turned by water. Lastly, the great discovery was made of how to work machinery by steam. Steam engines had been used long before this time, chiefly for raising water from mines. But they consumed so much fuel in heating the steam that they cost too much to be generally used.

This difficulty was got over by the great engineer, James Watt. He was born at Greenock, on the river Clyde, in 1736. His father was a carpenter and shipwright. James was a weakly child, and seemed rather dull and quiet. But he was fond of drawing, using tools and taking his toys to pieces and putting them together again.

When they were having tea together one day, one of his aunts said to him, "James Watt, I never saw such an idle boy as you are. For the last hour you have not spoken a word, but have taken the lid off that kettle and put it on again, holding a spoon over the steam watching how it rises from the spout, and counting the drops it falls into.

Most likely James was only just amusing himself in this way, as many other children have done. But it was just as likely that he was gaining some of the knowledge which enabled him years afterwards to make a steam-



JAMES WATT AND HIS TEA-KETTLE. — MARCUS STONE, R.A.
(By permission of Messrs. H. Graves and Co., Limited.)

engine which could be profitably worked, because not waste heat or fuel like the old ones. But even the steam-engine would only move a rod up and down, and was of no use for working machinery, but only for pumping up water.

After many years of hard struggle and disappointment, Watt was taken into partnership by Matthew Boulton, a rich man who had large iron-works at Soho, near Birmingham, and after many patient attempts he made his second great discovery of a steam-engine which would work from side to side, turn wheels, and set machinery in motion. All machines soon began to be worked by steam.

To make steam you want water and fuel. To make machines you want iron. In the north of Britain both coal and iron are abundant. In this way it has come about that the north is the manufacturing part of Great Britain. Up to this time it had been the most thinly-peopled, most backward, and wildest part of the country. Soon great towns sprang up—Manchester, Leeds, Sheffield, Birmingham, Newcastle, Liverpool, and Glasgow—filled with quick-witted, thoughtful men, as men learn to be when they manage complicated machinery.

During the last years of the eighteenth century, there was a terrible rebellion in Ireland, and as a result it was thought best to stop having a separate Irish Parliament. So it was settled that after January 1st, 1801, there should be only one Parliament for England, Scotland and Ireland, to which all three countries should send members.

England, Scotland, and Ireland were now at last united into the one kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. It was at this time that the Union Jack became the national flag. It is made up of the flags of the separate countries.

The old flag of England was a red cross, shaped like this $+$, on a white ground. It was called the cross of St. George. St. George was the favourite or patron saint of England. There is an old story of how he killed a dragon, and on our gold coins called sovereigns there is a picture of St. George and the dragon. If you look at a Union Jack you will see in the middle of it a St. George's red cross with a white border to it, representing the white ground of the old flag.

Next there is another white cross, shaped like this $\times$, on a blue ground. That is called the cross of St. Andrew, the patron saint of Scotland. This used to be the national flag of Scotland.

The old flag of Ireland was a red cross, shaped like the last $\times$, on a white ground. That was the cross of St. Patrick, the great saint of Ireland. In the Union Jack this red cross of St. Patrick is laid on the white cross of St. Andrew, which serves to represent its old white ground.

In this way we get in the Union Jack the three crosses together, and they represent the union of the three countries. Under that flag Englishmen, Scotsmen, and Irishmen fight gallantly side by side, and forget old quarrels in upholding the common cause of justice and right.

Lord Nelson.

LIEUTENANT NELSON VOLUNTEERING TO BOARD A PRIZE IN A VIOLENT BATTLE.—R. WESTALL.

It was a good thing for England that she had grown so much richer, and that the numbers of her people had increased. For she was now about to begin a long war

with France, in which she had to fight for her very life, and needed every man and every penny she had.

This arose out of a great change which took place in France, and which is called the French Revolution. For a long time France had been very badly governed. At last, about six years after the United States had won their independence, the people lost their patience and began to see whether they could not get a better government. But they made so many sad mistakes and tried to change things so fast that there were dreadful riots and civil wars. For a time there was no law at all, and the people murdered and ill-treated one another terribly. Not only was the King beheaded, as Charles I. of England had been, but the Queen, too, and a great many innocent men and women lost their lives. By and by other countries began to interfere until all Europe was at war. Spain fought on the side of France, but England and Prussia fought against her, and there were many terrible battles.

During these wars one French general was so successful and won so many victories that after a time the French made him their chief and called him their Emperor. His name was Napoleon Bonaparte. He was really an Italian, for he was born in the island of Corsica. But Corsica belonged to France just then, and as Napoleon went to French schools and entered the French army he came to look upon himself as a Frenchman. He was a wonderful soldier, and after a time he made France more powerful than she had ever been before. He was so strong that he really ruled over

Germany, Holland, Spain and Italy as well as France. But he was not able to invade England, because the English ships were better than his.

At last he made up his mind to try to conquer England. To do this he had to cross the English



NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE.

Channel, and he could not do this without first defeating the English fleet.

Now England had a very great admiral, Lord Nelson, and Nelson knew that he must prevent Napoleon's army from landing in England. He had already fought many

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THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.—W. C. STANFIELD, R.A.
(By permission of Messrs. H. Graves & Co., Limited.)

battles, and had lost an eye and been wounded in other ways. His sailors loved him and would have followed him anywhere. Spain was still fighting on the side of



NELSON WOUNDED AT TENERIFFE.—R. WESTALL.

France, and Nelson's only chance was to defeat the combined French and Spanish fleets so badly that they would never again try to invade England.

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THE DEATH OF NELSON.—A. W. DEVIS.
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In the autumn of 1805 Nelson embarked on his fine old ship, the "Victory," at Southsea, and soon joined the rest of the fleet off the coast of Spain. Most of his old captains were with him; never was such a number of splendid seamen gathered together in one fleet.

On Sunday, 21st October, 1805, a day never to be forgotten by Englishmen, Nelson came up with the French and Spanish fleets off Cape Trafalgar. It was a misty morning, with scarcely any wind, and only the gentlest swell on the sea.

Nelson had twenty-seven line-of-battle ships, and on board everything was in perfect fighting order. Nelson had explained to his captains what he meant to do, and they and their crews knew their business thoroughly. Every man was at his proper station, and perfect silence was kept as they made towards the enemy, thirty-three French and Spanish ships of many different builds and sizes, painted all sorts of colours, and gay with many flags.

At 11 A.M. Nelson was seen kneeling in his cabin, praying God to give him the victory. Then he went on deck and ordered a signal to be run up to encourage the whole fleet. This famous signal ran, "England expects that every man will do his duty."

The English ships sailed slowly on in two columns, one led by Nelson in the *Victory*, the other by Collingwood in the *Royal Sovereign*. The long line of the enemy's ships was broken in two places, and the great fight was soon hotly raging.

The *Victory* was, of course, in the very thickest of it. One of the ships which was fighting her had in its tops

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THE "VICTORY" TOWED INTO GIBRALTAR AFTER THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.—W. C. STANFIELD, R.
(By permission of Messrs. H. Graves and Co., Limited.)

soldiers armed with muskets, who shot down the English crews on their decks. Nelson was pacing up and down with his dear friend, Captain Hardy. Suddenly he fell. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," he said, as his captain stooped over him. "My backbone is shot through." As he was carried below, with his one hand he drew a handkerchief over his face and the stars on his uniform, lest his men should see who he was, and be discouraged.

The doctor could do nothing for him. Through the long day he lay, fevered with the pain of his dreadful wound and parched with thirst, yet listening eagerly to the uproar and tumult which told him how the battle was going on. From time to time he heard his men break into a cheer, and then he knew that another of the enemy's ships had struck her colours and surrendered.

At last Captain Hardy snatched a minute to come down to him. "Well, Hardy, how goes the day with us?" asked Nelson eagerly. Hardy replied that twelve or fourteen of the enemy's ships had struck. "I hope none of our ships have struck, Hardy," said Nelson. "No, my lord, no fear of that." Then Hardy had to return to his duties on deck, while Nelson lay quietly waiting for death.

At four in the afternoon Hardy came down again to tell his dying chief that it was certain that fourteen or fifteen of the enemy's ships had been taken. "That is well," answered Nelson; "but I had bargained for twenty."

The end was now very near. "Kiss me, Hardy," murmured the dying man. Hardy knelt and kissed his

brow. "God bless you Hardy," said Nelson. "Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty." At half-past four he passed away. He had indeed done his duty.

That night a great storm arose, and most of the captured vessels had to be cut adrift and went to wreck. But it was a complete and wonderful victory. The enemy's fleet was almost entirely destroyed. Never again during the war could a French or Spanish fleet of any size put to sea.

Yet so dearly was Nelson loved that, when the news reached England, the joy over the great victory was almost forgotten in the sorrow for the loss of the greatest of all English sailors.

The Duke of Wellington.

Now the time came when Spain got tired of doing just as Napoleon ordered and when she turned to the side of England. Then England sent an army to help the Spaniards drive out the French. Soon the English general in Spain came to be nearly as famous as Napoleon. His name was Arthur Wellesley, but we know him better by his later title, the Duke of Wellington.

Arthur Wellesley was the son of an Irish nobleman. Every one thought him rather dull and stupid as a boy. When he became a soldier, however, he set himself to understand his business thoroughly. He was a most industrious man, and in his grave, quiet way he thought

over everything which came under his notice. Even as a young officer he was very careful of the health and comfort of his men.

Wellington did not make his soldiers love him as Nelson's sailors loved *him*. He kept very strict order, and was more ready to blame than to praise. But they



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

thoroughly respected and trusted him. They felt sure he would think of everything beforehand and not make blunders or throw away their lives uselessly.

The English won so many victories in Spain that the other countries that Napoleon had defeated began to

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THE STORMING OF BADAJOZ. — R. CATON WOODVILLE, R.L.
(By permission of Messrs. H. Graves and Co., Limited.)

take heart. Bye and bye Napoleon made a terrible mistake. He marched far into Russia to take Moscow. The Russians could not defeat him, but they set fire to Moscow, and when Napoleon entered the city it was a ruin. He had no way of sheltering or feeding his soldiers, and he had to march them back again.

Winter came on, and nearly the whole of Napoleon's splendid army died of cold and starvation or were killed by the Russians. When the Emperor reached Germany he gathered another army, but now he began to suffer defeats, for he was not as powerful as he had been.

At last he had to say that he would lay down his crown and not fight any more. He was given the little island of Elba to live in, and he promised to stay there. But he could not keep from fighting. One day he set sail from Elba, landed in France, and seized Paris.

The French welcomed him and gave him a great army again, for they admired him very much. But England and Prussia believed that there would be no peace in Europe as long as Napoleon remained Emperor, and they determined to crush him.

Wellington commanded the English armies and the Prussian general was a brave old veteran named Blücher. The English crossed over to Belgium. There Blücher was to meet them, and then they were to invade France together.

Napoleon tried to prevent this, and he did manage to defeat Blücher. But the old general gathered his army together again, for he knew Napoleon was going to attack Wellington now, and he meant to help the



WELLINGTON CROSSING THE PYRENEES
(By permission of Messrs. H. Graves and Co. Limited.)

English if he could. So instead of running away as Napoleon thought he would after his defeat, Blücher, during the night, marched northwards to a place from which he could get across to help Wellington when his turn came to be attacked.

The old Prussian was as true as steel. He knew that Wellington depended on his coming, and he was determined not to disappoint him. Napoleon did not find him out, and he sent a large body of troops to pursue the Prussians in quite a wrong direction.

Wellington had not been able to go to Blücher's help. When the news of Napoleon's approach reached him, he and his army were a good way off, at Brussels. He was just going to a grand ball given by the Duchess of Richmond to the officers of his army. He quietly gave his orders, and then went to the ball as if nothing had happened. The word went round, the officers slipped away from the ball-room one by one, and at daybreak the army was on its march southwards.

It took some time for all the troops to collect; and that afternoon, while Blücher was fighting, Wellington, with a few regiments, was gallantly holding back part of Napoleon's army, which was trying to force its way to Brussels. The next morning, having heard of Blücher's defeat, Wellington fell back, and determined to make his stand at Waterloo, where his army had by this time gathered. He was closely followed by Napoleon, and both armies spent the night—a very wet and stormy one—on the battlefield.

The next day was Sunday, 18th June, 1815. From the church steeples of the tiny villages scattered over the wide plain, the bells were calling the people to church. The two great armies were facing each other, ready to fight. Wellington's was drawn up on a ridge of low hills in front of the village of Waterloo. Below was a little valley, and then, about a mile away, was a still lower ridge, upon which was the French army. Although Wellington had been fighting the French for so many years, this was the first time he had met Napoleon himself in battle.

The two armies were about equal in numbers. But Napoleon's troops were all Frenchmen, and nearly all old soldiers hardened to war. Of Wellington's army only about a third were British, and they were mostly young recruits, who had never been in battle before. His old Peninsular soldiers were far away in America, where unfortunately, England had been for two years at war with the United States. The rest of his troops were Germans or Belgians, and the Belgians were so frightened that even before the battle began they were ready to run away.

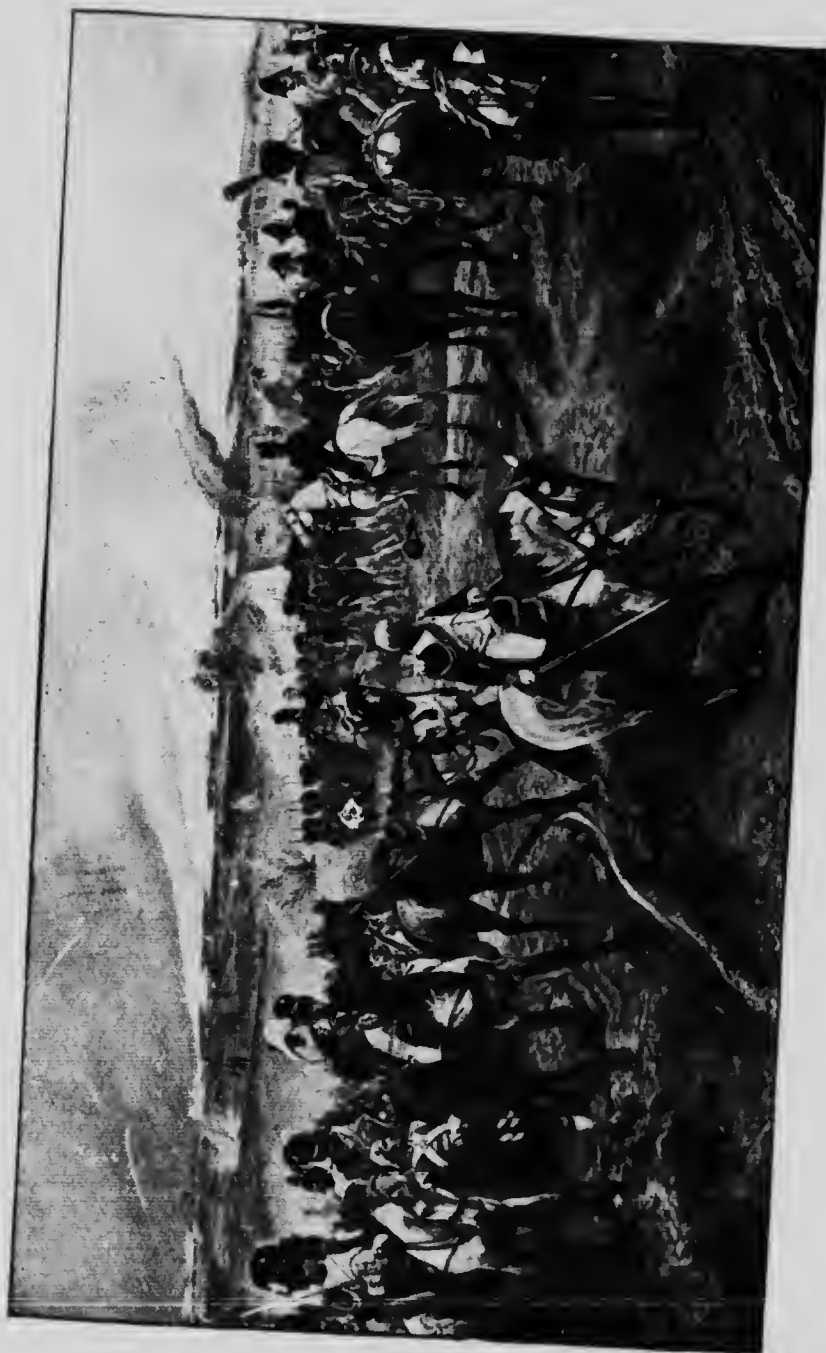
The great battle began a little before noon-day, and raged till eight o'clock in the evening. Between the French and English armies were two farm-houses, nestling in their orchards, and round these fighting was going on all day. But, for the most part, what happened was that the French over and over again charged up the hill held by the British, and that the British drove them down again.

Napoleon first sent up his foot soldiers. Wellington kept his men out of sight, over the brow of the hill. As the French arrived breathless at the top, the English infantry received them with a dreadful fire and threw them into confusion. Before they could recover there was a sound of galloping hoofs, and the British cavalry swept over them, carrying them down the hill, and right back to the French lines. In their excitement the British rode too far, and before they could retreat they suffered dreadful loss. But it was a glorious charge.

At four o'clock in the afternoon Napoleon ordered his cavalry to charge the ridge. On came the glittering mass of horsemen, with shining breastplates and helmets and many coloured uniforms, slowly at first, then faster and faster up the hill. What they saw when they reached the crest was nine little red squares of British foot soldiers, arranged in a zigzag, and bristling on every side with steel bayonets.

From each square came a deadly fire, before which the French horsemen fell fast. Twelve times during the next two hours the French cavalry charged those stubborn squares without being able to break them, and twelve times they were driven back in wild confusion down the hill. The English boys in the squares seemed to get quite used to the charges. When they saw a fresh one coming they only growled out, "Here come these fools again," and stood steadier than ever. At last the French drew off.

But though they were not broken, the red squares were getting smaller and smaller, and the British cavalry



"1815."—R. CATON WOODVILLE, R.L.
(By permission of Messrs. H. Graves and Co., Limited.)

had lost terribly. Many times Wellington looked at his watch. Blücher had promised to come to help him; would he arrive in time?

But now at last, far away to the left of the British, dark lines were seen advancing. Blücher was coming! All day his army had been struggling along muddy country roads, or wading through deep pools in the forest, the guns often sticking fast in the soft earth. But here they were at last!

When Napoleon saw the Prussians he knew that he must make one last great effort. He sent forward his very best and bravest soldiers, the Old Guard, magnificent tall fellows in huge bearskin caps, who, it was said, had never yet been beaten in any battle.

It was about half-past seven in the evening as, with drums beating and shouting "Long live the Emperor," they reached the crest of the ridge. For a moment they could see nothing but the smoke from the English cannon. Suddenly there rose before them the long thin red line of the British Guards, whom Wellington had kept lying down in rank until the last minute. A deadly fire from their muskets raked the French in front and flank. "Charge, charge!" shouted the English officer. The Old Guard fell back, and tumbled down the hill in headlong confusion.

Wellington, who was eagerly watching, suddenly shut up his telescope and ordered his whole line to advance. In a few minutes the French army was in hopeless flight. It was pursued all night by the Prussians, who slew the fugitives without mercy.

Wellington had won Waterloo. But 15,000 of his brave soldiers, and many more of the French, lay killed or wounded on the field. When the duke was awakened early next morning to hear the terrible list of the slain among his officers, the tears ran down his unwashed face, still black with the smoke and dust of the battle. "I never fought such a battle before, and I hope I shall never fight such another," he said. And, as it happened, it really was his last, though he was then only forty-six, and he lived to the advanced age of eighty-three.

Waterloo was Napoleon's last fight also. He fled from the battlefield to Paris, followed by Wellington and Blücher, who entered the city in triumph. Napoleon had now no army and no friends. He was again deposed, and this time the Allies gave him no chance of escape. He was sent to the rocky little island of St. Helena, which belongs to England, and lies far out in the Atlantic Ocean, between Africa and South America. Here, after six years' captivity, he died. He never showed the least sorrow for all the blood he had shed and the misery he had caused. He had used his great gifts only for himself, and this was how it all ended.

The First Railroads.

In the year 1820 King George III. died. He had reigned more than fifty-nine years—longer than any other sovereign of England except Queen Victoria. He was succeeded by his son, George IV., who had for many years been Regent during his father's illness. When he was young he was called "the finest gentleman in

Europe." But beyond having a handsome face and polite manners there was not much good in him.

In 1830 George IV. died. He was succeeded by his brother, William IV. William had been in the Navy when he was young, and had the hearty, bluff ways of a sailor, which made his people like him.

There were now much better roads all over England, and the result was that travelling by coach became much quicker and pleasanter. Coaches ran all over the kingdom at the rate of about ten miles an hour.

But coach journeys were very expensive, and the fast coaches would not carry heavy goods. At last it struck several people that steam-engines might be used to draw trucks full of goods. The first man who made a really successful one was George Stephenson.

He was the son of a poor collier in Northumberland. He never went to school, but after he was grown up he saved some money to pay for lessons in reading and writing.

The first piece of engineering work he did was to mend an engine which pumped up water out of a coal-mine. Fixed engines of this kind had long been in use. Then he set himself to make one which would move from place to place, or what is called a locomotive. There were already tram-lines for trucks to run along, but these trucks were drawn by horses.

After many attempts Stephenson made a locomotive. It was not altogether a success, and made such a noise that it was called "Puffing Billy." In two years' time he had improved it so much that it drew trucks from the

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GEORGE STEPHENSON.—BY JOHN LUCAS.
(By permission of Messrs. H. Graves and Co., Limited.)

colliery to the river better and more cheaply than it could be done by horses.

The first railway for the conveyance of passengers as well as goods was made between the towns of Stockton and Darlington in 1825. Both the line and the locomotive were constructed by Stephenson. The train travelled about eight miles an hour.

The same year it was decided to make a railway between Liverpool and Manchester, and Stephenson was again the engineer. When the line was finished the owners began to get frightened at the idea of using steam-engines.

Stephenson persuaded them to offer a prize for the best engine. Three other inventors besides himself sent engines to be tried. His, which was called the "Rocket," was the only one which could be got to move at all. The "Rocket" started off at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour. Unhappily, it ran over and killed the statesman, Huskisson, who did not get out of its way quickly enough.

Railways soon began to be made all over England. The first cars were made as much like coaches as possible, and in England railway people still call them "coaches."

There were steamboats before there were locomotives. The first steamboat in Great Britain was made by Henry Bell, in 1812, and plied up and down the river Clyde.

Queen Victoria.

In the month of June, 1837, King William died. He had no children, and everyone knew that his young niece, the Princess Victoria, would be Queen.

Victoria was living in Kensington Palace, by the edge of the beautiful Kensington Gardens. She had gone to bed and was fast asleep one night when two elderly gentlemen came to see her. "The Princess is asleep," said the servants. "Yes," said the visitors, "but we have come to see the *Queen*."

So they awakened her, and she came down stairs in her wrapper with her hair flowing over her shoulders. She was only eighteen, and she was half afraid of the burden of being Queen. But they knelt and kissed her hand, and she made up her mind to be as good and wise as she could, as long as God permitted her to be Queen of England.

Queen Victoria reigned for sixty-three years. Every year her people loved her better, for she was good and true, and tried always to do what was right.

She married a German prince, the good Prince Albert, and they had nine children. The eldest, who was a daughter and was named after her mother, became the wife of the Crown Prince of Prussia, and the Emperor William of Germany is her son. The second child was a son, and he became the good King Edward VII.

The great Queen was helped by many noble and wise men during her long reign. It would take many books

to tell of them all. We shall only speak of three or four, though there were many others just as good.

One was a great missionary. He was a Scotchman, named David Livingstone. He believed that he ought to go away to South Africa to help the negroes to be better and wiser. So he studied hard and became a doctor. Then he went to South Africa and travelled far inland before he settled down. Before he died he did more to civilize South Africa than anyone else who ever lived. By *civilizing*, we mean that he taught the wild negroes how to live better, how to know more, and how to be happier. He died at last of fever in the forest. His black companions carried his body hundreds of miles to the sea. Then it was brought to England to be buried in Westminster Abbey.

While Livingstone was teaching in South Africa there was a dreadful rebellion in India. The native soldiers who were drilled and commanded by Englishmen rose against their officers and murdered them. All through northern India English men, women and children were killed or had to fight for their lives. This is called the Indian Mutiny.

In one city, the city of Lucknow, all of the English people gathered into one house, and there they defended themselves for weeks against the savage natives. But while they fought and waited, a brave English officer, Sir Henry Havelock, was leading a little army to their relief. He had to fight almost every foot of his way, but at last he reached Lucknow in time to save those who were there. He died soon after, but he will always be remembered as the hero of Lucknow.

While Havelock was fighting in India a boy was growing to manhood who was to be another of the great soldiers of Victoria's reign. His name was Charles Gordon. He entered the army when he was old enough, but England was at peace then. He thought it tiresome to be a soldier when there was no fighting to do. So he left home and entered the service of other countries. He was in China for a time when there was a great rebellion going on, and he helped to put it down. Then he was a general in the Egyptian army. In Egypt he had to govern a province far up the river Nile, where there were many savage tribes. But the savages learned to obey and respect him, because he was as brave as a lion and because he honestly tried to do his duty.

After a few years of hard work in Egypt, Gordon went home to England. But in the deserts up the Nile valley there arose a rebel leader called El Mahdi. He said he was a prophet sent by God. Thousands of fierce savages joined him, and they murdered everyone who would not obey El Mahdi.

So Gordon was sent to see what he could do. He went to the city of Khartoum, in the midst of El Mahdi's country. But the rebels soon surrounded the city, and said that they would kill Gordon as they did others unless he would obey their prophet.

For a long time the people of England waited to hear from Gordon. At last they became anxious, and sent an army to help him. The Nile is full of rapids, so the boats full of soldiers had to go very slowly. They were guided by Canadian boatmen who were used to the

rapids of our swift rivers. But when the first boats reached Khartoum there was no British flag flying. The city had been taken three days before, and Gordon had died bravely at his post. It was thirteen years before British soldiers again entered Khartoum under Lord Kitchener.

There were many great statesmen in those years, but the greatest of them was Mr. Gladstone. He was a wonderful orator and a wise man, with a warm heart and an honest desire to do right that made Englishmen love and respect him. His rival for years was the great *John*, Benjamin Disraeli, who became Earl of Beaconsfield. These two used to make speeches against one another just as Pitt and Fox used to do years before, and they both served their country faithfully and well.

Edward the Peacemaker.

When Queen Victoria was still only twenty-two years old there was born to her a little son. He was a beautiful little boy, and all over England and the Empire bells rang and guns were fired to welcome the new prince. Everyone knew that if he lived he would be king some day.

This is what the Queen wrote to her uncle about her baby. "Our little boy is a wonderfully strong and large child, with large and dark blue eyes, a finely formed but somewhat large nose, and a pretty little mouth. I hope and pray he may be like his dearest papa. He is to be called Albert, and Edward is to be his second name."

When he was only a month old he was made Prince of Wales, and a month later he was christened with water

that had been brought from the river Jordan. A friend had carried it in a bottle all the way from the Holy Land. The christening cake had to be as big as a flour barrel because there were so many who wanted a piece to keep.

Prince Albert Edward had to be brought up very carefully so that he would be a good king. He was taught just as other little boys were taught. At Osborne, where the Queen lived in the summer, the prince and his sister Victoria each had a little garden. They grew both flowers and vegetables, and dug and took out the weeds like other children. The prince had a carpenter's bench too, and a little museum for butterflies and pressed wild flowers and pretty stones.

When the Prince of Wales was eighteen years old he visited Canada. There was great excitement and joy here at the prospect of seeing the Queen's son, and everyone liked him when he came. His trip must have tired him, for in every city there were dinners and addresses and receptions for him. But he enjoyed it all and was kind and good-natured to every one. In Montreal he opened the new Victoria Bridge by driving in the last spike. In Ottawa he laid the corner stone of the Parliament Buildings. Before he went home he visited the United States too. He went to see the grave of Washington, and planted a tree beside it to show that Americans and Englishmen were no longer enemies.

As he grew older he kept the kindness and goodness of heart that made Canadians and Americans love him. When the good Queen died in January, 1901, he became

King, and for over nine years he reigned over our great Empire. During his reign the war with the Dutch in South Africa ended. It had been a fierce war, but the King and his advisers were so wise and good that the hatred and bitterness of the war were wiped away. The Dutch and English who had fought so hard are all peaceful British citizens now, and govern themselves just as we do in Canada.

King Edward did all he could to keep his country from war. Nearly all of the kings of Europe were related to him, and he tried to keep good feeling among them. He was the oldest and wisest statesman in Europe too, and he used all his influence for peace. Because of this he was given the name of Edward the Peacemaker.

In the spring of 1910 the news suddenly came that the king was very ill. Then in only a day or two came the sad message that he had passed away. When he felt the end coming he said to those beside him, "Well, it is all over, but I think I have done my duty." His son George, Prince of Wales, became king at his father's death. King Edward was nearly sixty years old when he became king, but King George was only forty-five, so we may hope that he will live to reign over us for many years. He has learned how to be a good man and a good ruler from his father and his dear mother, the Queen Mother Alexandra. So we all love and honour King George V.

Queen Victoria and King Edward were two of the best sovereigns that ever ruled over Great Britain.

Under their rule the Empire has grown until it is far greater than Queen Elizabeth or even William Pitt would have dreamed possible. All over the world those whose fathers or grandfathers came, like our own, from the British Islands, sing "God Save the King." And as we speak of our King and our Empire we should try to know more of the long line of kings and queens who have ruled over England, and the men who have made her so great.

