

ECLECTIC READINGS

LITTLE STORIES
OF
ENGLAND



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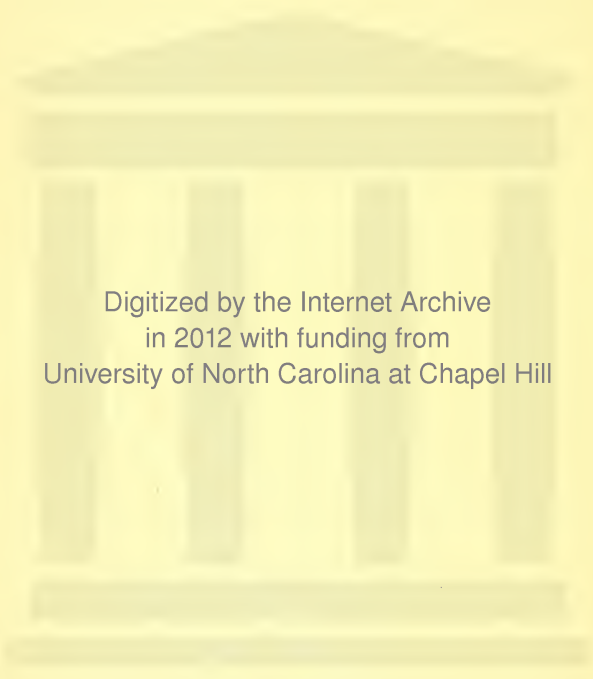
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THESE LITTLE STORIES
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Victoria at the Age of Twelve.

Frontispiece

LITTLE
STORIES OF ENGLAND

BY

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OF GERMANY," "HUNTING AND FISHING," "IN FIELD
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WITH A PREFACE BY

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NEW YORK ··· CINCINNATI ··· CHICAGO
AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

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ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL, LONDON.

LITTLE STORIES OF ENGLAND.

W. P. I

PREFACE

THE common school curriculum has been broadened during the last generation, until the number of subjects in the weekly program doubles and sometimes triples that of former days. And while there is serious danger of dissipation now, no one questions the general wisdom of this change. Indeed, any pupil who confines himself even now to the prescribed course of study is leading altogether too narrow a life. The textbooks, no matter how numerous and varied, are only a text after all, and a good portion of a young person's ideas should come from other sources than the immediate school instruction.

Again, one weakness of the school touches reviews. After having once presented valuable topics, it lacks variety of ways of reviewing and thereby fixing them as permanent possessions.

This book aims to meet both of these needs; and in my estimation, it meets them admirably. It introduces children to many topics of common interest that are not found in any ordinary course

of study. And it reviews many others in a delightful manner.

There are two reasons why such books as this may well occasionally receive a period of the regular school time. In that way only will the importance of general reading be properly impressed upon many pupils. Only in that way, too, will the teacher have opportunity to give needed ideas about the proper method of general reading. Textbooks in school are usually covered so slowly that children rebel if they have preserved enough individuality to harbor ideas of their own. And, as a consequence, any books that they are free to read in their own way they cover altogether too rapidly. They need to learn a middle way. By reading such stories as these with a class, or by talking them over one by one with a class after the latter have read them, the teacher can give many valuable facts about method that will influence all later general reading. Since general reading of books, magazines, and papers, as distinguished from strenuous study of a particular text, constitutes the main part of reading for most persons after their school is past, the magnitude of this matter is easily apparent.

F. M. McMURRY.

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LITTLE STORIES OF ENGLAND

THE WHITE-CLIFFED ISLAND

THE first story of England was written fifty years before Christ was born. It was written long before England bore the name of England; long before the first words of the English language had been formed; long before people had learned how to make pens and paper. Julius Cæsar, the great Roman general, wrote the story. He wrote it in his own language, Latin, cutting the words into a wax-covered tablet with a hard-pointed stylus. It was a part of his diary, that he kept faithfully, to tell the Romans of the strange lands that he had visited and the strange peoples whom he had conquered in battle.

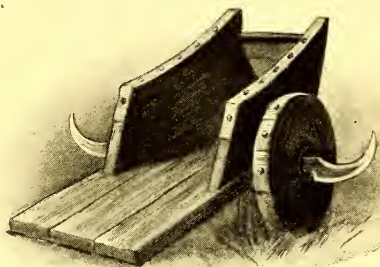
For Julius Cæsar was a wonderful soldier. He grew up in Rome in the days when the dream in the heart of every boy was to be strong enough and brave enough to march some day at the head of a Roman legion. To the north and to the south of Rome, over the mountains and down to the sea, ran the hard white roads that stretched out from the city like the spokes of a great wheel. Many a time the boy

Julius watched the legions, the swift chariots, the standard bearers carrying the Roman Eagles, the long lines of soldiers, the flying banners, going forth to add new glory to the name of Rome. Many a time the man Cæsar marched forth at the head of a legion and brought his armies back laden with spoils. It was under his leadership that the western part of Europe, which was then called Gaul, was turned into a Roman province and forced to pay a yearly tribute to this greedy Italian city.

Some of the people of Gaul first told Cæsar about the island of Britain not far from the mainland. They knew little about it except that now and again when the weather was fair their merchants ventured across the water to exchange their goods for corn or cattle. As Cæsar marched along the coast of Gaul, he saw for himself the white cliffs of the island shining through the sea fog. His eyes were as sharp and piercing as an eagle's, but they could not see what lay beyond those white cliffs. He felt that his work for Rome would not be done until he had set up her standard on this island.

At the end of August, in the year 55 B.C., Cæsar set sail at midnight. Two legions of soldiers sailed with him. They were sturdy, strong-hearted men. Each man wore a heavy helmet, breastplate, and shield, and carried a sword, javelin, and dagger.

Morning found the Romans near the coast of Britain. The chalk cliffs looked different now. They were alive with warriors. Crowds of tall men clad in skins and with long streaming hair lined the coast. Chariots dashed back and forth, driven at a mad speed. With the roaring of the waves mingled the war chants of the white-robed Druid priests. Wild horsemen plunged into the sea and hurled their lances at the Roman galleys. As the ships



British Chariot.

attempted to land, a shower of flint-tipped arrows fell upon them. More than this, the wind and the tide were against the Romans. The only way to reach the shore was to wade through the shallow water.

For a moment the Romans hesitated. Then the standard bearer of the Tenth Legion, holding the bronze eagle high above his head, sprang into the waves shouting, "Follow me, fellow soldiers, if you would not betray the Roman Eagle into the hands of the enemy!"

With a shout the men obeyed him. A wild, disorderly battle ensued. The Britons were fearless,

but they could not hold out against the trained army of Cæsar. Still Cæsar saw that his forces were not strong enough to conquer the island. Content with winning the first battle, he soon afterward returned to Gaul.



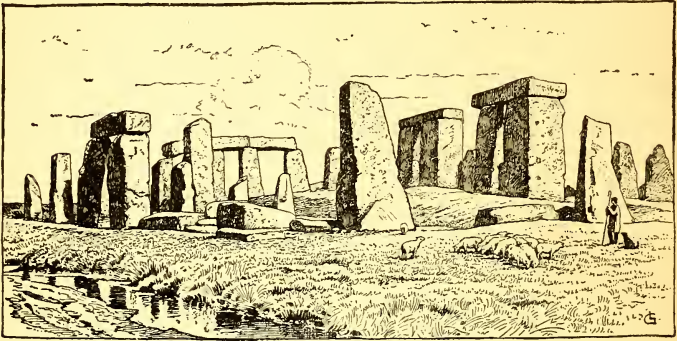
The Landing of Cæsar.

The next summer he came again to Britain. This time his eight hundred ships and galleys, filled with five legions of soldiers, sailed with him. To the Britons the whole sea seemed filled with ships. They fled, leaving Cæsar to land unharmed. Cæsar followed them inland, fought more battles, won more victories, and, after forcing Britain to agree to pay tribute to Rome, withdrew.

This Roman conquest meant little to Britain. Still, it is from Cæsar's diary that we first hear about the white-cliffed island. It was a land, Cæsar tells us, of vast forests, flat, barren moors, and great marshes. The people were terrible to look upon. Their eyes were blue, and their yellow hair hung about their shoulders uncut. They wore no garments but skins of animals, and they spent their days either hunting or fighting, planting grain or minding their flocks. Their homes were mud huts hidden in the forests. The most savage tribes of all, the Picts and the Scots, lived like robbers in the far north.

The Britons believed that the woods and fens were full of goblins and fairies. Every river was protected by good fairies and haunted by evil ones. The priests of the Britons were called Druids. They dressed in flowing white garments, and their chief wore a golden box hung about his neck, which held a magic serpent's egg. The Druids went into battle with the soldiers, and cheered on the fighting by their chants. They were also the judges of all disputes. They had no books of laws, but the old priests taught the young ones all the customs of the people, and the little that they knew themselves about herbs, about the planting of grain, and about the stars. These Druids taught the people that

there was one very great and powerful God who had made them all and they worshiped this God in the forest under some huge oak, or in stone temples open



Stonehenge.

to the sky. But their worship was as cruel as their fighting, for they were still a wild, savage people.

This was a strange story to the people in Rome. To them it seemed as if this island was at the farther end of the earth. The more they read of Cæsar's story, the more they longed to make Britain subject to Rome.



CARADOC

FOR over a hundred years after Cæsar's second visit to Britain, Rome left the island alone. Then an emperor came to the throne who read again the

stories in Cæsar's diary, and was filled with the desire to make Britain truly a Roman province. Again the Britons rallied strongly to protect their land from the foreign foe, but they were no match for the trained and disciplined armies of Roman soldiers. Yet one brave man stood defiant for over nine years. Caradoc, a young Briton chief, still believed that the fearless courage of his people would in the end be triumphant. Back, back, back, ever farther and farther and farther inland, he was driven by the Romans. Yet he seemed to gain new hope from each defeat. At last he was obliged to flee into the hills. After him, with firm, steady, onward march, came the Roman legions. Caradoc took his stand on a high hill which was cut off from the Romans by a river at its foot. He threw up a defense of huge stones. He gathered the Britons from far and near. He knew that this was to be the final struggle. As he saw the army approaching he rushed through the ranks, cheering his men and crying, "To-day shall decide whether Britain shall be free or subject to Rome."

The Britons caught his spirit. A shower of stones and darts fell like biting hail on the approaching Romans. But the Romans were armed with breastplates and helmets of the finest metal, whereas the Britons wore no armor. It was a ter-

rible battle. Caradoc escaped, but soon afterwards he was captured, and he and his whole family were sent to Rome.

All Rome thronged the streets to see the triumphant procession of the Roman general who had finally conquered the far-away island. They gazed with pride at the golden treasure that was borne before him, and at the long line of captives who marched behind in chains. Whenever Caradoc passed, cheers went up, cheers for the Roman general who after nine years had conquered this brave patriot. Caradoc did not march like a captive. He held his head as high as if he were wearing a crown instead of chains. He saw in astonishment the beautiful palaces and temples of Rome. A picture came into his mind of the mud huts of his own people. "Strange, strange," he said, half aloud, "that people who own so many and such rich possessions should envy us our poor homes."

Slowly the long procession moved through the city to the field of Mars, where the emperor Claudius and the empress sat in state, waiting to welcome the triumphant general. Weeping and begging mercy the captives fell on their knees before the emperor. Caradoc, alone, remained standing in haughty pride. Claudius turned his eyes upon him. There was a moment of silence as the emperor spoke: —

“ Briton, knowest thou that thou must die? All who bear arms against Rome, as thou hast done, are doomed to death.”

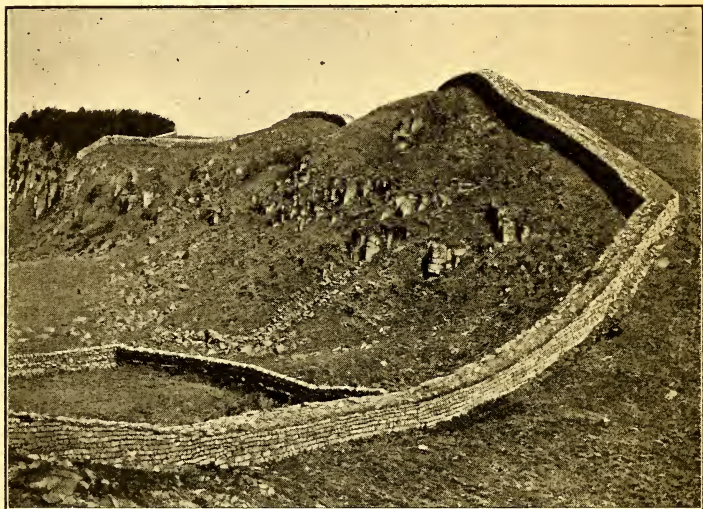
Caradoc's voice was as calm as the emperor's as he replied: —

“ I had men and horses, arms and wealth. I might have been your friend instead of your captive. Had I surrendered to your power, neither my fall nor your triumph would have been so great as now. Put me to death, and my story will be forgotten. Spare me, and your mercy will be remembered forever. As for me, I have nothing to live for; I fear death no more here than on the field of battle.”

The noble bearing of the man appealed to the emperor. Caradoc was set free, and, as he said, his story has not been forgotten.

But meanwhile in Britain the Roman conquest went on. All the island, except the North, where the wild Picts and Scots lived, was gradually conquered. Then, as was her custom, Rome began to send her masons, her builders, her merchants, to follow after the soldiers. The great marsh lands were drained. The mud huts were shattered, and houses, temples, theaters, and baths were built in their place. The forest trails were beaten down into broad, hard roads running from town to town. A mighty wall was built in the North reaching from

sea to sea; bridges spanned the rivers, and guards kept them day and night against the Picts and Scots. The people were taught to wear cloth garments instead of skins. They were shown how to



“ A mighty wall was built.”

till the soil and raise grain. The captives were forced to work in the lead and tin mines.

For over four hundred years the work of the Roman conquest went on, changing the island from a savage to a civilized country. Yet it was not all gain for Britain. Many of her men and women worked as slaves for Rome. Many of her young men were sent to fight in the Roman army. Every

year the island was forced to pay a heavy tax to Rome. Little by little the Britons lost their warlike spirit. They were no longer warriors, for if an enemy attacked them, the Roman legions were there to protect them.

But the end of Rome's greatness was drawing near. Wild tribes began attacking the city which had once been the most powerful city of the world. Her legions were needed at home. One by one they were withdrawn from Britain. The Picts and Scots were quick to learn that the Romans had gone. They came down from the North like a swarm of angry hornets. The Britons were powerless against these invaders. Terror-stricken, they sent a letter to the Roman General, calling it "The Groans of the Britons." It was a pitiful letter begging for help.

"The savages drive us into the sea," they wrote; "the sea drives us back on the savages. Our only choice is whether we shall die by the sword or drown; for we have none to save us."

But Rome could only send back the answer, "Britain must look to her own defense."

THE COMING OF THE ENGLISH

YEARS passed by, each one more troublesome for Britain. The robber tribes in the North grew bolder in their plundering. Pirates from the barbarians living along the North Sea began to ravage the eastern coast of the island. The spirit of Caradoc was dead. Rome had withdrawn all help. Where should the Britons turn for aid? Then Vortigern, a Briton king, bethought himself, "I shall do well if I can set these robbers one against another." So he sent word to the Jutes, a warlike people living on the peninsula that we call Denmark, and said, "Let us make an alliance together."

So Hengist and Horsa, the leaders of the Jutes, gave a great feast to Vortigern, and the pledge was drunk that if the Jutes would aid the Britons in driving back the Picts and Scots the king Vortigern would give to them the island of Thanet. If we may believe the legend, another pledge was also made at this feast, for Hengist had a daughter Rowena, who was very beautiful, and who served the king at table. When Vortigern looked into her blue eyes, he loved her, and said to Hengist:—

"Give me the maid to wife, and I will give you the kingdom of Kent."

Be this story as it may, band upon band of Jutes

sailed for England. These tribes had never been subdued by the Romans. The love of war was born in their blood. They drove the Picts and Scots back behind the great wall, and placed guards there, as the Romans had done before them. As a reward for their great service they were given the island of Thanet. Here many of the Jutes settled, but others returned home to Denmark. At home they told strange tales. They told of rich cities. They told of fertile fields. They told of the cowardice of the Britons, who fled at the sight of the Picts and Scots. In Britain, it seemed, was wealth to be had for the taking.

Other tribes besides the Jutes began to turn longing eyes upon the island. The Saxons and the Angles, from Germany, were quick to follow the lead of the Jutes. At first they went merely to plunder and return home. Then, as they saw that the stories of the Jutes were true, they came bringing with them their wives, children, and cattle. They came seeking homes in a land that was better than their own.

In dismay the Britons saw that a new enemy was upon them. These Saxons and Angles were a merciless people. In war they killed all their captives or made them slaves. They tore down the beautiful palaces and theaters that the Romans had

built. They turned the Christian churches into Pagan temples. The few Britons who escaped sought refuge in the West among the mountains of Wales. Slowly the Angles and Saxons made the island their own. In the fertile fields they built



“These Saxons and Angles were a merciless people.”

up villages like those they had left behind in Germany. Each freeman of the tribe had a small piece of land which he called his own. Here he built his rude hut of branches, woven together and covered with mud. There was little furniture in the hut, but on the walls of the very poorest hung the free-

man's arms. He must be ready at a moment's notice to rally around his chief.

On the edge of the village was the plowland, where the slaves were set to work, plowing, planting, and reaping grain. Round the plowland ran a high hedge to keep out the wild beasts of the forests. No man ventured far into these forests unarmed. But on the border of the woods beneath the beech trees the boy swineherd fed his swine. The boy was dressed in uncombed sheepskins, with sandals on his feet, bound with leather thongs. His matted hair was his only cap. Around his neck he wore a brass ring, like a dog's collar, telling the name of his master, for the swineherd was a slave. A ram's horn hung from his belt, to call the swine together at night.

The Romans had come as conquerors. These new tribes came as settlers. In the course of time seven great separate kingdoms grew up in Britain. The Jutes settled in Kent. The Saxons formed three kingdoms: Essex, or the land of the East Saxons; Wessex, the land of the West Saxons; and Sussex, the land of the South Saxons. And the Angles named their three kingdoms Anglia, Mercia, and Northumbria. Their whole territory they called Angles' land, and from this name came England, the name of the southern part of the island of Britain.

KING ARTHUR

IN the days when the heart of every Briton was terror-stricken by the word Roman, one man had arisen from their own midst, — Caradoc. Now, when the Saxons were sweeping across the land like fire, another Briton hero met the foe fearlessly, and dared lead his army against them. The name of this hero king was Arthur, and history tells us little about him except that in his courage lay the dying hope of his people.

To-day when a great man dies a monument is erected to his honor, so that even those who never saw him can look into his face and feel that they, too, have known him. But in these early days, when the Britons were fleeing for their lives to the woods and mountains, they could do little to honor a hero. Still, they did not forget King Arthur. The story of his brave deeds passed from lip to lip. Mothers told of it to their children, and these children in their turn told it to their own. It came to be the favorite tale of the Britons. And the oftener it was told the more their love grew for this king. They came to believe that he had power to do any deed that was good and noble. Centuries afterwards these legends and tales were gathered together and printed in a book. Which were true we of to-day can no longer

tell ; but what is true is that boys and girls of to-day love the tale of King Arthur just as much as did the little Britons who listened to it in the far distant past. This is the story.

It happened in the days when Uther was king in England that a son was born to him. But the king did not like the child, and, when he was still a wee baby, he commanded two knights and two ladies to wrap the child in a cloth of gold, and give it to the first poor man who passed the castle gate. So it befell that the baby came into the hands of Merlin, the Enchanter, who named him Arthur and gave him to Sir Ector to bring up as his son.

About two years after this, King Uther fell sick and died, leaving the realm without a ruler. There were many lords who came forth eager to be king, but none could decide who should be chosen, and, for a long, long time only strife and jealousy reigned in England. Then Merlin bade the lords of the land gather in the greatest church in London on Christmas morn and see if God would not send them a sign who should be their king. And when the mass was over there was found in the churchyard a great stone, four feet square, and in the midst of it was an anvil of steel in which a sword of gold was imbedded. And round about the sword ran this

inscription in letters of gold: "Whoso pulleth this sword out of this stone and anvil, is rightwise born king of the Britons."

Many a knight was eager to try his hand, and each was given his turn, but the sword clung fast in the anvil as if it were in truth a part of the stone itself. Then the archbishop said, "Truly this is a miracle of God, and He will send us our king in due season. Till then let us wait in peace."

So the knights went forth to gather again on New Year's Day at a great tournament. And among those who rode to the tournament was Sir Ector with his son Sir Kay, and the young Arthur his foster brother. But when Sir Kay was about to enter the jousts, he bethought him that he had left his sword at home, and bade young Arthur ride quickly and fetch it. On the way the boy remembered the tale he had heard of the sword in the churchyard; and determined that he would try his strength. So when he had come to the church he tied his horse to the stile and went over to the great stone. He clasped the hilt firmly with his right hand and drew the sword lightly from its bed of steel. A moment later he was back on the field, delivering the sword to Sir Kay.

When Sir Kay had looked at the sword, he knew well whence it came. The tale spread fast among

the knights that Arthur had drawn forth the miraculous sword.

Then all together they rode back to the church-

yard, and placed the sword in the anvil. Again ten knights tried one by one to draw it forth, but it yielded to none of them. Yet when Arthur's hand fell upon it, it slipped out with no effort. Thereupon Sir Ector and Sir Kay knelt down before Arthur, and all the other knights knelt down, and



"Arthur was proclaimed king."

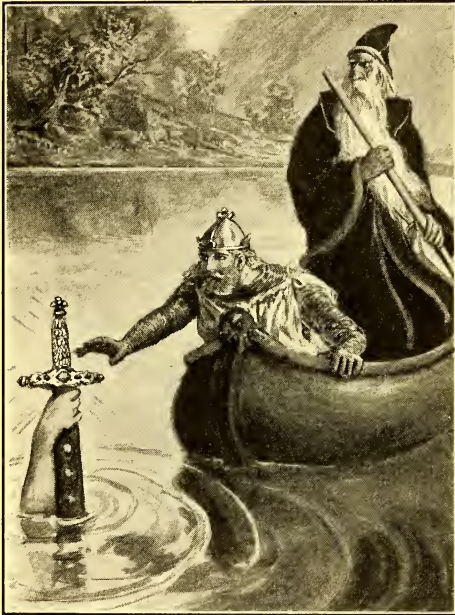
Arthur was proclaimed king. So once more did his friend, Merlin the Enchanter, help him.

At another time Merlin and the king were together, and Arthur was sad because he had broken his sword in battle with a knight. Then said Merlin, "Let us ride down to yonder lake."

Together they came to the lake side, and there in

the midst of the water arose an arm holding aloft a beautiful sword. And over the waters was seen coming a maiden.

“Speak fair to yonder maiden, for she is the Lady of the Lake,” quoth Merlin; “and she will give you the sword.”



Excalibur.

“Fair lady,” spoke Arthur, “pray tell me whose is yonder sword? I wish indeed that it were mine, for mine is broken in twain.”

“The sword is mine,” was the maiden’s answer; “but

gladly will I give it to thee. Do thou take yonder barge and row out and fetch it.”

So Arthur and Merlin rowed out into the lake, and the king took the sword, while the arm again went under the water. Then Merlin told him that

the name of the sword was Excalibur, and that he should do with it many a brave and noble deed.

The words of Merlin came true, and Arthur's fame grew wider and wider. Then his barons came to him and said, "So noble a king should take to himself a wife. Now is there not some lady of the land whom ye love better than another?"

"Yea," said King Arthur, "I love Guenevere of the house of Cameliard, whose father holdeth the Table Round that ye told me he had of my father, Uther. She is the gentlest and the fairest lady in the land."

So Merlin went forth and brought Guenevere to be Arthur's wife, and her father sent with her as a gift the Round Table and a hundred knights. And the noble deeds that were done by King Arthur and his knights of the Round Table would fill a book of many pages, for the king lived to a good old age.

Nobly did the king live, and nobly did he die. Wounded in battle he lay dying in his tent. Then he called to him one of his knights, Sir Bedivere, and handed him his sword.

"Take thou Excalibur, my good sword," he said, "and carry it to yonder lake, where thou shalt throw it into the water, and then return to me and tell me what thou shalt see."



Sir Galahad, a Knight of the Round Table.

At these words Sir Bedivere knew that the king's end was near. He went out, sad of face, to do his command. But on the way he paused to look at the sword. "It is, forsooth, a pity to cast such a fine sword into the water," he thought to himself, and straightway hid it beneath a tree.

"What saw ye at the lake?" questioned the king, when Sir Bedivere returned.

"Sir," said the knight, "I saw nothing but the waves driven by the wind."

Then Arthur looked into his eyes, and said, "As thou art dear to me, go and do my command." And Sir Bedivere went out the second time. But a second time, when he held the sword in his hand, he said to himself, "It is indeed a shame to throw away such a noble sword." Again he hid it, and went back to the dying king.

"What saw ye there at the lake?" The king repeated his question, and the knight made answer: "Sir, I saw nothing but the lapping waves."

"Ah, traitor!" cried the king, "now hast thou betrayed me twice. In the name of the love which I have ever borne to thee; depart and do my command."

A third time Sir Bedivere went out and took the sword, but this time he carried it to the lake and threw it far into the water. He stood above on

the cliff and watched. He saw the waves part, and an arm and head come out of the water and seize the sword. Three times the sword was brandished in the air, and then it sank forever beneath the waves. So Sir Bedivere came again to the king, and told him what he had seen.

“Alas,” said Arthur, “now help me hence, for I fear that I have tarried too long.”

Then the knight took the king gently in his arms, and carried him down to the lake side. And there stood a barge with many fair ladies in it, all wearing hoods of black. And when they saw the king they wept and wailed.

“Now put me in the barge,” quoth the king. Sir Bedivere lifted him in, and noiselessly the barge left the shore. And the king said unto his knight:—

“ . . . now farewell. I am going a long way
 . . .
 To the island-valley of Avilion;
 Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
 Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
 Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
 And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea.
 Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.”

This is the last story of the Britons.

HOW THE STORY OF CHRIST WAS TOLD IN ENGLAND

LITTLE by little all Roman influence disappeared from the white-cliffed island. Missionaries from Ireland brought to the Britons the news of the new religion of Christianity that Rome had sent to them. But this religion gave way to the German paganism when the Angles and Saxons came. The Latin words were forgotten for the rougher tongue of the newcomers. The one remaining link between England and Rome was her trade, and the selling of English men and women and boys and girls in Rome as slaves.

It so happened that one day Gregory, a priest, was passing the slave market in Rome, and saw two English boys standing there. Their fair skin and hair and blue eyes, so different from the Italians, attracted his attention.

“Who are these golden-haired boys?” he asked of the slave dealer.

“They are Angles,” was the answer.

“Not Angles, but Angels,” returned the priest. “And whence come they?”

“From Deira.”

“Deira!” repeated Gregory (which in Latin means, “from the wrath of God”). “Aye, verily

they are plucked from the wrath of God and called to Christ's mercy. And what is their king's name?"

They told him "Ælla."



St. Augustine preaching to Ethelbert.

"A word of good omen," replied Gregory; "Alleluias shall be sung in Ælla's land."

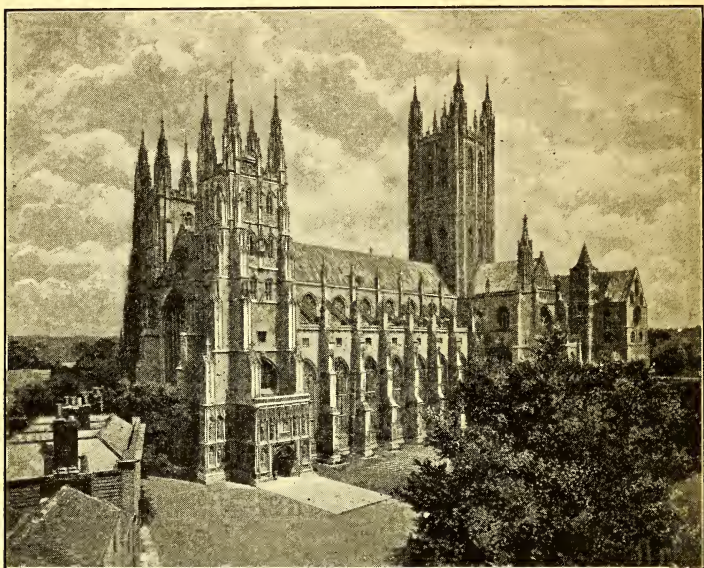
Gregory never forgot the faces of those slave boys. He longed to go himself to their land, but this was not possible, for he afterwards became Pope, and there were many other pressing matters for him

to attend to. Still, after many years, he sent to England a certain monk named Augustine to tell the story of Christ there. Augustine set out with a little band of followers across Gaul. On his journey he heard so many terrifying tales of the Saxons that he wrote to Rome begging to be allowed to return. But Gregory bade him go on his way. "The more difficult the labor, the greater the reward," was his reply. In the year 597 Augustine and his fellow missionaries landed on the island of Thanet.

They had chosen Kent for a first landing spot because Ethelbert, the king, had married a Frankish princess Bertha, who was a Christian. Bertha persuaded the king to receive the strangers kindly, but Ethelbert would not allow them to come under his roof. He feared they might cast a magic spell over his house. So the first meeting was held out of doors under a great oak.

The king and his court watched the procession of white-robed priests coming up from the sea, bearing ahead a silver cross and a banner on which was painted a picture of Christ. They listened, too, to the chants that the priests sang and the long sermon that Augustine preached. Then the king said, "Your words are fair, but they are new." He was not willing to give up his old religion so quickly. Yet he permitted them to come back with him to

Canterbury and worship in an old Roman church, St. Martin's, which was still standing there. After a



Canterbury Cathedral.

year, when he had seen what good men Augustine and his followers were, and how they helped the poor and taught the ignorant, Ethelbert was himself baptized, and not long after his whole court, and Kent became a Christian kingdom with Augustine bishop of Canterbury.

The next kingdom to become Christianized was Northumbria. Edwin, who was the rightful king of

Northumberland, had been deposed, and had fled for protection to Redwald, the king of East Anglia. At first Redwald was kind to him, but finally he was persuaded to give him over to his enemies. Edwin had learned of the plot and had gone out in the early morning to think over what he could do. He was seated on a stone near the palace, when a stranger came up to him and said:—

“Think not that I do not know why you are wakeful when others sleep. What will you give to him who will persuade Redwald not to hand you over to your enemies?”

“He shall have all the gratitude of my heart,” Edwin made reply.

“And what if he overcomes your enemies and makes you the most powerful king in England?”

“I will give myself to him,” answered Edwin.

“And if he tell you more of the meaning of life and death than any of your forefathers have known, will you listen to him?”

“I will.”

Then the stranger, laying his hand on Edwin’s head, made the sign of the cross. “When this sign shall be repeated,” he said, “remember it and this hour, and what you have promised.” With these words the stranger vanished.

Many years afterwards, when Edwin’s kingdom

had been returned to him, Paulinus, a priest, came and asked him if he remembered the sign and his promise. Edwin answered yes, and pledged himself to become a Christian. But first he called together a council of his nobles to discuss the matter. He told them the story, and asked them if he should give up the old religion for the new. This is the answer that one of his men made: —

“The present life seems to me like the flight of a sparrow. The bird of a wintry night flies into the great hall where we sit feasting, and for a few moments it is safe and warm by our fire. But an instant later it vanishes into the dark of the night and the cold of the storm. If the new religion can tell us more about this night into which we must all some day pass, let us too become Christians.” So the king and all the nobles adopted the new faith.

It was in this kingdom, in Lammermoor, that one of the greatest English missionaries was born. Cuthbert was a lame shepherd boy. A pilgrim in a white mantle, coming over the hill and pausing to heal the shepherd boy's knee, seemed to him an angel. The stars in the sky seemed to him to be angelic hosts. He was not happy until he joined a brotherhood and became a monk. But he did not spend his days in the monastery. He went out over the moors and the meadows, telling the people who

lived in little thatched huts the story of Christ. On foot and on horseback he traveled through woods and villages, preaching in simple fashion to the peasants.

“Never did man die of hunger who served God faithfully,” he would say, when nightfall came upon



St. Cuthbert and the Eagle. .

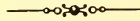
them supperless in the waste land. “Look at the eagle overhead! God can feed us through him, if He will.” And even as he finished these words, the frightened bird let fall a fish that she was carrying home in her beak.

Another time, when the storm drove him inland, as he was trying to make his way down the coast,

his companions grew disheartened. "The snow closes the way along the shore," they cried; "and the storm bars our way over the sea."

"There is still the way of heaven that lies open to us," Cuthbert made answer.

Thus it was that the story of Christ was told in England both to the kings and to the people.



KING ALFRED, ENGLAND'S DARLING

KING ALFRED is the best beloved of all of England's kings. An old English writer tells us that he was the favorite son of his father and mother because he was the "lovesomest," and one thousand years after his death all England held a great celebration in his memory, because they still loved this king. He was the youngest of four brothers, but he soon showed that he was more eager to learn than any of the others.

One day the mother was showing the boys a book of Saxon lays. There were no printed books at this time, and in this book the letters had been painted, probably by some monk, and they were done in gorgeous reds and greens and gold. To Alfred, leaning against his mother's knee, this book seemed the most beautiful thing that he had ever seen, and

he longed to have it for his own. Then he listened and heard his mother saying: "Whichever of you can soonest learn this volume, to him will I give it."



Alfred and the New Book.

Alfred looked up with wide-open eyes. "Wilt thou indeed give one of us this book — and to him who can soonest understand and repeat it before thee?"

And his mother answered, "Yea, I will." Perhaps she guessed then which of her sons it would be, for while the others soon ran away to their play,

Alfred took the book very carefully and carried it to his master. He could not read himself, but his master read the Saxon poems aloud, until his little pupil learned them word for word. That was the way Alfred earned his first book.

When Alfred was still a little boy, he was sent on a pilgrimage to Rome, where he was confirmed. We do not know how many months he stayed there nor what he did, but this long journey to the Eternal City must have made a deep impression upon him. All through his life he was a devout churchman. As soon as he could read, which was not until he was twelve years old, he learned the church service by heart. Next he wrote down in a little book certain of the psalms and prayers, which he bore with him constantly in his bosom, so that he might feel that God was near him always in the stress and strain of his life.

For Alfred was destined to see stormy times in England, which called him away from his books out into the battlefield. The Danes, those wild seamen from the North, came down upon England in their black ships like a vast flock of thieving ravens. It was the first year of Alfred's reign, and he was only twenty-three years old. But in his youthful heart was born the courage to gather his fighting men and lead them out against these dreaded in-

vaders. Nine times he went to battle with the Danes during the first year of his reign. When Alfred was victorious the Danes made treaties with him to which they swore, by the sacred golden bracelets on their arms, that they would be true. But when they had regained their strength, they broke their oaths and spread once more over Alfred's land, plundering, slaying, and burning wherever they could make their way.

Oftentimes the king and his band of faithful followers were driven far into the waste lands. There is a strange tale of an adventure which befell Alfred at this time. He had been forced into Athelney, where there was no food to be had except fish and game. One morning when the men were out fishing, the king was left alone and was comforting himself in his loneliness by reading from his little book of psalms. Suddenly he felt that some one was near him. Looking up, he saw a pilgrim standing, who looked at him with hungry eyes, and said: "In the name of God give me to eat and drink."

The kind-hearted Alfred called his servant, and asked him what food there was in the tent.

"One loaf of bread and a little wine, sir," replied the servant.

"Then quickly bring it hither," was the king's

answer, "and give the half of each to this starving man."

The beggar thanked him, and a few moments later was gone. But the bread and wine were left untasted, and at evening the men returned with heavy baskets.

That night the king could not sleep because his thoughts were full of the strange pilgrim who had come to visit him. Suddenly a great light shone about his bed, and in that light he saw an old man standing, clad in priestly robes and wearing a miter on his head.

"Who art thou?" questioned the king.

Whereupon the old man made answer, "I am he to whom thou gavest bread and wine to-day. I am called Cuthbert, the servant of the Lord, and I am come to tell you how to free England from the Danes. To-morrow arise with trust in God in your heart. Cross over the river and blow loudly three times upon your horn. About the ninth hour of the day friends shall come to your aid. Then shall you fight and be victorious."

The next morning Alfred hastened to do as St. Cuthbert had commanded, and even as he had spoken it came to pass.

Still there were many more hard battles fought between Alfred and the Danes, and never did the

king succeed in driving them out of England. But at last they settled north of Alfred's kingdom, and now he could find time to do many things for his people, that he had long wanted to do. He started schools, and, as there were few English books, he translated many foreign books himself for his people. Alfred was not content to be a mere reader. Whenever he found a beautiful verse or thought, he wished to share it with some one else. One book of which he was particularly fond was the writings of the great St. Augustine. This book, Alfred wrote, was like a great forest, and he loved to wander about in it, cutting down here a beam, here a joist, and here a great plank with which to build a palace for his soul. "For in every tree," he said, "saw I something needful for my soul." And more than that, he bade every man who could to fare to that serene wood to fetch beams for himself so that there might be many a comely house built.

Alfred loved justice, too, as much as he did learning. He collected the laws of the land and made his people abide by them. There was a saying that during Alfred's reign gold chains could hang across the streets and no one would steal them.

He went to the monks, and encouraged them to keep a chronicle of all that took place in the kingdom, and so we have to-day the history of those far-

away days. It is chiefly due to this chronicle that

we know about the life of this great king, who said when he died: —



“ I have desired to live worthily while I lived, and after my life to leave to the

men that should be after me my remembrance in good works.”



CÆDMON, THE FIRST ENGLISH SINGER

HIGH above the little fishing village of Whitby, in the seventh century, stood an old wooden church and monastery. It was a beautiful spot to live in. Below it, on the one hand, was the blue sea with the little fishing vessels sailing upon it; and on the other stretched the wild moors and meadows, with the River Esk running through them to the sea.

This monastery was founded for both monks and nuns by a beautiful woman whose name was Hilda. She was a very good woman, spending her days teaching and helping the ignorant and poor. The monks and nuns loved her so dearly that they all called her “ mother.”

In the monastery on long winter evenings, the monks and servants often gathered for a feast, and afterward told or sang stories and songs. There was always a harp, which was passed from one to another, and each in turn sang some lay. There was seated at one of these feasts one evening a middle-aged man who cared for the cattle of the monastery. He had been listening eagerly to the songs, but when he saw that the harp was coming soon to him, he was greatly afraid. When no one was looking, he slipped out of the room. He hurried sadly down the cliff, with the music of the sea beating below. There were songs in his heart, but he could not sing them.

But that night, as he lay sleeping in the stable, suddenly one stood by him, and saluting him, said, "Cædmon, sing me something."

And he answered, "I know not how to sing, and for this reason left I the feast."

Then the other said, "Nevertheless, you will have to sing to me."

"What shall I sing?" Cædmon replied.

"Sing," said the other, "the beginning of things created."

Then, still in his sleep, Cædmon began to sing in verse of how the Lord created heaven and earth. When he awakened the next morning, he remem-

bered his dream and the verses he had made. As he repeated them to himself, he added new ones. He had suddenly learned to put into words the songs that had been hidden in his heart. He was so happy that he told one of the other servants in the monastery of his new gift.

Soon afterwards he was taken before Hilda and bidden to tell his dream. When Hilda had heard his verses, she said quietly, "Surely this is the gift of God." Then she read Cædmon another story from the Bible, and bade him turn it into verse. This he did, and then Hilda bade him become a monk and live in the monastery. He now had time to learn the beautiful stories in the Bible, and one after another he turned them into sweet verses. He sang the history of the Children of Israel, their captivity and exile, and their entrance into the Promised Land. And later he sang of the birth of Jesus in the lowly manger and his life and death upon the cross. So he lived many years, a devout and humble man, until he died one night as he lay sleeping.

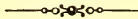
But his songs went from one monastery to another, until they were known throughout the land. They were so beautiful that they inspired many other monks to write verses, but none could write so well as the master, Cædmon. These poems are called

“The School of Cædmon.” They are different from the poems that our poets write to-day, but they are poetry because they too are full of beautiful thoughts and pictures.

We can see this if we read these few verses which were written about the dove that Noah let fly from the ark:—

“Far and wide she flew,
 Glad in flying free, till she found a place,
 Fair, where she fain would rest! With her feet she stept
 On a gentle tree. Gay of mood and glad was she.

 Then she fluttered feathers; went a-flying off again,
 With her booty flew, brought it to the sailor
 From an olive wood a twig; right into his hand,
 Bore the blade of green.
 Then the chief of seamen knew that gladness was at hand.”



CANUTE, THE DANISH KING

THE years that followed Alfred's peace were years of most terrible warfare. Ever and again, the mighty black ships of the Danes came coasting along England's shores and sailing boldly up the rivers. And wherever the Danes went they left a trail no less black than their ships, a trail of villages burned to the ground. Some of the English kings met these dreaded invaders in battle; and some of them

bought the Danes off with large sums of money. The Danes took the money, went home, and waited only until they could gather together fresh men and build new boats to break their promises and sweep down upon England. Finally, in desperation, Ethelred, the English king, ordered every Dane left in England to be slain. Among those who were put to death was Gunhild, the sister of Sweyn, king of Denmark.

“My death will bring many wars upon your land,” she murmured with her last breath.

This prophecy was soon fulfilled. The next year Sweyn himself landed in England to avenge the death of his sister and countrymen. Sweyn had a most gorgeous fleet. The beaks of his ships were of brass; the sterns were adorned with lions of gold, and on the mastheads were birds and dragons for weathercocks. Sweyn made many attacks on England, and the story of his ravages and plundering are terrible to read. At last Ethelred, who was called the Unready, had to leave his country, and Sweyn became the real king of England. But Sweyn died before he was crowned.

His young son, Canute, who had accompanied his father to England on this last voyage, now took up his father's work. Soon afterwards Ethelred the Unready died, and his son, Edmund Ironsides,

claimed the English crown. These two sons fought many battles, and, when at last both forces were worn out, they met on a small island and agreed that Canute should reign over Northern, and Edmund Ironsides over Southern, England. Scarcely had these terms been agreed to when Edmund Ironsides died, and all England was left in the hands of a Danish king.

It might be thought that Canute, who had been such a cruel foe, would have been a heartless king; but this was far from true. When his people swore obedience to him, he promised to rule them justly, and he kept his promise well. He sent his Danish soldiers home, and ruled according to England's law. He built churches, and was a good friend to the monks and nuns. He even made a pilgrimage to Rome to pray for the forgiveness of his sins and for the welfare of his new subjects. Sometimes he used to row on the river at Ely and listen to the chanting of the monks in the great cathedral. When the service was over, he bade his boatmen sing a song as they plied their oars, and made up himself this little verse for them to sing: —

“The Ely monks sang clear and high
As King Canute was passing by.
‘Row near the land and hear them sing,’
Cried to the boatmen Canute the King.”

Canute loved also to listen to the songs of minstrels. One evening he saw a stranger at the feast. "He looks like a poet," said the king; "bid him sing us a song." The stranger, who was Othere the Black, an Icelander, stepped forth and asked that



Canute listening to the Monks of Ely.

he might recite a poem about the king. Canute consented, and when the poet had done, he praised it highly. He took from his head a Russian cap that he was wearing, a cap embroidered with gold, and bade his chamberlain fill it with silver for the poet. The chamberlain did as he was told, but in passing the cap over the heads of the great crowd that was assembled, some of the silver pieces fell upon the floor. He stooped to pick them up, but the king's voice stopped him. "The *poor* shall



Canute and the Rising Tide.

have it, and thou shalt not lose thereby," he said to Othere the Black.

There is another tale that we read in the old chronicles about the Danish king. It is very quaintly written:—

“In the very height of his power, he [Canute] bade them set his chair on the shore of the sea, when the tide was flowing; and to the tide, as it flowed, he said, ‘Thou art my subject; and the land on which I sit is mine; nor hath there ever been one that resisted my bidding, and suffered not. I command thee therefore, that thou come not up on my land, nor presume to wet the garments and limbs of thy lord.’ But the sea, rising after its wont, wetted without respect the legs and feet of the king. Therefore, leaping back, he said, ‘Let all dwellers on the earth know that the power of kings is a vain and foolish thing, and that no one is worthy to bear the name of king save only Him, whose bidding the heavens, and the earth, and the sea obey by everlasting laws.’ Nor ever thereafter did King Canute set his crown of gold upon his head, but put it forever on the image of our Lord, which was fastened to the cross.”

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR

IN the year 1066 the king of England lay dead, leaving no heir to the throne. These were days when England needed a strong leader, for invaders were still seeking her shores; so the Witan, or council of Wise Men, hastened to assemble and select a ruler. The lot fell upon Earl Harold, and through England and through Europe rode messengers proclaiming "King Edward is dead, and Earl Harold has been chosen king."

Now across the channel from England in France lies a fair province that had been seized and settled by the men of the North, much as England had been by the Danes, and had been given the name of Normandy. The Duke of Normandy was a relative of the late King Edward, and it was claimed that Edward had promised him the English crown. There is another story that Earl Harold had taken an oath to help Duke William claim the throne. For not many months before King Edward died, Earl Harold was shipwrecked on the coast of Normandy. As was customary in those times, he was taken prisoner and held for a large ransom. Then Earl Harold sent word of his sorry plight to the duke, and besought him to free him. The duke had the English earl brought before him, and bade him swear on the

Prayer Book that he would help him, Duke William, in his claim to the English throne. Earl Harold took the oath, and then William lifted up the Prayer Book and showed him that it rested upon some holy relics. Such an oath was doubly sacred. Thus did Harold gain his freedom.

Now when the herald brought word to Normandy that Harold was seated on the English throne, Duke William was off on the hunt. Such anger flashed

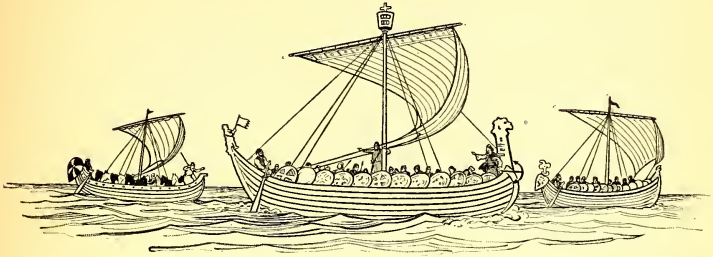


Harold's Oath.

(From Bayeux Tapestry)

from his eyes that no one dared speak to him. He laid down his great bow, that no man but he could draw, and strode back to the castle. There he sat down on a bench in the great hall, and leaned his head against a stone pillar, drawing his mantle over

his face. His companions followed him in silence, and sat down about him in the great hall. Only



“The Norman fleet set sail.”

one, bolder than all the rest, dared at length to speak. “Arise and be doing,” he cried. “There is no need for mourning. Cross the sea, and snatch the kingdom from the usurper’s hand.”

The old Viking blood was aroused in William. He sent messengers into all the neighboring countries, offering gold and castles in England to any man who would come and serve him with bow and spear. He ordered the trees of the Norman forests to be hewn down and ships built of them. He sent word to the Pope that Harold had broken his oath, and asked his leave to punish the usurper. The Pope sent back his consent and a banner which he had blessed.

On the afternoon of September 27 the Norman fleet set sail. At nine the next morning the *Mora*,

William's vessel, lay at anchor on the coast of Sussex. As William set foot on English soil, he stumbled and fell, and his men gave a groan at this omen of ill luck. But the duke seized a handful of sand, crying, "By the splendor of God, I have taken my kingdom; see the earth of England in my two hands."

In the meantime Harold had been fighting in the North, and was at a feast celebrating a great victory, when word came that the Normans had landed on his shore. With all speed he made his way to the South, collecting his army as he went. In the middle of October, in the year 1066, the English and Normans stood face to face, arrayed for battle. The English stood on a hill, every soldier covered by his shield and armed with his huge battle ax. In the midst of them stood the noble Harold, on foot, holding the royal banner.

On the hill opposite were drawn up the Norman host. In front ranged the archers in a long line; behind them the foot soldiers, and in the rear the horsemen. "God help us!" was their battle cry; and it sprang from many hundred lips.

"God's Rood! Holy Rood!" answered the English; and they waited for the Normans to make the attack. A tall Norman knight rode forth alone on a prancing steed, tossing his heavy sword in the air and catching it as it fell, and singing songs of the



The Battle of Hastings.

H. Mitchell

bravery of his fellow countrymen. From the English forces, a knight rode out to meet him, and fell by the Norman's hand. A second English knight advanced, and fell. The third came forth, and killed the Norman. The battle of Hastings had begun.

It began at dawn; at sunset it was still raging. Once the cry went out that William had been slain. Duke William instantly snatched his helmet from his head, and shouting "I live!" rode down the front of his line.

At last William feigned a retreat. The excited English, confident in their victory, rushed upon the Normans. Then the Normans turned about.

"There are still thousands of the English firm as rocks about their king. Shoot!" was William's cry. And the Norman arrows fell like hail on the English host. The Normans won the day. The English found their king among the slain, and knew that their cause was lost.

On Christmas Day, William, Duke of Normandy, was crowned in Westminster Abbey as William I of England. The question was put first in French to the Normans, "Will you have William for your king?"

They answered, "Yea, yea."

Then it was repeated to the Saxons in English, and their reply was the same, "Yea, yea."

In fact, so loudly did the Saxons shout their answer that the Norman guards outside mistook it for



Coronation of William the Conqueror.

an outbreak. They began to set fire to the neighboring buildings, and a great tumult arose. The

crowd rushed out of the church in terror, and William was left alone in the Abbey with a few priests, who hastened to place the crown upon his head.

William had won his kingdom by might, and he was obliged to keep it by might. He brought over many Norman nobles, and had them build Norman castles all over England to defend him. At London he built the Tower, where hundreds of armed men stood ready to put down any rebellion.

William was always the Conqueror, and his rule in England was severe. Still he bound the English together into one people, as they had never been united before. Like the Roman conquerors, the Normans, too, did much for England. The Normans taught the English how to build better buildings; they blended their Norman French with the harsh Anglo-Saxon tongue, and gradually the new English language was born.

Yet England never loved the Conqueror. There was no grief in the land when he died. He met his death in France, where he was at war with the French king. True to the old Norman fashion, he had plundered the town of Nantes and then set it on fire. Riding over the ruined city, his horse set foot on some glowing embers, reared, and William was thrown forward against the pommel of his saddle, receiving his death wound. He lay for six

weeks in a little monastery near Rouen, where he made his will, leaving England to his son William, Normandy to his son Robert, and a large sum of money to Henry, the youngest. The sons were so anxious to seize their new possessions that they hurried away without waiting for their father to die, and William the Conqueror was buried by the priests in an unknown grave, across the sea from the land which he had conquered.



KING HENRY AND THE WHITE SHIP

Two of William's sons ruled England after him; his namesake first, who was called William Rufus because of his red beard, and, on his death, Henry, who bore the name of Beauclerc, or the Scholar. William, as soon as he heard that his father was dying, came hurrying in breathless haste to Winchester to claim his throne. This same greed showed all through his reign. He sought to get Normandy away from his brother Robert, and thus brought many wars upon England. There was little grief felt when the news came that the Red King was dead. He went a-hunting one morning in one of the great forests that his father had stocked with game. A single companion rode out

by his side into the wood. That evening a poor charcoal burner going home found the body of the king shot through by an arrow.

With no less speed than William had shown on his father's death, Henry now hastened to Winchester to seize the royal treasury. But the keeper of the treasury refused to give it up. Then Henry the Scholar drew his sword from the scabbard, and threatened to kill the treasurer. As the treasurer stood alone and Henry was surrounded by a group of barons who were determined to make him king, the treasurer stepped aside, and Henry took the jewels and the crown for his own. Three days later the coronation took place in Westminster Abbey, and Henry I "promised God and all the people to put down all the injustices that were in his brother's time, and to maintain the best laws that stood in any king's day before him."

One of his first deeds was to imprison in the Tower Flambard, or Firebrand, whom the Red King had made Bishop of Durham. His reason for doing this seemed to be because Firebrand had been a favorite of William Rufus. Firebrand was a very jolly man, and soon had won the friendship of all his keepers by his jokes and good nature. They pretended not to see a long rope that was sent into the Tower coiled at the bottom of a cask of wine.

The guards took the wine, and the bishop the rope, and the next morning he was out at sea on his way to Normandy.

In Normandy he met Robert, Henry's older brother, who had been away on a crusade at the time of the Red King's death. Firebrand and others persuaded Robert that he should have been king of England instead of Henry, and urged him to declare war upon his brother. Most of the English took Henry's side, but one, the Earl of Shrewsbury, went over to Robert. There was, however, no war. Robert was a gentle, trusting nature, and when his brother promised to pay him a pension and to pardon all his followers, he returned home to Normandy. King Henry's way of keeping his promise was to first banish the Earl of Shrewsbury from the land. The earl fled to Normandy, where Robert befriended him.

Meantime Henry had but been waiting for an excuse to attack Robert. He declared now that Robert had broken the treaty, and invaded Normandy, saying he had come to free the Normans from his brother's misrule. Indeed, affairs were going very bad in Normandy, for Robert, although good and kind, was not a ruler. He trusted all men, and his servants were quick to perceive this. It was said that sometimes he had to lie

abed all day because his servants had stolen all his clothes.

But he headed his troops now like a brave prince and gallant soldier, and went to the war. Fortune went against him, however. He was taken prisoner, and sentenced by his brother to be shut up for life in one of the royal castles. He was allowed to ride out, but only under strict guard. One morning he broke from the guard and galloped off. He might have escaped, but that his path crossed a swamp. The horse stuck fast in the marsh, and the royal prisoner was taken back to the castle. When Henry heard of this, he ordered him to be blinded.

So for years and years poor Robert lived on in his dark prison, a sad-hearted, lonely man, glad enough to die when the end came.

There was a great sorrow in store for King Henry I, in spite of his victories. He was very eager that Normandy should always belong to the English king. Thus he set sail, one fair day, with his only son, for Normandy. He wished to have the Norman nobles acknowledge the prince as their future sovereign. The ceremony was performed with great pomp, and in November Henry, his retinue, and the prince were ready to embark for England. On the very day on which they were to

set sail, an old sea captain, Fitz Stephen, came to the king and said:—

“ My liege, the king, my father served your father, the great William, for many years upon the sea. His hand was at the helm of the Boat with the Golden Boy that brought the Conqueror to England. I ask of you this boon, that I may carry you in my boat, the White Ship, across the same path that my father bore your father.”



“The king set sail.”

“ It grieves me,” replied the king, “ that I cannot grant this request; but my vessel is already chosen and made ready. I will, however, intrust to your White Ship, and your hand, the prince and all his company.”

An hour later, when the wind was fair, the king set sail, and came the next morning safely to the

English shore. But the prince delayed his sailing. He loved Normandy, and hated England. "When I am king," he had once said, "I will yoke the English to the plow like oxen." He did not sail until night. One hundred nobles and eighteen ladies of high rank came on to the White Ship to sail with him.

"Now let us make merry before we leave," quoth the Prince. "Let each of the fifty sailors have his fill of wine. We have time yet to reach England with the rest."

They made merry indeed. The sailors drank their flasks of wine, and the noble lords and ladies danced on the deck in the moonlight. At last the command was given to sail, and Fitz Stephen stood at the helm. The Prince cried to the sailors to ply their oars for the honor of the White Ship.

In the night there was a terrible crash, and then the White Ship stood still. She had struck upon the rocks. Fitz Stephen hurried the Prince into a small boat with some nobles: —

"Row for the land with all your might," he cried.

But as they were rowing, the prince heard the voice of his sister Marie. "Row back — back at any risk," he cried.

The rowboat turned back. As it came near the sinking ship, a hundred or more nobles and seamen

rushed forward and sprang into it. It was the one means of escape. The small boat upset, and the sinking ship went down. They sank together. Only two men floated on the sea, clinging to the broken mast.

“Who are you?” asked one.

“I am a nobleman, Godfrey by name; and who are you?”

“I am Berold, a poor butcher of Rouen.”

Then they added in one breath “God be merciful to us both.”

Through the darkness they slowly distinguished another swimmer. It was Fitz Stephen. “Where is the prince?” he cried.

“Drowned,” was the answer. Then Fitz Stephen cried, “Woe is me,” and sank, even as his ship had sunk.

The other two clung to the mast a little longer until Godfrey’s hands were so chilled that he could hold on no longer. “Farewell, my friend, may God preserve you,” he said feebly, and let go. Only the butcher survived to tell the terrible tale. Some fishermen found him the next morning, more dead than alive, floating in his great sheepskin coat.

For three days no one was found brave enough to bear the sad news to the king. At last a little boy was sent in, but he could only weep, and finally stam-

mered, "The White Ship." That was enough. The king understood, and though he lived to reign seven years longer over England, he was never seen to smile again.



THOMAS À BECKET

ONCE upon a time a London merchant, Gilbert à Becket, went on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Before he reached Jerusalem, however, he and his servant Richard were both captured by a Saracen lord. The Saracen had one daughter, who was very beautiful, and who straightway fell in love with the English prisoner, and promised to help him to escape if he would carry her home with him to England. Gilbert's heart was touched by her beauty and her love, and he promised to wed her if she would free him. At last an opportunity of escape came, and Gilbert fled from the Saracens, quite forgetting in his haste both the Saracen lady and his promises to her. But she did not forget him so soon. Gathering together her jewels and gold, she dressed herself in disguise, and went out to follow him. Two English words were all she knew: "London" and her lover's name, "Gilbert." When she came to the seacoast she wandered up and down among the ships, repeating over and over, "London," "London," "London" and

showing her jewels. Finally the sailors understood that she wanted to go to London, and was offering her jewels to pay her passage. So they put her in an English ship and bade her God-speed.

One day Gilbert à Becket, busy in his counting house, heard a great noise in the street. He looked out, and saw a great crowd gathered about a lady dressed in the bright-colored costume of the East. Just then Richard, his servant, came running in, shouting: "Master, master, the Saracen lady is here in London going up and down the streets crying "Gilbert." Gilbert could not believe the words, but he looked again, and his eyes told him that Richard had spoken truly. Then he bade him fetch her in; and when the lady saw her lover she fainted in his arms. In a few days they were married. They had one son, Thomas, who became the favorite of King Henry II of England. Thomas was very clever, very brave, and very rich. When the king made him chancellor of England, he lived in state almost equal to the king. He was sent once as ambassador to France, and when he entered that country "his procession was headed by two hundred and fifty boys. Then came his hounds in couples; then eight wagons, each drawn by five horses driven by five drivers; two of the wagons filled with strong ale to be given away, four with his gold and silver plate

and stately clothes; two with the dresses of his numerous servants. Then came twelve horses, each with a monkey on his back; then a train of people bearing shields and leading five war horses splendidly equipped; then falconers with hawks upon their wrists; then a host of knights, and gentlemen and priests; then the chancellor with his brilliant garments flashing in the sun, and all the people capering and shouting with delight."

The king was delighted to have such a favorite. He thought it made his own splendor greater to have such a chancellor. If we would know how Henry II himself looked, we must look among the old chronicles. "You ask me to send you an accurate description of the appearance and character of the King of England," writes Peter of Blois, secretary to Henry II. "You may know then that our king is still ruddy, except as old age and whitening hair have changed his color a little. He is of medium stature so that among small men he does not seem large, nor yet among large men does he seem small. His head is spherical, as if the abode of great wisdom. . . . His eyes are full, guileless and dovelike when he is at peace, gleaming like fire when his temper is aroused, and in bursts of passion they flash like lightning. . . . His feet are arched and he has the legs of a horseman. Although

his legs are bruised from hard riding, he never sits down except when on horseback or at meals. . . . He does not loiter in his palace like other kings, but hurrying through the provinces he investigates what is being done everywhere.”

This was King Henry II of England. Such a king was eager to be sole leader in the land. When Henry found that the churches looked to their bishops instead of to him, he decided to make his chancellor, Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury. He thought that through him he would have control over the Church.

Thomas à Becket hesitated to accept, but his longing for fame finally made him consent. Great now was Henry's surprise when Thomas suddenly changed the whole manner of living. He turned off his brilliantly clad followers. He ate coarse food, dressed himself in sackcloth, and washed the feet of thirteen pilgrims every day. He was soon talked about as archbishop much more than he had been as chancellor.

At first the king was amused, then, when Thomas strongly took the side of the Church in all disputes between the clergy and the crown, the king grew angry. A great quarrel arose. Finally Thomas à Becket, disguised as poor Brother Deaman, had to flee to Flanders. After many years, the king of

France arranged a meeting between Henry and Thomas à Becket, to try to bring about peace. The quarrel had gone on for six years, and both men were utterly weary of it. They decided to forget the past. The archbishop came back to England, although he had been warned that he should not live to eat a loaf of bread there.

The first piece of news that reached his ears on arriving home was that during his absence Henry II had had his eldest son crowned. This so enraged the Archbishop of Canterbury that he at once excommunicated the bishops who had performed the coronation. Henry II was in Normandy. When word was brought him of Becket's deed, he cried out before all his court, "Will no one deliver me from this man?"

Four knights who were present slipped quietly out of the room. A day or so later they appeared before the Archbishop of Canterbury. They neither bowed nor spoke, but sat down upon the floor. At length Thomas à Becket said, "What do you want?"

"That you take off the excommunication from the bishops," was their reply.

When he refused they went out, sullen and defiant. They came back a little later, fully armed and with drawn swords. But in the meantime the archbishop had gone into the cathedral to service. His servants

would have fastened the church doors, but he said, "No. This is God's house and not a fortress."

Even as he was speaking the four knights came through the door. Their sword blades flashed



Thomas à Becket.

through the darkness of the church, and their armed tread resounded as they came over the stone pavement. "Where is the traitor?" they shouted.

Thomas à Becket turned where he stood, beside a great stone pillar, but he made no answer.

"Where is the archbishop?" they thundered.

"I am here," answered Becket proudly.

Then they slew him, then and there, in his own cathedral.

When the king learned of the archbishop's death, he was filled with dismay, and declared that his words were uttered in a fit of temper, and he had no desire that they should be fulfilled. The knights who had done the terrible deed fled from the court, and finally for penance went to Jerusalem where they died.

With Thomas à Becket dead, Henry II could rule very much as he pleased. But there were sad days waiting for the close of his reign. His son Henry, whom he had had crowned, died, and his other two sons revolted against him, trying to seize the crown. When Henry II saw that the name of his favorite son was among the conspirators, he leaned his face to the wall. "Let things go now as they will," he moaned; "I care no more for myself or the world."



RICHARD I — ENGLAND'S ROYAL CRUSADER

IN the year 1188, the news reached Europe that Jerusalem had again fallen into the hands of the Turks. The crusading spirit spread across the continent. Even the kings and princes pledged themselves to give their personal aid in recapturing Jerusalem. Among the foremost to give his promise was Richard of the Lion Heart, one of Henry's re-

bellious sons. When, a year later, Henry died, and Richard bethought him of all his cruel deeds toward his father, he was the more eager to go to the Holy Land. The crusade would bring him full pardon, he believed, for all his misdeeds.

Richard was crowned in Westminster Abbey with great ceremony. He marched into the church under a silken canopy, stretched on the top of four lances, each carried by a mighty lord. As soon as the coronation was over, he began to raise money for the crusade. He sold the lands which belonged to the crown. He sold his castles. He



Richard of the Lion Heart.

said he would even sell London itself, if he could find a purchaser whose purse was long enough. At last he set out with his splendid army, leaving his kingdom in the care of two bishops and his brother John.

Richard stopped first at the island of Messina in Sicily. His sister had married the king there, but he had died, and his brother, Tancred, had seized the throne and put the widow in prison. Richard made it his first duty to free his sister. His large forces soon frightened Tancred into submission. He released Richard's sister, restored her lands, and presented her with a golden chain, four-and-twenty silver cups, and four-and-twenty silver dishes.

So when peace was once more brought about in the island, Richard sailed on to Cyprus. We may well imagine that the restless, burly Richard was only too glad to pick a quarrel with the sovereign of this island. Before many days there was fighting, and the end of it was that Richard ordered the king to be bound in silver fetters, and claimed Cyprus for his own.

These exploits of Richard made Philip of France, who was also on his way to the Holy Land, very jealous. Richard and he had been great friends, but when the two monarchs met now at Acre, neither would agree with the other as to the

best time to make an attack on this town. The result of it was that Philip of France finally gave up the crusade and returned to his own country.

Richard had now left one other royal ally, the Duke of Austria, and before very long he had quarreled with him. There came a pause in the fighting, and during this time Richard busied his men by rebuilding some fortifications. When he asked the Duke of Austria to assist in this task, the latter replied, "I am not a bricklayer." Whereupon Richard is reported to have kicked the duke, who returned to Austria in a rage.

With his enemies, Richard managed to keep on better terms. Saladin, the ruler of the Saracens, was a finely built man, as stanch and brave a fighter as the lion-hearted English king. He and Richard both admired each other, and when they were not in battle, were very friendly.

There is a story that Richard visited Saladin in his tent, and was boasting of his skill as a swordsman.

"Come now and show us what your royal highness can do!" said Saladin at last.

Then Richard drew his sword, and with one mighty stroke cut in two one of the huge iron props of the tent. Saladin and all his court applauded loudly. Then the ruler of the Saracens



Richard Fighting the Saracens.

unsheathed his sword. He took a flimsy veil from the neck of one of the dancing girls who sat at his feet, and tossed it into the air. As it floated downward, like a soft cloud, he unsheathed his sword, and with a deft blow cut it in twain.

Afterwards, when Richard fell ill of the desert fever, Saladin sent him fruits and snow and ice which had been brought down from the summit

of Mount Lebanon. Still this friendship was entirely forgotten when the war was on, and many brave English soldiers were left dead upon the desert before Richard turned his face southward.

They reached Jerusalem at last. But rumors of troubles in England had come to Richard's ears, and he bethought him that it was time for him to go back and look after his people. He stayed in Palestine only long enough to deliver some Christians whom the Saracens were besieging. Then he signed a truce with the Saracens to last three years, three months, three weeks, and three days. The weather was threaten-



A Crusader.

ing, but the impatient Richard heeded neither wind nor tide. He set sail in a small vessel with a few followers, only to be shipwrecked in the Adriatic Sea. With great difficulty he succeeded in reaching land, and then determined to make his way home on foot.

As he had to go through Austria, he disguised himself as a poor pilgrim, hoping thus to escape the notice of the duke. He feared that the duke's anger had not subsided yet, and in a few days he learned that this was true. Richard was recognized by a ring which he always wore. He was taken prisoner and hidden in a German castle.



Blondel discovers
Richard.

When the rumor of his imprisonment spread over Europe, Philip of France and Richard's brother John rejoiced greatly. They began to plan how they would divide up his kingdom. But one heart, so an old story goes, beat true to his king. Blondel, a young minstrel, resolved to find and free his master. He set out across Europe, earning his daily bread by singing in the streets. Every time he came to a castle, he paused and sang beneath its

walls, hoping his master might hear him and reply. One night his heart was very sad, and beneath an ivied turret he sat down to rest, and sang softly the first verse of a song which only he and Richard knew. As he finished the verse, a strong voice from within the tower took up the second stanza. He hastened back to England to tell the people that Richard was found.

The German emperor refused to free Richard until a large ransom was paid, but this the English people quickly raised, and King Richard returned to his throne.

King Richard loved a fight. He found plenty of trouble awaiting him at home. Then, when he had settled the affairs of his realm, he made war with France. During a truce, word came to him that an English lord, the Viscount of Limoges, had dug up a great treasure on his land, twelve knights of gold seated at a golden table. Being the king's vassal, and an honest one at that, he immediately sent one half of the treasure to his king; but the king demanded the whole. When the viscount refused to give it, he returned to England and besieged his castle.

Now there was an old song that had often been sung in that part of the country, saying that an arrow should be made in Limoges by which Richard

should die. This arrow lay in the quiver of Bertrand de Gourdon. From his post within the castle he could easily distinguish the king. Richard's great figure towered above all his men. Bertrand de Gourdon took aim, and the arrow flew to its mark. The wound was not fatal, but Richard had to retire to his tent. The physicians who attended him did their work so badly that it soon became known that Richard was dying.

The castle was taken, and all who had fought against the king were put to death. Only one life was to be saved, that of Bertrand de Gourdon. He was put in chains and brought before Richard. He met Richard's bold gaze by one equally bold. "Knave," said the king, "what did I ever do to thee that thou shouldst take my life?"

The knight pointed to the ruined castle. "Yonder my father and my two brothers lie slain by thine hand. Myself thou wouldst have hanged. Torture me now as thou wilt. I am content, since through me England is quit of such a king."

A gentle note came into the king's voice. "Youth," he said, "I forgive thee. Take off his chains," he said to his guard; "give him a hundred shillings, and let the youth go free."

He sank down on his couch and died. And the officers, who had truly loved their lord, heeded not

his last command, but in their grief hanged Bertrand who had slain Richard of the Lion Heart.



ROBIN HOOD OF SHERWOOD FOREST

It was in the days of King Richard's reign, that Robin Hood, England's boldest outlaw, lived in Sherwood Forest, with his famous archers, all clad in Lincoln green. The lieutenant of Robin Hood's band was named Little John because of his size. They say that he stood seven feet high or more, and measured an ell around the waist. And this is the manner in which Robin Hood first met Little John.

The hunting was poor in Sherwood Forest, and Robin Hood had told his men that he would go out alone. He made his way through the wood and was crossing a stream on a narrow foot bridge when he met a stranger half way. Neither would give way to let the other pass. Then Robin Hood grew angry and drew his bow to shoot the man. But the stranger spoke up boldly :—

“ You are indeed a fine fellow to shoot at a man who has naught with him but a staff.”

“ That is just, truly,” replied the outlaw ; “ and so I will lay down my bow and arrow and get me a

staff like thine to try if thy deeds be as good as thy words."

So saying, he went into a thicket and cut himself a young oak sapling and returned to the foot bridge.



Robin and Little John.

"Now I am your match," he cried, "and whoso shall first knock the other into the water shall be awarded the victory."

So they sparred together with their staves right merrily. First Robin smote the stranger such a blow that it warmed his blood from top to toe, and "their sticks rattled as if they had been

threshing corn." But the stranger had the greater strength. He brought his stave down on Robin's head with such force that the outlaw fell headlong into the stream. Then the stranger laughed loud and long. Looking down into the water, he cried:—

“Where are you now, my good fellow?”

And Robin answered as he waded to the shore, “I grant that thou hast won the day.”

Then he raised his horn to his lips and blew a blast. And at that, fifty bowmen, clad in green, sprang out of the wood and rallied about them.

“Why, master, ye are wet to the skin,” cried one of his men. “What may this mean?”

“Naught,” responded Robin, “save that that fellow on yonder bridge tumbled me into the water.”

Then the men would have seized the stranger and ducked him, but Robin forbade them.

“No one shall harm thee, friend,” he said, “of all these my bowmen; but if you will be one of us, you shall straightway have my livery. What say you?”

“With all my heart,” said the stranger. “Here is my hand upon it. My name is John Little, and I will be a good man and true to you.”

Then Robin took his hand, and laughing, said, “Not John Little, but Little John,” for, as I told you, he stood seven feet and measured an ell about the waist. And then and there they christened him Little John, and he lived ever in the green wood with Robin Hood.

Now the bold and merry deeds of Robin Hood

and his men were told throughout the land, and came even to the ears of the king. They pleased King Richard, and made him wish to meet the outlaw. So, taking a dozen of his men, he dressed them all and himself in friars' gowns and rode out one morning across to Sherwood Forest. They had hardly



Robin and King Richard.

entered the wood when they came upon Robin Hood and his fifty yeomen drawn up ready to assail them. With a bold step Robin came forward, and seized the bridle of the king's horse, and bade him halt. As Richard was the tallest, Robin thought that he was the abbot.

“Now stand,” cried Robin, “for it is against ye and all like ye that we make war.”

“But,” answered Richard, “we are messengers from the king, who is waiting not far off to speak to you.”

“God save the king!” quoth Robin, taking off his cap, “and all who wish him well! And accursed be every man who does not acknowledge that he is king.”

Then replied the king, “You curse yourself, for you are a traitor.”

The angry look leaped into Robin’s bold eye, and he held the bridle fast. “Were ye not the king’s messenger, ye should rue that word,” he answered; “for I never harmed an honest man in my life, but only those who steal goods from others. And, as you are the king’s messengers, I bid you welcome in Sherwood Forest, and invite you to come and share our greenwood cheer.”

He brought the king to his tent, and there he blew upon his horn. Five score and ten of Robin Hood’s men answered to the call, and knelt before their leader. And they laid a dinner for the king and his lords, who swore that they had never tasted a better. Then Robin took a can of ale, and cried, “To the king! Let each man drink the health of the king.” And they all drank, even the king to himself.

After dinner the yeomen took their long bows, and showed the king such archery as he never had seen before even in foreign lands. Then said the king to Robin Hood:—

“If I could get thee pardon from King Richard, wouldst thou serve the king well in all that thou didst?”

“Yea, with all my heart,” said Robin; and so said all his men.

Then Richard said, “I am your king, who is now before you.”

And at these words Robin Hood and all of his men fell on their knees; but the king bade them stand, and told them they should all be pardoned if they would enter his service. So Robin Hood and all his men went up to London to serve the king.

But it was in Sherwood Forest that Robin met his death. There was a battle, and Robin was sore wounded. Then spoke he to Little John, his trusted friend:—

“Now truly I cannot shoot one shot more, so I will go to my cousin, the abbess in Kirkley Hall, and bid her bleed me, for I am grievously wounded.”

Then he left Little John, and went alone to the abbey, and he was so weak when he reached there that he could scarce knock upon the door.

“My cousin, ye see how weak I am,” he said to the abbess. “I bid ye bleed me that I may not die.”

And his cousin took him to an upper room,

where she laid him upon a bed and bled him. But she hated Robin Hood because of his wild pranks, and so did not tie up the vein again. Then Robin knew that his life was flowing out of him,



Death of Robin.

and sought to escape from the abbey, but he could not because he was so weak. Knowing that he must die, he raised his horn to hear once more the bugle call.

Afar in Sherwood Forest Little John heard the blast, and said, "Alack and alas! Robin must be near his death, for his blast is very weak."

He got up from under the tree where he was

resting, and ran to Kirkley Hall as fast as his long legs could bear him. The door to the abbey was locked, but Little John broke it down and came to his master. He saw him lying upon the bed, and his face was strangely pale.

“Good master, I beg one boon,” cried Little John, as he fell upon his knees. “Let me burn Kirkley Hall and the nunnery to the ground!” for he saw that treachery had been done to Robin Hood.

But Robin Hood said, “Nay, I cannot grant you your boon, for never in my life have I harmed a woman, nor shall it be done for my sake after I die. But I would ask a boon of you. Give me my long bow and arrow, and open wide the casement.”

Then Robin drew his bow for the last time, and let the arrow fly.

“It lieth in the greenwood,” quoth Robin. “Find it, Little John, and where ye shall find it there dig my grave. Make it long and broad, that I may lie easily. Place my head upon a green sward and my long bow at my side.”



JOHN AND THE GREAT CHARTER

ENGLAND has never been ruled by a worse king than John. In all history we cannot find one good

deed recorded of him. He rebelled against his father, Henry II, when he was king. He was false to his brother Richard when he was in the Holy Land. He stole the English crown, which belonged by right to Richard's little nephew; and then he filled his reign with unjust and dishonest deeds.

One of John's worst faults was that he had a terrible temper. There is an old story that once when he was on a hunting trip he lost his way in a swamp near Olmwick. So angry was he over this misfortune that he swore to himself that every free man in the town should have the same experience. Consequently when the young men of Olmwick became of age, they were obliged to dress themselves in their best clothes and go down and wade through this muddy swamp.

It is not surprising to learn that a man with such a temper was continually quarreling. One of his greatest quarrels arose over the appointing of a new archbishop of Canterbury. John chose one man. The bishops chose another. When the matter was sent to the Pope to be decided, he chose a third, Stephen Langton. Now John hated Langton because he was a good and holy man. He refused to let Langton act as archbishop. Then the Pope showed his power. He placed England under an interdict. For six years no church bells sounded in the land.

No services were held in the churches. It was not even allowed to read the burial service for the dead. But John did not care. Even when the Pope went further and deposed John, giving his kingdom to Philip of France, the king only laughed. But John was always a coward. When he saw that an army was being collected to invade England, he became frightened. He begged the Pope's forgiveness; he promised to receive Langton; he laid his crown at the feet of the papal legate to show that he yielded his kingdom to the Pope; and he promised to pay a yearly tribute. The Pope at once removed the interdict, and forbade Philip to bring his army across the Channel. John felt now that all was well once more.

But the English barons were far from pleased at John's deeds. They did not wish to become vassals of the Pope. They wanted England to be a free land and they themselves to be freemen. They saw that John had no real love for the English people. They despised his cowardice. At last they united under the leadership of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and demanded of John that he sign a paper, stating what were the rights of the English people, and restoring to them their tributes. When the king read the paper, he went half mad with rage. "Why do they not ask me for my kingdom?" he

cried out. "I will never grant such liberties as will make me a slave."

The archbishop brought back the king's refusal. The barons then formed into a great army, which they called "The Army of God and the Holy Church," and marched against London. London threw open her gates, and other towns were quick to follow her example. The king was taken quite by surprise. Only seven knights had remained on his side. He agreed to meet the barons on an island in the Thames, at the meadows of Runnymede, on the fifteenth of June.

On that date the barons and their army were gathered on one bank of the river. The king was encamped on the other. Delegates from both sides were sent to the island. The Great Charter was talked over, and that very day King John put his sign and seal to it. He did not dare do otherwise. Copies of the charter were sent through the land, to be posted in all the cathedrals, and one copy still remains to-day, brown with age, one of the greatest treasures of the British Museum.

The barons knew that John, who had so often broken his word, would not keep these promises unless they forced him to. So before they parted, they appointed twenty-four barons, whose duty it should be to see that John ruled according to the charter, and to declare war upon him if he failed to do so.



King John signing the Great Charter.

“They have given me four and twenty overkings,”
cried John, throwing himself on the floor in another

fit of rage. Surely, such a king had need of over-kings. But nothing could hold John to his word. He broke his promises, and then sent secretly to Europe for an army of foreign, paid soldiers. The barons as a last resort called Louis, the son of the King of France, to come and rule over them. As soon as Louis landed, King John fled. He always ran away as soon as a battle began. There was the greatest confusion throughout the land. In the midst of it all King John died. He was crossing a dangerous quicksand called the Wash, when the tide came up and nearly drowned his army. The royal treasure was swept away, and horses and baggage carried off in the swift current. Cursing his ill luck, the king hurried on to Swinestead Monastery. The monks, knowing his fondness for good things to eat, put before him ripe peaches and pears and beer. The king devoured this repast, and the next day lay ill with a burning fever. A horse litter was made ready in all haste, and the king carried to the nearest castle. A few days later he died, and England was free from as bad a king as ever sat upon the English throne.

HENRY III

THE jeweled crown had been lost in the flood with the other royal treasure, so John's little son was crowned with a circle of plain gold.

"We have been the enemy of this child's father," said Lord Pembroke at the coronation; "and he merited our ill will; but the child himself is innocent, and his youth demands our friendship and protection."

So the ten-year-old boy was crowned Henry III of England, and Lord Pembroke chosen as regent, to rule until Henry should become of age.

Lord Pembroke's first act was to promise to rule according to the Great Charter. That brought many of the barons, who had revolted against John, over to his side. Yet there were Prince Louis of France and his followers still in the land. But at last they were defeated in a sea fight, and Prince Louis went back to his own country, so poor, it is said, that he had to borrow money from the citizens of London to pay his traveling expenses.

At the end of three years Lord Pembroke died and two protectors were chosen to look after the affairs of the kingdom, Peter de Roches, and Hubert de Burgh, who defeated the fleet of Prince Louis. These two personages did not like each

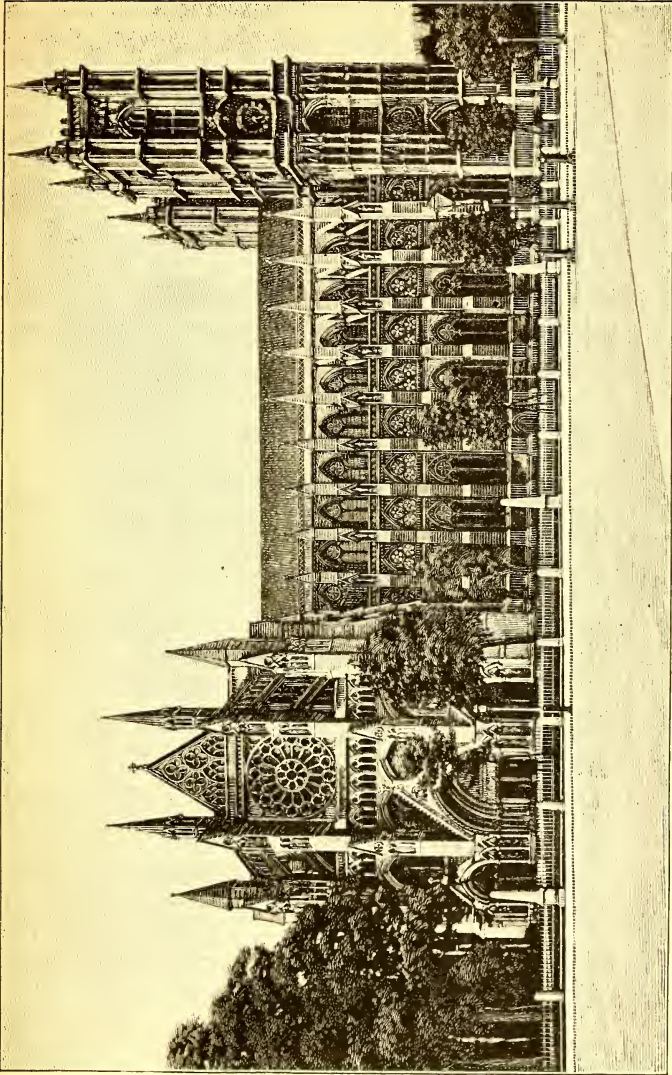
other, and when the king became of age Peter de Roches retired and went abroad. After an absence of ten years he returned. The king, in the meantime, had grown tired of Hubert, and welcomed De Roches. He sought to find some way of getting rid of Hubert. Finally he accused him of misusing some of the funds in the royal treasury. Hubert, seeing that he had fallen out of favor, fled to an abbey instead of answering the charges. Then Henry summoned the Mayor of London, and said: "Take twenty thousand citizens, and drag Hubert de Burgh out of that abbey, and bring him to me." Some of his father's violent temper lived on in Henry.

But a friend of Hubert's warned Henry that the abbey was sacred, and he had no right to harm Hubert there. So Henry called the mayor back, and proclaimed that for four months Hubert should be free to go as he chose and prepare his defense. Hubert came out of the abbey, and Henry proceeded to break his word, just as his father had done before him. He ordered one Sir Godfred and his Black Band to seize Hubert. Hubert was in bed when he saw them coming. He leaped out, ran to the nearest church, and stood there breathless. He was within the sanctuary. But the Black Band cared nought for the rights of the Church. They followed through the open door, and dragged Hubert

out into the daylight. With swords flashing above Hubert's head, they commanded the blacksmith of the town then and there to rivet a set of chains upon him. The smith took one look at the prisoner's face.

"This is the brave Earl Hubert de Burgh, who destroyed the French fleet and has done his country much good service. You may kill me, if you like, but never a chain will I forge for Earl Hubert de Burgh."

The Black Band kicked him aside in disgust, and had to be content with tying Earl Hubert on horseback and carrying him off to London Tower. Thereupon the bishops became very angry because the king had violated the sanctuary of the church. They frightened Henry into releasing Hubert and sending him back to the little church where he had taken refuge. Henry did this, but he told the Black Band not to let Hubert escape. A deep trench was dug about the church, and a high fence built. The Black Band guarded it day and night. For thirty-nine days Sir Hubert held out. Then hunger drove him forth from the church, and he gave himself up. Once more the Black Band carried him off to the Tower. He was tried, and after some months of imprisonment was finally pardoned and his place restored to him. This was the unhappy story of a king's favorite.



Westminster Abbey.

As Henry grew older, he seemed to grow more and more like his father. He was not so cruel, but he was cowardly, and he hated the Great Charter. His greatest desire seemed to be to squeeze the pocketbooks of rich and poor throughout his realm into the royal treasury.

In desperation, one day in May, the clergy and the barons met together in Westminster Hall, each one holding a burning candle in his hand. The king was present too, and the archbishop read in his most solemn voice the solemn words that any man in England who should infringe the Great Charter should be excommunicated, that is, cut off from all the privileges of the Church. When he had finished, there was a hush through the great hall. Then all together the barons and the clergy put out their candles, and uttered a curse upon any man who should deserve this punishment. Solemnly the king arose and promised to abide by the Great Charter. "I promise to do so," he said, "as I am a man, as I am a Christian, as I am a knight, as I am a king."

The king made this promise without hesitation, and without hesitation he broke it. The barons soon saw that they must deal with him as they had with his father. When Parliament assembled the next time, every man appeared clad in armor from top to toe.

The story of the king's struggle with his barons is a long one. The great bell of St. Paul's at London was tolled to summon the people to war against their king. Simon de Montfort, the Earl of Leicester, put himself at their head, and with his other forces marched to Lewes, where Henry and his son Edward lay in camp with their army. Before the battle, the Earl of Leicester stood up before his men, and said that Henry III had broken so many oaths that he had become the enemy of God, even as the Turks. Therefore he bade them wear white crosses on their breasts, and fight not as against Christians, but as against infidels. The next morning they went into battle wearing their white crosses. The king and the prince were both taken prisoners.

The prince was always treated like a prince, but he was never allowed to go out without the Earl of Leicester's attendants. One afternoon he rode out under their guard into the country. When they came to a fine, level piece of turf, the prince suggested that this would be a good place to race their horses. He himself did not race, but was the umpire. As they were riding home, chatting merrily over their horses, suddenly a strange rider on a gray steed rode up over the top of the hill, and waved his hat once in the air.

“What signal is that?” asked the attendants one of another. And while they were puzzling their heads about it, the prince put spurs to his horse and galloped away to the stranger on the top of the hill. The attendants rode after them, but their horses were tired with the racing, and the prince’s horse was fresh. The last they saw of him was a cloud of dust far down the road. Prince Edward had gone to the Earl of Gloucester, who had remained faithful to the king.

At Evesham Edward’s forces and Simon de Montfort’s met. The earl saw that the chances were against him, but he fought like the true knight that he was until his horse was killed under him, and then he fought on foot. The old king, seated on a great war horse, rode about, getting in everybody’s way. He was nearly killed once, but he managed to cry out, “I am Henry of Winchester,” and Edward, who happened to hear him, took his horse by the bridle and led him away out of danger. The Earl of Leicester was still fighting when he fell, sword in hand. The leader was gone, but the cause for which he had spent his blood lived on, for Prince Edward stood ready to carry on the good work which Simon de Montfort had begun.

EDWARD I, THE HAMMER OF THE SCOTS

EDWARD I was far away from his kingdom when word was brought him that his father was dead and he was king of England. He had gone to the Holy Land on a crusade, the eighth and the last of the crusades. Like Richard the Lion-hearted, Edward was a valiant knight. When crossing the scorching sands of Asia, his ranks of soldiers grew thinner and thinner as the men died from fever and fatigue. His generals grew discouraged, and wished to go home. But Edward turned his face to the desert, and answered: "I will go on if I go with no other follower than my groom." Such a spirit aroused great fear in the hearts of the Turks, and they resolved to kill this prince.

One of the Saracen nobles, pretending that he wished to become a Christian, sent a messenger to Edward bearing a letter. As Edward was reading the letter, the dark-faced slave stole nearer, drew a dagger from his flowing sleeve, and sprang at Edward's heart. But Edward was on the alert in a moment. His arm was strong and sure. He smote the slave to the ground, and killed him with the dagger. A moment later he noticed that his own arm had been scratched by the dagger. The wound began to swell, and Edward realized that the

point of the dagger had been smeared with poison. The physician was called at once, and, thanks to his skill and the constant nursing of Eleanor, Edward's wife, the prince's life was saved.

Soon after his recovery, word reached him of his father's illness, and Edward turned about to go home. In Italy he heard that his father had died, and he had been proclaimed king.

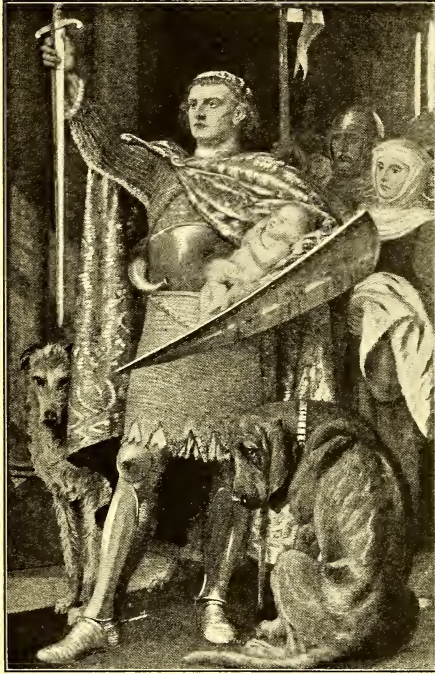
Edward's march across Europe was a march of triumph. The tales of his bravery in the Holy Land went before him, and everywhere he was entertained and given royal presents of purple robes and prancing horses. When he landed in Dover, England, and went on to Westminster, the greatest rejoicing of all took place. "For the coronation feast there were provided, among other eatables, four hundred oxen, four hundred sheep, four hundred and fifty pigs, eighteen wild boars, three hundred fitches of bacon, and twenty thousand fowls. The fountains . . . in the streets flowed with red and white wine instead of water; the rich citizens hung silks and clothes of the brightest colors out of their windows to increase the beauty of the show, and threw out gold and silver by whole handfuls to make scrambles for the crowd. In short, there was such eating and drinking, such music and capering, such a ringing of bells and tossing up caps, such a

shouting and singing and reveling as the narrow overhanging streets of London had not witnessed in many a day."

King Edward I was a bold thinker. At the beginning of his reign he set his heart on being king of England, Scotland, and Wales. Wales is the mountainous country, lying west of England, where the Britons had taken refuge at the time of the Saxon Conquest. In Wales the people still spoke the old Briton language, and sang and harped the old Briton folk songs. There was a tradition in the land that Merlin, the old enchanter, had prophesied that when money should be round, a Welsh prince would be crowned in London. Now one of Edward's early decrees was that the big English pennies should not be cut into halves and quarters, as had been done formerly, to make half and quarter pennies. So the Welsh believed that the day was near when Merlin's prophecy should come true.

At this time Llewellyn was the Prince of Wales. It was his duty to swear allegiance to Edward. This Llewellyn refused to do. Just then it happened that Eleanor de Montfort, the young lady to whom Llewellyn was betrothed, was returning from France. The English king ordered her to be detained until Llewellyn swore allegiance. That was how the quarrel began. It ended, as most quarrels

did in those days, in bitter bloodshed. Llewellyn was killed, and his people subdued. His nobles came before Edward, promising to be faithful to him



The First Prince of Wales.

if he would give them as governor a prince born in their own land. Edward promised, and straightway brought into the room his little baby son, who had been born there in Wales in the Castle of Carnarvon a short time before. Later Edward's oldest son died, and this, the first prince of Wales, became the heir apparent

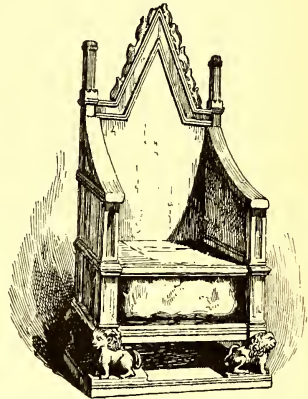
to the throne. Ever since then the Crown Prince of England has borne the title of Prince of Wales.

Now that the Welshmen had submitted to him, Edward turned his attention to the North. The king of Scotland, who had married Edward's sister,

was dead. He had no children, so the throne fell to a little eight-year-old princess of Norway. King Edward proposed that the little Maid of Norway should become engaged to his eldest son, but as she was on her way to England she fell ill and died. Immediately thirteen different Scotsmen came forward claiming the Scottish throne. The task of deciding which one of these should be king of Scotland was left to Edward. The English king decided upon John Baliol, but on the condition that he should receive his crown by the English king's favor. Then Edward caused the great seal of Scotland to be broken in four pieces, and carried to the English treasury. He now considered that his kingdom stretched over England, Scotland, and Wales.

To instill it into Baliol's heart that he was England's vassal, although king of Scotland, Edward repeatedly summoned him to appear before him in London.

At length the Scottish people took this to be an insult. Baliol refused to come. With thirty thousand foot soldiers and four thousand horse, Edward



Coronation Chair.

marched into Scotland. The English king was victorious. When he went back to London he bore with him the Scottish throne and scepter, and the



Sir William Wallace.

old stone coronation chair. For ages the Scottish kings had been crowned upon this stone, which was now placed in Westminster Abbey in London.

Perhaps it was this very act that kept alive in the Scots the burning desire to be free from England's overrule. They found a noble and daring

leader in Sir William Wallace, and the whole country was soon in arms. Edward was an old man, but he had resolved not to lose Scotland. He went to war borne on a litter. Just within sight of Scotland he died, at Burg-on-Sands. But even in dying his spirit was unquenchable. "Tell my son," he said,

“to bear my bones ahead of the army into Scotland.”

His dying request was not granted. His body was carried back to Westminster Abbey where these words are engraved upon his plain gray marble monument:—

“This is Edward the First, the hammer of the Scots — keep troth.”



THE BLACK PRINCE

FOR a hundred years England was at war. The war with Scotland led to a war with France, and two of the greatest battles in history were fought before England and France signed a treaty of peace.

King Edward III was England's monarch, who crossed the Channel and met the French at Crécy. With him he took his son, Edward, who was called the Black Prince because of the color of his armor.

The morning of the battle the king and the prince heard mass with the army, and then the command was given for all to arm and prepare for battle. Edward, mounted on a small palfrey, with a white wand in his hand, rode down the long ranks of his soldiers, encouraging the fearful, and bidding them

all to guard his honor and defend his right. Thus they waited for the French, with fresh courage in every English heart.

As soon as the French forces came up, and the French king saw the English lined up on his ground, his blood began to boil.

“Order the Genoese cross-bowmen forward, and begin the battle in the name of God and St. Denis!” he cried to his marshals.



The Black Prince at Crécy.

A terrible rain was falling, and the sun was eclipsed. Thunder and lightning broke through the storm. Just before the rain a flock of huge crows hovered over the battalions, cawing and shrieking. To the Frenchmen, weary from their long march, the storm seemed a prophecy of doom.

But the king had given the command, and they must advance. The storm broke, but the sun came out with dazzling brightness, shining in the Frenchmen's eyes. With a shout, the Genoese went forward. The English remained motionless. A second shout came from the French, yet the English never stirred. With the third shout, they began to shoot. Then the English battalion advanced one step, drew their bows, and let fly their arrows. So thick and fast they fell that it seemed to the Genoese as if it snowed. They turned and retreated. But other French forces came up rapidly behind them, and the battle raged fiercely. The Black Prince was in the very midst of the fray, and his men were falling on either side of him. King Edward was watching the battle on the hill near a windmill. Suddenly he saw a knight riding toward him at top speed. "Sir," he cried, saluting the king, "the Earl of Warwick and others who are about your son are vigorously attacked by the French, and they entreat that you should come to their assistance with your battalion, for if their numbers should increase they fear that he will have too much to do."

The king did not move from his post. "Is my son dead, unhorsed, or so badly wounded that he cannot support himself?" he asked.

“Nothing of the sort, thank God,” replied the knight; “but he is in so hot an engagement that he has great need of your help.”

Still the king did not move. “Go back to those who sent you,” he said quietly, “and tell them not to return again for me this day, or expect that I shall come. Let what will happen as long as my son has his life. And say that I command them to let the boy win his spurs; for I am determined, if it please God, that all the glory and honor of this day shall be given to him and to those to whose care I have entrusted him.”

The knight rode back to the lords with the king’s answer, which gave them such courage that they repented of having sent such a message.

So the great roar and tumult of the battle went on all day, until the French king had to flee; and night brought victory to the English. Then they lighted their torches and built great fires that blazed up into the skies. And King Edward then came down from his post, and advanced with his whole battalion to meet the Prince of Wales.

“Sweet son,” he said as he embraced and kissed the Black Prince, “God give you good perseverance. You are my son, for most loyally have you acquitted yourself this day. You are worthy to be a sovereign.”

The prince bowed very low, and humbled himself, saying that all the honor belonged to his father. And the English feasted all night, and gave thanks to God for their great victory.

The war lingered on through the years. Ten years after the battle of Crécy, the Black Prince won another great victory for his people. At Poitiers he met the king of France with his four sons, and all the flower of the French nobility. When the Prince of Wales saw the enemy drawn up before him, he addressed his own men with these words: "Now, my gallant fellows, what though we be a small body when compared to the army of our enemies? Do not let us be cast down on that account, for victory does not always follow numbers, but where Almighty God pleases to bestow it. If, through good fortune, the day shall be ours, we will gain the greatest glory in this world; if the contrary should happen, and we be slain, I have a father and beloved brethren alive who will be sure to avenge our deaths. I therefore entreat you to combat manfully; for if it shall please God and St. George, this day you shall see me a good knight."

And with a cry, "Banners advance in the name of God and St. George," the English went forward into battle.

The French leader, King John, was no less brave of heart than the Prince of Wales, but the English



Surrender of King John.

put the French to confusion. In the midst of his shattered ranks the French king stood his ground, fighting valiantly with his battle ax, and beside him stood his fair-haired son Philip, just sixteen years old. But finally an English knight rode up, and demanded King John to surrender.

“I will surrender to the Prince of Wales,” said the French king, for he saw that he was hard pressed.

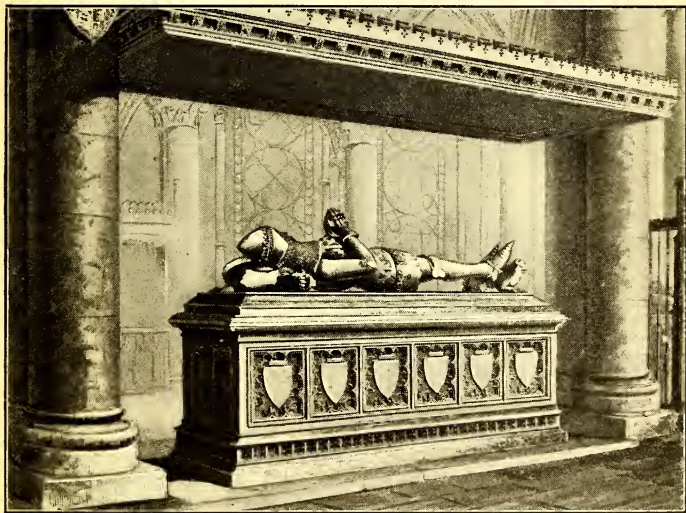
“Surrender to me,” replied the knight, “and I will lead you to the Prince of Wales.”

So King John and his son Philip were taken prisoners, and the battle of Poitiers came to end.

That night the Prince of Wales gave a great feast to King John and all the royal prisoners.

The table was spread in the prince's tent, and the prince himself served at the table. At the end he pledged a toast to the king and said:—

“Dear sir, do not make a poor meal because the Almighty God has not gratified your wishes in the event of this day; for be assured that my lord and father will show every honor and friendship in his power, and will arrange your ransom so reasonably that you will always remain friends.



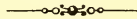
Tomb of the Black Prince.

In my opinion, you have cause to be glad that the success of this battle did not turn out as you desired; for you have this day acquired such high

renown for prowess that you have surpassed all the best knights on your side.”

At these words murmurs of praise went up on all sides, and the French said that the prince had spoken nobly and truly, and that he would be one of the most gallant princes in Christendom if God should give him life to pursue his career of glory.

But although the Black Prince was a brilliant warrior, he was a heartless man. His health broke down when he was still young, and the pain he had to bear made him cruel and revengeful instead of gentle and courteous as became a knight. Yet when he died all England mourned for him.



CHAUCER AND THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS

It was many years now since Cædmon had dreamed that he could sing, and had awakened to turn the beautiful old sacred stories into song. There had been other singers after him, minstrels and ballad writers, but the first great English poet was not born until the reign of Edward III. He would seem a queer-looking figure indeed, this first English poet, Geoffrey Chaucer, if we should meet him on the streets to-day in his clerk's dress. A dark-colored hood was pulled lightly over his

head, with a long tail to it, which indoors hung down his back, and out of doors was twisted lightly around his head to keep it from blowing off. His gray tunic, which was loose with big baggy sleeves,



Chaucer.

hung to his knees. His stockings were bright scarlet, and his boots black. He was rather shy in his manner, and, as he tells us himself, when he went along the London streets, he kept his eyes cast down upon the ground, "as if he would find a hair."

It was a very different London from the noisy crowded city that we know to-day, else Chaucer could not have passed along the highways with drooping eyes. He called it a "dear and sweet city," and tells us how he loved to arise early and go out to see the daisies open and hear the morning songs of the birds.

For many years Chaucer worked in the Custom House. He must have found it very dull work, bending over the great custom books all day long. But when night came, although his eyes were almost dazed and his back was aching as if it would break, still he turned to study and to books, and was "dumb as a stone" to all about him. He loved to read other people's stories long before he thought of writing them himself.

One of Chaucer's best friends was John of Gaunt, a younger brother of the Black Prince. This friendship lasted throughout life, and as long as John of Gaunt was in power, Chaucer was well provided for. He was a prominent figure at the Court of Edward III, and in later years was sent abroad by the king on many important embassies. He married, too, one of the court ladies, Philippa, a maid of honor to the queen. During these years Chaucer had plenty of money, and lived a happy, prosperous life. Later, when the king died and John of Gaunt fell into dis-

favor, Chaucer, too, was disgraced because he still remained true to his friend. He lost his position in the Custom House, and became very poor. Still his heart did not grow bitter, although he was treated very unjustly. It was during these hard years that he wrote his most famous poems, the "Canterbury Tales," which are full of pictures of a beautiful world, and of love and merriment.

He begins these poems with a description of a lovely spring day, when April showers had pierced the heart of March and the little birds were making melody. He was resting at the Tabard Inn, ready to go on the next day on a pilgrimage to Canterbury, the shrine of Thomas à Becket. At night-fall, the inn grew more and more full of guests, until there was great company in the hall, and the stables were full of horses. And Chaucer tells us how shortly after sunset he made friends with all the people and learned that they had met by chance and were all starting on the morrow on a pilgrimage like his own. They therefore agreed to all rise early and start together. Then the host at the inn, when he had given his guests a capital supper and had received the just reckoning from each one, stood up and commanded silence. "Well, my masters," said he, "I say that each of you shall tell the rest four stories — two on the way to Canterbury, and two on



the way home. For you know that it is small fun riding alone dumb as a stone. And whichever in the party tells the best story shall have a supper at this inn at the cost of the rest when you come back. To assure you better, I will myself gladly join your party — and be at once guide and judge.”

So it was agreed, and the company started off the next morning in fine spirits. So vividly has Chaucer portrayed these Canterbury pilgrims that we could scarcely see them better if he had painted a picture of each one. There was a knight, a very perfect noble knight, who loved all chivalry, honor, truth, and courtesy. With him was his son, as squire, with locks all curled and fresh as the month of May. His heart was light, and he whistled and sang all day long as he rode. He had no attendant save one

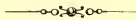


yeoman clad in coat and hood of green. There was also a nun, with eyes gray as glass and a little red mouth, who carried in her arms some little dogs which she often fed with roasted meat, milk, and the finest bread. Then there was a jolly monk, whose horse's bridle jingled like a chapel bell as he rode along, and a friar, who carried with him a number of pretty pins and knives which he gave away as presents to all the friends he made. A merchant with a forked beard was in the company, who sat high on his horse and wore a Flemish beaver hat, and also an Oxford student in threadbare coat, riding a horse as lean as a rake, because he spent all his money on books and learning. Then there was a franklin, with beard as white as daisies; a haberdasher, a carpenter, a weaver, a dyer, a cook, a sailor, a doctor,

a good wife from Bath, a plowman, and a pardoner whose long yellow hair hung in shreds about his shoulders, and many others. It was a motley but gay company.

At daybreak they all rode out together from the court of the inn into the glad spring day. They halted at the Watering of St. Thomas, and there drew lots to see who should tell the first tale. The lot fell to the knight, which delighted every one; and as the party set out again, he began his tale.

Chaucer did not invent new stories for all of his Canterbury pilgrims, but he filled the old tales with so much life that they are as fresh and full of wit and humor, love and pathos, to us to-day, as they were to England five hundred years ago when the first great English poet first wrote them.



MADCAP HARRY

THE desire that burned in the heart of Edward III was kindled afresh in Henry V, who reigned about forty years later. He wanted his kingdom to stretch across the sea and cover France. The wars with France had gone on so long now, that every English boy seemed to be born with a hatred for the French boys across the Channel. It was

only necessary for an English prince to shout, "Forward in the name of St. George!" to arouse the war spirit in their blood. The Black Prince had worn himself out in war, but now another prince was wearing the English crown, who was destined to be as great a hero in English eyes as the Black Prince. This prince was Henry of Monmouth, whom history has nicknamed "Mad-cap Harry."

There was no great artist in those days to paint portraits of famous men and women, so it was customary for writers of history to give long descriptions of the personal appearance of the kings and queens. The biographer of Henry V tells us that this king "had an oval, handsome face with a broad, open forehead and straight nose, ruddy cheeks and lips, a deeply indented chin and small well formed ears; his hair was brown and thick; and his bright hazel eyes, gentle as a dove's when at rest, could gleam like a lion's when aroused to wrath. He rejoiced in all kinds of sports and exercise, had no equal in jumping, and was so swift of foot that with one or two chosen companions he would start the quickest buck from the woodlands and run it down in the open."

And to this picture of Henry we must add that he was hot-headed, kind of heart, bold in thought and

deed, loving his people and beloved by them. As a prince he had been wild and fearless, and in this same spirit he led his army across the sea to win the French crown. The great and terrible battle of this war was fought in the autumn of 1415. The two armies came together near the village of Maisoncelle at night. In Henry's ranks his discipline was so strict that all through the night there was scarcely a whisper heard in the camp. The French even thought that the English had retreated in the rain and darkness. In the meantime in their camp there was turmoil and confusion, the shouting of orders, the din of tramping men and horses, and the shouting of the nobles who were feasting and drinking, sure of to-morrow's victory.

At daybreak Henry was up and clad in his armor. He put on his head his helmet, blazing with its coronet of rubies, sapphires, and pearls; mounted a small gray horse, and gave the orders for the day. The army was drawn up four lines deep, with the archers in front. Few of Henry's archers wore any armor. They were clad instead in their heavy doublets, with their hose tucked up and their feet bare that they might stand the more firmly. When all was in readiness, Henry asked the hour.

"It is the first watch," they told him.

“Good,” replied the king. “For at this hour all England prayeth for us; let us therefore be of good cheer.”

“And,” writes Henry’s chaplain, “so long as the battle lasted, I who write these words, sat upon my horse amid the baggage in the rear, and with all the other priests humbled my soul before God, saying in my heart: Be mindful of us, O Lord! for



Before the Battle of Agincourt.

our enemies are gathered together and boast themselves in their strength. Break down their power, and scatter them, that they may know there is none other that fighteth for us but Thou, O God.”

About a mile away stood the French, three times as strong. But Henry's courage never faltered. He rode down the lines, bidding his men be of good cheer, for they would have a fair day and a gracious victory. And the men caught his spirit, and answered, "Sire! we pray God grant you a good life and victory over our enemies!"

The order to advance was given, and with a ringing cheer the English went forward. When they were within bowshot of the French, Henry commanded them to halt. The archers planted their stakes before them in the ground, and with a cry, "Hurrah! Hurrah! St. George and Merry England!" the battle began. In less than three hours the English had won the day. Then Henry called to him a French herald, and asked, "Tell me the name of yonder fortress which overlooks the field."

"Agincourt," the herald replied.

"Then," said Henry, "this battle shall now and forever be called the Battle of Agincourt."

News was sent that very night to England, and early the next morning the church bells throughout the country proclaimed the great victory. But there were many sad hearts in England, and many more in France, because of the brave soldiers who lay among the heaps of dead the day after that terrible battle.

A month later Henry set sail for home. As the

fleet came into Dover, the excited townspeople rushed down even into the sea to carry their king to the shore upon their shoulders. Never was there a greater triumphant march through England than Henry's march from Dover to Westminster. At Cornhill tower there was stretched a great canopy adorned with the banners of St. George, and underneath stood a number of men dressed as prophets in gold and purple robes. As the king came by, the prophets let loose a flock of little tame birds, which fluttered about the king and even perched on his shoulders.



Henry and the French Herald.

As the king came by, the prophets let loose a flock of little tame birds, which fluttered about the king and even perched on his shoulders.

At Chepe Cross great arches spanned the streets, and through these archways came maidens dancing and striking timbrels, just as the women in the olden days had welcomed King David back to Jerusalem.

On either side stood white-robed boys to represent angels, who scattered wreaths of laurel as the king rode by.

Dressed in his purple gown and surrounded by only a few personal friends, King Henry rode with a sober face through the festive town. He would not let any songs be sung in his praise, nor would he allow his "bruised helmet and his bended sword" to be borne before him as the nobles wished.

"The glory and honor is due alone to God," he said, as he dismounted and went into St. Paul's, where a Te Deum was sung for his victory.

Still the troubles with France continued for five years, until a treaty of peace was signed, and it was agreed that Henry should marry the French king's daughter, Catherine, and when the French king died, he should be king of France.

There was great rejoicing when Henry brought his French queen home, for it looked now as if Henry's ambition would be accomplished. But two years later he died, when he was only thirty-four. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, and for over a hundred years tapers were kept burning about his tomb.

WAT TYLER AND THE PEASANT REVOLT

THE long, long wars with France were draining England of many of her best men. Suddenly another enemy came upon the land. It was an enemy even more terrible than war. It swept across the land through city and village alike. Everywhere, where people were living in dark houses, in dirty streets, in unhealthy homes, this new enemy entered.

The Black Death was the name given to this plague. The first time it visited England over half the people died of it. In some villages scarcely enough men were left living to bury the dead. On many farms there were not left enough men to reap the autumn harvest. The few remaining laborers, or villains, as they were called, saw that this was a good time to demand higher wages. This angered some of the nobles so greatly that they let their crops rot in the ground rather than pay the wages that the men asked. Finally they appealed to Parliament to help them.

The result was that Parliament passed laws requiring the laborers to work at the old rate of wages and forbidding them to leave the land upon which they were born. Any villain who was found running away was to be branded with a red-hot iron on his forehead. A little later a poll tax was levied on

every person in the land over fifteen years of age. This tax was to help pay for the war with France. It was only fourteen pence, but the villains' wages were so low that it often took them many days to save money enough to pay it.

The faces of the laborers grew dark and sullen. As they walked home together across the fields at night, they talked in low tones of the unjust nobles and the unjust king. They saw the rich landlords in their castles dressed in beautiful, soft silks and satins. They themselves wore coarse woolen tunics belted in at the waist with rope. They came into their homes, which were low, dirty, and filled with bad air. Silently they ate their evening meal of bacon, cabbage, and home-brewed beer. There was no light in the room save from the burning rushes on the hearth. Here the family gathered. They had no books to read. They could only sit there, thinking of their aching backs, of the taxes to be paid, and their few scant pennies saved up for the winter's food. Finally, tired out, they threw themselves on their straw pallets to sleep heavily until daybreak.

One day Wat Tyler, one of these laborers, was mending a roof, when he heard the loud outcry of his daughter at home near by. Running down the ladder, he found that the tax collector was at his house, and had insulted the girl. Scarcely realizing

how strong his arm was, Wat struck the collector a blow that killed him on the spot. A crowd soon gathered about the house, and these laborers were only too ready to take Wat Tyler's part. Still hot with anger, the roof-mender begged them to go to London with him and demand relief for the many wrongs they were suffering.

Headed by Tyler, the little band started afoot for London. Long before it reached there it had grown to be one hundred thousand strong. With them, too, marched John Ball, a poor priest who knew how to put into glowing words the feelings that were burning in the laborers' hearts. As they were nearing London he gathered the crowd about him in a churchyard. "Good people," he cried, "why do the great folk hold us in slavery if we are all children of the same father and mother, Adam and Eve? They dress in velvets, but we must go in rags. They have wine and spices and fair white bread upon their tables, while we have oatcake, and straw beds, and water to drink. They have leisure and fine houses; we have pain and labor, the rain and the wind in the fields. When Adam delved and Eve span, who was then the gentleman?"

With renewed courage the army of villains pressed on to London, and for three weeks held possession of the city. They ransacked the homes of the

wealthy, and destroyed all the silver and gold that they could find. Finally the king agreed to meet them. King Richard was only sixteen, and his heart was fearless.

“What will you, good people?” he asked bravely



Death of Wat Tyler.

in the face of the mob. “I am your king and lord. What will you?”

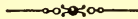
“We will that you free us forever,” the mob shouted like one man; “and that we be never more named or held as serfs.”

“I grant it,” the king replied.

The crowd broke up, and many went home.

Thirty thousand remained to see that the king kept his word. The next morning, when the king was talking with Tyler, some hot words passed between them. Tyler raised his arm, and the Mayor of London, fearing that he was about to strike the king, drew his sword and slew the laborer. It was a moment of great peril, but the king did not lose his head. Wheeling his horse about, he shouted to the mob, "Follow me, I am your captain and your king."

The people trusted him, and soon after this returned to their homes. But King Richard's promises were not kept. There was no law in England that gave him power to make such promises. Parliament continued her unjust taxes. But the barons had seen once for all the strength of the villains when once aroused. They were too afraid of another revolt to press their tenants more than necessary. Then, too, there were other forces at work in the land that were to lessen the power that the barons had held ever since the days of William the Conqueror.



THE LAST OF THE BARONS

THERE is an old legend of a French king whose life was made miserable because of his quarrelsome nobles. These lords and barons were always fight-

ing one another and then coming to the king for him to settle the dispute. Finally in despair the king shut all the nobles of the land up in one room, and locked the doors. An hour later, when he opened the room, he found that all the nobles were either dead or so weak with wounds that they were glad to go meekly home and hang their weapons on their castle walls.

Much the same thing happened in England when the barons came home after the long wars with France. These barons came back from France with hearts grown hard, cruel, and merciless. Many of them came home rich with plunder. It is said that the Earl of Warwick was so rich that he fed thirty thousand daily at his castles. Six huge oxen were killed every day for the breakfast of his retainers. He boasted that no man ever went hungry from his door, and that soldiers could enter his kitchen at any hour and carry off as large pieces of meat as they could pick up on their daggers.

The barons had not been home two years before they began to fight one another. The story reads that two of them, Warwick and Somerset, were walking together in the temple gardens, each one attended by a large court of followers. A dispute arose as to whether a prince of the House of Lancaster, or a prince of the House of York, should be

the next king of England. Each house was of royal blood, and could lay claims to the throne. The words between Somerset and Warwick became hotter and hotter. Finally Warwick turned about, plucked a white rose from a bush near by, and,



In the Temple Gardens.

sticking it into his buttonhole, bade all true and loyal followers of the House of York do likewise. Thereupon Somerset seized a rose of flaming red, and shouted that this should be the emblem of the House of Lancaster. It would have been well if King Henry had been strong enough to imprison all these angry nobles in one great room and let them fight one another, as the legends said the old French

king did. Then the farmers who wished to plow and sow their land, and the traders in the city who wished to work at their honest business, could have gone peacefully about their work. For these good people had no interest in this "War of the Roses" which for thirty years the barons waged in England. But King Henry VI was not a strong man, and he was not a fighter. He had been made king when only a boy of seven, and while he was still a child, had often been called to settle the quarrels between his barons. The strain proved too great for him. Shortly before the War of the Roses broke out, he became insane. There was, therefore, no strong hand to hold the barons in check. All England lay at their mercy.

The story of this war is very long and very uninteresting. One year the White Rose was victorious; the next year found the Red Rose in power. It is a story of many cruel deeds, that we are glad to forget as soon as we can. Many a baron lost his life. Somerset was slain in battle at the beginning of the war; and Warwick in the battle of Barnet, near the close. He had been called the "Last of the Barons," because he was the last baron who was strong enough to dictate to the king.

The War of the Roses came to an end on the battlefield of Bosworth. The two leaders in this

battle were Henry Tudor, the head of the Lancastrians, and Richard III, the last of the three York kings. The night before the battle Richard III was tormented by bad dreams. He believed this to be an evil omen. The next morning his commander-in-chief deserted him. Nevertheless, Richard, with no sign of fear, mounted his horse and rode bravely into battle. He died fighting. His crown, which he had worn into battle, was found by the Lancastrian soldiers under a holly bush. They brought it to their leader, and there on the field crowned him Henry VII of England. Thus the war closed with a triumph for the House of Lancaster. Soon afterwards Henry married a princess of the House of York, and thus the two parties were at last peacefully united.



WILLIAM CAXTON

ENGLAND'S FIRST PRINTER

It is hard to believe that the fifteenth century dawned before the first book was printed in England. The bards had told over and over the old lays of Beowulf; Caedmon had sung his verses of the Creation; Chaucer had written his merry "Canterbury Tales," but no book had yet been printed in England. In the great palaces and homes of the wealthy there were books, and very beautiful ones, but they had all been written by hand,—the painstaking task of some monk who had spent years over his work. They were written on heavy parchment, and many of them had pages decorated with colored borders of birds and flowers. But these books were so costly that few besides kings and princes could have libraries in those days. Probably no little child in England at that time owned a book.

The man who printed the first book in England was William Caxton. He was born in the woody county of Kent early in the fifteenth century. In one of his books he wrote, "I was born and learned my English in Kent, where I doubt not is spoken as broad and rude English as is in any place in England." In these days the English language was made up of many different dialects. The people in the

South spoke so differently from the people in the North that they could scarcely understand each other. Later, when printed books could be bought by rich and poor, the people in the North and the South, the East and the West, began gradually to understand and speak the same tongue. Then the English language came to be the language that we speak to-day.

In Kent, Caxton's early home, as he writes, the people spoke a rude tongue. There were many Flemish settlers there, and their language became mixed with the Kentish English. Caxton himself tells about a party of merchants who were delayed on the Kentish coast, and came to a little cottage to buy some eggs. The good wife, who opened the door, shook her head, and replied that she knew no French. Then the merchant was angry, for he spoke no French either but was a stanch-hearted Englishman. "Eggs," "Eggs," he kept repeating, but she could not understand. Then at length, one of his company said "Eyren," which is the word for "eggs" in the old Kentish dialect, and the good wife hastened to fetch him a basket full.

When Caxton was quite a young man he was sent on business to Bruges, where he lived for thirty-five years. This now sleepy old town was then a flourishing city. There were many young men there who were interested in the making of books, and we

soon find Caxton at work evenings translating a French book. In his prologue to this book, Caxton writes in his quaint English, "When I remember that every man is bound by the commandment and counsel of the wise men to avoid sloth and idleness, . . . then I, having no great charge of occupation, followed the said counsel, took a French book and read therein many strange and marvellous stories wherein I had great pleasure and delight. . . . And for so much this book was new and lately made and drawn into French, and never had been seen in our English tongue, I thought in myself it would be a good business to translate it into our English to the end that it might be had as well in England as in other lands, and also for to pass away my time, and thus concluded in myself to begin this work."

Caxton, however, grew weary of his task before he had half finished the translation. He had given it up, when the Duchess of Burgundy saw his work and commanded him to finish it. When it was once completed, other nobles saw it, and wanted Caxton to make copies for them. Caxton found himself overburdened with the tedious task of copying his translation by hand. He began to look into this new art of printing which had been invented in Germany. But he tells us the story in his own words in a prologue to the first printed copy of the "History of Troy."

“And for as much as in the writing of the same my pen is worn, my hands weary and not steadfast, my eyes dim with over much looking on the white paper, and my courage not so prone and ready to



Caxton and the First Printing Press in England.

labor as it hath been, and that age creepeth on me daily and feebleth all the body, and also because I have promised to diverse gentlemen and to my friends to address them as hastily as I might this said

book, therefore I have practiced and learned at my great expense to ordain this said book in print after the manner and form as ye may here see and is not written with pen and ink as other books be."

This was the first book ever printed in the English language. The next year Caxton translated and printed another book, "The Game and Play of Chess." Then he returned to England, bringing his printing press with him and settling in Westminster, London. Just where he lived and how long we do not know; but his life must have been a busy one, for we know of twenty-one translations that he made, and about seventy books that he printed.

In order that it might be known what books were printed by him, Caxton made a device or trade mark which he stamped in all his books. It is hard to make out just what Caxton meant by his device. We can easily see the "W" and the "C" which stand for his name, and it is supposed that the two figures between these letters are a fantastic "74." That is, his device meant, "William Caxton printed the first English book in 1474."

Many fragments of Caxton's books can be seen to-day in the British Museum and elsewhere, where they are guarded as the greatest treasures. And in 1877, the four hundredth anniversary of the printing of the first English book in England, a great festival

was held in St. Paul's Cathedral to honor William Caxton, England's first printer.



BLUFF KING HAL

HENRY VII, who was crowned on the battlefield of Bosworth, was the first of the Tudors, who now for over one hundred years sat on the throne of England. The most famous of the Tudor kings was Henry VIII; the most famous of the queens was Elizabeth. Henry VIII was crowned when he was eighteen years of age.

His father, Henry VII, had left the royal treasury full, and Henry's greatest delight was in spending this money to surround himself with every pomp and glory of which he could dream. It was said that he was very handsome, but he must have had a hard and cruel look in his eyes, for no man ever thought more of his own pleasure and less of that of others than did Henry VIII. At first his people did not realize this. They were proud because he could ride a horse well, proud that he could speak good French, Latin, and Spanish, and proud of his red beard, which they said shone like gold, and was far handsomer than the beard of the king of France.

The English people would have discovered much



Henry VIII and Wolsey.

sooner than they did how little real interest Henry VIII had in their welfare if it had not been for Cardinal Wolsey. Wolsey was the son of a well-

to-do Ipswich butcher, but as he was very clever, he worked his way up from being tutor in a noble family to the position of Archbishop of York. Later the Pope made him cardinal, and Henry VIII appointed him chancellor of the realm. He was a gay companion for the king, fond of the show and glitter that Henry VIII loved. He was a great statesman as well, and Henry, knowing this, gave him almost unlimited power in ruling England. These were days when Europe was the seat of continual warfare, and Spain, France, and Germany were all seeking England's aid. The king easily saw that no other man was so diplomatic in arranging foreign affairs as Wolsey. So he heaped favor upon favor upon him, until finally Wolsey was living in greater state than the king himself. His palaces were as splendid as Henry's. He had a retinue of eight hundred. He held his court dressed from head to foot in flaming scarlet, with golden shoes set with precious gems. When he went out in state his followers rode on thoroughbred horses, but the cardinal, pretending to be very humble, ambled along in the midst of them on a mule with red velvet saddle and bridle and stirrups of gold.

The early part of Henry the Eighth's reign was full of trouble with France. Finally, to bring about

peace, the stately cardinal arranged that the two sovereigns, Henry VIII and Francis I, should have a personal meeting in France on English ground. The place selected for the meeting was Guisney, a



The Field of the Cloth of Gold.

barren plain which had been changed into a fairy-land of beauty in honor of the great event which was to take place there. Three hundred white tents were stretched across the vast field, and in their midst arose a gorgeous, gilded palace. Its walls were hung with soft-colored tapestries, its ceilings were embossed with roses, and in the court-yards great fountains spouted red with sparkling

wine. So lavishly was money spent that the spot has become known in history as The Field of the Cloth of Gold. Here Francis I and Henry VIII came with their vast retinues. The whole affair was planned with great state. At exactly the same time Henry and Francis issued forth from their camps on opposite hillslopes. In front of the English retinue rode the Marquis of Dorset, bearing aloft the sword of state before the king. Then followed Henry, robed in silver damask thickly ribbed with gold. He was mounted on a splendid charger, whose trappings, no less brilliant, shone and glistened in the sun. Behind followed the cardinal, the dukes and lords and nobles, gorgeously arrayed. As a shot proclaimed that Henry VIII was about to advance, a responding shot heralded the approach of Francis from the opposite hill.

The French king wore a mantle of cloth of gold covered with jewels. Diamonds, red-hearted rubies, rich green emeralds, and pearls studded the front and sleeves. On his head was a velvet bonnet adorned with floating plumes and precious stones. Far in advance of him rode the provost marshal with his archers. Then came the marshals and the princes of the blood, followed by the Swiss guard on foot in new liveries, with their drums, flutes, trumpets, and clarions. Directly in front of the

king was the grand constable, carrying a naked sword, and the grand ecuyer with the sword of France.

The two companies advanced slowly and in state toward the valley. Suddenly there was a moment's pause on each side. A stir ran through both ranks. Then from out the maze of floating plumes and dazzling colors, while the trumpets blared and the drums beat, rode forth from the English and from the French company each a single horseman. They rode slowly down from the opposing hills, but the moment they reached the valley they put spurs to their chargers. The horses set out on a gallop across the field. They met beneath a richly hung pavilion, where the two horsemen embraced and dismounted. It was the King of England and the King of France.

For three days the two monarchs lingered on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, holding tournaments and feasts and pledging everlasting friendship. But no sooner had Henry VIII returned home than he was making the same promises with the Emperor of Germany, Francis's bitterest enemy; and both sovereigns soon learned how little they could trust him.

There was another man, too, who was going to suffer from the faithlessness of the king. This was

the great cardinal. The king was growing tired of his wife, Catherine, who was quiet and serious. He had fallen in love with a gay and pretty court lady, Anne Boleyn, and he wished to make her his queen. To do this it was necessary to divorce Catherine. The king held council with Wolsey, and the cardinal advised him to appeal to the Pope. The Pope refused his request. Henry VIII spent his anger now in disgracing Wolsey. He forgot in a single moment of temper the years of work that Wolsey had given for the upbuilding of England's power. He took from him the great seal, and banished him to his home at Esher. The great statesman was heartbroken. On his way to Esher the king sent him a present of a ring, and for an instant he hoped to win back the royal favor. He looked about him for a gift suitable to return to the king. At first he saw nothing; then his eye fell upon a jester among his servants whose merry wit, Wolsey said, was worth a thousand pounds. He ordered the jester to be sent to the king, but the "poor fool took on so, and fired up in such a rage when he saw that he needs must depart from my lord," that Wolsey had to send six sturdy yeomen to bring him to the royal palace.

Besides his offices Wolsey lost all his friends. The jealous nobles were only too glad to see him

banished. They persuaded Henry to disgrace him still more. Finally he was arrested for high treason, and summoned to England. The old man set out, broken in spirit and body. Only his servants and the poor country people remained loyal to him. They stood in crowds at the gate, weeping as he passed through, and crying, "God save your Grace!"

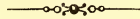


Wolsey at Leicester Abbey.

Wolsey never reached London. At Leicester Abbey he was obliged to stop, and he was so weak that they had to lift him from his mule.

"I am come hither to lay my bones among you,"

he said, and in two days his words had become true. As he lay there dying, he turned to the monks and said, "If I had served God as diligently as I have done the king, he would not have given me over in my gray hairs."



QUEEN ELIZABETH

ON the 10th of September, 1533, the bell on the Friars' Church proclaimed that some great event was to take place within its walls. The gray front of the church was hung with colored banners and tapestries, and green rushes were strewn from the church doors to the palace of the king. Within waited the mayor in his magnificent gown of crimson, and all the aldermen dressed in scarlet with chains of gold about their necks. Forty of the chief citizens were there too, and the entire council of the city. They were gathered about a silver font set in the midst of the church under a gorgeous red canopy hung with golden fringe. When all was ready, a side door opened, and the old Duchess of Norfolk issued forth, bearing in her arms a wee baby, who was all but hidden in a purple mantle lined with ermine, so long that a court lady had to carry the train. No less a person than the Bishop of London stood waiting at the door, and all the great men of the realm followed behind this little

child. Very solemnly was the service read, and the christening performed, and then the king-of-arms stepped forward and cried: "God of his infinite goodness send prosperous life and long life to the high



Queen Elizabeth.

and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth." For this was the christening of the little daughter of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn. Then the great trumpet blew, and the godfathers and godmothers brought forward their presents of gold and silver cups, and then the wee princess was hurried home

as fast as could be, and put back to sleep again in her royal cradle.

It was twenty-five years later that the princess Elizabeth became queen of England. On that day every bell in England was rung; great bonfires blazed high into the sky on every street corner; and tables were brought out on to the street where all might eat and drink and cry, "Long Live Good Queen Bess!"

The queen herself was at Hatfield, but she made ready at once to start for London to be crowned. The city, too, made all haste to receive her with the greatest pomp and ceremony. On the 14th of January, 1558, Elizabeth passed from the Tower to Westminster, surrounded by all the barons and noblemen of the realm. "And to all that wished her Grace well she gave hearty thanks, and to such as bade God save her Grace she said again God save them all, and thanked them with all her heart; so that on either side there was nothing but gladness, nothing but prayer, nothing but comfort."

As the procession came to Fan Church, the queen saw that a huge scaffolding had been erected over the street, and that a little child in costly gown stood upon it. She bade her chariot stop, and all to be still while the little child bowed low before the queen and recited a long poem in her honor. It ended with this quaint verse: —

“Welcome, therefore, O Queen, as much as heart can think ;
Welcome again, O Queen, as much as tongue can tell ;
Welcome to joyous tongues and hearts that will not shrink ;
God thee preserve we pray, and wish thee ever well.”

As the child ended, the people gave a great shout, and the queen thanked the child and the city for their gentle welcoming.

Then the procession moved on once more, and all along the way there were crowds of people in holiday dress, and at every corner there were wonderful tableaux and pageants arranged for the queen's pleasure, and at last the queen was presented with a purse of gold so heavy that it took both her hands to lift it. Then she stood up in her chariot, and great stillness fell upon the crowd, for they knew that the queen was going to speak.

“I thank my Lord Mayor,” she said, “his brethren, and you all. And whereas your request is that I should continue your good lady and queen, be ye assured that I will be as good unto you as ever queen was to her people. No will in me can lack, neither do I trust shall there lack any power. And persuade yourselves, that for the safety and quietness of you all I will not spare, if need be, my blood. God thank you all.”

The next day the queen was crowned. While she was sitting at dinner in the great hall at West-

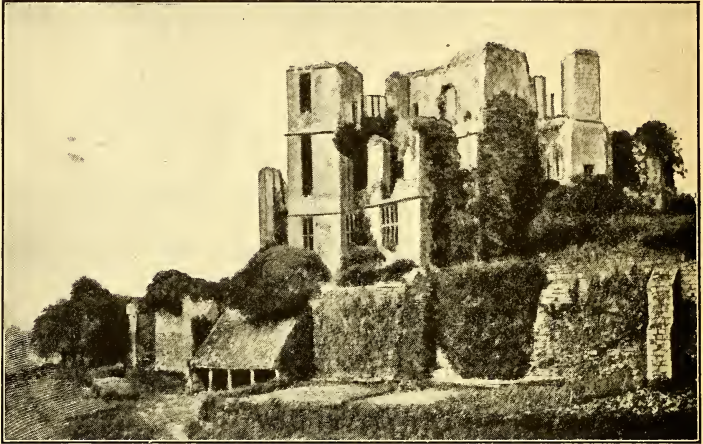
minster, a knight, in full armor, riding a beautiful charger, rode into the hall, and casting down his gauntlet at her feet, offered to fight any knight or noble who should deny that she was England's right and lawful queen. And Elizabeth took a cup of solid gold, and, filling it with costly wine, sent it to him as his fee. Thus the feast closed, and the queen went in state to the church.

Kneeling before the high altar, with a red silken mantle thrown about her, Elizabeth was anointed and crowned queen of England. A sword was hung at her side and the crown set upon her head while the trumpets sounded; a ring placed on her finger and the scepter in her hand. Then the lords came and knelt before her Grace, and kissed her, and all the bishops did the same.

And the next day great tournaments were held to honor the coronation.

Throughout her reign this same splendor was kept up at Elizabeth's court. The noblemen dressed in the most gorgeous, bright-colored satins and velvets, and the queen is said to have left no less than three thousand beautiful gowns in her wardrobe when she died. The queen, too, was very fond of compliments and flattery, and always kept at her court some of the handsomest young lords of the kingdom to pay her homage. Among these

favorites was the Earl of Leicester, whom the queen treated with such marked favor that many believed that she would some day marry him. She even went in great state to his beautiful castle at Kenil-



Ruins of Kenilworth Castle.

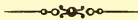
worth, where the earl spent a large fortune in entertaining his royal guest. But Elizabeth never married. She was known as the virgin queen, and Sir Walter Raleigh, another young favorite, named the colony which he founded in the New World Virginia in her honor. Raleigh's bold and brave deeds, his witty tongue, and handsome blue eyes won him favor at court, and for years Elizabeth held him as her trusted knight. When, however, he fell in love with one of her court ladies and married



Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh.

her, Elizabeth sent him away in disgrace, and even imprisoned him six months in the Tower.

But Elizabeth's time was not all spent on her own pleasure. One reason why she never married was because she wanted to rule over her kingdom herself. England was poor when she came to the throne, and war with Europe was brewing. Elizabeth had the prosperity of the land at heart. She gave orders herself that manufactures and commerce should be encouraged. She kept repeating to the nobles, "No war, my lords, no war," and she made them heed her. In the meantime while England was at peace, she built up her navy and drilled her armies so that if war had to come, England would be able to defend herself. A new era had begun in England, which has become famous as the age of Elizabeth.



THE SPANISH ARMADA

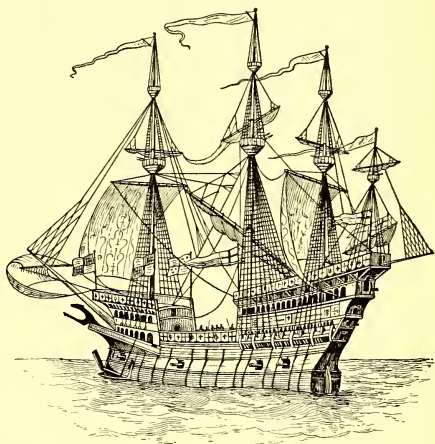
BESIDES her own noblemen there were princes of royal blood who came seeking Elizabeth's hand. One of the first was Philip II of Spain, a most ambitious prince. When Elizabeth refused his offer of marriage, Philip became at once her rival, and afterwards her open enemy. Whenever the English and Spanish met, were it in trading in the Netherlands, sailing

on the High Seas, or founding colonies in the New World, quarreling and often bloodshed followed.

Among English seamen, no one carried a deeper hatred for Spain in his heart than Sir Francis Drake, who was one of the bravest adventurers of Elizabeth's reign. He

was born on an old ship moored off Chatham Bay, and grew up with a love of the sea.

He went to sea first on a small vessel that traded with Holland, and it was while he was in Holland



that he saw with his own eyes how cruelly the Spanish king treated his Dutch subjects. Afterwards, he himself was treacherously dealt with by the Spaniards. He was driven by storm into the Gulf of Mexico, where the Spanish colonists invited them to land and refit their vessels. Then, suddenly, without any warning, the Spanish attacked them, and they lost half of their ships. Drake in righteous indignation swore that henceforth Spain should receive no mercy from his hand.

Drake had many adventures. He was one of the first English navigators to sail round the world, and as a reward for his brave spirit was knighted by the queen. But his greatest triumph was when he "singed the King of Spain's beard."

Philip II had long been gathering and equipping a great fleet, with which he hoped some day to conquer England. This was the dream of his heart. When Drake heard about it, he sailed quietly out of Plymouth harbor, with twenty-eight vessels in his wake. With a boldness that made his officers mad, he sailed his fleet around the Spanish coast, straight for the Bay of Cadiz, where Philip's largest ships lay at anchor. The sun was just sinking below the horizon when the English ships entered the harbor, Drake's vessel, the *Dragon*, at their head. Before the Spanish realized what had happened, some of their finest ships had been sunk, others had been plundered, and Drake was setting sail for home. Philip's fleet would not conquer England that year. Drake had singed his beard.

But twelve months later a small English vessel came running against the wind into Plymouth harbor, bringing the exciting news that the Invincible Spanish Armada, as Philip called his fleet, had been seen off the Cornish coast. Beacon fires of warning were lighted all along the English shore.

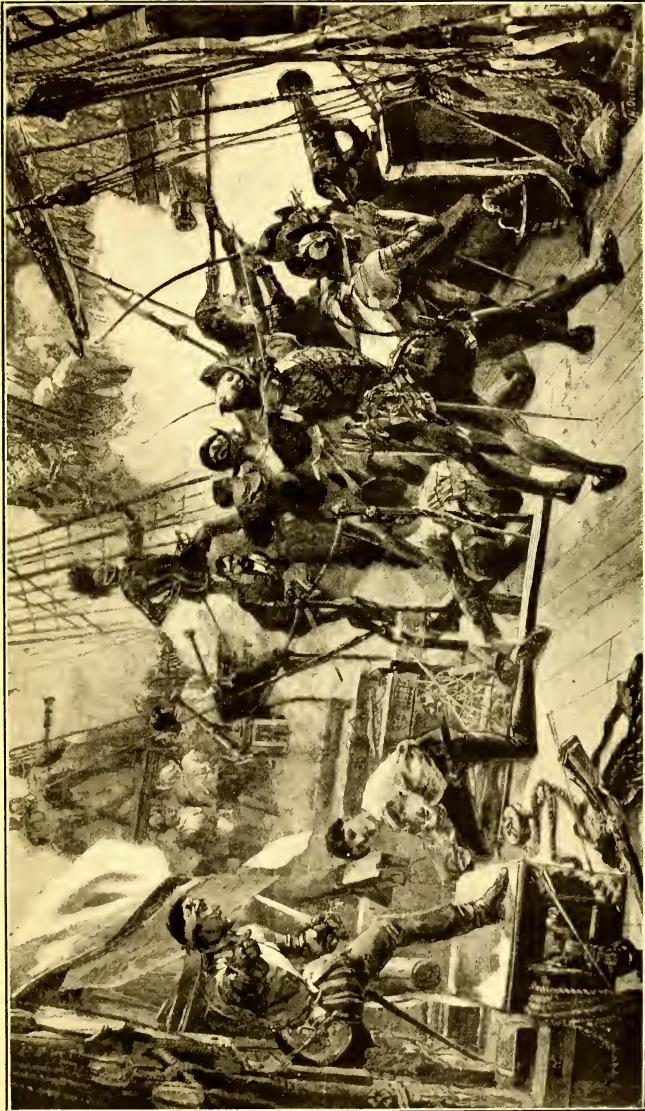
The warning flew to London. Swift messengers galloped behind, bringing the latest news. The queen herself, mounted on a white horse, rode among her troops. Her ministers begged her not to expose herself to danger but her answer was made to her troops. "Let tyrants fear," she said. "I have always so behaved myself that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good will of my subjects and therefore I am come amongst you, as you see, resolved in the midst and the heart of battle, to live or die amongst you all. I know that I have the body of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart of a king, and of a king of England too."

England had only thirty-six ships in her navy to respond to the queen's call, but every sea rover, every merchant, and many private gentlemen owning ships, hastened to England's defense.

In the meantime the Armada was coming on. The English saw it approaching, one hundred and thirty-two vessels in all, sailing along in the form of a half moon, seven miles from horn to horn. These huge galleons arose like white castles out of the blue sea. They came on slowly, although their sails were full, "the winds being as it were weary with wafting them, and the ocean groaning under their weight."

The Spanish, knowing their strength, wished to meet the English, but the English got out of their way, and let the "Invincible Armada" pass unharmed up the Channel. At last the Spanish ships dropped anchor off Calais. For a day they rode there, undaunted in their strength. But at midnight eight huge English ships came sailing toward them through the darkness. The night was black, but the ships were blacker still. They were bound each to each, and every spar, mast, and hull was smeared with tar. At a given signal a line of fire ran across the bow of one. Before the Spanish could believe their eyes, the darkness had become as day, for eight blazing ships were drifting with wind and tide into their midst. Their flames seemed to leap into the heavens. In the uttermost confusion, the Spanish cut their cables and put out to sea, each vessel for itself.

In the morning the English were ready, and fell upon the disorderly Armada. For two days Drake and Howard chased the Spanish vessels. Then their powder gave out, and their shot failed. But a tempest arose that played even greater havoc with the fleet. It drove the vessels against the rock-bound coasts, wrecking thirty valiant ships. When Philip heard the news, he did not change the expression of his face. "I sent the Armada," he said, "against man, not against the billows."



The Sea Fight.

England, too, realized that her strength had been in the storm, as well as in the loyal hearts of Drake, Howard, and Raleigh, who had defended her so bravely, for a great medal was struck in honor of the victory, and it bore these words: "God blew, and they were scattered."



SPENSER AND THE FAERIE QUEEN

FOR many long years England had no singer. The singing spirit that had awakened in Cædmon, and later in Chaucer, seemed to have fallen into a deep sleep. It seemed as if poets and poetry belonged only to the past. But then, suddenly, in the reign of Elizabeth, Edmund Spenser was born.

He grew up unnoticed, hardly knowing himself that he was a poet. It is in one of his own poems that he tells us how the world first came to know of his songs. He was born in England, but had gone over to Ireland as a young man, and there he was living in his castle Kilcolman, when Sir Walter Raleigh, sent on a commission by the queen, found him. There, beneath the shade of "Old Father Mole," as he called the great, gray mountain, and close by the "Shiny Mulla River," Spenser was living, piping on his reed like a poor shepherd. Sir

Walter Raleigh was somewhat of a poet himself, and the two men soon felt that they were akin. Spenser forgot his shyness, and read to his guest three books of verses, which he called "The Faerie Queen," and Raleigh in return recited some verses



Spenser and Sir Walter Raleigh.

that he had written about the great and noble Queen Elizabeth. So each played a merry tune upon the shepherd's pipe. Then Sir Walter took his new-found friend by the hand, and bade him come back with him to England. He told him that no songs like his had been heard in England for many a year, and how gladly the queen, who loved books and men who could write them, would welcome him.

So Spenser went forth from his lonely castle to the dazzling court of Elizabeth. Sir Walter Raleigh had spoken truly. The queen smiled upon him, and all England read with delight his "Faerie Queen."

In a letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, Spenser tells him what he planned to do in this great book of poetry. The hero of the poem is to be Prince Arthur, a knight perfect in every virtue. There are to be twelve books, one for each of the twelve virtues, and each virtue is pictured by its own knight. In the last book the knight perfect in all virtues is to come to the court of the Faerie Queen. Unfortunately Spenser never finished his great task, but the six books of the "Faerie Queen" are the most beautiful poetry that had been written in the English language since Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales." Every poet since then has loved Spenser's verses, and every child should read them, for they are full of tales of wonderful adventures in strange and marvelous lands.

The first book is about the Knight of the Red Cross, who was riding across the plain, clad in mighty arms and a silver shield, and wearing a blood-red cross upon his breast. Beside him, on an ass more white than snow, rode a gentle lady, whose veil was drawn across her face, and who drooped as if her heart was heavy with some woe. By one

fair hand she led a milk-white lamb, and the poet tells that the lady was as pure and innocent as this little creature. She had been born a royal princess, but a huge monster had come into her father's kingdom and laid waste the land. And now this knight was come from afar to avenge her wrong. Together they rode through the woods, among cedars "proud and tall," "the builder's oak, sole king of the forests all," the aspens that are good for staves, and the laurel that grows to crown the brows of poets and conquerors. A tempest was raging, but beneath the trees no harm from wind nor rain could come to the knight and his lady. But here in the "Wandering Wood" other dangers awaited them. Suddenly they found that they had lost their way. Paths led here and there, but none went forth from the forest. At last they chose the best worn trail, and followed it until it came to a hollow cave amid the thickest woods. The knight quickly dismounted, but his "lady sought to hold him back."

"Be well aware," she said, "for I know this wood better than thou, and the dangers that are hid herein. This is the Wandering Wood, and yonder is the den of Errour, a monster hated by God and man."

But the knight, full of fire, would not be stayed. Forth into the darksome hole he went, his glisten-

ing armor making a little light by which he saw the huge monster Errour, lying in its den. There she lay upon the ground, her long tail coiled and knotted behind her, each knot pointed with a mortal sting. Like a young lion, blade in hand, the knight sprang upon her, and she in rage let out a frightful roar, and, gathering her strength, leaped upon his shining shield. She seemed to bind his arms and hands and feet so that he could not move. Without, his lady saw his sad plight, but urged him on to combat.

“Now, now, Sir Knight, show what ye be,” she cried. “Add faith unto your force and be not faint.”

At her words new strength seemed to come to him, and with one mighty effort he drew his arm forth from the monster’s clutches, and strangled her.

Then rode his lady forth to meet him, and said:—

“Fair knight, born under a happy star, well worthy be you of your armor wherein ye have great glory now this day, and proved your strength on a strong enemy. This is your first adventure. May you have many more, and in each one succeed as you have done here.”

There were indeed many more adventures that befell this noble knight of the Red Cross before they arrived in the fair lady’s native land. And here the knight met the dire dragon, whose wings

went round like windmills, and from whose mouth issued a cloud of smoke and sulphur. It was a terrible combat, lasting three days, but in the end the lady won back her kingdom, and the knight won the lady's heart and hand.



SHAKESPEARE

THERE were many pretty English villages at the time of Queen Elizabeth, and one of them was Stratford, not many miles away from Kenilworth Castle, which the queen made famous by her royal visit. It was a sleepy village in those days, lying on the winding banks of the Avon River, with the great oak forests round about it. There were crooked little streets of low wooden houses with heavy oaken doors shaded by penthouses, and in their midst stood an old stone church, whose pretty tower was often reflected in the Avon. In the spring and summer the village was gay with color. Soft green willows hung over the river, buttercups and daisies made the banks glisten like gold, red poppies blew among the wheatfields, and gardens of primroses, pansies, and "blue-veined" violets nestled at the side of every home.

In one of these houses there was born, in the

spring of 1564, a little boy who was to make the pretty, quiet village famous throughout the wide world. He was christened in the quaint old church, and the name that was given him was William



Shakespeare's Birthplace.

Shakespeare. Unfortunately, we do not know much about Shakespeare's life. We can only imagine what he did from what we know of the way that people lived in those days; and from the many, many things which he wrote in his wonderful plays.

Probably Shakespeare first learned his letters at home from a single printed sheet, set in a wooden frame and covered with a thin transparent horn, from which it got its name of a "horn book." The

alphabet was printed upon it in large and small letters, and below them the Lord's Prayer. When he could read, and as soon as he was seven years old, the Stratford boy was sent to the Grammar School.

The schoolroom was very plain and bare. There were no pictures on the walls, and no flowers in the window. The only furniture was the rows of desks and hard wooden benches. The only lessons Shakespeare probably learned were in Arithmetic, Latin, and a little Greek. It was not until years afterwards that schoolmasters first thought of teaching their pupils how to speak and write their own tongue.

It may have been just because his school lessons were so dry and uninteresting that the boy, William Shakespeare, put himself so eagerly to school in the world about him. He stood at the meeting of the two highways in the village square, where the great coaches that went from one city to another halted to water their horses. He listened to the tales of the drivers and the travelers, tales of the great sea heroes, perhaps Frobisher and Drake; tales of other lands and strange islands lying far across the sea in the New World; and tales of the queen and the great court festivals at London. He roamed about the fields and meadows, turning the slender willow

leaves over to see their white undersides; learning the names of the wild moon daisies, the yellow rattle grass, and the white milkwort. With his ears always open, he listened to many a marvelous charm recited



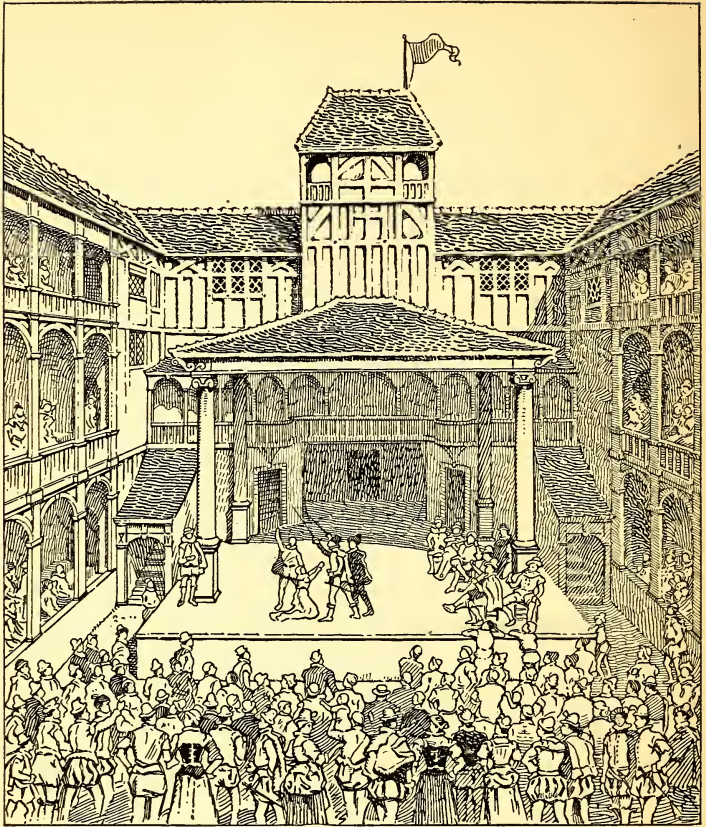
Shakespeare at the Age of Twelve.

by the old women of the village, who told him what plants were used by the witches, why the topaz stone cured madness, and why the hyacinth protected one from lightning.

Once or twice a year great county fairs were held, to which the boys of those days looked forward as eagerly as modern boys do to the circus. Here were booths where all kinds of charms were sold, love charms and magical fun seed, which if put in your shoes made you invisible. We can imagine that the boy Shakespeare did not stay at home bending over his dull Latin when the fair was going on.

Not far from Stratford there was another town which was famous in those days for its religious plays. The plays were first given by the Order of Grayfriars, but in Shakespeare's time they were performed by the great guilds of the town. The guilds were the clubs in those days. The weavers had their guild, the merchants had theirs, and the builders had theirs. These guilds in the country performed, on the feast days of the year, plays telling the story in simple English of the birth, the life, and the death of Christ. They were not given in theaters, but on platforms, which were wheeled out into the village square, where great crowds of people could see the play.

Probably Shakespeare as a boy saw these plays. It may be that later on he heard of different and greater plays given in London, and that the desire to see them took him away from his native village. He was twenty-one when he came down to London, poor and friendless. He found his first work in standing outside of the theaters, and holding the horses of the gentlemen who came to see the play. From then until he died he was connected with the theater. He acted some himself, he made little corrections in the lines of the plays, then he wrote a play with a friend, and finally he began on his great work of writing plays alone. These plays were so



An Elizabethan Theater.

remarkable that Shakespeare performed them several times before the queen, and became known as one of the greatest writers of the day.

Shakespeare did not invent new plots for his plays, as writers seek so often to do nowadays.



Shakespeare before Queen Elizabeth.

He took old stories, stories from Chaucer, from the Greek, and from the Latin, and turned them into wonderful dramas. He took great historical figures like Julius Cæsar and Mark Anthony, and made them more real in his dramas than any historian had done. He read the old English Chronicles, and in a long line of plays has given us the great scenes in English history, from the time of the weak King John through the fall of Cardinal Wolsey. Sometimes he wrote gay comedies of love in the spring-clad forests of Arden, and again he wrote the sternest of tragedies, laying the scene in some rock-bound castle in the dreary North. He could portray any kind of a man or woman, king or jester, princess or country lass, and make them live before our eyes.

His plays and his theater brought him in a great deal of money. As he grew older, he went back again to his quaint Stratford, where he lived with his family until he died. He lies buried in the little church beside the river.

THE COUSINS FROM SCOTLAND

WHEN Elizabeth was dying, her courtiers besought her to tell them who should reign after her. The old queen opened her eyes, and gave this sharp reply: "Who indeed but our cousin from Scotland!"

This was a memorable day for England. Ever since the early days when Cæsar landed on the island, there had been fighting between the Britons of the South and the Picts of the North. Now the two countries were united under the name of Great Britain, with James Stuart as their king.

King James left the people of Edinburgh in tears. As he crossed the borderland, the English cannon thundered him a loud and hearty welcome. All along the route the people hung flags and garlands of flowers, and great crowds shouted hurrahs as he passed by. They little dreamed then that this monarch, to whom they were now bowing so low, was come to scatter the prosperity which Elizabeth had brought to England, and sow the seeds of a terrible war.

The English people are a loyal nation, and during the twenty-two years of James the First's reign they remained faithful to him, in spite of his dishonest acts and unlawful deeds. They even let his

son Charles be crowned after him; and as he was much more agreeable in his manner than his father had been, they believed that he would make a wiser and better king. But James I had filled his son's mind with his own ideas. He had taught him that God had chosen him to be England's king, and therefore whatever he did was right and lawful. Throughout his life Charles believed this to be true. He started out to rule exactly as he pleased.

But the English Parliament 'at last awoke. "A king," they said, "should rule not according to his own will, but according to the will of the nation." When Charles refused to govern in this spirit, they refused to grant him money.

It was customary at this time for the House of Commons to vote to a new king at the beginning of his reign a tax for life on all goods which came



King Charles I.

in or went out of the country. To Charles, the House of Commons granted this tax for one year only. When the year had passed, it was not renewed. Then the king asserted what he thought was his right, and ordered the merchants to pay him the tax. Several who refused were straightway thrown into prison. Parliament, enraged, now passed a resolution that any man who paid this tax was an enemy to the country. Then the king took the last step, and dissolved Parliament. For eleven years he ruled without one, levying taxes at his own pleasure.

It was not until Charles saw that a war with Scotland would follow if a new Parliament was not summoned, that he issued the call. This meant merely a renewing of the quarrel between the king and the state. One of Parliament's first acts was to draw up a lengthy document setting forth the bad conduct of the king ever since he came to the throne. But even now there were many members of Parliament who did not believe in the faithlessness of their king. A stormy debate arose over this document, which was called "The Great Remonstrance." The session lasted far into the night. Finally it was passed. Feeling was so strong that swords were drawn. Oliver Cromwell, one of the leaders in carrying through the Great Remonstrance, said as he passed out of the hall at midnight, "If it had not passed, I

would have sold all my land and goods to-morrow and left England forever.”

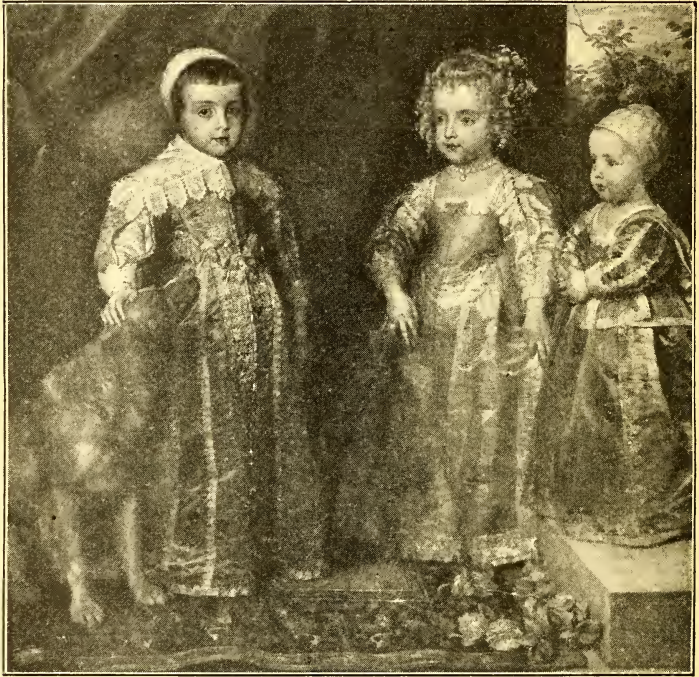
The king consented to having the document read. Then he turned around, and, accusing the five leaders of the movement of high treason, ordered their arrest. The House of Commons replied that they would consider the matter. Charles was in no mood to wait. Urged on by his queen, he went down to the House of Commons with five hundred armed gentlemen, and demanded these five men to be handed over to him. But the five men whom he sought were not there. The king's cheeks were flushed with anger. “Since I see that my birds are flown, I do expect from you,” he cried, “that you will send them to me as soon as they return hither; otherwise,” he added threateningly, “I must take my own course to find them.”

Charles's own course was war. The queen fled to Holland to sell the royal jewels to raise money for him. Nobles and the gentlemen of the realm flocked to his standard. The West and the North remained loyal, but the East and the South, with London, stood firm for Parliament. The king's forces wore their hair long and dressed in gay colors. They were called the Cavaliers. The army, which was back of Parliament, wore their hair cut short, the plainest of clothes, and queer-shaped hats which won them

the name of Roundheads. At their front rode Oliver Cromwell. Cromwell was a Puritan, and his idea of duty was stern. He filled his ranks with men of spirit. He drilled them constantly. His discipline was very strict. If a man in his army swore, he was fined a shilling. If a man got drunk, he was put in the stocks. If he called one of his mates a Roundhead, he was dismissed from the army. It was this leader and these men that, in the end, gave Parliament the victory.

The war went on many years with shifting fortunes. The end of it was that the king was summoned before Parliament to be tried. This trial was not lawful. No subject had a right to call his king to account for his deeds. No action of the House of Commons could become a law unless it was passed upon by the House of Lords and the king. But Charles had proved himself faithless and a tyrant. He had thrown his country into a civil war. He was convinced that all that he had done was right, and no man on earth could make him confess that he was wrong or promise to rule otherwise in the future. When he was brought before Parliament, he refused to plead his case. He was tried, not as the king, but as plain Charles Stuart. The fifth day of the trial, he was condemned to death.

Charles met nothing in life so nobly as he did his death. He asked only that he might first see two of his children, his little thirteen-year-old daughter Elizabeth, and his nine-year-old son. As they came



Children of Charles I.

into the room Charles drew his son to his knee and kissed him gently. "Sweetheart," he said, "now they will cut off thy father's head; mark, child, what I say: They will cut off my head and perhaps make

thee a king; but mark what I say: You must not be king as long as your brothers Charles and James do live; for they will cut off your brothers' heads when they can catch them, and cut off thy head too, at the last; and therefore I charge you not to be made king by them."

And the little boy looked earnestly into his father's face with great tears in his eyes and cried, "I will be torn to pieces first."

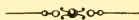
Then the king turned to his little daughter Elizabeth and spoke very gently to her. "Do not grieve and mourn for me when I am gone," he said; "for I am dying for England's liberty. And you must forgive my enemies, even as I hope God will forgive them, my daughter." Then he kissed her, and bade her say to her mother that his love had never strayed from her, but was the same to the very end.

So the little prince and princess bade their father a sad farewell, scarce understanding the words that he had spoken to them.

A few days later came the morning on which he was to die.

"Bring me a warmer shirt than usual," Charles said to his servant, as he was dressing. "For the air is sharp and cold and I would not shiver on the way, lest my people should think that I was trembling with fear."

Then he went quickly and calmly to the scaffold, and died like a true gentleman.



OLIVER CROMWELL

THE king was dead, and through England went the proclamation that it was treason to give that title again to any man. England was declared a commonwealth. There was to be no longer a House of Lords; England should be ruled henceforth by Parliament. But it did not take long to see where the real power that was to govern England lay. When Ireland revolted against the Commonwealth, it was not Parliament that subdued her. When the men of Scotland arose and declared that they had no part in the execution of Charles I and were loyal to his son Prince Charles, it was not Parliament that drove the young prince from the land and forced Scotland to yield once more to the English. The commanding power, the strong right arm of the nation at this time, was in Cromwell's army. Believing in the righteousness of his cause, Cromwell marched against town after town in Ireland, conquering without mercy. Scarcely had he Ireland under his hand than the word reached him that Scotland was offering Prince Charles the crown. On June

24, the young prince landed in Scotland. One month later Cromwell crossed the border with his army. He marched boldly against Edinburgh, but the Scottish forces were too strong for him to dare



Cromwell before a Portrait of Charles I.

attack them. His outlook was most discouraging. He started to retreat; but the Scotch had seized the pass through which led the road down into England. On one side stretched the great blue summer sea. On the other rose the hills, which were alive with Scottish troops. Had the Scots had patience, Cromwell could never have defeated them at Dun-

bar. But they grew weary of waiting, and decided to make the attack themselves. On the morning of September 3, Cromwell saw them descending the hillsides. He waited until they had reached the bottom, and then he charged with his whole army into the midst of them; driving them hopelessly back against the hillside. "Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered!" were the words which arose to the lips of the victor as he saw the ruins of the noble Scottish army at his feet. But the Scots would not call themselves beaten. A year later, with their young king in the midst of them, they met Cromwell again at Worcester. This was the last time that Cromwell drew sword for England. His victory was complete. The young king took refuge in flight. Cromwell's soldiers were on the watch for him throughout the land, but Charles finally escaped, although those days were full of adventure for him. He hid first in a peasant's house, where he cut off his hair and put on the coarse homespun clothes of a farmer. Hearing that there were spies about, the peasant led the king away at night into the forest, and hid with him there high in the leafy branches of a monstrous oak. Then he made his way farther disguised as a servant, and rode down to Bristol with a Miss Lane on the pillion behind him. Here he came near being discovered, but he finally bribed a

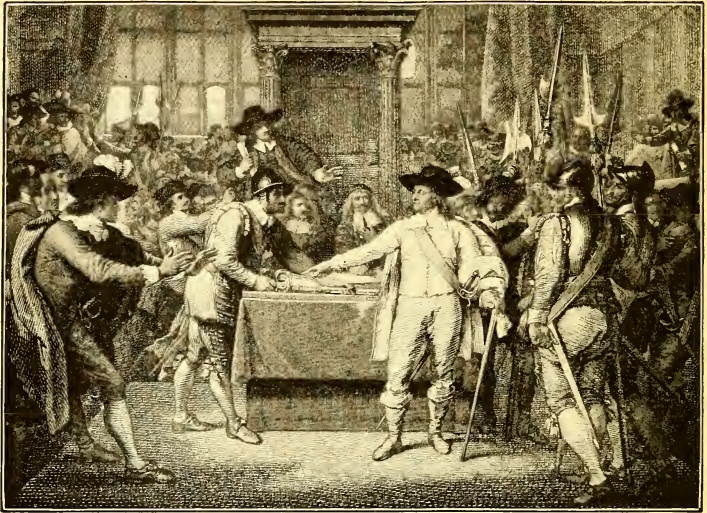
fisherman to take him to France, where he waited until his people should again summon him back to be their king.

The hero of the hour now in England was Oliver Cromwell. He turned from the victories of war to the victories of peace. The tasks that confronted him now were harder than waging war. The courage needed to do them was greater than the bravery of battle. But when the hour of danger struck, Cromwell never faltered.

England was now a republic. She was to be governed henceforth by the people. Cromwell soon saw that the Long Parliament did not represent the people. He saw that it was not ready to bring about needed reforms. It did not have the public good at heart. One day, seated in the midst of Parliament, the spirit of anger blazed forth, and he cried out in a voice that shook the roof: "Come, come! We have had enough of this. I will put an end to this. It is not fit that you should sit here any longer." And he called in his soldiers and cleared the room. That was the end of the Long Parliament.

Now England was completely in the power of Cromwell and his army. But it was not a time of rejoicing for the conqueror. He felt only too keenly the burden of the task that lay before him. As he watched the members of Parliament crowding

through the doors, his anger turned to sadness. "It is *you, you,*" he sighed, "that forced this upon me. I



Cromwell ends the Long Parliament.

have sought the Lord night and day that He would rather slay me than put upon me the doing of this work."

With a heavy heart Cromwell looked over the land. The king, the lords, and now the commons had fallen because they had failed to fulfill the duties that had been made their trust. He decided to call together a body of godly men to govern England. Among those whom he selected was one man named Praise God Barebones. Afterwards, when it was

found how unwisely these good men ruled, they were nicknamed Barebones' Parliament. They finally were forced to resign because they did not know how to govern. Cromwell was chosen Lord Protector of the realm, and another Parliament was summoned. Later Parliament offered Cromwell the title of king, but he refused it; and yet he saw that his strength alone would save England in those days. He brought the foreign wars to an end, and kept his own army well trained to put down any civil uprising. He determined that Parliament should govern by high ideals. When he saw them weakening, he dissolved the Parliament. He stood alone, one man, before them and spoke unflinchingly. "I can say in the presence of God, in comparison with whom we are but like poor creeping ants upon the earth, I would have been glad to have lived under any wood-side, to have kept a flock of sheep, rather than undertaken such a government as this." Then he bade the members of Parliament go out of the room and back to their homes. "The Lord judge between me and you," were his farewell words to them.

This was Cromwell's last Parliament. That summer he lost his favorite daughter. His health had been broken by his long hard years of active service, and this shock was too great for him. On August 30 a great storm raged over England. The winds

howled and the great trees were swept down as reeds. For three days life and death battled for Cromwell's brave soul. On September 3, the anniversary of his great battle at Dunbar, he passed away. His dying words were a prayer for the English people for whom so many years he had fought and worked. "Lord," he prayed, "however thou do dispose of me, continue and go on to do good to them. Give them consistency of judgment, one heart, and mutual love."

Even in death he never forgot the duty that had fallen to his hand to do.

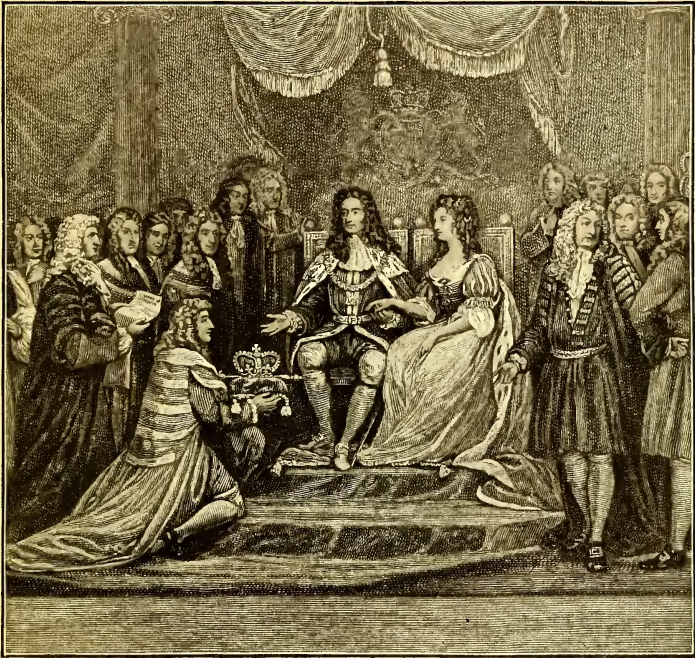


THE PILOT OF THE STATE

WHEN Queen Elizabeth died without leaving an heir, England summoned one of the Stuarts to her throne. Now when the great Protector lay dead and England found herself once more without a ruler, she turned again to the Stuarts, calling Prince Charles to come back across the seas and wear the English crown. Two Stuarts reigned before the revolution, and the second died upon the scaffold. Two Stuarts reigned after the war, and the second, James II, was obliged after three years to flee for his life from the land which called him king. The crown was now offered to

his daughter Mary, who had married a Dutch prince, William of Orange.

William and Mary ruled jointly for five years, and then the queen died. William looked about



Coronation of William and Mary.

him in despair. "I was the happiest man on earth, and now I am the most miserable," he said to one of the bishops at the funeral. It seemed to him perhaps as if the only person in England who loved

him had suddenly been taken away. In Ireland, in Scotland, and in England the spirit of revolt was ripe. "We do not want to be ruled by a Dutchman," was the common cry. Across the Channel the French king was doing his utmost to depose William.

But William faced his people calmly and bravely. With sure, firm hand he put down one rebellion after another. He was just winning the confidence of the nation when he was thrown from his horse and died. Anne, the sister of Mary, became queen. Like Elizabeth, Anne never married. At the close of her rule the throne again stood vacant. A third time England was obliged to call a Stuart to wear her crown. Prince George of Hanover in Germany was the great-grandson of James I, "our cousin from Scotland." He was a dull, rather stupid man, knowing no word of English and caring little for the English crown that was now offered him. It was almost with reluctance that he left his German friends to become England's king. Moreover, after he was crowned, he took no pains to learn to speak English or to understand the interests of his people. When he met his ministers, he was distinctly bored by the business that they brought before him. He could not preside at these meetings because he could talk only through an interpreter. Gradually

it was seen that one of the ministers must step forward and govern the realm; that there must be one minister who was first, or, as the Latin word is, *prime*. Ever since the days of George I, England has had a prime minister, a statesman who has been the pilot of the ship of state.



Walpole.

Walpole was the first minister to hold this important position. For twenty-one years he was the real ruler, for neither George I, nor his son George II, ever governed England. Walpole was not a great orator, but he had the welfare of the people at heart, and he made wise laws that helped to make England one of the great industrial and commercial nations.



William Pitt.

The man who succeeded Walpole was William Pitt, who won the name of the Great Commoner. His face was noble, and his voice musical and powerful. "When

once I am upon my feet everything that is in my mind comes out," he once said. And it came out with such a volley of fire and enthusiasm that every man in the hall was thrilled and stirred to action.

Pitt felt the spirit of discontent that still lay buried in the hearts of many. He saw war with France becoming more and more threatening. He knew that the old patriotism was dead or asleep. "England's day has passed," were the words written on the faces of many that he passed in the street. "We are no longer a nation," were the words that came from the mouth of one of the great statesmen.

The moment that Pitt became prime minister he started to rouse the people out of their despondency. "Be *one* people!" he cried. "Forget everything but the public welfare! I set you an example." All through the land rang this cry of courage. All eyes were turned to watch this new leader. It was said that no man ever went to talk with Pitt but he came away feeling braver and more full of hope.

Pitt knew that it was in the young men that the strength of the nation lay. It was he who selected Wolfe for the conquest of Canada. Pitt knew the spirit that was in this man, who has become one of the heroes of history. It was burning courage that led Wolfe and his men, dragging their heavy cannon behind them, up the steep and narrow path, leading to Quebec, under the cover of the night. The dawn broke. The battle began. As Wolfe was cheering his men, he fell, wounded. As they bore him off to the rear, he heard the shout, "They run."



Death of Wolfe.

“Who run?” he asked eagerly, striving to rise.

“The French run,” came the answer.

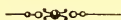
The young man sank back with a smile upon his face. “I die content,” were his last words.

Quebec surrendered, and shortly afterwards the rest of Canada, which has ever since been one of England’s finest colonies.

In another way, Pitt showed how far-seeing and wise his vision was. He saw, what the king and Parliament could not or would not see, that the American colonies had justice on their side when they refused to be taxed without representation. He knew the spirit that was in these colonists, who had left all in England to go out and live in an unknown and uncivilized land. He knew the spirit that the sons had inherited from their fathers. Again and again he raised up his voice in their behalf. “You cannot conquer America!” he cried. “If I were an American, I would never lay down my arms, never, never, never.” But England would not listen to his cry.

When Pitt died, his son took his place and carried forward nobly the work which his father had begun. By his statesmanship, Ireland became for the first time a real part of England; Irish members were to sit in the English Parliament, and the same laws were to govern both countries.

The English saw how wise it was to have a pilot of state, a prime minister. Some of her greatest patriots have held this position; some of her greatest patriots will hold it in the future. War among the nations is giving way to peace among the nations. The warrior is no longer the hero of the country. The statesman is the leader, — the pilot of the state.



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

ONE of the greatest painters of children who ever lived was an Englishman, Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was born in Devonshire during the reign of George I. Sir Joshua's father was a clergyman, but his ten brothers and sisters all loved art, and all of them could draw and paint. At first the father thought that Joshua's drawings were mere boy's play. He wanted his son to be a physician, and, when he found that Joshua had neglected his Latin exercise to sketch on the back of the sheet of paper, he took the drawing and wrote across it, "This is drawn by Joshua in school out of pure idleness." He thought in this way he would shame the boy, but the love of painting was too deep in Joshua's heart. When he later gained his father's consent to go to London and study drawing, he wrote home,

“While doing this I am the happiest creature alive.”

Joshua was thirteen years old when he painted his first portrait. One day when he was in church he made a sketch of the preacher on his thumb nail. After the service he and another boy, wandering along the beach, found a piece of an old sail, and Joshua stretched it out and painted a portrait on it from the sketch on his thumb nail. It was after this that his father sent him to Hudson, a well-known London portrait painter.

The young pupil had so much more talent than his master, that Hudson soon grew jealous of him. One day he gave Reynolds a portrait, and told him to take it to a certain Mr. — that evening. A hard storm came up that evening, so Reynolds did not deliver the picture until the following evening. When Hudson heard this, he was so angry that he turned Reynolds out of his studio. He had only been waiting for an opportunity to get rid of this young man, who, he saw, would soon be painting portraits much better than his own. Reynolds, like all other artists, was very anxious to go to Italy and see the beautiful paintings by the old masters; but like many other artists, he was too poor to go. The chance came to him quite unexpectedly. At a friend's house he met Admiral Keppel, who was

then in command of the British squadron in the Mediterranean. He invited the young artist to go to Italy on his ship.

For four years Reynolds stayed in Italy. He went from one great gallery to another, studying and copying the old masters. Always at his side stood a poor Italian waif, who carried his palette and mixed his colors. One night at the opera, the orchestra played a simple little English song. It awoke in Reynolds such a homesickness that he told the little Italian boy the next day that he must find a new master, for he was going back to England. Giuseppe began to cry and beg that he might go too. When Reynolds saw how the boy loved him, he promised to take him too. They set out together, but when they reached Lyons Reynolds found that he had scarcely enough money to get home himself. He told Giuseppe he must return to Italy, and he went sadly on alone to Paris. Eight days later Giuseppe met him there, weary and footsore. He had walked all the three hundred miles rather than leave his friend. This devotion lasted as long as Giuseppe lived. He worked in Reynolds's studio, mixing his colors, preparing the canvas, and learning to paint a little himself. Some one once said that he was hands and feet, eyes and ears for the artist, but Reynolds replied, "He

is an angel sent from God to help me do my work.”

One of the first portraits that Reynolds painted after his return from Italy was that of his friend,



Dinner at Sir Joshua's.

Commander Keppel. It was so successful that people flocked to his studio to be painted. Among them came many famous men and women. Dr. Samuel Johnson, the writer, became one of his dearest friends. Reynolds painted four portraits of him, in his rusty brown suit and uncombed wig. Gibbon, the historian, came too, to sit for Reynolds, — a very different model from Johnson, in his velvet coat, powdered and crimped wig, and gold

snuffbox in his hand. Then there were Edmund Burke the orator, Goldsmith the poet, and Garrick the actor, who were all proud to be painted by Reynolds.

There were many beautiful women, too, who sat for this great portrait painter. One of them was the Duchess of Hamilton, who was so lovely that when she entered the queen's drawing room the courtiers stood on chairs and tables to get a glimpse of her.



Simplicity.

Reynolds liked to paint children, and many of his masterpieces are portraits of the little English boys and girls of his day. He had no children of his own, but his niece, Offy, lived in his home, and Reynolds painted her in the costume of a village girl with a basket of strawberries on her arm. Fifteen years later he painted Offy's little daughter, and called the picture "Simplicity." It was hard

for little children to sit long enough to have their portraits painted, but Reynolds was always very kind. Once a beggar child fell asleep while posing as a model. The artist did not wake him, but taking a fresh canvas, made a sketch of the sleeping boy. Before it was finished the child turned in its sleep, and Reynolds made another sketch beside the first one. Later he put in a forest background, and called the picture "Babes in the Woods."

His famous "Angel Heads" is really five portraits of the same lovely-faced, golden-haired little girl.

Reynolds never stopped painting until he grew blind with old age. He was deaf, too, but he was as genial and kind as ever. Only once he gave way to sorrow. His pet canary escaped, and flew out the window. For hours Reynolds groped his way up and down the square, trying in vain to find his little yellow companion.

He died in London in the fullness of his honor, and was buried in the cathedral of St. Paul, where lies also the great Dutch portrait painter, Van Dyke. He left behind him some three thousand pictures. In the height of his skill he could paint and finish a portrait in four hours. When Lord Holland discovered how short a time Reynolds had worked on his portrait, and how large a sum he asked for it, he remarked, —

“You get money very quickly. It did not take you much time. How long were you about this picture?”

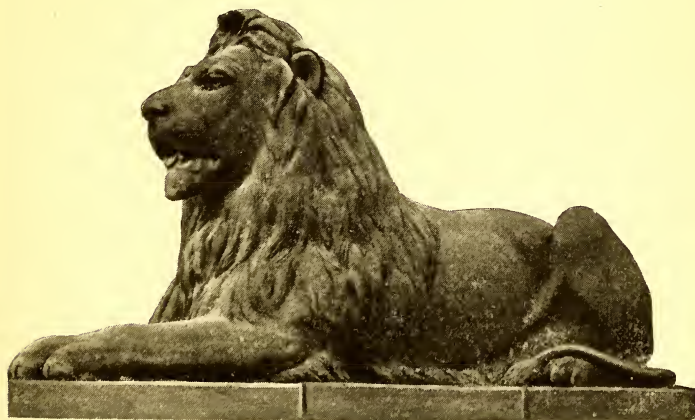
“All my life,” was Reynolds’s answer.

From his boyhood to his old age he had given the best hours of every day of his life to his art.



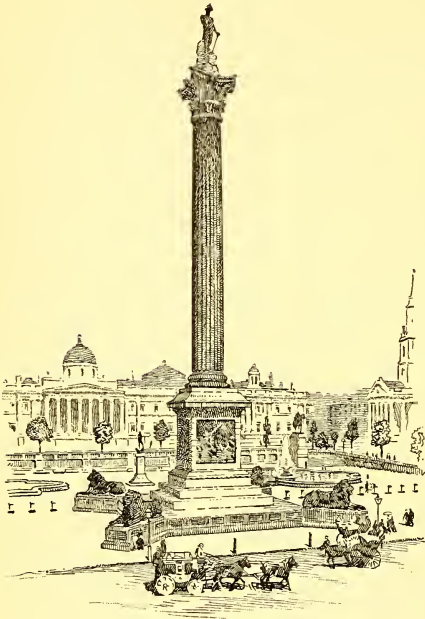
HORATIO NELSON

IN the heart of London lies a great square, which all day long is crowded with people, and across which the London buses are continually passing. High in its midst stands a tall column of massive granite, with four couchant lions at its base. One



hundred and forty-five feet into the air this column rises, and on its top stands the statue of Horatio Nelson. The people of all England gave the

money to raise this monument, because their love for Nelson was so great that they wished every man, woman, and child who came to London to think at least for a moment of this British hero. And those who will pause at the foot of the statue and walk about it will see in bronze relief four scenes in Nelson's life that



Nelson Monument.

tell why the English people dedicated this great square and raised this huge column to his memory.

When Horatio Nelson was only twelve years old, he wrote and asked his uncle if he might not go to sea with him. His uncle hesitated a little, for he knew that the boy was not very strong; but perhaps he had heard Horatio's answer to his grandmother.

Horatio when a very small child ran away one day with a stable boy hunting birds' nests. His parents waited and waited; they called, but no answer came back. At length a search was made, and he was found sitting beside a brook which he could not cross. "I wonder, my child," said his grandmother to him, when they brought him home, "that hunger and fear did not drive you home."

"Fear, grandmama!" answered the little boy; "I never saw fear, what is it?"

Another time Horatio and his playmates discovered some fine pears growing in the schoolmaster's garden. The boys considered the pears were their lawful booty, but none of them dared to climb the rather slender tree to pick them. When Horatio saw that they all hesitated, he said at once that he would get the pears. That night he was lowered from his bedroom window in some sheets until he could reach the pears, and when he had gathered them all, he was drawn slowly up again. When he had crawled in the window, he passed the pears around among the boys, keeping none for himself. "I don't want any," he said scornfully; "I took them only because all you other boys were afraid."

Perhaps some of the stories of boyhood pranks had reached his uncle's ears, for he granted Horatio's request and Nelson went to sea.

He was a very lonely, small boy during those first few weeks on the ship, and the work was very hard. Sometimes the voyage took him into the far North, where the ship lay caught among great cakes of floating ice. Sometimes he went far South, out to the East Indies, where he caught the fever and lay for weeks wasting away. "In those days," he afterwards wrote, "I was so weak and homesick that I begged my companions to toss me overboard. Then suddenly a love of England sprang up within me. England, my own England! I longed to do something great for her. 'I *will* be a hero, and brave every danger,' I cried."

The four great bronze reliefs on Nelson's monument show how he made good his word.

With this resolve firmly in mind, Nelson gradually worked his way up until he became rear admiral in the British navy, ready to meet any enemy of his country. These were days when England had her foes and needed brave hearts to keep her courage high. On the western side of Nelson's statue the relief shows how he met and conquered the Spanish fleet off St. Vincent.

Facing the north is a scene from the great battle of the Nile. It is a picture on the lower deck amid the wounded while the battle is still raging above. Into this scene of suffering and death suddenly an-

other man is brought and laid gently on the deck. A surgeon, binding the wounds of a poor midshipman, glances up and sees that the pale face is that of Admiral Nelson. He drops his bandage to rush forward and attend to Nelson. But the almost unconscious man raises his hand to stop him. "No," he whispers, "I will take my turn with my brave fellows." Nor would he let his own wounds be touched until every man who had been wounded before him had been attended. He thought as he lay there, that this was his last battle. But he was to live to see this victory and others. This was victory over the French. Napoleon, that great French general, was conquering, conquering, conquering everywhere he led his army. A vision of all Europe lying at his feet stretched ever before his eyes. This winter of 1798 he had gone to Egypt, thinking by subduing this land he could go on to India. He had gone by land with a great force. The French fleet was following, when Nelson met them and completely destroyed their forces.

He was now the great English hero of the day. When he sailed into Yarmouth harbor, every ship lying there hoisted her colors. In London he was feasted by the city, and a great golden sword, studded with sparkling diamonds, was presented to him. Odes and beautiful presents poured in upon him.

If we walk around the monument now to the east, we find a relief of Nelson, seated upon a cannon, concluding a peace with the Danes. In that awful battle of Copenhagen, he taught the Scandinavians that England was supreme upon the seas. But the lesson cost England a terrible price. Hundreds of precious lives were lost in a day; her ships were badly damaged; her treasury was drained low and her debts were enormous. She needed peace with Europe. This peace was broken five years later by Napoleon. "The Channel is but a ditch," he cried one day; "any one can cross who has but the courage to try." He could not longer keep his eyes off those wonderful English isles that through the centuries had defied France. He longed once and for all to bring them under the French power.

Not since the days when the great Armada came sailing up the Channel in the form of a gigantic half moon, had England been threatened by so great a danger. But there was one man whom the French dreaded; one man whom the English trusted to save them. This man was Horatio Nelson. Napoleon's plan was to lead Nelson's squadron to the West Indies and engage him in battle there, with the hope of cutting him off from returning. Then he would be ready with his troops on the coast of France to sail over and attack England.

But Nelson was not so easily outwitted. He recrossed the Atlantic in advance of the French ships, and met them at Trafalgar. The two great fleets drew up for battle. All was ready, awaiting the signal. Nelson stood at his post; all eyes were turned upon him. He paused an instant. Through the stillness his voice came clear and confident, "England expects every man to do his duty."

The bronze relief on the southern side of the monument in Trafalgar Square pictures for us the scene of the battle of Trafalgar. Through the awful firing of that battle came one ball that struck Nelson, and he fell on his face on the deck. It was in the heat of action. Which way victory would turn no man knew. "Cover my face," murmured Nelson, as they bore him below, "so that my men need not know that I have fallen." He felt that he was dying. "You can do nothing for me," he said to the surgeon. In most intense pain, his lips parched with fever, he lay waiting, hoping, praying that he should not die until Captain Hardy came to tell him that England had won the day. Long moments passed into an hour and more before Hardy came. He took the commander's hand, and, his voice trembling with emotion, told him that he had won a complete victory.

"Kiss me, Hardy," said the dying hero.

Hardy knelt down on the deck, and kissed the bloodless cheek.

“Now I am satisfied,” he groaned, turning his face away. “Thank God, I have done my duty.”



WELLINGTON, THE IRON DUKE

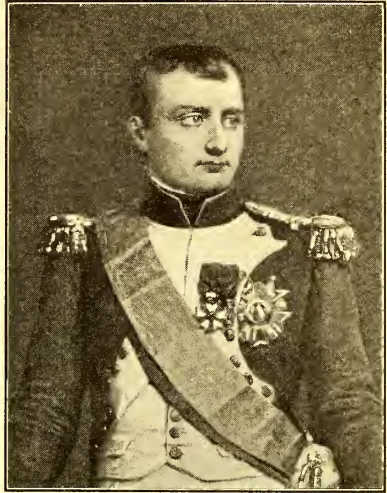
IN the year 1769 there were born into the world two boys who were destined forty-five years later to meet on one of the greatest battlefields of history. One of these boys was Napoleon Bonaparte, who was to be the greatest general who ever led a French army. The other was Arthur Wellesley, who was to stand at the head of the forces who were at length to defeat Napoleon. The field where this great battle was to be fought was Waterloo.

Both boys were fighters even in their school days; both went to military schools, and both spent their lives in the army. Year by year Napoleon climbed the steps of his ambition, until he stood in the great cathedral of Notre Dame, crowned Emperor of France. But even now his dreams had not all been realized. He sat hour after hour with the great map of Europe unrolled upon his desk.

The country of France seemed small indeed for an empire. Cæsar had started from Rome, and

had conquered all Gaul. Why should the river Rhine divide two countries, France and Germany?

Why should the Pyrenees stand as an insurmountable wall separating France and Spain? Why should the North Sea cut off the British Isles from the coast of France? He would cross the river, he would cross the mountains, he would cross the sea; and, with his army at his back, he too would



Napoleon.

conquer an empire that was worthy of the name. Once more Europe, all Gaul, should be ruled by one man.

This was the dream that burned in Napoleon's heart. Men looked into his eyes and saw it there. They, too, caught fire. Because he believed that he could make this dream real, they too believed. They came by hundreds and thousands, offering their lives to help him. Never was there an army which marched forward with such enthusiasm. Never was there an army which so adored

its general. Country after country lay conquered at his feet. One country alone stood apart, unconquered and defiant. One navy still rode proudly upon the seas. Those British Isles, lying almost within sight of France, hung like a ripe fruit just beyond Napoleon's reach. He was never quite able to take his eyes from them. Even when Nelson scattered his fleet off Trafalgar, he did not give up hope. If he could not conquer England upon the water, he would conquer her upon the land.

If Napoleon struck courage in the hearts of the men who marched beneath his banners, he struck fear in the hearts of those against whom his banners were unfurled. Even England quailed. But there were gallant men at England's head: Nelson in the navy, and Arthur Wellesley, who had been made Duke of Wellington, leading the army.

Like Nelson, Wellington's fighting was done outside of England. He first met the French, not on English or French soil, but in Spain. Spain and Portugal had both fallen into Napoleon's power, but their old spirit of independence was not conquered. At the first opportunity they revolted against their overlord, and called in England to help them. Wellington landed in Spain, and with a force of two thousand men won three great battles. Napoleon's dream was not to come true. Slowly the European

states struggled to their feet, rallied, and with a great united effort forced the French army back, back, into Paris, and demanded that Napoleon should give up his throne. Disgraced and conquered, the great general was sent to the island of Elba in the Mediterranean, and Europe, worn and shattered, gathered her strength to build up again the boundary lines that should mark out the extent of the separate countries.

In the midst of the quarreling and disputing that took place among the different nations, suddenly a message was brought across the land that bound the states of Europe together as closely as if they had been yoked with iron chains. "Napoleon has landed in Europe." This was the message. The congress of the nations was being held at Vienna. The Duke of Wellington was there, representing England. When he heard the message he showed no sign of astonishment or of fear. He calmly turned to his desk, and began drawing up a line of action. The other states soon saw that he was their natural leader. It was his plan to start at once for the Netherlands, where there were stationed some British troops, and to place himself at their head. The Prussian army, with Blücher in command, promised to stand with him. Napoleon at once saw the danger that awaited him. He decided to move forward

rapidly, and, if possible, attack Blücher first and annihilate his forces before Wellington could send him aid. He would then meet the English general.

On the 15th of June, word was brought to Wellington in Brussels that the Prussians had been attacked. That night a ball had been arranged at the house of the Duchess of Richmond. Wellington called his officers, told them that the French were approaching, but bade them attend the ball just the same, keeping the news absolutely to themselves. In the midst of the dancing and feasting that night, no one was gayer or calmer than Wellington. One by one he saw his officers slip away, and outside in the street he heard the tread of marching feet. It was late before he bade the duchess good-night. Just before he went he turned to the Duke of Richmond, and said in a low voice: "Have you a good map of the country in your house?"

The duke nodded, and the two went up to a bedroom and unrolled it. "Bonaparte has gained a day's march on me," said Wellington in his calm, low voice. "I have arranged to meet him at Quatre Bras. If I am not able to stop him there, I will meet him here," and he made a mark on the map with his thumb nail, at Waterloo. The duke passed out of the brilliantly lighted house into

the dark streets of the city. He was going to meet Napoleon for the first and the last time. The battlefield was to be at Waterloo.

It was a desperate struggle,—a terrible battle. Wellington never dismounted from his saddle all day. The tide of fortune ebbed and flowed. When it looked darkest for the English, suddenly the Prussian troops arrived, weary almost unto death with their long march. Their arrival decided the day. “All is lost,” cried Napoleon, as he fled back through the cover of night to Paris.

The duke entered his tent about ten o'clock. Before him was spread his dinner, and he sat down and ate it silently. In the midst of the glow of victory, his eyes were filled with visions of the brave men who had fallen on the field, and his heart ached with the sad news that must be sent to many English homes on the morrow.

This day, the 18th of June, 1815, was the crisis in the life of both these men, who had been born into the world in the same year. Napoleon gave himself up a prisoner to the English, and was taken to a solitary isle, St. Helena, far out at sea, where he spent the rest of his life in miserable solitude and idleness. Wellington returned to England, honored and esteemed by all, and ready to serve his country as nobly in peace as he had done in war.

GEORGE III

GEORGE III was the first of the kings who bore his name who was an Englishman. When he met Parliament, on coming to the throne, his opening words were, "Born and educated in this country, I glory in the name of Briton; and the peculiar happiness of my life will ever consist in promoting the welfare of a people, whose loyalty and warm affection to me I consider as the greatest and most permanent security of my throne." When the people heard these words, they felt that England once more had an English king.

George III was rather shy and timid in public, but he knew how to make a speech, for he had been well trained as a boy. The famous London actor Quin used to come over to the royal palace, and teach Prince George and his brothers and sisters how to declaim, and sometimes he permitted them to give plays in the palace, before audiences of court ladies and lords. When the old actor heard how well George III delivered his speech from the throne, he cried out delightedly, "Aye, 'twas I that taught the boy to speak."

Not only were the English proud to have a Briton on the throne, but they were proud of George as a man. He was very kind and good, and seldom has

a royal family been happier. George III selected a German princess, Charlotte of Strelitz, for his bride.

The royal ambassador was sent over to bring the princess to England, and a whole squadron of ships lay waiting in the Channel to accompany her to her new home. The bride landed in England on a Sunday evening. Traveling was a slow process in those days, and



King George III.

the princess took two days to go up to London. She spent the night at Lord Abercorn's, where she was given a great banquet, and while she ate, the doors were left wide open, that all who could might catch a glimpse of their new queen. "Her Majesty," so an old writer tells us, "was dressed entirely in English taste; she wore a fly cap with laced lappets, a stomacher ornamented with diamonds, and a gold brocaded suit of clothes with a

white ground." The next morning she set out for London. Three royal coaches drove in advance of her, and as she neared the city, a body of horse grenadiers and life guards closed in about her to welcome and escort her to St. James. At the entrance to the garden her Majesty alighted and fell on her knees before the king. Very graciously George III raised her up, and embracing her affectionately, led her into the great palace, while London thundered its welcome with all the guns of the city. They were married in great state that same evening in the royal chapel.

The new queen's first task was to learn English, for she knew no word of her husband's tongue when she first came to England. Every morning she worked hard with an instructor, learning to read, write, and spell the new language. Sometimes the king came in and laughed with her over her queer pronunciation, and helped her in writing her themes. When the English lessons were over, the queen spent an hour embroidering, then after lunch she and the king went out to drive or to walk in the gardens until it was time to dress for dinner. By and by many little princes and princesses were born into this happy home, Alfred, Octavius and many others, all of whom received a royal welcome from England. They were brought up very simply and

plainly, much like ordinary English children. In fact, George III was a very sensible and kind-hearted father and king. There is a story about him that reminds one of the story told about the great Alfred. One day the king was out on a hunt near Windsor, and became separated from the rest of the party. A storm came up, and the king sought shelter in a cottage near at hand. He knocked, and asked the young girl who came to the door to put his horse under the shed. The girl, not recognizing the royal guest, replied that she would do so if he in turn would mind the goose which was roasting before the fire. The king, much amused, consented, and sat down to dry his wet clothes and turn the spit. The fire was very hot, and the king was red in the face before the girl returned. He did not complain, however, but chatted pleasantly with her while the shower continued, telling her that in wealthy families it was no longer necessary to turn a goose by hand, because a jack had been invented which turned automatically. As soon as it cleared his majesty rode off with many thanks for the hospitality shown him. That evening the peasant girl discovered five guineas wrapped in a paper on the chimney piece. She unrolled the paper, and read these words, "To buy a jack."

George III had two great faults. He was very

narrow-minded and very stubborn. For many years England had been involved in European wars, and it was necessary to tax the people very heavily in order to pay the national debt. Not only was England burdened with these taxes, but Parliament decided to impose them upon the American colonies which were under British rule. The American colonies were loyal to their "mother country." They were willing to help pay the debt, but they said if they were to share these taxes they must be allowed to send some members to the English Parliament to represent their interests. Parliament and the king refused this demand, although the great statesman, Pitt, used all his eloquence to show the injustice in doing so. Suddenly George III found himself involved in a great war, the American Revolution, which was to separate forever England and the American colonies. Out of this war was born the United States of America.

John Quincy Adams was the first United States minister sent to England. He was ushered into the presence of his Majesty and the Secretary of State alone. Adams made three deep bows, as was the custom, one at the door, one about halfway, and the third directly before the king. He then lifted his head, and spoke very calmly, but with great dignity. He came, he said, as the representative of

his people, to bring from the United States a pledge of friendship to his Majesty and his Majesty's citizens, and to present the best wishes of the United States for the health and happiness of the royal family. He then added that he should esteem himself the happiest of all men if he could bring about the old spirit of "good nature and good humor" between these two peoples who, though separated by an ocean, were bound together by the same language, the same religion, and kindred blood.

The king listened very attentively to Adams's noble words, and responded with much feeling. "I wish you, sir, to believe," he said, "and that it may be understood in America, that I have done nothing in the late contest but what I thought myself indispensably bound to do, by the duty which I owed to my people. I will be very frank with you. I was the last to conform to the separation; but the separation having been made, and having become inevitable, I have always said, as I say now, that I would be the first to meet the friendship of the United States as an independent power."

Adams then retired backward, as was customary, from his Majesty's presence, and went his way.

CHARLES DICKENS

HE was a very queer small boy, who lived in Chatham by the sea in a little whitewashed house. He was sickly, and so small of his age that when the other boys of the village played cricket or marbles, he always had to stand by and watch. Or else he crept off to his own room, and, seated on the bed, bent over the "Arabian Nights" or "Robinson Crusoe" until the darkness came in through the tiny windows and covered over the letters on the page. He had learned these letters at his mother's knee when he was a very, very small boy, and later he had gone to school with his older sister Fanny; but he learned more out of the few books that he discovered one day upstairs in his own house, and the people in these books were more real to him than the children who sat beside him in school. By and by he tried to write a book himself, and became quite the hero among the boys and girls of Chatham by writing a play about the Sultan of India. He could sing funny little songs, and tell stories, too, better than the other children; and often when there was company his father stood him on the table and had him recite in his shrill little voice. Altogether he was a very happy boy in Chatham. The fields in spring were bright with hawthorn blos-

soms. The village square was weekly filled with regiments of gayly uniformed soldiers who performed wonderful drills. The great cathedral and castle were as marvelous and beautiful as the palace of Aladdin to this little boy. And then there were always the ships, white-sailed or black-smoking ships, going down the widening river to the sea. Dearest of all to the queer little boy, however, was a great house near Chatham called Gads Hill Place, standing high above the turnpike. It was the greatest treat in the world for this little nine-year-old boy to be brought out to look at this house, and one day his father, seeing how much he liked the great house, said to him, "If you were to be very persevering and were to work hard, you might some day come to live in it." And the strange part of this story is that what his father said came true.

Soon after this the family moved to London. The small boy was put inside of a big, lumbering stage coach and sent down to the city alone. He never forgot that lonesome journey: the smell of the damp straw in the bottom of the coach, the sandwiches that he ate all by himself, and the heavy rain beating against the rattling windows. All the beautiful world seemed to be left behind for an ugly little tenement in one of the poorest parts of London. There was no more school, although the little

boy was more eager than ever to learn. The only treasure that came with him from Chatham was



“The small boy was put inside of a big, lumbering stage coach.”

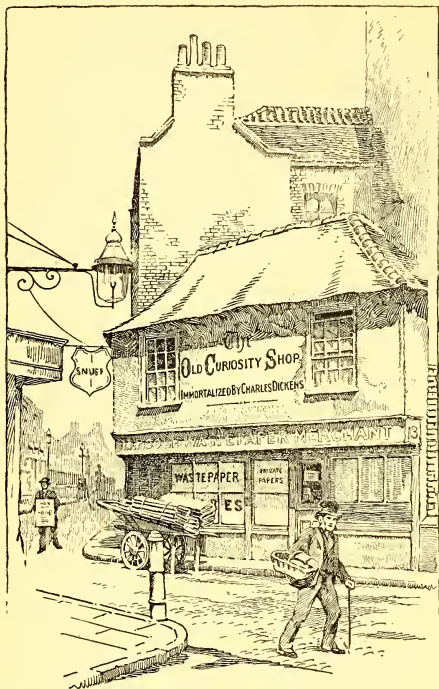
the pile of old books. He spent his day blacking his father's boots and running errands back and forth through the dark and dirty streets, where he could scarcely catch a glimpse of the sun or the sky.

Life grew more and more wretched. The money became more and more scarce, until there was not enough to pay even for bread and meat. One day an officer came to the tenement, and carried the father away to the debtor's prison. The little boy could not understand it; but that night he went with swollen eyes to visit his father. There was a

scant fire burning feebly in the grate, and the father sat down beside it with his little son, and they both wept. Then he told the boy to remember this: that if a man has twenty pounds a year and spends nineteen pounds, nineteen shillings, and sixpence, he will be happy, but if he spends twenty pounds and one shilling more, he will be wretched.

This wretchedness the little boy was soon to know. His father had to stay in prison; the pawnbroker came and carried away all the furniture and *all the books*; and the little boy himself was sent to a factory, where he worked all day long pasting blue labels on boxes of blacking paste. He was so unhappy during these two years of his life that he could never recall them without tears coming into his eyes. Perhaps what hurt him more than the hard, monotonous work in the factory and the poor pay, was the fact that he could not go to school and learn like other boys. Still these days were school days. He was not learning from books, but he was watching men and women in real life. Probably he himself did not know then how carefully he was using his eyes. He was filling his mind full of pictures of queer and interesting people, and the funny things that these people said to each other, and the amusing things that they did. And the queer little boy's name, Charles Dickens, was to be known all

through England, because he made these same people live again in his stories and novels.



Dickens was a reporter first for a newspaper. Then one day he sent an article to a magazine, and signed it "Boz," a nickname that he had given one of his younger brothers. It was accepted, and nine others followed it. Then came the famous "Pickwick Papers," and after that the many other stories, "Old Curiosity Shop,"

"Oliver Twist," and "David Copperfield," which is really a story of Dickens's own life, and tells many stories about "the queer small boy."

Dickens's fame was not only in England, but reached also to America. Although the voyage was long and rough in those days, Dickens crossed the ocean twice to visit our country. Wherever he

went crowds came to see him. Sometimes the train on which he was traveling was obliged to stop expressly at some small town where great crowds had gathered just to catch a sight of his face. In the street cars many a man and woman stepped up to him, and begged just to shake hands with him. A big dinner was given him in New York, where Washington Irving presided and gave the toast "To Charles Dickens, the Guest of the Nation." It was on this trip, too, that he met Longfellow, who afterwards visited Dickens in England.

As long as he lived, Dickens was a very busy man. Novel after novel came from his pen, and each story was read more eagerly than the last. Perhaps it was when he was writing "David Copperfield" that he remembered the great house of Gads Hill Place, and the old boyish longing to own it came back to him. In order to buy it he gave public readings from his own works all over England and in America.

The sickly little boy never grew into a strong man. Public life was hard for him. In a letter to a friend he tells how happy he was to leave London and retire to Gads Hill.

"Birds sing here all day," he writes, "and the nightingales all night. The place is lovely. . . . I have put five mirrors in the Swiss Châlet where I

write, and they reflect and refract in all kinds of ways the leaves that are quivering at the windows,



Gads Hill Place.

and the great fields of waving corn, and the sail-dotted river. My room is up amongst the branches of the trees, and the birds and butterflies fly in and out, and the green branches shoot in at the windows, and the lights and shadows of the clouds come and go with the rest of the company. The scent of the flowers, and indeed of everything that is growing for miles and miles, is most delicious.”

He died here in 1870. It was his wish to be buried there quietly in the little old graveyard; but the nation claimed him for hers, and he was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey. For days crowds and

crowds flocked through the great church to pay him homage, and crowds from all nations are still going every year to visit his grave among the great writers of English literature.



QUEEN VICTORIA

THERE are many kingdoms in the world that will never allow a woman to sit upon their throne. But England is very proud of the queens who have ruled over her. Two queens have had such famous reigns that the age in which they lived is named after them — the Age of Elizabeth and the Victorian Era.

Victoria was not born the daughter of a king, like Elizabeth, but it was known that she was in direct line to the throne. Her mother, the Duchess of Kent, took great pains that Victoria should not know this fact. She did not want her little daughter to be proud because she might some day be queen. Victoria's father died when she was a baby, but her mother took every care that the little girl should be brought up in such a way as to make her a beautiful and wise woman, ready to wear the English crown if it should some day come to her. The little princess's bed stood close beside her mother's, and before she was old enough to sit at the family table at

dinner, she had her own little table near her mother. She wore very simple dresses, and was allowed to spend only her weekly allowance, which was very small indeed. One day Victoria and her governess were visiting a toyshop, where the princess found a doll that she wanted very much. She took out her purse to buy it, but found that she lacked a few shillings. Victoria looked up at her governess very pleadingly, but the governess shook her head. "You will have to wait until you get your next week's allowance," she said. Victoria still held the dolly very longingly in her hands. When the shopkeeper saw how much she wanted it, he promised to save it until the coming Saturday, when Victoria would have her allowance. All through the week Victoria thought of the pretty dolly lying in its box on the top shelf in the shop. Early Saturday morning she was up and dressed, and, mounted on her little gray donkey, she rode gayly down to the shop and brought the new treasure home in her arms.

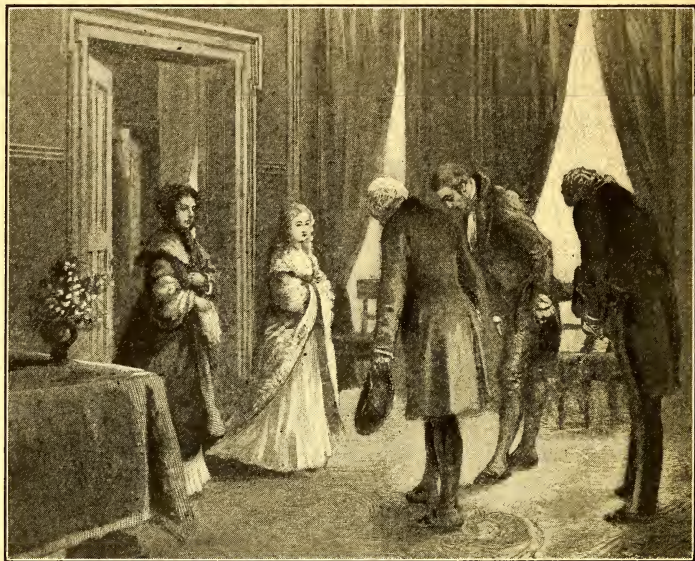
Victoria's lessons began when she was very young, and she was made to study much harder and longer lessons than most little girls. Among other studies was Latin, which the princess didn't enjoy at all. Finally it was thought wise to tell her that she was the direct heir to the throne. Her English history was given her, and she was shown a table of the

English kings and queens back from the time of Alfred. Slowly it came to her that if her uncle died, she would be queen. Victoria turned a very sober face up to her governess. "Now I know," she said, "why you urged me so much to learn even Latin, which my aunts Augusta and Mary never did." Then she came a little closer and put her hand in her governess's. "I will be good," she said softly.

From that day she studied and worked hard to fit herself to be queen. She spent hours reading the history of her own land, and her wise mother took her on long trips throughout the country, that she might know Scotland and England and the people over whom she was some day to rule.

It was not thought that this day would come so quickly. Victoria had just celebrated her eighteenth birthday when the king died, about two o'clock one June morning. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain at once set out to announce the news to the young sovereign. They reached Kensington Palace about five o'clock in the early dawn. They knocked and thumped at the gate a long time before they could arouse the sleepy porter. When at last they were let in, they announced that they must see her Royal Highness at once on important business. The answer was

brought back, "The princess is in such sweet slumber that we do not venture to disturb her."



"She listened very quietly to the message."

Then the archbishop replied, "We are come to see the *Queen* on important business of state."

There was no more delay. Victoria did not wait even to dress herself, but came into the room wrapped in a shawl, her beautiful, bright hair falling down her back, and tears shining in her eyes. She listened very quietly to the message, and then said, softly, "I beg your Grace to pray for me." Then she asked that she might be left alone for two hours.

Her first act was to write a letter to her aunt, telling her of her sympathy in her sorrow.

That same day at eleven Victoria held her first council. Lord Beaconsfield has written this description of the scene:—

“There are assembled the prelates and captains and chief men of her realm. A hum of half-suppressed conversation fills that brilliant assemblage, a sea of plumes and glittering stars, and gorgeous dresses. Hush! The portal opens—she comes. The silence is as deep as that of a noontide forest. Attended for a moment by her royal mother and the ladies of the court, who bow and then retire, Victoria ascends her throne alone and for the first time amid an assembly of men.”

She was crowned in Westminster Abbey. The great church was gorgeously decorated with gold and crimson. “When the queen entered the abbey, with eight ladies all in white floating about her like a silvery cloud, she paused as if for breath and clasped her hands.” As she knelt to have the crown placed upon her head, a ray of sunlight fell over her, lighting up her face and making the crown dazzle with brightness.

But when the festivities were over, the young queen found that long days of hard work stretched out before her. Victoria was never a figure queen.

She worked with her minister as faithfully as any king, ever studying the many problems that were facing her country. Two years later she married her cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg, who was given the title of prince consort. He was a man of noble character and great learning, and stood close beside the queen, aiding her in many ways. Nine children were born to them, and many grandchildren. Her first grandchild is now the German emperor. "Dear little William," Victoria often called him.

Victoria reigned for sixty-four years. No other English monarch sat for so long a time upon the throne. Many wonderful events took place during these years. The first railroads were built. The telegraph was put into use. The first cable was laid between England and America, and the queen sent a long message of greeting to President Buchanan. When Victoria ascended the throne, it took four weeks for the news to reach America. When she died, the sad words were flashed around the world in less than half an hour.

The prince consort died many years before the queen. One of his greatest acts for England was the arranging of the first world's fair. This exhibition was almost entirely the prince's own idea. He had built the great glass building outside of

London, called the Crystal Palace, and invited all the countries of Europe to send exhibits of their best



The Prince Consort opening the International Exposition.

and most characteristic industries and arts. This first world's fair was so successful that many other countries since then have adopted the plan of holding such expositions.

After the prince consort died the queen lived very simply and quietly. But twice the nation gave her a great jubilee; once when she had reigned for half a century, and then, ten years later, when she had been queen sixty years. On this occasion gifts poured

into England from all over Europe and Asia, most beautiful and costly gifts for the honored queen.

Such a long reign had, too, its sad events. There were long and cruel wars. No one regretted this shedding of blood more than Queen Victoria. No one longed more than she that the time should come when the nations of the world should be at peace, and all difficulties should be settled in courts instead of by arms.



EDWIN LANDSEER

EDWIN LANDSEER was born a painter of animals. When he was a little boy, he was always running away from school and his books, but he never ran away from his paint box and palette. His father was a painter before him, and was anxious that his boy should be an artist. He thought if he was going to paint, it was not necessary for him to spend much time learning geography and arithmetic, so he used to take him out into the fields, lift him over the stile, and set him down on the grass to draw sheep. Edwin was so young then that his fingers could scarcely hold a pencil, but he always sketched on and on until it grew dark and his father came to correct his work and take the little artist home.

As he grew older, wherever animals could be

found, Landseer was there with his pencil and sketch-book. He went often to the Exeter Exchange, where there was a show of wild animals; he spent hours in the Tower of London, where were kept at that time lions, leopards, and bears; and every summer found him among the Scottish Highlands sketching the wild red deer. From these haunts he hurried back to the Art School of the Royal Academy,



Sir Edwin Landseer.

where he studied most faithfully. He was so fond of painting dogs, and he painted them so well, that his master often spoke of him as "my little dog boy." He never went to walk without half a dozen puppies and dogs about him, and when he painted his own portrait, he put in two great dogs looking over his shoulder. Once on his way North, in the summer, he stopped to see Sir Walter Scott, who was also fond of dumb companions, and brought

away a sketchbook full of drawings of the great writer and his dogs.

Landseer's pictures were very popular. His animals looked out of the canvas with such human eyes that every one was drawn to them. They were very lifelike, too. One of Landseer's friends, whenever he came into the artist's studio, which was full of pictures of dogs, would cry out: "Keep the dogs off me. I want to come in, and some of them will bite me. That fellow in the corner is growling ferociously."

In later years Landseer painted some portraits, but they were never so good as his pictures of animals. He was a great favorite of Queen Victoria and the whole royal family. The queen took many lessons of him, and all the pets in the royal household were painted by his brush. Once the queen asked Landseer to paint a picture of Prince Albert's favorite grayhound for a birthday gift. The dog was to be painted standing near a table on which lay the prince's hat and gloves. While Landseer was painting busily, a messenger came in hot haste. The prince was hunting for his hat and gloves, and the queen was afraid that he might find out where they were, and thus guess her secret. Another time Landseer dressed up as a groom, and rode out behind the queen that he might make a

study of an equestrian portrait of the queen. As a sign of royal favor he was afterwards knighted by Victoria.

Landseer was so genial and fond of fun that he made friends everywhere. One evening at a party a young lady happened to say that, however skillful any one was, it would be impossible to draw with both hands at once. "Oh, I can do that," said the artist. "Give me two pencils, and I will show you."

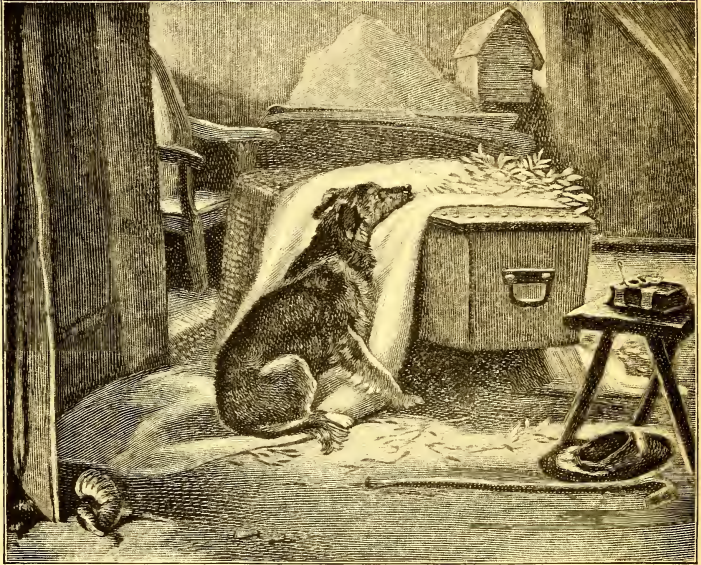
He took a pencil in either hand, and without a moment's hesitation, drew at the same time a stag's head with his right hand, and a horse's head with the other.

Sir Edwin Landseer lived to be over seventy years old, and he painted animals all his life, up to the day of his death. Oftentimes he liked to paint a story of animals, such as Robert Burns's "Twa Dogs." In this story two dogs met together on a bonny day in June. The one, called Cæsar, was a dog kept for his master's pleasure. He was not one of Scotland's dogs, but came from

"some place far abroad,
Where sailors gang to fish for cod."

He wore a brass collar, and looked like a gentleman. The other was a plowman's collie, with a white breast and a coat of glossy black. These

“twa dogs” met together to talk over life. The Newfoundland could not understand how any man could be happy unless he had his coach and four, and a hundred men at his call, like his own master. And yet the collie was sure that his honest master



The Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner.

was well content in his humble cottage. So they passed the afternoon, until the sun was out of sight,

“When up they gat, and shook their lugs,
Rejoiced they were na men but dogs;
And each took aff his several way,
Resolved to meet some ither day.”

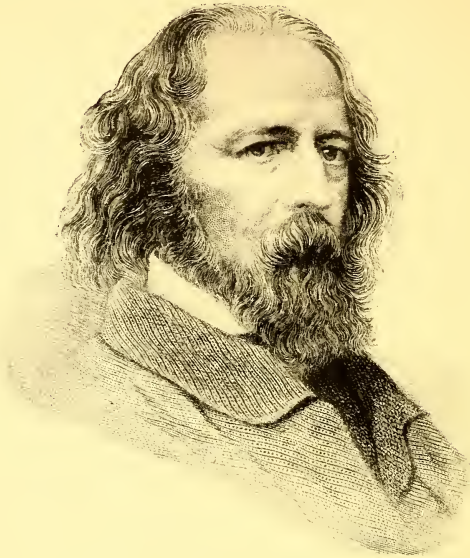
When Landseer died, he was buried with great honor in St. Paul's Cathedral at London. On the marble slab which marks his grave is a medallion portrait of the painter, and beneath it in relief is modeled a copy of his own painting "The old Shepherd's Chief Mourner." This is one of Landseer's greatest pictures. Inside of a dreary hut stands the rude coffin in which lies the shepherd. His hat and staff have fallen on the floor, his plaid that has sheltered him from the winter's blast lies across the coffin, and close beside it watches his most faithful friend, his dog, silently mourning for his dead master.



ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

IN the quiet little village of Somersby, which lies upon a hillslope, stands a small sandstone church, and near it a low white rectory. In the days when George III was king of England, a family of twelve children lived in this rectory and played games of knights and tournaments in the gardens and woods about it. The leader in these games was Alfred, for he could always make up the most exciting adventures. He could tell the best stories, too, and he made his little brothers' and sisters' blood run cold by gathering them about him in the evening and telling

them stories of gigantic mountains where great dragons lived who came forth at night to slay beautiful



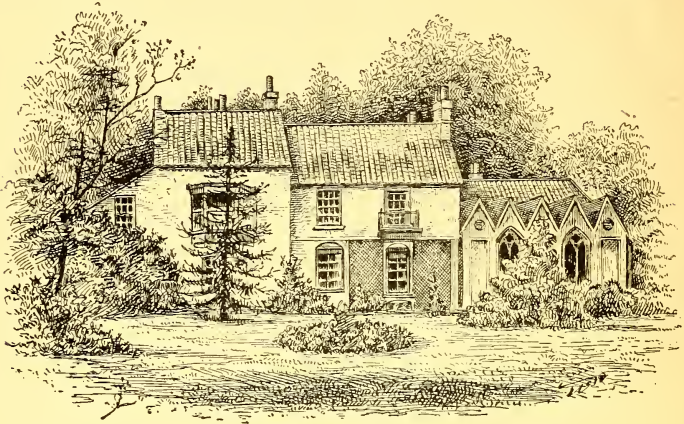
Tennyson.

damsels. But he never told them cruel stories, for Alfred's heart was very kind and gentle. He could not bear to see any one or anything suffer. It hurt him so to see a rabbit caught in a trap that he went around the neighborhood springing all the traps that the gamekeepers had set. "If we once catch that young gentleman, we will chuck him in the pond," the gamekeepers muttered; but they never caught him.

Alfred had one strange pet of his own. One night, as he was sitting by the window of his own little attic room, a young owl called just outside. He answered the call, and the little bird flew in to him. He sat very still and called softly. The owl hopped nearer and nearer, and at last nestled close to him and ate out of his hand. He grew very tame, and forsook the other owls for the twelve Tennyson children. Everybody in the house was very fond of him, except the monkey that belonged to Alfred's grandmother. He used to be very jealous because the owl liked to come and perch on the old lady's head.

When Alfred was seven years old, he was asked, "Would you rather go to school or to sea?" To the boy school meant books, so he quickly chose the former. But school in those days in England was a very unhappy place for boys. The lessons were long and dry. The masters were very strict, and fond of using the rod if the boys made mistakes or did not learn their lessons. And the big boys bullied the little ones and the new ones. From the very beginning Alfred hated the little school at Louth where he and his brother Charles were sent. Still he had some happy times there. It was about this age that he began writing the verses that he was always making up in his head. Finally he and Charles took their

verses to a little bookseller in the town. He read them through, and offered to buy them for one hundred dollars. Half of this sum had to be taken out



Tennyson's Birthplace.

in books from the store. We do not know what the two youthful writers did with the other half, except that they hired a carriage one afternoon and drove fourteen miles over the low hills and marshy flats to Mablethorpe, where they could see the ocean. Here on the seashore they "shared their triumph with the winds and waves."

Tennyson finished his schooling at the University of Cambridge. Here, too, he found much that was dull and uninteresting. But it was here that he met Arthur Hallam, another student. Arthur Hallam's fine mind and gentle ways charmed the young poet.

They walked, studied, and read together. On vacations Tennyson brought his friend home to the old rectory at Somersby. His early death was Tennyson's first and greatest sorrow. Hallam went to Europe for his health, and died on the way home. Tennyson's grief was so intense that he thought for a while that he could never take up his pen again. But his very sadness of heart turned him to writing, and in a long and beautiful poem called "In Memoriam," he has told the world of the wonderful meaning of a true and noble friendship.¹

This great sorrow made Tennyson's heart very tender to others who were sad. None of his verses are more beautiful than the lines which he wrote to Queen Victoria when the Prince Consort died. He was the Poet Laureate then, the great national poet. All England was longing to speak some word of comfort to their beloved queen. This great flood of sympathy was taken up by the poet and put into most tender, beautiful words. Tennyson was just ready to publish his poems about King Arthur and his Knights of the Table Round. He put them all together, and, calling them "Idylls of the King," dedicated them to the Prince Consort, who, as he writes: —

¹ When the Prince Consort died and Tennyson went to see the queen, she said to him, "Next to the Bible, 'In Memoriam' is my comfort."

“ seems to me
 Scarce other than my own ideal knight,
 ‘ who revered his conscience as his king.’ ”

Then he bids the queen’s heart not to break, but live on, and closes with the words :—

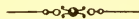
“ May all love,
 His love unseen, but felt, o’ershadow thee,
 The love of all thy sons encompass thee,
 The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,
 Till God’s love set thee at his side again.”

So these old legends of Lancelot and the fair Elaine, and Sir Galahad, the knight in white armor, of whom King Arthur said as he dubbed him knight, “ God make thee good as thou art beautiful,” were brought out of the dim past of ancient Britain, and given to the world in such beautiful poetry that they will live forever.

The last years of Tennyson’s life were all spent in writing more and more poetry. He had many friends, the great statesman, Gladstone, Browning, Carlyle, and a host of others, yet he loved to live a little apart from the world. When he found that his last hour was come, he asked his son to bring him his Shakespeare, and he held the treasured volume close to his heart until he died. The full moon came in through the open windows and fell across the beautiful face and hands of the dead poet.

To his son, standing beside the bed, it seemed like the passing of Arthur.

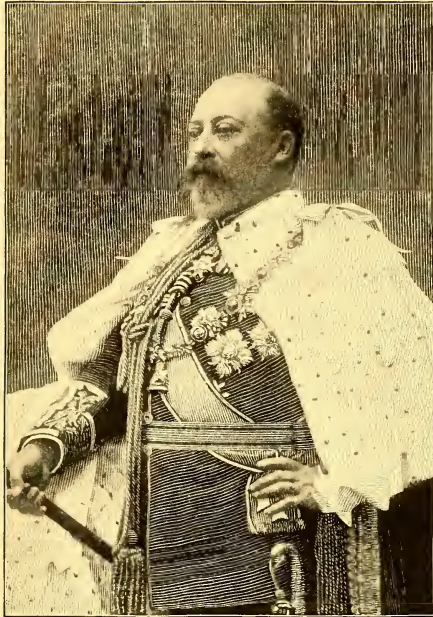
It was his wish that he be buried simply. So he was borne away from the beautiful home on a little wagonette which was covered with moss and bright with scarlet cardinal flowers. Around him was wrapped the pall which the working men and women of the North had woven and the cottagers of Keswick had embroidered. And over all were banked the wreaths and crosses of flowers that came from all parts of Great Britain. The old coachman, who had been for thirty years Lord Tennyson's faithful servant, led the horse across the moor just at sunset. In the rear followed quietly the villagers and school children. The queen wished her great man to lie in Westminster Abbey in the Poets' Corner, so he was brought thither, and placed beside Robert Browning and close to the monument erected to the first English poet, Geoffrey Chaucer.



EDWARD VII

ON the afternoon of January 23, 1901, the Mall, the great street in London, was thronged with people. It was a quiet crowd, for there was sadness in every heart, and yet here and there a smile broke over the

faces of the bystanders, as a gayly clad officer hurried down the street and entered the Palace of St. James. At about five minutes to two the heavy gates of Marl-



King Edward VII.

borough House swung open. There was the sound of horses' hoofs on the hard road, and the crowd pressed eagerly forward. In advance rode the King's Guard in full dress, and following them the escort. For a moment the sun broke through the low, gray clouds, lighting up their shining helmets and flashing on their drawn

swords. But the people heeded them little. Their eyes were fixed on the coach just behind, and the grave face of the man who was looking out through the windows at them with kindly eyes. A great cheer went up as the coach rolled out into the highway, a cheer of sympathy and of loyalty from the people

for their new king. The coach drove at a trot down the Mall to St. James Palace, and then, as the clock struck two, the king first met his Council.

He stood before them, a man of sixty, and spoke to them briefly, but with great sincerity and dignity. He told them that it was his first duty to announce to them the death of his beloved mother, the queen, in which loss he believed he had not only their sympathy, but that of the entire world. Then he told them that he should endeavor to follow in her footsteps, and, as long as there was breath in his body, to work for the good of his people.

His name was Albert Edward, but he now announced that he would be known by the name which six of his ancestors had borne. The name of Albert, which he had inherited from his father, should remain sacred to his memory. He wanted England to remember only one Albert, "Albert the Good." He then took the oath of king as Edward VII, and under this title he was crowned with great pomp and ceremony in Westminster Abbey.

Edward VII had been born direct heir to the English throne, and all his life he had been trained to be a king. He had studied much from books, but he had learned more from traveling and visiting all parts of the world. His wise father sent him first, as a small boy, through England and Scotland. Then followed

a trip to Ireland, and later many visits to all parts of Europe. When he was a boy his father made him



Edward VII at the Age of Seven.

send back home long descriptions of the land through which he was traveling, and give his ideas about the people and their different ways of living. After he became of age the Prince of Wales even crossed the Atlantic to visit Canada and the United States, and later he went far to the East, to the Holy Land, even

as some of his noble ancestors had done.

The Prince of Wales chose a beautiful and lovely princess for his bride, Alexandra the Princess Royal of Denmark. She was deeply beloved at home, and when she left her native land to become the Princess of Wales, all along her route she was showered with flowers, and crowds of people gathered all along the

way to wave farewell to her. But as royal a welcome awaited her in England. Every ship and boat, even the smallest fishing vessel, along the English coast flew its colors when the barge bearing the princess arrived. The stations, the streets, and the houses were hung with banners and great wreaths of flowers. And cheer followed cheer as if the shouting would never cease. The English people, as they looked into her beautiful face,



Queen Alexandra.

were charmed by her loveliness and noble air. They were afterwards to learn that she was as kind and as simple as she was beautiful. There is a little story told of her on one of her visits home in Denmark, that shows how little pride ever entered her heart.

Alexandra was once passing along the streets of Copenhagen with the Czar of Russia and her brother, Crown Prince of Denmark. A peasant happened to pass by driving a load of hay, and the Crown Prince called out jokingly, "Give us a ride."

The peasant, little guessing who they were, drew up his oxen and told them to climb on. It happened that the route ran by the Palace, so as they were passing, the Czar told the peasant to drive into the courtyard. But the peasant shook his head, "That's the King's Palace, and no one is allowed in there but royalty."

"Never mind," thundered the Czar, "you do as I say. Don't you see I am the Czar of Russia!"

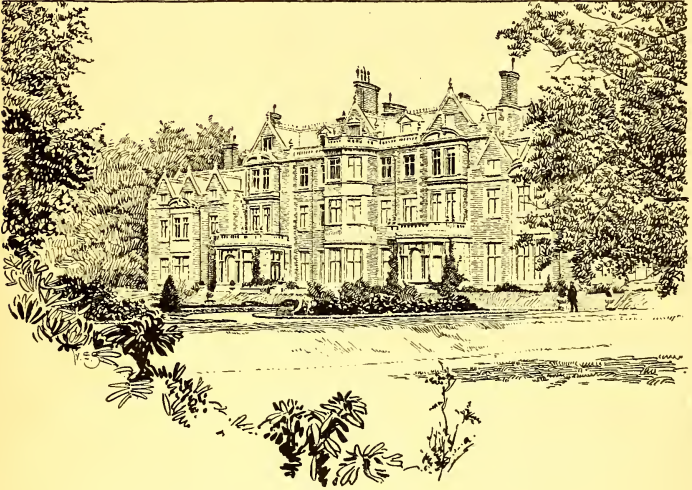
"And I am the Crown Prince of Denmark," added the other. "And this lady is Her Royal Highness, the Princess of Wales."

The peasant looked at them a moment carefully through his little squinting eyes, then he drawled out, "And I am the Emperor of China," and drove on by the gate.

While in London the Prince and Princess of Wales lived in state at the great Marlborough House, but they liked to call Sandringham Hall, a beautiful country seat in Norfolk, their real home.

There were many gardeners and gamekeepers needed on the estate, and King Edward was very

generous to them. He built pretty cottage homes for them; schools for their children; a clubhouse where they could meet when not at work; and a



Sandringham Hall.

hospital to care for them when they were sick. The hospital was the special care of Queen Alexandra, and was visited by her every day when she was at Sandringham. Over the door she placed this motto: —

Ask God for all you want,
Thank Him for all you have,
And never grumble.

On one part of the grounds, hidden among the trees, is a tiny dairy. Just as the French queen



King George V.

Marie Antoinette, liked to slip away from the great palace at Versailles and play dairy maid, Queen Alexandra and her court ladies liked to wander through the trees to the little dairy and make themselves a cup of tea.

King Edward VII did not have a long reign. Before he had

celebrated his tenth anniversary he died leaving his throne to his sailor son George. The new king was crowned in June, 1911, George V of England. His wife, formerly Princess Mary of Teck is now England's queen, and already there are six little princes and princesses about whom some day perhaps we shall have to write more Little Stories of England.

