

Stories of France and Canada

WORLD HISTORY SERIES

SELECTED AUTHORS

Stories of France and Canada

Selected Authors

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Stories of France and Canada

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Little Stories of France

by

Maude Barrows Dutton

Preface

The child needs the background of history as an aid to the interpretation of his experience and for the understanding of current events. In our cosmopolitan life, since we are in close touch with all peoples and are constantly hearing about them, there is need at least of the simplest elementary facts in the history of the great nations. The French people have held such a central position in the world's affairs, and have contributed so much to civilization, that the young student should at an early stage possess himself of the outlines of their history. He is then enabled to put together the past and present of that interesting country and to view the one in the light of the other. Then, too, the fact that French is the first foreign language which American children are expected to study is another valid reason for placing before them in its most interesting form the main facts of French history.

These little stories may be read by children from seven to fourteen years of age. They may be read while the geography of France is being studied, so that the subject may be clothed with human interest and so made more valuable.

These stories are about kings and courts in the days when peace had fewer advocates than now, but they are so written that there is nothing in them which cannot be read with profit, and the picturesque, agreeable aspects of the narrative are given prominence.

France of Long Ago

A long, long time ago, many years before Christ was born, the country that we now know as France was called Gaul. Dense, green forests spread over the hills and covered the plains. Rivers flowed for miles and miles through nothing but wilderness. But occasionally, deep in the heart of the forest, on the bank of one of these rivers, would be a clearing. Here the Gauls had cut down the trees and built their earth huts, which were high and pointed like haystacks.

The Gauls who lived in these little settlements were very tall and strong. They had blue eyes and yellow hair, which they sometimes dyed red, so that they might look terrible in battle. When the men were not away fighting, they spent all their time hunting and fishing. They would steal away, in the early morning, far into the green woods, and then come proudly home at evening dragging behind them the buffaloes or wild boars which they had killed.

Their wives came out joyfully to meet them, and sat down on the ground with them to skin the animals. When they had taken off the whole hide, they spread it in the sun to dry, for they made all their clothing from the skins of wild animals.

Meanwhile the little boys and girls had been gathering sticks and underbrush into a big pile, and over it had hung the iron kettle. When all was ready, they struck fire from flint stones, for they had no matches in those days, and soon the kettle was boiling merrily. Into this their mothers threw big pieces of meat, and presently they were having a fine feast there, deep within the wood.

There were no schools for these boys and girls, but the priests or Druids were their teachers. The Druids could not teach the children much, but they used to gather them beneath some large sheltering oak and tell them stories and teach them songs. These stories were always about their fathers and grandfathers and great-grandfathers; stories of how they had always loved justice, avenged insult, and been brave and fearless even unto death. And the songs the children learned were something like this;—

"Our fathers have drawn their swords against kings and the raging ocean. They have hurled their arrows against the thunder and the lightning. They have feared nothing except that the sky should fall upon their heads."

Then the boys would jump to their feet, shouting: "We will be like them! We, too, will be brave fighters!"

Often on a bright starlight night the whole tribe gathered together around the Druids. The bards, too, were there with their harps to sing of the glory of their ancestors and their splendid victories. Then a great silence fell on the people, when suddenly the chief of the Druids,

an old man with a flowing white beard, dressed in a loose white robe, came forth from the sacred grotto carrying a golden sickle in his hand. Slowly he walked over to his rude altar, often merely a large flat stone placed on a rock, and there burned the sacrifice. Then he cut from the branches of the oak sprays of gray-green mistletoe, and gave a piece to each one in the tribe to carry home as a remembrance of the sacred forest meeting.

Vercingetorix, The Bravest of the Gauls

As the tribes scattered over Gaul grew larger and larger, they were nearly always at war with one another, instead of cultivating their fields and building towns. Then, when the fighting was over, the victorious warriors would give a great feast. If a traveling merchant happened to be passing through the village at such a time of festivity, he would be brought in to the feast to tell tales of his country and his people. The weary peddler would take his place among the warriors and perhaps tell them some such story as the following, of which they seemed never to tire.

"My home is in Italy, far away from here, over the snow-covered Alps. It is in a southern land, where the sky is always blue and the sun shines warm and bright, and flowers bloom all the year round. My people are the strongest, the bravest, and most powerful people in the world. They have a noble city, Rome, for their capital, and they call themselves after it, Romans. My people are proud of their city, Rome, but they are prouder still of their Roman army. This army has marched into many countries and everywhere it is victorious. Soon Rome shall be mistress of the world!"

Then he ended by telling them about the splendors of Roman dress and Roman banquets, and spread out his

wares that they might see for themselves. And the Gauls bought them eagerly, for they longed to be as fine as the Romans.

When the merchant had sold all his goods, he journeyed back to Rome, and told his people a tale that they were no less anxious to hear. It was of broad, fertile fields lying at waste, and many small clans so busy fighting one another that a Roman army could easily conquer them.

Slowly the Roman army began to move toward Gaul. One day it seized one town, a little later another. The Gauls, busy with their petty warfare, paid no attention to the invaders. Not until word reached the border land that Cæsar was coming did the Gauls realize their danger. They had all heard of Cæsar, Rome's greatest general.

A young mountain chief, Vercingetorix, finally aroused the Gauls. He besought them to unite against Cæsar. At length they did so, and put Vercingetorix at their head; but it was too late. Cæsar, with his legions of trained soldiers, was in their very midst. All the Gallic chief could do was to retire into the stronghold of Alesia, and send out his cavalry to beseech the tribes of Gaul to come to his aid. On Cæsar came, surrounded the city, and ordered his men to dig a deep ditch about it.

Day by day, Vercingetorix watched for his friends. At last he saw an immense army hurrying to his aid. Rallying his men, he rushed forth from his stronghold to meet

them. Then he saw Cæsar's trap. The big ditch held him within his fortress, and kept his friends outside. The Gauls fought like lions, but could not unite their two forces. At the end of three days the army that had come to help Vercingetorix retreated, leaving the plains covered with the slain. Vercingetorix saw that he was conquered. He led his men back into Alesia.

The next morning, when Cæsar was sitting in his high tribunal, within the Roman lines, a splendid horseman galloped up to him and drew rein. He sprang from his horse, threw his weapons at Cæsar's feet, and stood with arms folded, silently awaiting his doom. It was Vercingetorix. Cæsar, the cruel conqueror, looked a moment at the brave young hero, then bade his men load him with chains. A few months later, when Cæsar returned to Rome as the conqueror of all Gaul, Vercingetorix was dragged behind his chariot in the triumphal procession. Six years of imprisonment followed and then Vercingetorix was put to death.

Gaul was now a province of mighty Rome.

Sainte Geneviève

The Romans taught the Gauls many things. First of all they made long straight roadways through the entire province, reaching from one end of Gaul to the other; next they built bridges over the rivers. In the settlements they built houses, theaters, and great baths, until a little village grew into a large Roman town, sometimes fortified by a Roman wall. So well did the Romans build their walls and baths that the ruins of some of them are standing today.

Then the Romans showed the Gauls how to till the fields and sow seed, and taught them how to dig minerals and iron out of their mines. Druidism was gradually given up for the religion of Rome. So, little by little, the Gauls gave up their life of fighting and began to look upon the Romans, who had done so much for their land, not as conquerors but as friends.

Into this peaceful Romanized Gaul a new enemy now pushed its way. The Germans came down from the north like a cloud-burst out of a clear sky. They came, great giants of men, blue-eyed, red-haired, and wearing about their bodies the long-haired, shaggy skins of wild animals. They hated cities and towns, and all the works of peace. They lived to hunt animals and fight men. The Gauls fell back before them, faint-hearted. They had forgotten their

bravery of former days and their love of war. They cried to Rome for help, but the Roman Empire was now so vast that it did not have armies enough to protect all its provinces. The Germans swarmed down through Gaul, and one tribe of them, the Franks, settled there and gave their name to the land. The Parisii, a small Gallic tribe, were the first settlers of the town that afterward grew into the great city of Paris.

Then there came another foe, the Huns, a horde of wild horsemen from the heart of Asia. These little, short, black-haired men slept, ate, and fought in the saddle. Headed by their king, Attila, they swept across Europe, plundering and burning.

Ever nearer and nearer Paris drew this troop of barbarians. At last the people decided to flee for their lives, and leave their city to Attila's mercy. One voice alone arose, saying: "Calm your fears. Stay, stay in your beloved Paris. Attila shall be turned from his course. He shall not burn a single house. His sword shall not slay one of you."

This was the cry of neither warrior nor king. It came from the lips of a gentle, quiet woman, whom many of the people had often seen kneeling in prayer, or carrying food and clothing to the poor. Her name was Geneviève, and she was the daughter of simple country folk. But there had always been something about Geneviève that made her seem different from others, even when she was a little girl.

One day there was great excitement in the village where she lived, because the bishop was coming. Geneviève left her sheep on the hillside that she might go with her parents to hear the good man speak. The bishop noticed the little seven-year-old maid who was listening so eagerly to what he said. He seemed to know then that she had some great work to do in the future. Calling her to him, he hung about her neck a small coin on which was a sign of the cross, and told her that she was chosen to be the handmaiden of the Lord. Geneviève, as she sat tending her sheep day by day, often put up her hand to feel if the coin were still about her neck. She thought again of the bishop's kind face and wondered what his words to her had meant.

There are many legends told of the wonderful things connected with Geneviève while she was still a little girl. Once, it was said, her mother boxed Geneviève's ears in anger. The next moment the mother was struck blind. For many months she sat in darkness, until the prayers of her little daughter at length brought back her sight.

When Geneviève's parents died, the young girl went to Paris to live with an aged aunt. Here it was that she heard of the Huns, and how the people of Paris feared them. At the same time a voice seemed to come from within her, telling her that she must calm the people and keep them from letting the city fall into the hands of the barbarians. Geneviève believed this to be God's voice. Although she had always been so shy and quiet, now she

went forth into the streets and spoke to the terror-stricken men and women, urging them to defend the city. Perhaps the little coin about her neck gave her courage.

Her calmness and sweetness won the people's hearts. They crowded about her to listen to her reassuring words. They believed her. "We will not flee," they cried at last. "We will stay."

In a few days they learned that Attila and the Huns had passed the city of Paris by and had met a terrible defeat.

Geneviève lived to be nearly ninety years old, devoting her life to helping the poor and needy. All the people in Paris loved and honored her, and many buildings in the city today bear her name.

Clovis

One of the Frankish chiefs who fought most valiantly against the Huns was named Meroveus. After his death the people chose their kings from his family and called them Merovingians. One Merovingian lad, named Clovis, was made ruler at the age of fifteen. Never was a king more ambitious than he. At the age of twenty we find him inducing another Frankish chieftain to join with him against a hostile neighbor. Together their army counted five thousand warriors. Clovis was successful, and after the battle the warriors gathered at Soissons to divide the booty.

Now among the plunder there was a vase belonging to the church, and the archbishop besought Clovis that this be returned to its proper place. "If in the partition the vase falls to my lot," replied Clovis, "I will honor the archbishop's wishes."

So, when the men were gathered together, the young king stepped forward. "Valiant warriors," he spoke, "I pray you not to refuse me, over and above my share, this vase." And the assembly replied, "Glorious king, everything that we see here is thine, and we ourselves are submissive to thy commands. Do thou as seemeth good to thee, for there is none that can resist thy power."

But there was one Frank who was jealous of Clovis, and this humble reply of the warriors angered him. As they ceased speaking he flung his battle ax high over his shoulder, and brought it down upon the vase. "Thou shalt have nought of the booty save what the lots fairly give thee," he shouted. The king made no reply.

The next spring, Clovis called his troops together that he might review them. As he rode down the line his eyes fell on the face of the warrior who had shattered the vase at Soissons. He stopped before him. "None have brought here," he cried, "arms so ill kept as thine. Nor lance, nor sword, nor battle ax is fit for service." And seizing the man's ax, he flung it on the ground. The man stooped to pick it up. As he did so, the king raised his own ax, and slew the warrior at his feet. "It shall be done to thee as thou didst to the vase of Soissons," said the king.

The Gauls were at first afraid of this cruel and fearless king, but he won their confidence by marrying Clotilda, a Gallic princess. Clovis had often heard of this princess. He knew that an ambitious uncle had put her parents to death, and had sent the beautiful Clotilda into exile. Far away in Geneva she was spending her days, shut up in a castle. She was allowed to see but few people, and Clovis bethought himself how he could reach her with a messenger. Finally he called before him a certain Roman, Aurelian, and bade him use his wits to gain entrance to the princess.

So Aurelian dressed himself in rags and begged admittance at Clotilda's door. The supposed pilgrim was allowed to enter, and, as the princess was washing his feet,—for she delighted in deeds of charity,—Aurelian bent forward and showed her the royal ring.

"Clovis, King of the Franks," he said, "hath sent me to thee. If it be the will of God, he would fain raise thee to his high rank by marriage. And that thou mayst be satisfied thereof he sendeth thee this ring."

Clotilda took the ring with great joy, and gave one of her own to the messenger to return to Clovis.

After they were married, one thing worried the queen. Clovis was a barbarian and she was a Christian. She begged him in vain to give up his idols for her God. One day in battle, however, when the Franks were being beaten, Clovis cried out in despair:—

"O God, whom Clotilda calls the true God, if
Thou wilt give me victory, I will believe in Thee!"

The tide of battle turned, and Clovis won. Soon after, he and his whole army were baptized Christians. When Clovis walked into the church, which was beautifully decorated with flowers and fragrant with the burning incense, he asked;—

"Is this the heaven you promised me?"

"No," replied the bishop, "but the road leading to it."

Still, the baptism was not enough to change the heart of Clovis. He was very cruel, and put to death many of the Frankish chiefs that he might be sole master. He died on the little island city of Paris, which he had chosen for his capital.

King Dagobert The Good

Clovis divided his kingdom among his three sons, who were as wicked and cruel as their father had been. When one of them died, leaving his three little boys in the care of their grandmother, Clotilda, the uncles of the children sent her a sword and a pair of scissors, with this message:—

"Thy sons await thy wishes concerning the children. Shall they be slain or shorn?"

Now short hair was considered a disgrace by the Merovingians, who always wore their long locks hanging down over their shoulders. So Clotilda answered, sadly but proudly:—

"Let them be slain rather than shorn."

At this reply the uncles seized two of the little boys and killed them. The third escaped and was brought up as a priest. When he died he was looked upon as a saint, and a pretty little village outside of Paris was named after him, Saint Cloud.

About this time, Benedict, an Italian monk, began to found monasteries among the hills of his own country, and later in France. His motto was: "It is honorable for a man to work with his hands." This teaching was a great blessing to France, for the lazy Frankish noblemen looked

with contempt upon the peasants, whose hands were black and hard from laboring in the fields. The monasteries founded by the monk Benedict were called after him, Benedictine. They were soon filled with hundreds of men who flocked to them to join in Benedict's four great tasks,—: working, singing, building, and writing.

But this was chiefly a period of wars and crimes, when the people of Gaul were far from being happy. Finally, Dagobert, a grandson of one of the cruel brothers of Clovis, became king, and affairs began to improve. He set up a splendid court at Paris, making friends of the nobles and giving them gifts of land for their homes. He reissued the Frankish laws, and journeyed through his land to see that these laws were justly administered. Thus his people came to know and love their king, because he did so much for their good.

He delighted also in beautiful buildings. A short distance from Paris he built an abbey, which is standing today, and named it after Saint Denis, who had been one of the first Christian martyrs in Gaul. Here in this church lies buried the good King Dagobert, the greatest of the Merovingians.

The kings who followed Dagobert were weak and almost powerless. They lived in poverty stricken country houses where they held miserable court. Their subjects seldom saw them, for they went out among the people

only on state occasions, and then rode in a cart drawn by oxen and driven by a cowherd. They soon lost what power they had, because of their laziness, and bear the name in history of "the do-nothing kings."

Pepin The Short

Since the Merovingians were now mere shadow kings, some of the more capable officers began to govern in their stead, under the name of Mayors of the Palace. At last, one of these men, Pepin, became ambitious to be called king, but he feared to seize the crown, for the people still clung to the long-haired Merovingians as their rulers. So Pepin sent this message to the Pope at Rome:—

"Who ought to be king,—the man who is powerless, but who bears the name; or he who holds not the name, but all the power?"

The Pope's answer ran:—

"The man who holds the power ought also to bear the name of king."

So the last Merovingian had his long hair cut off and was led sadly away to a monastery, while Pepin was crowned king of France with great pomp in the cathedral at Soissons.

Pepin must have been a very small man, for he was nicknamed "Pepin the Short." The nobles used to make fun of him because of his size, and say to one another that such a little man could not be brave and strong. But one day the king taught them a lesson. He was seated with his nobles at a spectacle in the amphitheater, when a lion

burst forth into the arena and sprang upon a bull. Up rose the little king and shouted:—

"Frankish nobles, who will separate the two beasts?"

No one moved. Pepin waited an instant, then rushed into the arena and, with a single blow of his sword, cut off the head of both the bull and the lion. After that no one dared laugh at his size.

Pepin's reign was full of wars and struggles. When the king of the Lombards marched against Rome, the Pope fled in terror to Gaul. Pepin received him kindly, treated him with great reverence and promised to go with his own troops to fight the Pope's enemy. True to his pledge, he crossed the Alps and defeated the Lombards. The lands that the Lombards had conquered were surrendered to Pepin, and he, being a noble-minded king, gave them back to their rightful owner. A year later the Lombards again attacked Rome. Loudly the Pope called for his Frankish champion, and once more Pepin went into Italy and defeated the Lombards.

Pepin found much to busy himself with in his own land, too. He discovered that all the schools had died out except those for boys who were to become priests. He found there were few laws in his kingdom. So he set out to improve his realm and bring all his people under his guidance and control.

Charlemagne

Charles, who ruled after the death of his father, Pepin, was such a grand and noble king that he not only won for himself the name of Charlemagne, which means "Charles the Great," but also gave the name of Carlovingians to all the kings of his family who ruled after him.

He spent his boyhood on one of his father's large estates, learning battle songs, riding off to the chase, and hunting the wild animals in the forests. But there was no school for the little Charles to attend, so when he grew up and became king he could neither read nor write. This was such a mortification to him that he began to study, as a man, what boys and girls study nowadays. He invited the learned men from all the different lands to come to read and talk to him. He studied hard, and at last learned both to read and to speak Latin, and to read Greek. But what was hardest for him was to learn to write. He had little time during the day to practice, so he kept a tablet under his pillow and when he could not sleep he tried to form the letters. But the task proved too hard. His fingers were so stiff that he gave up the attempt.

One day two Scotchmen knocked at the castle gate and said they had come to sell the king knowledge.

Charlemagne ordered them to be brought before him and asked what they meant.

"Let us have," they replied, "a schoolroom and some boys to teach. In return for this, you are to give us food and clothes."

Charlemagne, delighted, gave them a large room in the palace and a number of boys, some noblemen's sons and some peasant lads. Just then war called the king away, but on his return home he at once bade the Scotchmen bring before him all their pupils, and show him the work they had accomplished. The poor boys came carrying finished work, very well done, but the rich boys had nothing completed to show the king. Charlemagne turned to the industrious lads, his face shining with joy.

"My children," he said, "you have done your duty. Go on working, and when you are men, I will give you lands and important offices."

Then his face darkened as he turned to the others, and he cried in a stern voice:—

"Idle young noblemen, you trusted in your wealth and birth, and disobeyed me. Know now that if you do not make up for this idleness by good hard work, you may never expect anything from me."

Charlemagne loved justice. He punished many robbers, and always protected the honest people. He had all the old and the new laws written down, so that they should not be forgotten. He even had a great bell hung

outside the castle that could be rung day or night, by any one demanding justice.

There is a story that once a bony, lame old horse, gnawing at the moss on the gate pulled the bell and rang it. Charlemagne called the master of the poor animal before him, and leading out the horse said:—

"Do you not blush to drive out into the highway to die a beast that has grown old serving you? Take the horse back, feed and care for him, or fear my wrath."

But the king was often called away from his schools and courts to go to war. An old monk has written a description of the approach of Charlemagne with his army. At first it was "like a black cloud—but as the emperor drew nearer and nearer the gleam of arms caused to shine on the people shut up within the city a day more gloomy than any kind of night. And then appeared Charles himself, that man of steel with his head incased in a helmet of steel,—his hands garnished with gauntlets of steel,—his left arm armed with a lance of steel which he held aloft in the air. And what shall we say of his boots? All the army were wont to have them of steel. His horse was of the color and strength of steel. All those who went before the monarch, all those who marched at his side, all those who followed after, even the whole mass of his army, had armor of the like sort. The fields and highways were covered with steel; and the points of steel reflected the rays of the sun; and this steel, so hard, was borne by a

people with hearts still harder. The flash of steel spread terror throughout the streets of the city. What steel! Alack, what steel!"

Ever conquering, Charlemagne soon had a kingdom twice as large as his father's had been. In the year 800 he went down into Italy, as Pepin had done, to aid the Romans against the Lombards. The Pope received him at the gates of Rome, and Charlemagne, like a pilgrim, visited all the churches in the city. On Christmas Day he attended mass in St. Peter's, and as he was kneeling in prayer the Pope placed a crown on his head while all the people shouted: "Long live Charles Augustus, crowned by God the Emperor of the Romans!"

The last years of Charlemagne's life were spent in protecting the far-lying borders of his realm. Many were the long wars that the bordering people made upon him. When he felt that he was too old to reign longer, he called an assembly of the Franks, and crowned his oldest son, Louis, emperor in his stead. He then passed his last months in Aix-la-Chapelle, a city which he had founded himself and loved dearly. He caused great baths to be built here in imitation of those of the ancient Romans. Charlemagne was fond of swimming, and often invited his sons, his friends, and sometimes his soldiers, to come and bathe with him. There were often as many as five hundred people bathing together in the royal bath.

Charlemagne loved the hunt, also, and after he had given over the cares of his kingdom to his son Louis, he often rode into the forest of Ardenne. But with winter his strength failed him. A fever came on and the king sank lower and lower.

He died in 814, and was buried in his cathedral at Aix-la-Chapelle.

Roland and His Good Sword Durandal

Of all the knights of Charlemagne's court none was so well beloved by the king as Roland. He loved Roland not alone because he was his nephew, but because he was the bravest and strongest of all his knights. When Roland was only a squire riding into battle unarmed, he had shown such courage and strength that the king had him knighted upon the field. Nor did he give him on that day any ordinary sword, but one set with jewels, whose blade flashed like fire, and which bore the motto, cut deep into its steel, "I am Durandal, which the Trojan Hector wore." And as the young boy with his hand on the sword took the oath of knighthood, great was the rejoicing among the king's men, for all loved Roland. Only one of the knights, Ganelon, stood in the background, a dark scowl on his face. He was jealous that so young a lad should have golden spurs laced to his ankles. He was jealous of the wonderful sword, and jealous of the king's favor. Within his heart he was already plotting how he could do Roland an injury. For years he tried in vain to bring him harm, for Roland could ride a horse and hurl a lance as no other knight. But, at last, in the old age of Charlemagne, Ganelon's chance came. The white-haired king was weary of war and sent Ganelon to the Moors to treat for peace. As the mounted knight rode down through Spain he

turned over in his mind how the opportunity had now come to slay Roland. In his jealousy against Roland he even became a traitor to the king. Instead of bringing Charlemagne's message, these are the words he spoke to Marsilius the Moor.

"Charlemagne, my mighty lord, is old. The years of his life are numbered. But at his side rides his nephew, Roland, who is to be feared above ten thousand men. Now send ye a great store of wealth to the king, with promises that at Michaelmas ye will come to Aix and, accepting his faith, do him homage for Spain. My white-haired king is tired of this long war. He will hear these words with gladness and return to France." Then Ganelon lowered his voice so that Marsilius alone could hear his words. "On the homeward march through the mountain passes Roland shall take the rear guard. A hundred thousand Moors could easily o'ercome him there."

These words were enough. Laden with riches the false knight rode back with his false promises to the king.

Thus it was that in the pass of the Vale of Thorns, as Roland was guarding the rear line of march, his trusty brother-in-arms, Oliver, came to him, crying:—

"Roland, Roland, blow thy horn for the king to come back to our aid! The Moors are following us."

"If battle there must be, my sword Durandal will protect us. Roland begs aid of no man," was the proud knight's reply.

Three times Oliver besought him to wind his horn, and three times Roland refused. The pagan host swept upon them, and Roland and Oliver, giving the war cry of Charlemagne, led their men into the unequal fight. Little by little the battle went against the French, but not until every man was slain did Roland blow his horn for help. The hero himself was wounded in a dozen places. From afar he heard the six hundred trumpets of Charlemagne's host reply to his call, but he knew he could not live to see the king. With his ivory horn in one hand and his sword in the other, he climbed a little hill and lay down beneath a pine tree. As he looked upon the gleaming blade of his sword a great fear came over him lest the pagan Moors should find and seize it. Gathering all his strength he strove ten times to break the steel against a mighty rock. The rock was shattered to atoms, but the sword was as bright and whole as ever. Bravely then he placed his true sword and horn beneath him, and lay down with his face towards the foe. Thus did Charlemagne find him and bring the dead hero's body and arms back to France, the country that he had so long and loyally served.

Nor did Ganelon live to enjoy his triumph. He was riding by the king's side when the clear note of Roland's horn was heard in the distance. When Charlemagne turned to give the order for the army to ride at full speed to Roland's aid, Ganelon put his hand on the king's rein. "Roland is but boasting of a hare that he has caught," he cried scornfully. The good king read the look of treason in

Ganelon's face. He ordered his men to unarm him, and hold him prisoner until he should return.

The sight that met Charlemagne's eyes in the Vale of Thorns convinced him of Ganelon's treachery. When the latter was brought before the king for trial Charlemagne turned to his knights:—

"Of what punishment is he worthy who betrayed my kingdom for gold, and who treacherously took from me twenty thousand of my host, and my nephew, the brave knight Roland?"

And one word rang through the great hall, sent up from many throats:—

"Death! Death! Death!"

Sea Dragons from the North

Charlemagne had been such a noble man and such a hero in war that all the different nations in his great empire looked up to him and admired him. Louis inherited his father's love of learning but none of his spirit in war. He looked in horror upon the rough, barbarous soldiers. Such an amiable and gentle king he was that his people called him Louis the Pious. Louis had three sons, and when they were old enough he gave them each a portion of his kingdom, for he little liked protecting such an immense realm as his father had left him. But this only brought on more wars. The sons became dissatisfied with their portions, and one by one they rose against their father. At last, on a great plain, ever since called "The Field of Lies" because here the three sons broke all their promises to their father, they defeated him in battle. The poor old man was led from the field into a church, and there forced to kneel before his wicked sons and read a long list of his sins. Then they tore off his royal armor and, dressing him in the robe of a penitent, led him to a monastery, where he spent his few remaining years. Perhaps he was happier there, living peacefully among the monks, who were the most learned men of their time. His sons now fell to fighting one another, and many years of cruel warfare followed.

Meanwhile, the people of France were being terror-stricken by strange looking boats, full of armed men, that were sailing up their rivers.

These boats were the ships of the Norsemen. A good east wind, which filled out their sails, brought them in three days from Denmark to the coast of France. Sea dragons they were called, and sea dragons they were in very truth. As in the wild hordes of the Huns, horse and man seemed but one creature, so did the Norsemen and their peaked-prowed ships appear equally united. The boats were lightly built, and though the Norsemen lost many a crew in the storms, the survivors still sailed over the surging seas and laughed in scorn at wind and wave.

Norway was the home of these wild men, but they had long neglected their fields to roam the sea. Wherever the sea could take them, there they went with flying sail and gleaming oar. And when winter came they drove their long keels ashore and plundered the land.

Their favorite hunting ground was England, but they soon discovered that another fertile country lay across the channel. With terror the French peasants now saw the Norse pirates coming upon them, singing strange songs about the tempest and the hurricanes.

One winter, when the emperor, Charles the Fat, was away in Germany, seven hundred of the Norse boats sailed up the Seine and attacked Paris. Three brave captains in Paris called together the people, bade them

fortify their walls, and be of good cheer for the emperor would surely come to their aid. Eighteen months the citizens of Paris stayed within their city throwing down stones, arrows, and boiling oil on the Norsemen. For eighteen months they grew thin and hollow-eyed for lack of food, and still they did not lose heart. Then Charles the Fat came. The Parisians anxiously awaited to see the royal troops put to flight their hated foe. But the feeble emperor had another plan.

"I beg you to tell me," he said to the Norse leaders, "how much silver I must give you to make you leave the city unharmed?"

"Seven hundred pounds," was the reply.

When the people of Paris heard of this, they broke forth in rage from their city and single handed drove the Norsemen from the Seine. The weak old Emperor Charles had no desire to live among such warlike people. He went quietly back to Germany.

The Norsemen never besieged Paris again. They began to settle the country at the mouth of the Seine, and gradually, losing their warlike ways, they filled their province, called Normandy, with cultivated fields and fortified towns.

Charles the Fat had chosen the wisest course. The French people were very angry because he declined to fight the Norsemen, and had their revenge by refusing now to own him as emperor. They began to look for another ruler.

There was in France at this time many a great chief who lived in a strong castle built on a high cliff and overlooking wide valleys. In the morning these chiefs rode forth from their castles on prancing horses to fight or hunt, and returned at evening to feast in their large dining halls. These halls were very long, with high walls on which hung the ancestral armor, and trophies won in battle. At one end of the room on a long platform sat the lady of the castle with her daughters, winding or spinning yarn, and near by were the minstrels with their harps, who played and sang till the roof re-echoed.

When the chief went out and walked about his wall, he saw hundreds of peasants' cottages below in his fields. These peasants had come to him at the time of the war with the Norsemen, and said:—

"Good knight, if you will protect us from these terrible barbarians, we will till your fields and sow your grain,

when you are away at war, so that your barns shall still be full when you return."

And the chief had answered:—

"So be it. If you will care for my fields, I will defend you from the Norsemen."

One of the bravest of these chiefs was Hugh Capet, so the French chose him now as king. Although a brilliant soldier, Hugh Capet was very modest. He felt he was no wiser than the other chiefs, even though he was king, so he was very kind to every one and ruled quietly but well.

His son, Robert, was like the weak son of Charlemagne. He was a good-natured fellow, caring little for war, but fond of singing, and fonder still of his books. One day while at mass, he saw a priest come in and steal the silver candlesticks on the altar. The king was foolish enough to cry out:—

"Friend Ogger, run for your life before you are discovered. Here is money enough to help you on your way."

Another time when he had some poor men come in and eat at his feet he discovered, after they were gone, that one had cut a golden ornament from his robe. The queen was very angry, but Robert only laughed and said:—

"Poor fellow, he needed it more than I."

These stories show us that he was by no means the kind of man to make a wise king. He lacked the vigor and

power to make France a great country. The chiefs were incessantly fighting one another, so that the homes of the peasants were constantly plundered and burned. Robert did not try to stop this petty warfare. Then as the year 1000 was approaching many people feared that the end of the world was coming. Many sold their lands or gave them away to the church. Some went on pilgrimages to the Holy Land. Many thought they saw strange sights in the heavens. All France was in confusion.

The Crusades

It was customary for a man in those days, if he were in great danger, to vow that if God preserved him in safety, he would go on a pilgrimage to some holy shrine where lay the bones of a blessed saint. The holiest shrine of all was at Jerusalem,—the Holy Sepulcher where Christ had been buried. It was a long way to go, for the pilgrims had to travel mostly afoot, or on mules, but still many men in those days were wont to take up the staff, and, putting on the cloak of a pilgrim, make their long and wearisome way to this sacred spot.

But one day the news reached Europe that the pagan Turks had captured the Holy City, so it was no longer safe for pilgrims to go there. Later, word came that the Turks were desecrating the holy shrine. The Pope was greatly troubled and called a large meeting at Clermont in Auvergne. Thither Christians rushed from various countries. Many had to come from afar and pass through strange lands whose language they could not speak, but if ever they wished to inquire the way they needed but to form the cross with their fingers, and old and young, rich and poor, knew whither they were bound.

At this great meeting at Clermont there was a pilgrim who had just returned from Jerusalem. He was a short,

thin-faced little man, dressed in rough garments, but when he began to speak and the light came into his bead-like eyes, the crowd was breathless, and when he ceased speaking they cried:—

"It is the will of God that we go to capture the Holy City from the Turks!"

Many rushed forward, on the spot, and had their shoulders marked with a cross, made of two strips of cloth, which was a sign that they promised to go to Jerusalem and fight against the infidels. Peter the Hermit, for that was the name of the enthusiastic pilgrim, traveled through the land, drawing crowds about him wherever he spoke, and gathering many followers. At length, under his leadership, the crowd of zealous pilgrims started to win back their great shrine, the Holy Sepulcher.

There were hundreds of men, women and children in this crusade. Peasants, workmen, priests and whole families started without arms and without provisions. The poor little children found the journey very long and tiresome. Every time they saw the tall spires of a city in the distance, they turned anxiously to their fathers or mothers asking:

"Isn't that Jerusalem?"

Some of the farmers had hitched their oxen to carts, so their wives and children could ride, but most of the crusaders had to go afoot. Many there were who died, worn out by the hardships of the way, or from sickness.

None of those who had started out so bravely ever reached the Holy City.

But the next year a grand army of crusaders set out, led by Godfrey of Bouillon, and although many perished on the way, a large number came safely to Jerusalem and started to attack the infidels. The Turks made a brave defense. From the tops of their walls they poured down a mixture of burning oil and sulphur upon the heads of the besiegers. Jerusalem was taken only after a siege of five weeks. The crusaders rushed into the Holy City and began to kill all the Turks there. It is said the horses were stained with blood up to their knees. Godfrey tried to restrain his people, but they paid no heed to his commands. Then he threw down his arms, and fell on his knees before the Holy Sepulcher bewailing the hard-heartedness of the crusaders who called themselves Christians. When they saw Godfrey's anguish they began to feel ashamed of themselves. They dismounted, washed off the blood from their armor, climbed the hill of Calvary on foot, and knelt before the tomb where Christ had lain.

When the council was held to see who should be king of Jerusalem, Godfrey was chosen, but he refused to be crowned.

"I am unworthy to wear a crown of gold, when Christ wore a crown of thorns," he said.

This was the first great crusade in history.

The French Children's Crusade

One summer afternoon long ago, in these days of crusades, a little shepherd lad was sitting on the hillside watching his sheep. A tiny lamb had just wandered from the fold and the boy had chased it and brought it back safely to its mother. Hot and breathless from his long run, he threw himself down on the cool grass in the shade and shut his eyes. When he opened them again he found a stranger bending over him. He wore a long cloak about his shoulders, sandals laced across his bare feet, and carried a staff in his hand.

The shepherd boy sprang to his feet. He had heard about the crusades, but he had never before seen a real pilgrim. "Good lad," the old man at last spoke, "can you tell me where I can get a bite of food? I have come a long way and am faint with hunger."

Stephen, for that was the shepherd boy's name, opened his leathern wallet and drew forth a piece of dry bread and some cheese. "Take my supper," he cried, "for I am not hungry. But tell me, have you really been on a crusade, and have you truly seen Jerusalem?"

The pilgrim sat down on the grass beside the boy, and ate the bread and cheese silently. But when he had finished he turned to Stephen.—Yes, he had been on a

crusade, and he told the boy all about it. As he spoke of the Holy City and the fighting with the Turks, the boy's eyes grew large and bright with excitement. The pilgrim then drew nearer and put his arm on Stephen's shoulder.

"My lad," he said slowly, "I am come here not to tell you of my life but of yours. You have been called to preach a children's crusade. You shall gather the children of France together and lead them to Jerusalem. This is the will of God."

Then picking up his staff he left a very much astonished little shepherd boy sitting on the hillside. But Stephen did not sit there long. He soon ran home to tell his bewildered parents the strange story. The next morning he began to preach to the children in the village.

But Stephen soon decided to leave the little village and go to Paris. You will remember the church of Saint Denis, the patron saint of Paris. It was here, in this church, that Dagobert and all the French kings that came after him had been buried. Here, too, was kept the sacred oriflamme, the holy flag of the French realm. And here it was that the twelve year old Stephen, his shepherd's crook in his hand, and his wallet at his side, began preaching the Children's Crusade.

Never had there been such excitement among the children of any land. Other lads sprang up in other villages to preach the same Children's Crusade. Young nobles came from their castles, and peasant children from the hay

fields to form in bands to march to Palestine. At their head went a youth carrying a flag made like the oriflamme, the symbol of Saint Denis. Vendôme was the gathering place selected by Stephen, and in June some fifteen hundred boys and girls were found there ready for the crusade. Many of their fathers and mothers, with tears in their eyes, begged the children to come back to their homes, but the children pointed to the red crosses on their shoulders, and replied, "God wills it."

So finally the day dawned when the crusade should start. Stephen rode at the head of the ranks in a chariot, with a canopy to keep off the sun. An escort of noble youths rode at his side to guard him, and to carry out his commands. But most of the children came afoot, carrying flags and singing hymns as they marched. It was a terrible crusade. The children were not used to the long days of tramping in the hot sun, and many hundred of them died along the way. They were journeying toward Marseilles where Stephen had seen in a vision that the Lord would open up a dry way for them across the sea. In vain they watched the blue water for this path to open. At length two merchants offered to take them in their ships. Great was the rejoicing now. "This was what the vision had meant," Stephen cried. God would protect them and bring them to the Holy Land.

Amid singing and flying of banners the children embarked in the seven vessels. The wind filled the white

sails and thousands of French boys and girls waved farewell to their native land.

How little they dreamed that they were in reality saying farewell, never to return. A terrible storm arose and two of the vessels were wrecked off the coast of Italy and went down with all on board. The others sailed madly on, but not to Jerusalem.

The merchants who owned the ships were slave dealers. They bore the innocent children to the coast of Africa, and there sold them all into slavery. Not one came to the Holy Land. Not one returned to France. Did Stephen drown at sea or was he sold into slavery? No one knows. This was the sad story of the French Children's Crusade.

Louis The Young

The French king, Louis VI, did not go on crusades. He took advantage of the fact that his powerful neighbors and nobles were away to establish peace and justice within his own kingdom. He put to death robbers and highwaymen, and aided the peasants until the people came to look upon him as their champion. So, slowly, the idea of kingship rose in the minds of the people, and the king became for them a great example of a brave, generous knight. Louis VI also strengthened his kingdom by marrying his son, afterwards Louis VII, to Eleanor of Aquitaine, the little daughter of one of his richest and strongest nobles. When the king returned to Paris after this wedding, he was taken ill and died, so the bride and groom found themselves king and queen.

This young monarch had been brought up by the monks and he always cared more for his church than for his kingdom. Early in his reign, while he was besieging an enemy's tower, he found that his soldiers had burned down a church whither many women and children had fled for refuge. The cries of the suffocating people rang in the ears of the king night and day, until he finally decided that he would make atonement for this awful deed by a crusade. When Louis' minister, Suger, a very wise man, heard that the king had made this vow, he was much

troubled, for he knew that Louis was sadly needed at home in his own kingdom. He might have persuaded Louis to give up the crusade had not a zealous monk, Saint Bernard, just at this time been fired with the desire to go to the Holy Land. This monk was even more eloquent than Peter the Hermit. He not only aroused the people in his own land, but also journeyed throughout Germany where the people could not understand his words, but were kindled with enthusiasm from the light in his eyes and the ring in his voice. The king, in spite of all Suger's wise words, could not resist the magnetic Saint Bernard. On Easter Day, 1146, the monk preached before the king and queen, and many of their knights and nobles. When the words died from his lips the whole assembly sprang to their feet crying: "Crosses! Crosses!" Some of them even tore strips from their clothes and laid them crossed on their shoulders.

So another great crusade was started. Its story is full of sadness and disappointments. The queen was not content to go without carrying with her all her fine robes, her waiting women, her jesters, and her minstrels. It was a queer looking band of pilgrims that came from the palace to join the crusades. But the queen and her company did not stay long with them. She wearied of the tedious journey and declared that she could not love Louis, since he was more a monk than a king. So she left him and later the Pope freed her from her marriage.

Meanwhile Louis and his army of men, women, and children, who were footsore and sick, dragged themselves slowly across the land. At length they came to a seaport where some vessels were waiting to carry them to Jerusalem. But, alas! there were not ships enough. Louis and his nobles set sail, leaving the rest to come as best they might. Thus the king and his handful of followers were the only ones who reached the Holy City. And what could they do when they got there? Nothing but offer prayers, for their army was too small to fight. Louis came back a degraded, miserable old man, only to find new troubles awaiting him at home. His former queen had married Henry II, King of England, and she was only too glad to stir up quarrels between him and Louis.

When Louis the Young died, he might better have been called Louis the Old, for he had reigned fifty years. He left one little son whom he had named Philip, the Gift of God.

Philip, The Gift of God

One day, soon after Philip Augustus, the fifteen year old king began to reign, his nobles found him sitting in his garden gazing straight before him. When they asked him of what he was thinking so deeply, he replied at once:—

"I am wondering if I can ever raise France to the height she attained in the days of Charlemagne."

This was his great ambition during all his reign. But he did not merely *think* about it; he went to work first to make the city of Paris more beautiful and more healthful. He widened and paved the streets, which before had been mere gutters. He founded hospitals, and began to build the cathedral of Notre Dame.

He carried on wars, too, with enemies who threatened to take away parts of his kingdom, but so successfully did these wars end that Philip's kingdom was increased thereby.

Then came the word, spreading like wildfire, throughout Europe, that Jerusalem was again attacked by infidels. A third crusade was started. The German emperor went with his army. Richard, King of England, called the "Lion-hearted," joined him, and persuaded Philip to raise an army and go too. But as they traveled on from day to day; Philip's thoughts were not on the Holy

City, but on his own city of Paris and his beloved France. He longed to go back to her. At last the opportunity came. He and Richard had a quarrel and refused to go further together, so Philip himself left the crusade and came home. His army, however, marched on with the rest and fought bravely for Jerusalem. Philip disliked Richard and the English so heartily that he probably would have made war upon England, had not the Pope made him promise that he would not attack that country while her king was on a crusade. Philip, however, did all that he could to prevent Richard from returning. He made friends with John, Richard's brother, who was regent of England while Richard was away, and tried his best to make him hate his brother. Later, when Richard was taken prisoner by the Duke of Austria, Philip even sent money to the duke to keep Richard in prison longer. But the English people ransomed their king and he came home to wage war with Philip.

It was not a long war, for Richard was shot by an arrow while besieging a French castle. John, Philip's friend, now became king of England. But Philip no longer held him as friend. He knew John was weak and cowardly and so he continued the war, hoping to win back the provinces that Eleanor had given England when she forsook Louis the Young and married the English monarch. Philip's hopes were fulfilled. John was no fighter, so Normandy, Brittany, Maine, and parts of Anjou and Touraine, once more became French provinces.

Still Philip was not content with the size of his country. This time he went to war with Flanders and the German emperor, who had been troubling his border lands. The great battle in this war took place at Bouvines.

Before this battle Philip drew up his whole army and had the priests say mass. Then, when Philip rose from his knees, he took the crown from his head and placing it on the altar said:—

"My counts and my barons, if you believe this crown would be better worn by any of you, I will gladly give it up."

Shout after shout went up for the noble Philip Augustus, King of France, and the troops went into battle, ready to win or die for him. The victory that day was for the French and their brave leader. The German emperor fled from the field, leaving behind his beautiful war chariot, and the troops of the enemy were all put to rout.

Philip's return to Paris was one long triumphal march. From all the churches as he passed came the chants of the priests giving praises to God for the great victory of the French; from the towers sounded the bells, and the streets re-echoed with the beating of drums. The houses were hung with tapestries and banners. The roads were strewn with green branches and fresh flowers, and the people crowded to the roadside to see their king pass by. At Paris a great number of priests and scholars came to meet him, singing songs of thanksgiving. Never was Philip prouder

or happier than as he moved along, at the head of the procession, through the beautiful streets of his capital. The joyful crowd passed on to the new cathedral of Notre Dame, where a Te Deum celebrated Philip's victory, for which all France had fought and was now rejoicing.

Thus, while Philip never increased his kingdom to the size of Charlemagne's, still he enlarged it, built many schools and public buildings, beautified Paris, and won the love of his people.

Saint Louis (IX)

The son of Philip Augustus died after a very short reign, so Philip's little grandson Louis, a lad of only eleven years, became king. But as he was too young to reign, his mother, Blanche of Castile, a very beautiful and wise woman, ruled for him.

"Beware, my boy," she often said to the small king, "of ever doing or saying anything that you would be ashamed to have the whole world know."

She often called together Louis, his three small brothers, and their little playmates, and taught them herself. She told them many stories. Some were about the good men and women in the Bible; some about the brave knights that had fought for Jerusalem, and then again stories about the great kings who had governed their own dear France. So Louis grew up filled with the desire to be as good and noble a king as Charlemagne, and his own grandfather, Philip Augustus.

Soon after he began to reign himself, Louis was taken very seriously ill. The whole land was thrown into mourning, for they feared that their good young king would die. But finally Louis opened his eyes, and asked for the cross. He was so weak that he could not do more than hold it in his trembling fingers, but his mother

understood. The tears came into her eyes, for she knew that Louis had made a vow that he would go to the Holy Land if God gave him his health again.

Louis did get well and remembered his vow. But he did not wish to go on the crusade alone. Finally he made his three brothers promise to go with him. Still he was not satisfied.

At length he devised a scheme to get his nobles to accompany him on the crusade. It was customary on Christmas Day for the king to give each of his courtiers a new cloak. So, the night before Christmas, Louis bade them all come to early mass the next day, and receive their gift then. Very early Christmas morning, while it was still dark, the king led the way into the dimly lighted church. Following came all the courtiers, and each one as he entered had a new cloak thrown over his shoulders. As the mass continued, the day began to break. The first rays of the sun that streamed in through the stained glass windows on the kneeling courtiers, showed them that each one had a red cross sewn on the sleeve of his new cloak. At first they were angry, but their love for their king was so great that many of them promised to go with him.

Louis and his army sailed for Egypt, for the Sultan of that country was now master over Jerusalem. At first the French were victorious, but soon they found that they had something worse than the armies to fight. The pestilence, a terrible disease common in warm countries, broke out

among the French troops. They could not fight longer, so many were taken prisoners, and many died of the sickness. Louis went around the camp himself, caring for the sick with his own hands. His calm, sweet face brought cheer wherever he went, and bound his men to him more strongly every day. In the midst of these disasters, he himself was taken prisoner. When France heard of this, hundreds of poor serfs and peasants started afoot to go and free their king. But long before they reached Egypt, the wiser people in France had ransomed Louis by raising a large sum of money. They hoped that their king would now come back to them, but Louis thought he had done so little that he was ashamed to face his people. He went on to Palestine with the poor remnant of his army, and for four years was busy rebuilding the walls of cities that the Turks had destroyed, and freeing many Christians who had been made slaves. At last the news of his mother's death called him home. He had made his crusade, but had refused to look upon Jerusalem, for he thought that a Christian king was not worthy to approach the city unless he could deliver it from the enemies of God. On his return to Paris, he caused the beautiful little Sainte-Chapelle to be erected as a shrine to contain the sacred relics he had brought back with him from the Holy Land.

For sixteen years, now, Louis stayed at home, ruling wisely and justly. He could not bear to have the poorest of his subjects treated with injustice, so he founded many courts. There was a large oak tree near his palace at

Vincennes, and in the summer he was often found sitting beneath this tree, judging the cases of any who wished to come to him. He also gave back many lands that former kings had taken unjustly. Justice was Louis' motto. He never made war with England and Germany, but tried instead to win the affection of their rulers. So largely did he succeed in this that foreign kings often sent their disputes to him to settle. Is it to be wondered at that the French loved their noble king and called him Saint Louis?

But although Louis remained quietly at home all these years, he had always worn the cross on his shoulder. His nobles knew that this meant that he thought his vow unfulfilled. At last he started on another crusade. The history of this sad journey reads very much like that of Saint Louis' first crusade. The awful pestilence came again upon the army, this time attacking Louis himself. He knew he was dying, so he called his son Philip to his bedside and said to him:—

"My son, above all things love God, and try to please him. Be good to the poor. Be just to every one. Never neglect your people. Farewell, my child."

So ended the crusades, with the death of the last royal crusader.

The Hundred Years' War

The kings that ruled after Saint Louis were neither good nor wise, but they married rich princesses and were successful in war, so they made France larger and stronger. Suddenly there was great alarm in the land. The king had died, leaving only daughters, and there was a law in France that no woman should govern the kingdom. So the nobles gave the crown to a cousin of the late king, Philip VI of Valois. But the king of England, whose mother was a French princess, began to call himself "King of France," and this led to a terrible war that lasted for a hundred years.

The first great battle was at Crécy. There, on a grassy hillside, the English had encamped, and Philip, when he heard of it, came marching hurriedly against them. As the French were approaching the English, a fearful storm arose. The sun was eclipsed. Great flocks of crows flew overhead in the sudden darkness. Presently the clouds cleared away and the sun shone forth, dazzling the eyes of the French. In spite of this Philip cried out:—

"Let the Genoese archers go first and begin the battle, in the name of God and Saint Denis!"

But the Genoese were tired from their long march, and their bowstrings were so wet that they could not stretch

them. Meanwhile the English bowmen came forward, fresh from their encampment and with dry strings, for they had hidden them in their helmets during the storm. They let their arrows fly so thick and fast that they fell upon the French like hail. The Genoese, dismayed, cut their strings and fled. Philip, in anger, ordered his army to advance and slay these cowards. Great was the confusion. The end was a terrible defeat for the French. The king was hurried off the field in the night and rode with five men back to the castle, where he woke the warden with the loud cry:—

"Open to the unfortunate king of France!"

Edward III, the English king, next led his army against a French coast town, Calais. The people of Calais shut their gates and refused to surrender. The English king then began a siege, and soon a little village grew up all around the wall of Calais, where Edward and his army lived for ten long months. The food in the city grew less and less every day. The people hoped and prayed that their king would come and save them, but Philip had no army left after the battle of Crécy. At last the men of Calais sent word to Edward that they would surrender.

"Then," said the English monarch, "let six of the chief citizens come to my camp, wearing halters round their necks, and bringing me the keys of the castle and the town."

Six of the brave men of the besieged city came forth as the king had ordered and, kneeling before him, begged for the lives of the people of Calais. But Edward was very angry because they had resisted him so long, and he swore that every one of them should be put to death. At this, even Edward's nobles, who were standing around, felt some pity for the miserable men of Calais, who were thin and pale as ghosts, and their faces drawn with sorrow, as they listened to the king. Edward alone sat unmoved, even after the six men had begged him:—

"Noble king, for God's sake refrain! You are called a generous sovereign. Forbear from doing this thing which shall blemish your renown."

The king, angrier than ever, called loudly for the hangman. Then the queen sprang from her seat beside the king, and knelt with the men. There were tears streaming down her face, as she pleaded in her soft voice:—

"Gentle sir! Since I crossed the sea in great peril to come to you, I have asked for nothing. Now I beseech you, for the love of me, that you will have mercy on these men of Calais!"

The king waited a moment, deep in thought, and then replied:—

"Dame, I would you had been in another place than here today. Your request is such that I cannot deny it. Take them and do with them as is your pleasure."

So the queen ordered them to come to her chamber, gave them new clothes, set before them food and drink, and when they had eaten told them that they were free.

About this time a terrible plague, called the Black Death, broke out in France. Five hundred people a day died in the hospitals of Paris. A truce was now signed between England and France. Edward, glad of the peace, went home, counting himself the victor, and still calling himself the king of France. Philip died soon after, having had a reign that was nothing but one long war.

King John, The Royal Hostage

War with England was resumed, however, when John, Philip's son, came to the throne. John thought himself a brave, noble knight, so he gathered an army about him and set forth to attack the English king, his son the Prince of Wales, and their soldiers, who were all encamped upon a rough hillside near Poitiers. Here he could easily have captured them all by besieging them, for no retreat was possible. But John wished for the glory of a battle. He drew up his line and advanced upon the enemy. The hill proved a defence for the English, and they had a noble leader in the fearless Black Prince, so called from the color of his armor.

From the first the English were successful and at the close of the battle they even took John prisoner.

"Take me to my cousin, the prince," he requested, and his captor led him to the commander's tent. The Black Prince treated the conquered king royally. At dinner he himself served John. But this could not make the French forget the bitterness of their defeat.

When the English ships bore their great French prisoner to London, John's son, Charles, became regent. He was called Charles the Wise, but he was really very foolish. He had always been a sickly boy, and indulgence

had made him cowardly and fond of pleasure. He loved ease, wealth, and comfort, and knew little how to help a land laid waste by war. The country was full of bands of lawless men, called free lances, who lived by stealing and plundering. Many of the inhabitants were poor and homeless, and worn out by this continued warfare.

Finally King John, who was still a prisoner in England, came to terms of peace with Edward, but the treaty gave so much French land to England that Charles the Regent refused to agree to it. He put the matter before some of his nobles and they, too, were unwilling to make peace at such a price.

When this answer came to King Edward, he was very angry and at once began to prepare for war. He sent over armies into France, and money to hire the free lances. Charles could not raise an army because he had no men. All he could do was to strengthen the fortifications of the land and wait for the English to tire themselves out. He himself stayed quietly at Paris.

King Edward marched through the land finding little food for his men and no French army to do battle with. He besieged the large city of Rheims, where he had hoped to be crowned king of France, but the city held out, and Edward was obliged to march away unsuccessful. Soon after this he again treated for peace, and, although the French lost much of their finest land, the news that peace was signed with England caused great joy in Paris. Edward

refused to free John, however, until a large sum of ransom money was paid. The French people were too poor to raise the required amount, but, finally, an Italian lord promised to pay the money in return for the hand of John's daughter in marriage with his son. The bargain was made, and John again became king of France.

But, although the war was ended, the free companies still wandered through the land terrifying the people. John tried in vain to stop them. He was just on the point of starting a crusade, hoping to take these restless fighters along with him, when he heard that his second son, Louis, left as a hostage with the English, had run away, and refused to return. John felt it his duty as king to take the place of the prince. His friends entreated him to remain in France, but John replied nobly:—

"Where should honor find a resting-place, if not in the heart of a king?"

So he again gave into Charles' hands the worries and troubles of his kingdom and returned a state prisoner to the English court. There he was hospitably received by the English monarch and kindly treated during the short time he lived.

When he died, Charles the Regent became Charles V of France.

Bertrand Du Guesclin, The Diamond in the Rough

When Charles the Regent heard that he was king of France, he realized that he must now become a man of action. He straightened up, threw back his shoulders and resolved to do his best for his country. He met the troubles John had bequeathed him face to face. War with the Black Prince of England was pending. The free lances were increasing daily and riding recklessly through the land. Many a king would have thought that he himself, whether a good soldier or not, should stand at the head of his army. Charles was wiser. He knew he was sickly and had no knowledge of warfare, so he set out to find the ablest soldier in the land to be his general. He found this man among the free lances, a brave knight, Bertrand du Guesclin.

Before Du Guesclin was born his mother had a very singular dream. She dreamed that she held in her lap a jewel box in which there was on one side a big piece of rough rock and on the other three sparkling diamonds, three green emeralds and three cream white pearls. She tried again and again to take out the rough stone and throw it away, lest it injure the other jewels. But try as she might she could never get it out of the case. Then she

began to polish it. Great was her surprise to see how bright it became. At last she saw that it was a diamond, the largest and most brilliant gem in the box. In the morning she remembered the dream and wondered what it meant, but no one could tell her.

Soon afterwards her oldest boy, Bertrand, was born, and after him many other brothers and sisters. Of them all, Bertrand, with his red hair and dark skin, was the homeliest and most quarrelsome. One day when he had been teasing his brothers and sisters, his mother would not let him come to the table, but made him eat his dinner in a corner by himself. The sulky Bertrand grew angrier and angrier. Finally he jumped from his chair and, running to the table, sprang upon it, breaking goblets and plates and spilling the soup and the wine. "I won't sit in the corner by myself. I want to sit here," he cried, dancing and jumping about the table.

His mother wept and wrung her hands. What should she do with this boy? At last she went to a nun, Sister Martha, and told her about her willful son. Sister Martha came to see the lad, and asked him to show her his hand. Then she looked straight into Bertrand's eyes, and said slowly: "You will grow up to be a wise and good man. No one in the kingdom of France shall be more honored than you."

Then Bertrand's mother thought of her dream and told it to Sister Martha. "Those jewels," replied the nun,

"are your children, your nine sons and daughters. And," she continued, laying her hand on Bertrand's shoulder, "this is the rough stone, that when it is polished shall shine most of all."

From this time Bertrand decided to learn to be a soldier, that he might some day fight for France. He formed a troop of his playmates, and together they besieged all the old houses in the town. He learned to read, too, for he wanted to know the stories of Cæsar, of Clovis and of Charlemagne. He learned to draw a bow, to break a lance, to use a sword, and to ride the most fiery horse. He knew no fear, and his reckless deeds made him the dread of the whole neighborhood.

One day Bertrand heard an exciting piece of news. A great wedding was to take place in the town and afterwards a tournament. At last he should be able to see a real combat. But keen disappointment was in store for him. His father rode forth to the jousts with all his horsemen, leaving Bertrand at home. "The boy is still too young," he had said. His eyes swimming with tears, Bertrand wandered out into the empty stable. One bony old horse was left in his stall. The boy dashed away his tears, flung a bridle about the horse's neck, and put on some rusty armor. Amid the jeers of the villagers and the barking of the dogs he rode off to the tournament.

As he drew near the field he pulled his visor down over his face so that no one should recognize him. For a long

time he sat astride his old horse, watching the knights on the field. But at length he could sit still no longer. The flashing swords set his blood on fire. There was a knight beside him riding a noble charger, and Bertrand begged him to let him borrow the horse that he might enter the lists. The earnestness of the boy's voice won the knight's heart, and a few moments later Bertrand was charging down the field.

When the tournament ended the heralds raised their horns and proclaimed that an unknown knight had conquered twelve times. The crowds gathered about the unknown victor and besought him to raise his visor. It was little Bertrand du Guesclin.

From that day Bertrand du Guesclin was a soldier. He joined the free lances, and in their ranks the king found him when he wanted a brave leader for his army.

Du Guesclin Fights for France

Du Guesclin was very proud to be the friend of the king and the leader of the French army. He went bravely into battle, and fought nobly and well. But the English had an even better general. The first time Du Guesclin met the English army he was not only defeated but taken prisoner as well. Charles knew he could not afford to lose his best soldier, so he paid the large ransom demanded without a word of complaint. The war with England was declared over.

Charles saw that now his kingdom would be harassed by the free lances. He called Du Guesclin to him and together they formed a plan to rid the country of these wild companies. Du Guesclin was to lead them all into Spain to take part in a civil war that was raging there. The free lances knew Du Guesclin and were delighted to fight in his army. Charles must have drawn a long sigh of relief when the sound of drums and the tramping of feet died away in the distance, and he knew that the free lances were marching out of France.

Success seemed truly to court Du Guesclin, until one fatal day the English came to help the defeated party in Spain. Du Guesclin met them and was again taken

prisoner. After he had been in captivity some time, he was taken before the Black Prince.

"I have decided," said the prince to Du Guesclin, "not to release you until the war is over."

Du Guesclin bowed his head. "I am honored," he replied. "I see now how greatly the English fear me."

The face of the prince darkened, as he retorted, "I will set you free at once, without ransom, for I esteem you, Du Guesclin, but I do not fear you."

"And I," answered Du Guesclin, no less proudly, "will take my freedom, but not without paying a ransom of ten thousand francs."

"How will you, a soldier knight, raise such a sum of money?" asked the prince, amazed.

"The king of France will give me money," Du Guesclin made reply. "There are a hundred lords in Brittany who will gladly sell their land to free me. And if that is not sufficient, every daughter of France will spin a distaff full for my ransom."

So Du Guesclin was set free.

From this moment success was with the French. The English soldiers sickened in the hot climate of Spain. The Spanish for whom they had fought refused to pay them. The Black Prince fell ill. Charles saw that the moment had come to drive the English from his land. Du Guesclin once more set out against them. But this time he knew better

than to risk an open battle. He simply starved the English out. The Black Prince was so ill that at the beginning of the war he was carried in a litter. Before the war closed he had to return to England, where he died.

On and on the French advanced, driving the English before them, or starving them out of their strongholds. While Du Guesclin was laying siege to one of these castles he fell ill of a fever and died.

The English captain had promised to surrender on a certain day, if no help came. The day came and he scanned the horizon in vain. At night he rode out to the French lines and said that he surrendered to Du Guesclin.

"Du Guesclin is dead," was the reply.

When the English captain heard this he asked to be taken to the tent of the dead general. He entered reverently, fell on his knees before the bier and laid the keys of his castle on Du Guesclin's breast.

"I surrender to Du Guesclin," he repeated.

Charles V was so grieved when he heard of the death of his great general that he had him buried in the Abbey of Saint Denis, among the kings of France. He chose another general, who carried on the war until the English were forced to give up all that they claimed in France, except a few towns. Soon after Charles V died.

He had ruled quietly but well, and fully deserved his title, "Charles the Wise."

Charles VI, The Mad King

Charles V, on his death bed, called his brothers to him and bade them take care of the young Prince Charles, who was about to succeed him. "He is only a boy of twelve," he said, "and there is great need that he have good training and teaching." But as soon as the king died, the brothers all fell to quarreling and paid little attention to the boy who was crowned Charles VI.

The four uncles were all greedy for power and riches. They stole the jewels and the silver services of the late king. Then, not content with this, they refused to pay the soldiers and levied high taxes on the people. Riots broke out in Paris, and foreign wars abroad.

In the meantime, Charles VI, who had been left to grow up by himself, cared for little else besides hunting and amusing himself. One day as he was riding with his courtiers through the forest, an old man in rags, and with long streaming hair, rushed out of a thicket crying: "King, go no further, thou art betrayed." The king rode on, but with a white and startled face. Suddenly a little page riding behind him fell asleep, and dropped his lance forward. As it fell, it struck the helmet of the rider in front. Charles hearing the clash of steel thought he was betrayed. Mad with fear, he turned upon his own nobles and killed four

of them. As he fought, he grew so wild that his attendants finally had to use force to restrain him, and they led him back to Paris bound hand and foot.

In time he recovered his reason, but no one could tell when the fit of madness would come again. Charles VI was fond of war, and collected an army and fleet to attack England. While he was busy over his preparations, however, the English ships sailed across the channel and destroyed the French fleet as it rode at anchor.

When news reached France that England was now preparing to invade their land, the son of the mad king laughed. He bought a set of tennis balls and sent them to Henry V of England, with the message that he was a madcap prince, and these balls were his fitting playthings. Henry V then made reply that he hoped to return each and every ball from the mouth of a cannon aimed at Paris.

At Agincourt, French and English drew up for a mighty battle. The French forces were five times as large as the English, and they rode into battle confident of victory. But so thick and fast flew the English arrows that the French found it impossible to advance. The battle ended by a terrible French defeat. Ten thousand of the bravest princes and nobles in the land lay dead on the field that night. The Dauphin escaped from the fight but died soon afterwards; and the king was mad, shut up in his palace. Truly, as an old monk wrote: "These were evil days for France."

Finally a treaty was made with England. It was agreed that Henry V should marry Katherine, the daughter of Charles VI, who should bring to Henry, as her dowry, all the French provinces that had once belonged to the English kings, and that at the death of Charles, Henry should become king of France as well as England. Henry rode in state to Paris and was married with great pomp in Notre Dame to the French princess. He was very kind to King Charles, and the king loved him more than he did his own sons. When the following winter news was brought him that Henry was dead, he wept and wrung his hands, crying: "Oh, my good son Henry!"

But a few weeks later, Charles himself died, and his body was carried to Saint Denis. The people mourned for him with true sorrow. He had always been kind and good whenever his madness left him, and he came to be known as "Charles the Well-beloved." "Ah, dear king," they mourned, "never shall we have any as good as thou wert; since thou dost leave us we shall have nothing but wars and sorrows." And the people spoke rightly.

The herald's voice proclaimed in the streets: "The king is dead. Long live Henry VI, King of France and England." But Henry VI was only a baby, and long before he grew to be a man, France had passed forever out of the hands of the English.

The Maid of Orleans

In the midst of these terrible war days, there was born in the little village of Domrémy a peasant girl, named Jeanne d'Arc. When she grew older she used to tend her father's sheep, and as she sat on the hillside, watching them day by day, she often looked out over the ruined houses and blackened fields and wondered if the English would ever come again to frighten her people and burn their peaceful homes. Her father, too, feared the same, and so taught his little daughter to ride a horse and to use simple weapons.

Later she heard that the dreaded English were back in France, not in her own village, but besieging the brave town of Orleans. News came that the Dauphin, who was now governing France, dared not go to Rheims to be crowned, because the English troops held the place. One day as Jeanne sat musing over all these rumors, wishing that she were a man so that she might go and fight for her country, she saw a vision and heard voices bidding her leave her home and deliver the Dauphin from his enemies, so that he might be crowned king. So loudly and so plainly did she hear these voices that she felt she must go to the French court at once. She was so poor that she thought at first that she must go afoot, but some kind neighbors gave her a horse. Then she put on men's clothing, instead of her

coarse red dress, cut off her long black hair and rode bravely off alone.

The journey was long and perilous, for the country was still full of robbers and free lances, but when it was over she found that her troubles had only begun. The nobles met her strange story with laughter and scorn, and refused to let her see the king. But finally her sweetness and gentle manner prevailed, and she was led into the presence of her sovereign. The story runs that the king, to test her, had put on the simple robe of a courtier, and stood among the rest of the nobles when Jeanne entered. But Jeanne went to him, without hesitation, saluted and said:—

"In God's name, it is you, sire, and none other."

There she stood, a simple shepherd lass; who could neither read nor write, before a roomful of men of noble birth, but she was not afraid, for she brought with her the faith that she was to save France. Gradually her soft voice, ringing with enthusiasm and loyalty, aroused the king and his lords, and he granted Jeanne her request—she was to go and relieve Orleans.

He gave her a big horse and pure white armor, and she herself sent for a sword having five crosses on the blade, that she had seen in a dream lying behind an altar in a certain church.

But at Orleans the people who were defending the city mistrusted her. They tried to hide their plans from her and

make a secret attack in the night on the enemy. But the shouts of war woke her from her sleep. She hastily called for her horse and galloped into the midst of the fight. The soldiers cheered her wildly and now even the unwilling captains were forced to listen to her. In the days that followed, Jeanne, though twice wounded, was always at the front, urging on the French and terrifying the English, who took her for a witch. She entered Orleans on Friday, and a week from the following Sunday the English had turned their backs forever on the city.

Jeanne did not linger to enjoy her triumph. Amid the tears of joy and the cheering of the people, she rode out of the city the next day to do the rest of her task,—to crown the Dauphin king of France. From far and near people came to see her, and a large army sprang up around her and the king, eager to march toward Rheims. Still the court delayed, for the nobles were jealous of Jeanne's glory; but she was firm in her faith and the people were with her.

The French first attacked the English who were holding Troyes. After a six days' siege the king was discouraged, for the food was growing very scarce, but Jeanne begged him to hold out two days longer. When he agreed, she mounted her horse and led the attack against the town. The English, in terror, opened their gates before the assault began. Thus the last difficulty was surmounted and the army marched safely to Rheims. Here the king was

crowned in the big cathedral, the brave, young peasant girl standing by his side.

Jeanne was now ready to go back to her father and mother, and the tending of her sheep, but the voices still called her to drive the English from the land. She stayed with the king and army, trying to hasten an attack on the English. But the indolent king, listening to idle tales from his jealous nobles, forgot all Jeanne had done for him and France, and began to believe that she was a witch. At last, in a battle with the English, Jeanne was captured and the king did not seek to ransom her. The English believed her to be a witch and tried her for sorcery. She was condemned to be burned at the stake. Thus she died for the country she so dearly loved.

The Hundred Years' War lingered on for many years. At length, in 1453, it came to an end, as the king of neither country was fond of war, and the people had long since wearied of it. Soon France and England forgot their bitter hostility in trying to solve the many problems that confronted them in their own affairs.

Louis XI, The Superstitious King

When the people of France heard of the cruel death of Jeanne d'Arc, they rallied bravely round their captains, and drove the hated English out of France.

Then the king, Charles VII, whom Jeanne had crowned, showed himself worthy of her hopes. He reorganized his country and army so skillfully that the king of England, who had possessed more than one half of France, was able to keep only one stronghold—the seaport of Calais. Louis, the king's eldest son, was born and grew up in the midst of these days. At the age of thirteen he had been married to a little Scotch princess, Margaret, one year younger than himself. But he was restless at court, and soon tired of his young bride, so his father sent him to govern a province. At first he enjoyed the work and endeavored to make his province the finest in the land, but before long he became restless again. He wanted to govern Normandy, a larger province. His father refused to allow him. Then Louis began to tax the people of his province until they complained to the king. More than this, Louis displeased his father by marrying again against Charles' wishes, his poor little Scotch bride having died.

Charles sent for Louis to come back to court. Louis did not like his father's friends, and refused to come. Charles cut down Louis' allowance, and at last sent an army against him. The Dauphin was now really alarmed. He had no soldiers to resist the king's army. There was but one thing to do—to seek safety in flight. This Louis did. He escaped to Brussels where the Duke of Burgundy took the penniless prince in and gave him a home and a pension. Louis' wife, Charlotte, who was so poor that she had only one torn dress to wear, joined her husband here; and here, in exile, their first little son was born. When the French king, who felt himself growing feebler day by day, heard of the birth of his grandson, he sent word to Louis to come back and be forgiven. But Louis had no love in his heart for his father. He refused to go. Madness came over the old king. He believed his son was sending him poisoned food, so he refused to eat, and soon died.

A messenger came galloping to Louis to tell him he was now king. Louis set out at once for France, begging Duke Philip to ride with him, for he did not know how he would be received by the French people. But he soon saw he had nothing to fear. His people flocked over the border to welcome him, and he was crowned at once Louis XI of France.

Louis looked little like a monarch. He was short, had small eyes, a long nose, and a cruel mouth. He wore his hair long, hanging over his shoulders, and pulled down over his head an old felt hat with leaden images of the

saints standing around the crown. He liked, too, to dress like the commoners, instead of wearing velvets and satins.

Before Louis had ruled many years, Philip of Burgundy died and his son Charles inherited all his dukedom. Charles was very greedy for wealth and power. He and Louis now forgot their old friendship, when Charles' father had taken into his home the fugitive prince, and they began a long war with each other. After the war had continued many years, Charles sent for Louis to come to his palace and talk over terms of peace, promising him safety while there. Louis came. While he was there, word came that Charles' city of Liège had revolted in favor of Louis. The duke, much enraged, imprisoned his royal guest. Louis, fearing that Charles would kill him, resolved to make peace at any price. He gained his freedom by promising to march with Charles against Liège. So they went forth together and the disgraced Louis had to stand by and see the loyal city laid in ruins. After this Charles let the king go back to Paris.

Here he did much for the city. He lowered the taxes and encouraged trade. He did not care much for books himself, but when he heard that the printing press had been invented, he had one brought to Paris. Up to this time books had all been written by hand, and had cost so much that only the very wealthy could afford to own them. One woman gave a whole flock of sheep for a single book.

In the meantime, Charles of Burgundy, called rightly Charles the Bold, had gone to Switzerland to try and join that land to his, but the Swiss fought too bravely to be conquered. Suddenly news came to Louis that Charles was dead. He had fallen in the midst of the fight. With this great rival gone, Louis felt new strength in his veins. One by one he suppressed all his nobles, making them acknowledge him their lord and master. But he was growing into a sour, suspicious and gloomy old man.

During his last years he shut himself up in a castle, round which ran a moat guarded with a trellis of iron bars. At eight in the morning the drawbridge fell, and the sentinels marched over and stood on guard as before a fortress. No stranger might enter except through a little wicket gate, by the king's special permission. Here the self-imprisoned king spent the last years of his life, walking up and down the long galleries, or stealing out into a tiny court for a breath of fresh air. To let the world know he was still alive, he sent to all the foreign lands for dogs or fine horses. No one was allowed to speak the word *death*. At last he grew so feeble that he knew he must be dying. He sent for his son Charles and begged him to be a good and wise ruler. "Give the country a rest from war," were almost the last words that fell from his lips. He had been very cowardly the latter part of his life, but he died bravely.

France and Bayard

Although Louis XI had cared little for his son, now Charles VIII, he had always loved his eldest daughter Anne dearly, so he gave to her and to her husband the charge of the little thirteen year old king. We do not know much about this good Anne of Beaujeu except that she gave France a period of peace and prosperity, worked faithfully and well until the young king claimed his power, and then handed it quietly over to him.

The new king was a dreamer. In his mind he saw the kingdom of France stretching far over the snow-clad Alps down into Italy. He knew nothing of war, but he had a splendid army and at its head he rode down into the coveted country. The Italians were a people very fond of beautiful pictures, fair landscapes and handsome men and women. When they saw the French king they were shocked at his ugliness. One Italian writer described him thus: "His head was big; his nose hooked and large, his lips rather flat, chin round with a kind of ditch in it, his eyes large and starting out of his head, his neck too short and wanting in stiffness, and his back broad." This was the prince who looked upon himself as a gorgeous knight riding down into Italy.

He thought his march was one long triumph, for the Italians, in no way prepared for war, opened their city gates to welcome him, and Charles rode proudly in, thinking himself a conqueror. Had he gone in as a friend the people might have liked him, but he was very cruel and so left behind bitter hatred. Down, down, into the very southernmost part of Italy, he marched, conquering city after city, so he thought. But when he had ended his march and had sent back word to France of his glorious conquest of Italy, he found that not only were the Italians in the north banding against him, but Spain and other countries were leagued with them. The other countries of Europe had no desire that France should become too powerful. As Charles marched home, he found the gates of the cities he considered his own shut in his face. Once he was forced, much against his will, to go into battle. At length, after great difficulties, he and a small part of his army reached Paris. The soldiers Charles left in the Italian cities either died of pest or escaped home by sea. Finally every Frenchman was driven out of Italy.

For many years the king who had caused all this disaster to his splendid army and brought so much suffering upon Italy, wasted his time traveling idly from place to place, holding merry tournaments in every town. Then grief came to him. His two baby boys died. A great seriousness came over Charles, and he listened eagerly to the teachings of the Church. He thought of good Saint Louis, and tried like him to establish peace and justice in

France. He held public audiences, when he sat for hours listening to the complaints of his people, particularly the poor. Remembering the beautiful pictures and buildings he had seen in Italy, he sent for Italian painters and architects to build a splendid palace at Amboise. Here he had hoped to live many days, but before the château was finished he died without an heir, leaving his throne to a distant cousin, Louis of Orleans, who thus became Louis XII of France.

Louis loved his people, and was so kind to his nobles and his peasants that he was called the father of his country. Some of the citizens of Orleans, who had complained of him as duke, and were afraid he would imprison them now that he was king, came humbly to ask pardon.

"Rise, sirs," was Louis' reply; "the King of France will not avenge the injuries done to the Duke of Orleans."

Like Charles, he went to war with Italy and was at first successful, but in the end he, too, was defeated. In all Louis' battles there was one very prominent figure, the Chevalier Bayard, who was called the "fearless and blameless knight." His fathers and grandfathers had all fought for the kings of France, and when Bayard was a little boy he used to say to his mother:—

"I, too, will carry arms like my father, and be a brave knight."

Not long after this, Bayard's uncle came to visit them, and offered to take the boy to town with him. The village tailor was sent for, and the good old man sat up all night to make clothes for the boy, working "on velvet, satin and other things needful to clothe a good knight." The next day Bayard, dressed in his fine new clothes, mounted his pony and was ready to ride out into the world. His mother came down into the courtyard of the castle to see him start. She brought him a purse of gold and a little packet of clean linen. With tears in her eyes she bade him good-by.

"Remember," she charged him, "to love and serve God; to be courteous to your elders and merciful to the poor; to tell the truth, and be loyal, brave, and generous always."

After kissing his mother good-by, Bayard trotted off by the side of his uncle, glad to leave behind him the dull castle and to go out in the world and learn to become a knight. For many years he was only a page in the household of the Duke of Savoy, but at seventeen he was an armed knight.

When France was at war with Spain, in one of the first battles, Bayard had two horses killed under him, and took a flag of the enemy. Soon no general wished to go to war without him, for his good humor and bravery delighted every one. One day he saved the whole army. The soldiers were encamped upon the bank of a river, when Bayard suddenly saw the enemy's cavalry approaching a bridge

which was poorly guarded. He called to his companions to come and help him, and rushed forth to meet the troop that was just reaching the bridge. Assailed on all sides, he leaned against a parapet and defended himself like a young lion. Then help arrived with the cry, "France and Bayard!" and, at the very name, the Spanish fled.

Francis I

When Louis XII died, he had no son to succeed him, so the crown went to a cousin, a young count, Francis of Angoulême, only twenty years old, who had married one of the daughters of Louis. Like Charles and Louis, Francis I wanted to rule Italy. Because his predecessors had failed, he longed the more to be victorious. So, gathering a mighty army, he moved with them over the Alps, so rapidly, and through such difficult, unknown passes, that the Italians, when they saw them, cried:—"Truly the French must fly over the Alps!" But when it came to a battle, the French were badly beaten. If night had not put an end to the fighting, their forces would have been cut to pieces. But Francis was a brave leader. All night he sat on horseback, sometimes almost alone, to be ready should the Swiss and Italians attack. As he sat there in the darkness, he could tell by the muffled voices about him that his men were gathering again. With the morning the enemy pressed forward to complete their victory, but the French stood firm, fighting with such bravery that the Swiss had to retreat. So after all the French won the day. Bayard, the noble knight, was there, and raising his sword above the king's head dubbed him "Sir Francis," because of his great courage in the battle.

This pleased the king very much, for, like Louis XII, he delighted in all the splendor of knighthood and chivalry. When he went back to France, he invited Henry VIII, King of England, to visit him. Henry did not come to Paris, but the scene of the meeting was a plain near Ardres, not far from Calais, which latter was still an English possession. Francis tried to amaze the English king by his wealth and splendor, and Henry sought to dazzle Francis by his own magnificence and that of his court, and for this reason the plain near Ardres has always borne the name of the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

The two kings were very friendly. Francis, with only two gentlemen and a page, rode into Henry's camp early one morning, and finding Henry still abed waited on him while he dressed. When the English king returned the visit, he saw some of the French soldiers wrestling, so he challenged Francis to try a fall with him. Francis was much the lighter weight, but he was quicker, and soon threw the stout Henry, much to the amusement of all witnessing the match.

While these two kings were making merry, the young Austrian emperor, Charles V, who had suddenly become master of Austria, Spain, and Germany, was quietly planning how he could join Italy to his possessions.

"Ever farther," was his motto.

The rest of Francis' reign was spent in long wars with this ambitious prince. Seldom were the French successful.

Once, in the battle of Pavia, Charles took the French king prisoner. So complete was the victory of the Austrians that Francis wrote home to his mother:—

"All is lost save our honor!"

These long wars cost much money and made France very poor. But the court was gay and brilliant. Young German princes were sent here to learn French manners. The king was extravagant in his tastes, and so long as he could get money he spent it freely. From some of the old bills we can see how it slipped through his fingers.

"For necessaries; for a splendid bronze horse and rider; for a diamond cross; for furs and velvets from Genoa; for rare trees to be planted in the gardens at Fontainebleau; for a menagerie,—eight horses, four camels, six ostriches, a lion, seven pairs of birds, and eight hares from Fez."

Then there were other bills, for type to print a poor poet's verses; to help scholars; to buy a horse for the royal cook, so that he might journey through the land with the king; and to pay the eighteen hundred workmen who for twelve years were employed on the great palace at Chambord.

Chambord had been but a bare fortress when Francis began to reign, but it was the king's idea to change it into a palace more beautiful than any he had seen in Italy. It was so large when it was completed that four hundred guests with their horses and servants could be entertained

there at one time. Around the castle were parks, terraces, gardens with open-air theaters, and tournament fields. There were woods stretching far away, filled with wild boars to hunt. All over the palace were secret towers and staircases. One very beautiful spiral staircase in the court greatly delighted Francis, because two people could ascend and descend it at the same time without seeing each other.

At Fontainebleau, too, Francis built another beautiful château, with gardens, orange groves, fountains, and green lawns smooth as velvet. Italian architects were brought to France to build this castle, and many art treasures from Italy were preserved within it.

The people loved Francis I because he did so much to make their country beautiful, and because "he loved to do a favor and see men leave his presence with their faces shining with gratitude."

The Period of Religious Wars

Now came the time of wars and persecutions. One king after another ruled over France, and all were troubled because their Protestant and Catholic subjects could not live peaceably together. The Protestants were called Huguenots, from a German word which means partners in an oath. They had left the Catholic church, which up to this time had been the one church in all France, because they wished a much simpler form of worship. But they were not content to meet in their own churches and worship in their own way. They went into the Catholic churches, tore down the images of saints, and broke the beautiful stained windows. Then the Catholics were angry and attacked the Huguenots. Both claimed that their religion was the better one, but neither party sought to prove it by showing themselves to be the more honorable, industrious, and charitable men and women. In vain one old man, Michel de l'Hôpital, the famous chancellor, who loved France, cried:—

"Cast aside these names of Catholic and Protestant, over which you are constantly quarreling, and keep only the common one of Christians."

The religious wars began. On both sides were splendid captains and brave men. Among the Catholics the greatest

leader was the Duke of Guise. Among the Protestants, Admiral Coligny was the best. Great battles were fought. At last, after much bloodshed, all seemed to be peacefully arranged. Catherine de Medici, who had married the son of Francis I, was queen mother of the young king, Charles IX. As a way out of these religious troubles, she offered one of her daughters in marriage to a young Protestant prince, Henry of Béarn in Navarre. Henry was a noble prince and much loved by his people. If you should go to Pau in southern France today, you could see the cradle in which Henry slept when a baby. But it was not made like most cradles, of wood or straw; it was the big shell of a tortoise. When Henry was a boy, his mother taught him herself, and sent him to play out on the hills with the shepherd boys, so he grew up to be a strong, healthy man. No wonder Catherine was pleased to have her daughter marry him.

At the wedding there were great festivities, and all the Protestant nobles were invited to attend. Admiral Coligny came, of whom the young king, Charles IX, was so fond that he used to call him "father." Three days after the wedding, Coligny was shot in the streets of Paris, presumably as the result of a Catholic plot. Catherine now feared that the Huguenots would try to revenge the admiral's death, and she frightened her son into thinking that he would be dethroned if he did not put all the Protestants to death. Charles hesitated, but at last replied:—

"Yes, kill them all. Do not let one be left to reproach, me!"

So on the eve of the feast of Saint Bartholomew the great bell of the church of Saint Germain, back of the Louvre, rang out at midnight, and then all the bells in Paris began to ring. This was the signal for the attack on the Protestants. The followers of the Duke of Guise, wearing white bands on their arms to distinguish them from the Huguenots, came forth and put all the Protestants to death. It was a terrible night. The young king never forgot it. In his dreams he was haunted by bloody faces, and at last he died, crying:—

"O God, forgive me. Have mercy upon me, if Thou canst."

The new king, Henry III, was a very strange man. What he cared most for was his fine clothes and his personal beauty. He even slept in a mask, for the sake of his complexion, and wore gloves to preserve the whiteness of his hands. Every day he stood over his queen while she had her hair dressed, to see that it was done in the most becoming fashion. Another hobby of his was little dogs. He used often to carry a basket of them around his neck. He had no children, so the people knew that the crown must pass from him to his cousin, Henry of Navarre. This angered the Duke of Guise and many of the Catholics, for Henry of Navarre was a Protestant. They formed a party to keep this Protestant prince from reigning. This made

three great political parties in France: first, the party led by the Duke of Guise, composed of those Catholics who were loyal to Henry III, but opposed to Henry of Navarre; second, the Catholics who were loyal to both Henrys; and, third, the Protestants. The Guises were so powerful that the king himself feared to stay in Paris, and he formed a plot to kill the duke. Greatly did he rejoice when he heard the news of the murder of the Duke of Guise. But his happiness did not last long. He himself was stabbed to death by a monk in disguise, who had gained admittance to Henry's private cabinet. Then Henry of Navarre was proclaimed Henry IV of France.

King Henry of Navarre

The new king had to fight his way to the throne. At Ivry he first met his enemies. Drawing up his army, he rode down the line, crying to his soldiers:

"My friends, I am your king. You are Frenchmen. Yonder is the enemy. If you lose your standards, follow my white plume; you will always find it in the path of honor and of victory."

With a shout of "Long live King Henry of Navarre," the cavalry rode fiercely into battle. The white plume was victorious. Then Henry went on to Paris. He found the gates of the capital closed in his face. The citizens and thirteen hundred Catholic monks and priests, still wearing their clerical gowns, but carrying muskets on their shoulders, came forth on the walls to defend Paris against the Protestant king. So Henry lay there in siege many months. He was a kind general, however, and allowed food to be sent into Paris to the sick in the hospitals, and even let the old and weak pass out through his lines unharmed, so that they might escape starvation. At last, one morning, Henry attended mass in the Abbey of Saint Denis. As he crossed the threshold he met the archbishop and his procession of clergy.

"Who are you, sir?" inquired the archbishop.

"The king of France," was Henry's reply.

"What do you here?"

"I come to be received into the Roman Catholic church!"

"Do you desire it?"

"I both will and desire it."

Then Henry knelt and was received into the church, while the old abbey rang with the shouts of the joyful people who hastened to see the ceremony.

Later, Henry was crowned Henry IV of France in the Cathedral of Chartres. He was a merciful king and granted pardon to all who had fought against him. He even let a large number of Spanish troops, who had come to help the Catholics, leave the city unharmed. As they marched by Henry and saluted, he said:—

"Go, gentlemen, and commend me to your king. Go in peace, but return no more!"

Henry, although now a Catholic, did not forget his Protestant friends. He made a law whereby they could live peacefully in the land and have their own churches, schools, and colleges.

War was now over in France. The farmers could once more sow their seed and build their homes with no fear that soldiers would come to burn or plunder them.

"I am the father of my land," said good King Henry. "If God spares my life, I will work until every one of my

peasants is rich enough to have a good fat chicken in his pot for Sunday dinner."

Henry himself was very poor at first, for the royal domain was greatly in debt. He had scarcely enough money to pay his tailor or his cook. Still, with the help of his great minister, Sully, he brought prosperity to France. They caused bridges to be rebuilt, roads and canals to be improved, mulberry trees to be planted, silk looms to be set up, and increased the prosperity of the country in many ways. One thing troubled Henry. He had no children to whom he could leave his great kingdom, nor did he love his wife. So the Pope allowed him to divorce Margaret of Valois and to marry Marie de Medici. When he became the father of two sons and three daughters, never was there a prouder parent. The Austrian ambassador was greatly amused one day when he came into the king's chamber, and found him capering round the room on his hands and knees, with two small boys on his back.

Although Henry did so much for France, and there never was a king more beloved, he was stabbed by a cruel man one day while riding in his carriage.

"I am wounded," was all the king said as he fell back against the cushions and died.

The people wept in the streets, mourning, "The good King Henry is dead!"

Richelieu, The Great Minister

When Henry IV died, his eldest son, Louis, was only nine years old, so once more in France a queen mother became regent. But Marie de Medici was not like the good Blanche of Castile. She was a weak woman, entirely under the influence of favorites, chiefly an Italian adventurer and his wife. These two people really governed France until the day Louis was sixteen, that is, of age to reign. He ordered the arrest of the Italian favorite, and if he resisted, he was to be killed. He did resist, and was slain. Soon afterwards his wife was condemned to death and the queen mother banished from the court. Louis XIII was now king of France.

But Louis did not want to rule. He was too indolent to trouble himself to think out problems of government. At last he found a man to be his minister who was a great statesman as well as churchman,—Cardinal Richelieu. From now, until he died, Richelieu was the most powerful man not only in France but in Europe. He had been in the army before he entered the church, and this helped him to understand and to guide the long wars Cardinal Richelieu of Louis' reign.

First, Richelieu made war against the Huguenots, in spite of the protecting laws that Henry IV had made for

them. King Henry had even given them several cities, and one of these, La Rochelle, Louis and his minister now marched against. When they found that they must besiege the town,—for the Huguenots refused to give it up,—they were greatly troubled, for the city was situated on a river, and they feared that the English would send aid to the Protestants by this passage. So Richelieu sank great ships, all chained together, in the harbor, so that when the English came they might not reach the city. La Rochelle held out bravely many months. Then the Huguenots sent out their women and children to the king, hoping that their thin, starved faces would move Louis to pity. But Louis was merciless and drove the helpless creatures back from his lines. At last, when many of the garrison had died, and the survivors were so weak that they could hardly lift a gun, the town surrendered. The lives of the people were spared, but the walls of the city were torn down and the churches destroyed.

Although Louis and Richelieu were so cruel, other men were busy doing deeds of great kindness. One priest, Vincent de Paul, gathered together all the homeless children of Paris and gave them into the care of good women. He also started the order of the Sisters of Mercy, who are like nuns except that, instead of living entirely in convents, they go about nursing the sick, teaching poor children, and finding homes for orphans. The great ladies at court, even the queen herself, became interested in

helping the poor, and used to disguise themselves in simple gowns and go out and care for the sick.

Meanwhile, Richelieu was busy with wars. He was a harsh, cruel man; but he was absolutely devoted to the interests of his country, and worked always to increase the greatness of France. At the end of his rule he had added four provinces to the kingdom. But he was very old now, and so sick that he had to be carried in a litter. On his deathbed he said:—

"I shall soon appear before my Judge. May He condemn me if I ever meant aught save the welfare of church and state. I have the satisfaction of knowing that I never deserted the king, that I leave his kingdom exalted and his enemies abased."

Louis XIII, who had been but a shadow in the background of his great minister, survived the latter only six months.

The Sun King

France had many boy kings, but none younger than Louis XIV. He inherited his kingdom when only four years old, and as in the case of the other boy kings, his mother governed in his stead until he was of age. The queen felt the need of a wise man to help her rule, so she chose Cardinal Mazarin to be her minister, a very clever man who had been trained under the great Richelieu. Louis, as a child, was very gentle, quiet, and rather stupid at his books. People thought that he would grow up to be a kind, peace-loving king, who would avoid all wars, and whom his people would love, but whom history would ignore. But Mazarin was a better reader of character than this. As he kept his sharp eyes upon the lad, day after day, he observed:—

"He is a rocket that will go off late, but will go farther than any of the rest. There is stuff enough in him to make four kings and one honest man."

When Mazarin died, the ministers asked the young king, who had just come of age, to whom they should go with questions of state.

"To me," Louis replied; "I am the state;" and through the long years of the rest of his reign Louis never had a prime minister. Every morning he worked many hours

with the ministers of the several departments. But he enjoyed festivities more. His father had owned a hunting box, not far from Paris, at Versailles. Here Louis caused to be built a beautiful palace, whose walls were hung with pictures by the most famous artists of the day. There were beautiful gardens and terraces round the palace, and in front a lake in which were the finest fountains in the world. It was the king's great delight in the evening to turn this palace into a very fairyland, with music, lights, dancing, and banquets. Here through the gardens strayed the lords and ladies of the court, dressed in gorgeous silks and satins and velvets. Sometimes they had masquerade balls, and then Louis would dress as Apollo, so he became known as the "Sun King."

All this charmed Louis because he loved glory. He wished to have France the most powerful country in the world, not because he loved France and its people, but because he was the king of France, and he wished to be the greatest king in the world.

Thus he carried on many wars that brought him sometimes victory, sometimes defeat, but always made his people dislike him more and more, for they wished for peace.

When Louis' queen, Maria Theresa, died, he did not marry another princess, but the widow of a poor poet, Madame de Maintenon, who had been governess to Louis' children. But Louis never called her queen,

although he loved her and was often guided by her advice. She was a good woman, but narrow-minded, and she caused the king to do one of the most cruel acts of his reign. Madame de Maintenon was a staunch Catholic and hated the Huguenots, although they were good and industrious subjects. So she persuaded the king to persecute them. All Protestant worship was forbidden; Protestant pastors were obliged to leave France within fifteen days, and dragoons were quartered in all Protestant homes to eat the poor people's food, spoil their goods, and torment them until they should become Catholics. More than this, Louis would not permit his Protestant subjects to leave the country, as many of them wished to do. If they were caught trying to escape, they were put in prison. Many Huguenots, however, did flee safely to England, Germany, and America, where they settled and became excellent citizens.

Soon after this Protestant persecution all Europe became involved in a terrible war. The king of Spain died, leaving no direct heir to the Spanish throne. But there were soon claims for it. Louis had married the sister of the late Spanish king, so he demanded the throne for his grandson. The German emperor was descended from Charles V, who had been both emperor of Germany and king of Spain, so he desired his son to have the throne. Louis' plans were ready first. He saluted his grandson Philip as king of Spain and sent him off to Madrid with an army, saying:—

"There are no more Pyrenees." By this he meant that Spain and France should henceforth be one kingdom. But Europe thought France was too powerful already, and so began the War of the Spanish Succession. The French were badly beaten.

Louis was now an old man, and a very unhappy one. All the great men of his day were dead. All his sons were dead. He had lived such a selfish life that no one loved him. Still, up to the very end, he bore himself nobly and splendidly. He was always the king. When he knew he was dying, he called his five-year-old great-grandchild to his bed, and said to him:—

"My child, you are going to be a great king. Do not imitate me in my love of building and war. Strive always to be at peace with your neighbors. Render to God what is His due, and cause your subjects to honor Him. Follow good advice and strive to be a comfort to your people, which I, unfortunately, never have been."

These were the words of advice from the monarch who had the longest and most eventful reign in French history.

Louis XV

Although the words of the dying Louis were printed over the bed of the new little king, he never paid any heed to them. The Duke of Orleans was regent during the first part of the long reign of Louis XV. The duke's mother had puzzled long over her boy's character, and then said:—

"When he was born, all the fairies came and gave him a talent, so he possessed them all. But, later, came an old, envious fairy, whom they had forgotten to invite to the feast, and, instead of giving him a talent, made all those the other fairies had given him useless."

So while the Duke of Orleans was very brave, generous, and intelligent by nature, he was too lazy and fond of evil pleasures to be a good regent. Worse than this, the young Louis was much influenced by him, and, when he became of age, so he could rule, was fond only of amusing himself and cared nothing for his people. He even had a road built around the outskirts of Paris, from Versailles to Saint Denis, so he could go hunting without being reminded of his subjects by seeing them. It is small wonder that he did not wish to see their faces, for they were not smiling and happy, full of love for their king. Instead, they were dark and sullen, full of hatred for a sovereign who taxed them outrageously, carried on long

foreign wars, and never had a kind thought for them. The peasants suffered most, for the weight of the taxes fell on them,—taxes that went into gifts for the king's favorites and into amusements for the court.

One day the good son of the Duke of Orleans took a loaf of sawdust and fern from his pocket, and threw it across the council table to Louis.

"See, sire, that is what your people are eating!" he cried, but Louis was too devoted to his own pleasure to care.

"Things will last my time," the king is reported to have said. "After that let the deluge come!"

All through Louis' reign there were wars. Again all Europe was involved, as at the time of the Spanish succession. Now it was an Austrian monarch who died, and left his kingdom to his only child, his beautiful daughter, Maria Theresa. But five European princes rose up and claimed the throne. Maria Theresa was a very brave woman, and wished to keep the crown for herself and her little son. So she fled into Hungary, where she called together her nobles, and standing before them in her widow's dress, the baby prince in her arms, said:—

"My friends have deserted me, my relatives have all turned against me. I and my little boy can trust only in your courage and faithfulness."

When the nobles saw how brave she was, they all cried with one voice:—

"Let us die for our *king*, Maria Theresa!"

Many of them did. They collected a large army, drove out the French, and saved the empire for Maria Theresa and her son.

Louis had one son who, unlike his father, grew up to be a good and noble man, and married a good princess. But because the Dauphin was so kind and upright, Louis hated him and would not let him take any part in state affairs. This good prince died long before his father, so he could never do anything for his country, but he left a little son who afterwards succeeded his grandfather as Louis XVI. Louis XV lived to reign sixty years, and when he died no one mourned him, because he had been so wicked and had made his people suffer so much.

The Locksmith King

"The king is dead! Long live the king," sounded the voice of the herald in the great palace. When Louis and his queen, Marie Antoinette, heard these words, they fell on their knees, crying:—

"May God prosper us! We are too young to reign!"

They were too young! Louis was a good prince, but shy and rather stupid. He did not understand the terrible poverty of his people; he did not like to meet strangers and talk to them, and he had none of the knightly dignity of Louis XIV. Two things he enjoyed: one was hunting, the other was shutting himself up in a little tower room and making keys like a common locksmith.

Queen Marie Antoinette was only nineteen. She was a pretty, joyful young girl, delighting in balls, handsome gowns, and frolics of every sort. Sometimes she and the court ladies would slip away from the great palace of Versailles, and go down through the gardens and park to a pretty rustic villa called the Little Trianon. There they dressed in simple muslin dresses and straw hats, and played at being dairymaids.

This was the king and queen who were ruling France when the Americans signed their Declaration of Independence. One French nobleman, Lafayette, ran

away from home to help the Americans in their war for freedom, and afterwards Louis XVI sent troops over to help them. When the Americans had won their freedom, Lafayette and his friends began to see that the nobles were oppressing the poor people in their own land of France. The king, because of the discontent of his people, was forced to call together the States-General,—that is, representatives from the nobility, the clergy, and the commons, to try to find some remedy for the poverty and misery of the country. The commons, or representatives from the people, soon saw that the nobility and clergy would never help them to make just laws, so they decided to leave the States-General and meet by themselves. Thus, these men, under their leader, Mirabeau, banded themselves together under the name of National Assembly. The king was frightened now, and forbade the rebellious commons to meet in the great hall at Versailles. Instead of disbanding, they held their meetings in a small building, called the Tennis Court, because there the nobles had been in the habit of playing that game. They determined never to separate until they had framed a constitution for the suffering people of France. They told the king, "We are here by the will of the people and will be driven out only at the point of the bayonet."

Louis felt that he must yield, so he ordered the rest of the deputies to join with the National Assembly.

Still the people of Paris were not satisfied. They feared that the king would not keep his promise to them. They

chose the colors red, white, and blue, called the tricolor, as their emblem, and with cockades of these colors in their hats they rushed upon the great arsenal of Paris, overcame the guard, and thus provided themselves with plenty of cannon and arms. Their success here gave them new zeal. All titles of nobility were abolished, and dukes and nobles bore simply the common name of "citizen." On July 14, 1789, the cry went through the mob, "To the Bastille!" This was the great prison of Paris, where all the political prisoners were held. Men, women, and children rushed to the building, and began to demolish it. They wished all the enemies of the king to be free in those days. One of the courtiers, in terror, came running to the king to tell him that the Bastille had fallen into the hands of the Paris mob.

"Why, this is a revolt," said the astonished king.

"No, sire," the nobleman answered, "this is a revolution."

Still the slow-minded king did not believe it.

Life went gayly on at the palace of Versailles. One evening there was a grand banquet given by the officers of the guard. The king and queen were there, and all the guests had arisen and were singing while they trampled the tricolor under foot. When news of this reached Paris, the people were furious. When the women of Paris, many of whom were starving, heard of the great banquet at Versailles, they rushed in rage out of the city gates and on to the palace, shouting the one word,—"Bread! Bread!"

The king would not let the soldiers fire on a mob chiefly made up of women, and tried instead to pacify them by his kindly words. Still they insisted upon taking the royal family back to Paris with them. The king, queen, little Dauphin, and his sister were therefore led prisoners to their capital by this rabble, chiefly composed of fishwives, who shouted as they hurried them along:—

"We shall no longer be hungry, for we have with us the baker, the baker's wife, and the baker's boy."

For many months Louis and his wife and children were kept imprisoned in the Tuileries at Paris, with a guard watching over them. The king grew very restless, kept thus indoors, and longed so for his hunting that one day he and the whole royal family managed to escape, and started for the palace at Saint Cloud. The people, thinking they were trying to flee from France, stopped the carriage and drove them back to their prison. Again many long, dreary months passed, then Louis planned another escape. This time he decided to try and get out of France. He wrote many secret letters to friends in Germany, and finally the plan seemed complete. The royal family, in disguise, set out one cold, moonless night on their perilous journey. Little notice was paid to the heavy coach that was bearing the king and queen away from their throne as fast as the horses could travel. Escape seemed almost certain now, for they were within a few miles of the border line, where friends were to meet them. Suddenly the light from a lantern was flashed into the carriage. It fell full on the pale, well-known faces of the fugitives. The horses were seized and forced to halt. A guard was called, and once more Louis and his family were brought prisoners to Paris.

The kings of Austria and Russia now demanded that Louis should be restored to his throne. This made the French people angrier than ever. They rose again in a mob, and hurrying on to the Tuileries, swarmed up the stairs to kill the royal family. The king, however, met them so calmly and boldly that the mob retired without harming any of them. But many of the old nobles and clergy were imprisoned or massacred, and the royal family were moved from the Tuileries to the Temple, a dark, gloomy prison.

A new assembly, called the National Convention, was now called. Its first act was to declare that royalty was at an end in France. The French Republic took the place of the French Kingdom. Next Louis was brought to trial before this convention; and it was decided that he was guilty of conspiring against the liberty of the nation and must be executed.

He was allowed to go back to the Temple to say good-by to his wife and children, and the next morning was led to the scaffold.

"Frenchmen, I die innocent! I pardon my enemies, and pray that France—"

Here the drums began to beat, drowning his voice. As the executioner held up the severed head of the king, the people shouted with joy:—

"Long live the Republic! Hurrah for liberty!"

Then they set about killing all the friends of the king. Marie Antoinette, after a longer imprisonment, was also beheaded, and the poor little Dauphin probably died of neglect in his prison. The little girl, the Princess Marie Therese, was the only one of the royal family who was allowed to live. She at last escaped to Russia.

These were the awful days of the French Revolution.

The Little Corporal

During one of these terrible winters a group of boys in a military school at the French town of Brienne were wandering up and down their long hall and looking out at the snowdrifts. There was nothing they wanted to do indoors, and outdoors it stormed furiously. At last a short, rather quiet boy spoke up:—

"Why not get some shovels and make passages through the snow and build some forts? Then we can divide ourselves into companies and have a battle. I choose to be captain of the attacking party!"

A shout of joy went up from the boys, and in a few moments they were tumbling over one another in the drifts, hard at work making snow forts. For fifteen days, in their play hours, they waged a mock battle. We do not know whether the young Napoleon Bonaparte, for that was the name of the boy who started the game, gained the victory or not, but he was such a wonderful soldier in later years that we think he must have won this first play battle, too.

When Napoleon grew older and left the school for the army, he soon found his way to Paris. At this time the National Convention was split up into several sections, and Napoleon sided with those who wished to form a

more stable government, to be called the Directory. The opposing sections, among whom were many Royalists, started to resist by force. Napoleon was placed in command by the Directory, and quickly and wisely went to work. He placed his cannon along the sides of the streets and bridges, so that it was impossible for the rebellious sections to make an attack without being swept down by the shot. The revolt lasted only a few hours. The Directory saw that the young general was a genius in war, and sent him to Italy at the head of their army. When Napoleon took command of his troops, whom he found poor and half starved, he said:—

"Soldiers, you are hungry and naked. The Republic owes you much, but she has no money to pay you. I am come to lead you down to the richest towns and most fertile fields under the sun. All shall be yours. Soldiers, will you come?"

These words aroused the troops and they all shouted:—

"Yes! Yes!"

Then Napoleon, began his campaign. His method was to make exceedingly rapid marches, so as to come upon the enemy unawares. He led his men over the Alps so fast that they had to leave tents and baggage behind, and sleep at night either on the cold ground or in dirt hovels. But Napoleon slept on the ground too; walked by their side as

they marched, tending the sick and cheering them on with fresh courage, so that his army was devoted to him.

Down through Italy the French marched, fighting a dozen battles, and at the end of the year they had conquered five armies, each one larger than their own. The Italians begged for peace. Napoleon granted it; but made them send many of their most beautiful pictures and statues to Paris and pay a large sum of money. At Venice he even took away the beautiful gilded bronze horses that stand guard above the great door of Saint Mark's Cathedral.

Napoleon returned to Paris a great conqueror. The people all came out to meet him and hailed him as their hero. But the Directory was jealous of his popularity and put him at the head of another army so that he should leave Paris. They had a great scheme for conquering England, but decided that they would seize her rich province of India first. Napoleon, with thirty-six thousand picked men, sailed for Egypt, thinking that the nearest route to India, and made a long march across the desert. At last they met the Egyptian army, not far from the pyramids.

"Soldiers," cried Napoleon, "from yonder pyramids forty centuries are watching you!"

The Egyptians rode fiercely down on Napoleon's foot soldiers, but the French charged again and again until they won a complete victory. The Egyptians always called

Napoleon, "the lord of fire," because of the terrible charges he made; but Napoleon's men had long ago given him the name of "The Little Corporal," an affectionate title which clung to him even after he had become a great general.

After many more battles Napoleon and his men returned to France. He found the leaders of the Directory quarreling among themselves and unpopular with the people. When he entered the council hall at Saint Cloud he was greeted with the cries:—

"Down with the dictator! Death to the tyrant."

Some of the members of the Directory feared that Napoleon, glorying in his victories, would want to rule France, hence they wished him put to death. But Napoleon had his soldiers with him, and, at his word, they entered the hall with their bayonets fixed for a charge.

The Directory was now abolished and three consuls chosen to govern the country. You will not be surprised to hear that Napoleon was the First Consul. He now gave up war and went to live in the old royal palace of the Tuileries and had about him all the state and dignity of a court. He had married a very beautiful woman named Josephine, who did much to gain him friends.

"I win provinces," said Napoleon, "but Josephine wins hearts."

The Emperor Napoleon

After a few years Napoleon again went to war, and again came back in triumph. Then he settled down and for a few years gave his country peace. He started schools and colleges, built roads and canals, and, best of all, had some of his most skillful lawyers draw up a code of laws for France. So wise were these laws that they are used today, and are still called the Code Napoleon.

Napoleon also founded the now famous Legion of Honor. The sign of the legion is a cross on a red ribbon, and it is given to a soldier or citizen who does some deed of remarkable bravery.

But after a few years Napoleon became restless. His genius was for war, and he was happier fighting than doing anything else. In the midst of the wars, Napoleon discovered a conspiracy against him. He found out the conspirators, and had them put to death. But now he did a very cruel thing. He pretended that one of the young princes of the royal house of Condé was in this plot, so he had him arrested and brought to Paris. Napoleon had long been wishing for just such an opportunity to show his power over the Royalists. After a secret and hasty trial, the prince was condemned to die, and he was shot at six in the morning of the following day.

After this no one dared breathe a word against Napoleon. He knew this, and saw that the time was ripe for the carrying out of a long-cherished scheme of his. He declared that it was necessary for the safety and welfare of France that he should be made emperor. The senate and deputies agreed.

The grand ceremony of his coronation took place in the cathedral of Notre Dame, December, 1804. The Pope himself came from Rome to crown Napoleon, but at the last minute the latter seized the crown from the Pope's hands and placed it upon his own head. Then he turned and crowned Josephine as his empress.

Napoleon was now at the height of his power. He was emperor of France and had conquered many kingdoms in Europe, over which he placed his brothers as rulers. England and Russia still defied him. He tried in vain to conquer the former. Germany and Austria had to yield to him. He even forced the emperor of Austria to give him his daughter, Marie Louise, in marriage. He had divorced the Empress Josephine because she had borne him no children. Great was his joy when a little son was born to Marie Louise. To this child, the King of Rome, as Napoleon called him, he could leave his empire.

Perhaps it was the desire to leave as large an empire as possible to his little boy that made him lead his army far away into Russia. Napoleon wished "to melt all the states of Europe into one, and have Paris for its capital."

However, this hope was never realized. When Napoleon reached Moscow, a great Russian city, he found that the people had all fled. At first he thought that all Russia was fleeing before him and he was to be successful in his long campaign. But that night a fire broke out and burned the city to the ground. The people of Moscow themselves had set the city in flames. All food and shelter were destroyed. There was nothing for Napoleon to do but to turn back toward France with his army. The people of Moscow knew this. They knew, too, that Napoleon would meet a more terrible enemy than they. This enemy was the Russian winter. On it came, with wind, snow, and blizzards. The French soldiers died all along the way. They starved to death, for provisions had given out. They froze to death in the snow. They sickened and died, worn out by the terrible hardships of that awful retreat from Moscow. Only the wreck of Napoleon's splendid army ever reached France, and these poor, worn-out men had only tales of defeat and awful misery to tell.

Again Napoleon drained his country of soldiers. He raised an army and won several more battles, but his power was broken after his terrible Russian retreat. The royal princes in their various hiding places began to stir about. England was always ready to fight Napoleon. The allied powers of Europe rose against him and at last overcame him. He tried to give up his empire to his little son, but England refused to let him. She forced him to lay down his crown, and exiled him to the island of Elba, near

the western coast of Italy. Still his army in France loved him. The last thing he did before going into exile was to bid farewell to his Old Guard at Fontainebleau, and to kiss the golden eagle on his standard.

Sadly did the army miss their general, and it is said that they passed around bunches of violets, the badge of Napoleon's family, whispering to one another:—

"He will return to us in the spring!"

Back from Exile

When the cruel Paris mob imprisoned Louis XVI, his brothers escaped from France and lived in exile during the Revolution and Napoleon's rule. Louis, the oldest, bore the title of Louis XVIII, for the little son of Louis XVI lived some time after his father was put to death, and, although he never reigned, the Royalists always spoke of him as Louis XVII. Louis XVIII fled to England where he had a small court at Hartwell. His private office was so tiny that it seemed like a cabin in a ship. On the walls were portraits of the king, his brother, and the other members of the imprisoned royal family. The life there was so simple that no one would have guessed it was the household of a king, except for one little ceremony. Whenever Louis rose to leave the room, or entered it, every one else in the room stood, and the queen dropped him a courtesy. Then Louis bowed and kissed her hand. This little form of royal etiquette was always observed, even if the king and queen were alone. But this was all merely playing at being king.

When Napoleon was sent away to the island of Elba, Louis XVIII became king of France in reality. As he entered Paris, the Royalists greeted him with cheers and hurrahs, but most of his people looked coldly at him, as he rode along in his carriage to Notre Dame. The soldiers turned aside in disgust. They had no liking for the stout,

infirm old Bourbon king, and longed for their fiery, active emperor, living in exile on his lonely island.

With Louis, many nobles and their families returned to their native country. It was said of these nobles that while they were in exile, "they had learned nothing and forgotten nothing." They came back to find their possessions confiscated. They besought Louis to give them back their estates.

"The king has his royal castles and estates, just as before the Revolution, why should we be deprived of our possessions?" they argued.

But Louis feared the people, and refused to help the nobles in getting back their former estates, which made them very angry.

Meanwhile a great Congress of statesmen from all over Europe was held in Vienna to settle the boundary lines of the different countries which Napoleon had disturbed so greatly. In the midst of one of these meetings word came to them that Napoleon had escaped from Elba, and was back in France. Horror was written on many faces. The Congress had one more meeting, voted Napoleon an outlaw, and then the members hastened back to their own countries to help raise armies to fight their great enemy.

The word was true; Napoleon had landed in France. To be sure, he had few friends and only four hundred of his former grenadiers, but as he marched through the

towns in his old green coat, with the cross of the Legion of Honor on his breast, the soldiers cried again:—

"Long live the emperor!"

They hurried to his standard from far and near. Louis XVIII with his family fled in terror, and once again Napoleon entered Paris amid shouts of joy.

For just one hundred days he ruled. Then he had to fight the allied armies of Europe. He had meantime been collecting his forces, and with them he went forth bravely and hopefully to meet his enemies. The two great forces came in contact at Waterloo, a little Belgian town. There was a terrible battle, and in the end Napoleon was defeated. He escaped to Paris, but his spirit was broken. Again he abdicated, and gave himself up a prisoner to the English. This time they exiled him to the island of Saint Helena, a lonely island, far out at sea, off the coast of Africa.

For six long, weary years Napoleon lived at Saint Helena, guarded night and day by English soldiers. When he died, he was buried on the island, but in after years his body was brought to Paris, and laid to rest in the splendid tomb at the Invalides. Thus the desire expressed in his will was gratified:—

"I wish to be buried by the river Seine, in the midst of the French people whom I have loved so dearly."

Louis XVIII came back again to France, but his reign was brief. After his death his brother became king, with the

title of Charles X. At first the people thought they would like him better than Louis XVIII, for he rode a horse well and had much of the dignity that the Parisians loved to see in a monarch. But he took away the liberties of the people to such an extent that they rose against him, and he and his family had to flee for their lives. Charles X lived for many years after he ceased to be king, but he never dared go back to France, and died in exile.

The Little King of Rome

Napoleon's little son, like his father, died far away from France. Great had been the rejoicing in Paris on that March morning when the cannon announced to the world that an heir had been born to Napoleon. Windows were thrown up, carriages stopped in the streets, and all the people stood still to count the number of guns. Twenty-one reports meant that the baby was a girl; one hundred and one, that it was a boy. When the twenty-second report sounded, cheers broke forth from every throat, and caps flew into the air. As the emperor stood at the windows looking down on the crowd, mad with joy, tears came into his eyes.

Inside the palace, safe from all the noise, the little prince lay sleeping in his cradle that the people of Paris had given him. It was made of mother-of-pearl, lined with red velvet, and decorated with big golden bees, the crest of the Bonapartes. A figure of Victory, holding a crown set with Napoleon's star, spread its wings over the head of the cradle, and at the foot a young eagle gazed at the star and spread its wings as if about to take flight.

That very evening the baby was christened Napoleon, and given the title not only of Prince Imperial but also of King of Rome.

When the warm weather came on, Marie Louise and the little Napoleon left Paris to go to Saint Cloud. Here, every sunny day, the King of Rome went to drive in the park, in his gilded baby carriage drawn by two white sheep. Here, too, he had his first portrait painted, playing with a cup and ball. Napoleon was away at this time, fighting. The portrait when finished was sent to him, and reached his camp on the eve of a great battle. All the worries and anxieties of the coming day were forgotten when the general saw the painting of his boy. He placed it on a chair outside his tent and, calling his generals together, declared:—

"If my son were fifteen years old you may be sure that he would be here in person, among this multitude of brave men, and not merely in a picture." And the gray-haired grenadiers wept for joy as they looked at the little prince playing with his cup and ball, and thought of his glorious future.

But it was a sad future that lay before the little Napoleon. Within two years his father was in exile on the island of Elba, and he was taken away from France to be brought up as an Austrian at the court of his grandfather. Here he missed his little French playmates sadly and used to say: "Any one can see that I am not a king. I haven't any pages."

He was not allowed to hear much about his father. Even when Napoleon came back and reigned in Paris for

the Hundred Days he never saw his son. One message he received from him, a message whispered very low to a French officer who was going from Vienna to Paris: "You will tell my father," said the boy, "that I always love him dearly."

Afterwards he wrote a letter to Napoleon at Saint Helena and sent him a lock of his hair.

In his father's will there was one clause which the little King of Rome read many a time. "Never forget that you are a French prince." This thought the Austrians tried in vain to drive from his mind. They gave him a German name and title, but at heart the boy was always the King of Rome, the son of the Emperor Napoleon.

When he was five years old he told an artist who was painting his portrait: "I want to be a soldier. I shall fight well. I shall be in the charge." And before he was seven he was wearing a uniform.

From then until he died his greatest delight was drilling his company of soldiers, and reading about his father's victories. He wanted to be ready if ever the French people should call him to come back to be their ruler.

But as he grew up he was not strong. Great anxiety was felt about his health. It was clear that he would never live to rule, even if the call from France came. When he was only twenty-one he died, and was laid to rest in Vienna, the little King of Rome, who never even saw his kingdom.

The Citizen King

On the day that Napoleon abdicated for the second time, a nobleman hurried quietly back to Paris, made his way to the Palais Royale, and in spite of the protest of the gate keeper's wife, who took him for a madman, fell on his knees and kissed the stone stairs. This was Louis Philippe, the Duke of Orleans, whose father was a kinsman of Louis XVI. He had lived in exile many years and his joy was inexpressible when he found that there was to be again a king in France, and he could return to Paris. So he and his wife and family came back to the Palais Royale, where they lived simply and quietly during the reigns of Louis XVIII and Charles X. When Charles X was driven from France, Louis Philippe was preparing to flee also, when he found that the people had chosen him king. He was elected, not because of his noble blood, but because the people thought that he would make a good ruler. During his life in Paris, he had tried to make friends among the people, and not alone among the nobility. So Louis Philippe was called "King of the French," instead of "King of France," to show that he ruled by the will of his countrymen. Louis Philippe even gave up as national ensign the blue shield with the silver fleur-de-lis on it, and used instead the cock, which was an old Gallic emblem, and the tricolor.

It must have seemed strange indeed for Louis Philippe to find himself a king after his life of exile. He had been so poor at one time, that he had earned his living by teaching mathematics in a Swiss school. Then he had traveled through England and had even visited America. There is a story that while Louis Philippe was in America he met with an accident in the midst of the woods. A settlement was near by, but no doctor was there. So Louis Philippe took out his own lancet and bled himself so skillfully that the people of the settlement begged him to stay and be their physician. But he thanked them, and went on his way. Perhaps he had dreams even then of being something more than a doctor.

Louis Philippe, "a little short, stout man, with head shaped like a pear, and surmounted with an elaborate brown wig," began his reign by calling himself the citizen king. He tried to do much for his country, and did succeed in having steam railways introduced and many fine silk mills built. But the people were divided into different political parties, and it seemed impossible to satisfy them all.

One party thought that it was not enough for all men to be of equal rank in the land, but believed that the wealth ought also to be equally divided. These people had neither the white flag of the Bourbons, nor the tricolor for their emblem, but chose red caps for their party sign. They were often called, because of this, "The Reds." Louis Philippe found them to be the most dangerous men among his

subjects. Some of "The Reds" constructed an infernal machine out of twenty-four guns, which was fired upon the royal carriage one day when the king and some of his children were driving out of the palace. But the machine missed fire, and Louis Philippe and his sons escaped, although fourteen bystanders were killed on the spot.

When Queen Marie Amelie heard of the attempted assassination of the king, she rushed out to meet him, and when she saw that he was really unharmed, she fell fainting into his arms. From this time she never left his side, not even when her daughter died in Belgium. They lived very happily together, and were devoted to their children, five sons and three daughters. Their eldest son, the Duke of Orleans, a handsome young man, was thrown from his carriage, and instantly killed. This was a great grief to Louis Philippe, for the young duke had been very popular and would doubtless have succeeded his father on the throne. As it was, the people became dissatisfied, and a mob once more formed in Paris. Louis Philippe had his army, but he would not let them fire upon his own people. He told the mob that he would abdicate in favor of his little grandson, the son of the Duke of Orleans who was killed, with the child's mother as regent. Then Louis Philippe left the palace secretly, for his life was threatened by "The Reds," and reached England in safety.

The widowed Duchess of Orleans came bravely forth with her two boys, but the people met her with angry threats. She soon saw that it was impossible to hold the

throne for her son, so she and her children sought refuge in England, and once more there was no King in France.

Napoleon III

We have told the story of the last king of France, Louis Philippe, and now we come to the story of the last emperor. When the national assembly met after Louis Philippe's flight, they decided to have a republic instead of a kingdom and to be ruled by a president, who should have much the same power as has the President of the United States, and who, like him, should govern for a term of four years. Every man who was a French citizen, rich or poor, was to have a vote to decide who should be president. The greatest number of votes was cast for Louis Napoleon, a nephew of the great Napoleon. He was sometimes called the prince-president.

Louis Napoleon as a boy had been a great favorite of the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Josephine, and much of his boyhood was passed with them. He and his brother used to stand in the palace windows and long to take off their silk stockings and little kid boots and run out to paddle in the gutters. But this young princes were not allowed to do. On the day before Napoleon set out for Waterloo, little Louis Napoleon contrived to creep into the emperor's cabinet, where he was closeted with one of his marshals. He saw the troubled look on his uncle's face and, though too young to realize his great danger, begged him not to go away. When Napoleon laughed and told

him not to fear because no one could hurt him, the boy still looked worried. Then his face lighted up:—

"Let me go with you, uncle. I will take care of you."

The emperor took the little chap on his knee and kissed him. Then he turned to the marshal.

"Kiss him, marshal," he said. "He will have a tender heart and a lofty spirit. Perhaps he is the hope of my race."

After Waterloo, the emperor came back to Paris for a single night. As he stood with one foot on the step of the carriage that was to bear him into exile, he paused a moment to kiss little Louis Napoleon and his brother farewell.

A life of exile was beginning that same day for these two boys. Their mother fled with them to Switzerland, where they grew up in a gloomy old country house. When Louis Napoleon was quite a young man, he seemed to have cherished hopes of succeeding his famous uncle as emperor of France. He made two attempts to seize the crown, but both times he was unsuccessful. The second time he was taken prisoner and for a long time was kept shut up in the fortress of Ham. He was given a great deal of freedom here, but still the governor of the fortress was a man of strict honor and kept a close watch on his prisoner. Nevertheless, Louis Napoleon escaped. One day some carpenters and painters were to be at work in the fortress. Louis Napoleon, knowing this, told his servant, who was allowed to go in and out of the prison at his

pleasure, to buy him an old blouse and a pair of overalls. As soon as the carpenters and painters began their work, Louis Napoleon put on these old clothes, cut off his black mustache, set a dark wig on his head, smeared his face with paint, thrust his feet into wooden shoes, stuck an old clay pipe in his mouth, and, throwing a board over his shoulder, made his way out of the fortress unrecognized, for the sentries supposed him to be one of the workmen busy in the fortress.

Louis Napoleon had many other adventures, which we cannot tell here, before he became the prince-president of France. But he was not satisfied with this, for as president he did not have sufficient power. The Assembly was split up into many factions, all hostile to him. So Louis Napoleon determined to overthrow the unruly Assembly and lessen its power. He laid his plans very carefully, and one morning the people of Paris awoke to find the streets and squares filled with soldiers, and proclamations scattered broadcast announcing a new Constitution for which every citizen had the right to vote, and also stating that Louis Napoleon's presidency had been extended for the next ten years. Some of the wiser men saw that this was merely a stepping stone to the president becoming emperor. In fact, before the end of the next year, Louis put the question before the country, whether an empire should not be established with himself as emperor, and the answer was an overwhelming number of affirmative votes. So Louis Napoleon became emperor

with the title of Napoleon III. There really never had been any Napoleon II, but Napoleon I had given this title to his little son, the King of Rome, when he abdicated in his favor, so Louis Napoleon chose to be called Napoleon III.

Soon after he became emperor, Napoleon III married a Spanish lady of high rank, but not of royal blood,—Eugénie de Montijo. She was a very beautiful woman who had conceived a romantic interest in the prince when he was prisoner at Ham. When he became president, and later emperor, she and her mother were often seen at his court at Fontainebleau. Eugénie was a superb horse-woman and riding was the emperor's special accomplishment. One day they lost their way together in the woods. As they rested under a tree. Napoleon plaited a wreath of leaves and placed it in Eugénie's hair, saying:—

"I hope soon to replace it with a better one."

Their wedding was very brilliant. The state carriages were regilded for the occasion, and the apartments in the Tuileries refurnished. The city of Paris voted over a hundred thousand dollars with which to buy Eugénie a diamond necklace as a wedding gift. Very gracefully she declined the necklace, but accepted the money, with which she endowed an orphan asylum. She was one of the loveliest women who ever came to the French throne. The emperor's happiness was complete when a son was born

to him. The little boy was given the title of Prince Imperial.

Napoleon III wished to be known as the Napoleon of Peace in contrast to his uncle, the Napoleon of War, but this was not possible. He had many foreign wars and the Red Republicans in Paris were always plotting against him. Finally the news came that the Spanish crown had been offered to a prince of Prussia. The French, always jealous of any increase of power in their neighbor and rival, Germany, determined to prevent Spain from having a German for king, even if it meant war.

Napoleon III saw that the only safe thing for him to do was to obey the desire of his people. He collected the army and went himself with his young son, the Prince Imperial, to meet the Germans. Misfortune after misfortune, and defeat after defeat, fell upon the French armies. Then came the terrible battle of Sedan, when Napoleon III was obliged to surrender himself to the Prussian king. All he could do for his people was to send back word to Paris to defend that city, for the Prussians were advancing to besiege it. The Parisians laid all the blame on Napoleon for the disasters of the war. They assembled and declared that the empire was at an end, and for the third time established a republic.

The Empress Eugénie escaped from Paris in disguise, and sought refuge in England. Napoleon III was well treated by his German captors and, after the close of the

war, joined his wife and son in England. But he was suffering from a terrible disease and soon died in the arms of his loving wife, the empress.

The Siege of Paris

The people throughout France had voted for Napoleon III as emperor, but the people of Paris had always been hostile to him, and now were full of rejoicing at his overthrow. In their excitement at having the government once more in their own hands they seemed to forget the message Napoleon III had sent them,—that the Prussians were on their way to attack Paris. Suddenly they realized the coming disaster, and hurried to make preparations to withstand a siege.

There were hardly any soldiers in Paris, so they had to be called home from foreign lands. The fortifications were not complete and men were busy working on them day and night. All the railroads coming into Paris were loaded with provisions. Women and children, if their fathers or husbands could afford it, were sent from the city. The poor peasants living outside of the walls hurried within and took possession of any of the empty houses that they could lay hands on. The broad avenues of Paris that Napoleon III had built were blocked with loaded wagons, fashionable teams, and flocks of sheep, all in one another's way, trying in vain to proceed. The trees in the beautiful park, the Bois de Boulogne, were cut down, and all the deer, swans, and wild fowls had to be shot, for their homes and food had been taken away from them. The villages

just outside the city were burned to the ground. This was done so that the Prussians should not find shelter so near Paris, and also that the Parisians might watch their movements. Two weeks after the battle of Sedan, the Prussian armies came. On September 19, the trains ceased running, the entrances into Paris were blocked up, and the fifty-one gates of the city were closed. The siege of Paris had begun.

The story of this siege is terrible. The rest of France scarcely lifted a hand to help the capital. Paris had tyrannized over the country, had set up one government only to tear it down, and had caused France so much suffering that the country felt she was now receiving her just punishment. But even worse than this desertion was the turmoil within the city itself. The Red Republicans were feared as much as the Prussians. Hardly a day went by when Parisians were not fighting Parisians.

The Prussians had taken up their headquarters in the beautiful palace of Versailles, and from thence proceeded to blockade Paris. No one could enter or leave the city. For months the siege continued. One of the worst things the Parisians had to bear was the lack of news. They could not tell what was going on in France; they could not get any word to their wives and children, for the Prussians allowed no newspapers or mail to go out or to come into Paris. Finally the Parisians overcame this difficulty to a certain extent. They made balloons which could carry four or five

people at once, and these they sent out at night when it was too dark for the Prussians to see and fire at them.

Besides carrying out mail, the men in the balloons took with them many carrier pigeons, that brought back messages to the besieged people. Some of these messages were written in such fine script that they could be read only by the aid of a microscope. This was done so that as much news as possible might be crowded in one message, for a pigeon could carry but little. Some of the pigeons were shot by the Prussians, but many flew safely home, and great was the excitement when one of them alighted on a roof in the city.

It is hard for us to realize how terrible a siege is. On Christmas day a few boxes of bonbons were sold, but most people were thankful if they could secure a potato or a small package of coffee as a Christmas gift. Meat in particular had become very scarce. Even the wild animals in the Zoological Gardens had to be killed for food. To add to the misery of the Parisians, the winter was the coldest that had been known for twenty years.

The Prussians sent their terrible shells down into the city. Hundreds of people were killed; hundreds were starving to death. Soldiers froze at their posts because their wretched, tattered clothing could not keep them warm. No one dared to say the word *capitulate*, although one of the newspapers printed the fact that by February 3

there would not be a mouthful of bread in Paris. Then the brave city was forced to surrender.

The terms of peace were hard. Two provinces, Alsace and Lorraine, which Louis XIV had won for France, had to be given up, as well as two fine fortresses. The nation was forced to pay an enormous sum of money to Prussia, and had to allow the Prussian army to enter Paris. The war which the French began so enthusiastically was at an end, and France found herself a smaller country, with an overturned throne and a ruined capital.

The Commune

You would have thought that when the Prussians marched back to their own country, Paris would have been left too weak and weary of bloodshed to desire anything but peace. Instead, Paris was soon to become the scene of even more atrocious deeds than those of the siege. The Red Republicans had been gathering their forces all during the Franco-Prussian war, hoping at its close to seize the government in their own hands. The moment the treaty was signed, they began their work. They barricaded the streets of Paris and closed the gates of the city. The government in terror fled to Versailles, to await the arrival of French troops that had been held prisoners of war. The Red Republicans ignored the government at Versailles and set up in Paris a government of their own. They gave it the name of Commune (an old word for a town council), and called themselves Communists. But these men could not rule well, for they had no respect for property, law, order, or religion.

They turned the clergy out of their churches and the Sisters of Charity out of the hospitals. Some of the best and holiest men of the clergy, who had spent their lives in helping these Red Republicans, and who had worked day and night during the siege to lessen suffering and procure food for the starving, were mercilessly shot.

A feeling of rage against the Bonapartes arose, and a mob tore down the beautiful column in the Place Vendôme that had been molded out of Napoleon's old cannon to commemorate his victories.

The women were even more violent than the men. They went around the city singing songs of liberty, bearing weapons, and making terrible threats. All France was against these terrible Red Republicans, who seemed more like madmen than human beings, but there were not yet enough loyal government troops in Paris to overcome them.

Finally they began to set fire to the buildings. The royal palace of the Tuileries was burned to the ground. Poor old women, with bent backs and haggard faces, were seen crawling about the streets carrying little cans of petroleum. For every house they set on fire they received ten francs, which is about two dollars. The provisional government at Versailles, and all true Frenchmen, could not bear to see their beloved Paris thus demolished. An army was at last collected and it marched against the Communists, shooting down men and women alike. No mercy was shown. The Red Republicans gathered for a final resistance in one of the large cemeteries, but the soldiers, with better weapons and discipline, overcame them. Many of the revolutionists were killed on the spot, many more were hurried off to Versailles to be shot, and many were sent into exile. The Red Republic was red indeed with blood.

You will be glad to hear that now peace and order were soon restored. The Third Republic was formed, and ever since then France has been governed by a president.

Adolphe Thiers was elected first president of the Third Republic. He had been a poor boy, brought up in southern France. His cousin, who was a poet, became interested in the lad, and gave him an education. Thiers well repaid this kindness. From the time he entered school he was always at the head of his class. He devoted himself to the study of history and was the author of many famous historical works. He negotiated the peace with Germany, and had helped to suppress the Commune, thus making history in his own person. He was a collector of valuable historical curios and documents, and his house was a rich and interesting museum. When he died, he bequeathed it, with all his collections, to the city of Paris.

Through the years that have elapsed since 1871, there have been many pretenders to the French throne,—kinsmen of the Bourbons, or of Louis Philippe, or of the Bonapartes,—but France has stood firm for a republican form of government, with a president at its head, chosen by the people.

France of Today

Modern France is a beautiful land. No signs of the terrible days of revolution and foreign war are now to be seen. She stands proudly and justly as one of the great countries of Europe.

On her western coasts are great fisheries. In the south the land is covered with vineyards. Huge flocks of sheep wander over plains where once stretched immense forests through which the Gauls chased the buffaloes. Mulberry trees are so extensively grown that France heads the world as a great silk manufacturing nation. Canals, rivers and railway systems connect the various parts of the Republic with one another and with the rest of the continent.

The French people have always been intelligent and fond of learning. The Republic has done much toward educating the people, for the government has control of all the public schools from the primary grades up to the university.

When you go to Paris, you will find it hard to believe the stories I have been telling you about the dreadful siege in 1870-1871. The trees have grown up again in the Bois de Boulogne, and the swans are sailing about serenely on the lakes. In the streets are throngs of gayly dressed people, driving in open carriages, riding on the top of the

big omnibuses, sitting at the open cafés, or strolling up and down the great avenue, the Champs-Elysées. You will see children playing merrily about in the Tuileries and Luxembourg gardens, and little street urchins dangling their bare legs in the fountain basins or watching the open-air Punch and Judy shows. Some of the children are accompanied by nurses, who wear long white aprons, and caps with streamers that float down their backs to the hem of their black dresses. You walk along the Champs-Elysées to the Place de la Concorde, famous the world over. It was in this square, then called the Place de la Revolution, that Louis XVI was put to death in 1793.

As you continue your walk, you come upon the open square where the Palace of the Tuileries once stood. It was here, you will remember, that Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette were so long imprisoned, and here Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie gave so many splendid fêtes. You cross the square and enter the old palace of the Louvre, now one of the finest picture galleries in the world. As you stroll through the long rooms you see famous paintings by great artists, with many of which photographs have already made you familiar.

When you tire of the pictures, perhaps, you walk out to the banks of the river Seine and cross over to this island part of the city, called the Île de la Cité. It is so small that you can scarcely believe that once this island alone was the capital of the kingdom.

Looming up before you are the two towers of the great cathedral of Notre Dame. Can you imagine, as you walk down the high-vaulted nave, with the soft light streaming in through the stained glass windows, what splendid pageants of the many kings of France have taken place within these very walls? But no more brilliant scene was ever enacted here than when Napoleon, seizing the crown from the hands of the Pope at the altar, made himself Emperor of the French. If you climb up in one of the towers of Notre Dame, among the gargoyles, you get a fine view of the city spread out on both banks of the Seine—up and down the river ply little steamers, and the scene is a gay and animated one.

Leaving Notre Dame, you visit the Palais de Justice, or Law Courts, on the other side of the island. This building was an old palace of the kings of France, and the most interesting part of it is the beautiful little chapel, with walls that seem one blaze of stained glass, built by Saint Louis in the thirteenth century.

Paris is full of famous things for you to see. Under the old hôtel of the abbots of Cluny, now a museum, may be seen parts of the great baths belonging to a Roman palace built by one of the later emperors of Rome who resided in Gaul. In the museum itself are many relics of mediæval times, and beautiful tapestries, carvings, and jewels.

Then, one day, you take your place in the train, and in a short time reach Versailles, and visit the wonderful

palace of Louis XIV, where he used to hold his splendid fêtes. If you follow one of the paths through the trees of the park, you will come suddenly upon the little dairy house, called Le Petit Trianon, where Marie Antoinette and her court ladies used to play at being dairymaids.

Another day you go out, perhaps, to Saint Denis, and look among the royal tombs for the grave of good King Dagobert. The old warden of the church will show you the flag that Saint Louis took with him on his crusades.

Nor must you neglect to visit the chateau of Fontainebleau, filled with memories of Francis I. There you will see the famous horseshoe stairway, leading up from the great courtyard, where Napoleon stood when he said good-by to his Old Guards before he went into exile on the island of Elba.

A drive through the forest of Fontainebleau will bring you to the little village of Barbizon, now famous the world over because of two great painters who once lived there,—Millet and Rosa Bonheur. Many other celebrated artists, among whom you may have heard the names of Corot and Rousseau, loved to paint in this beautiful forest.

So, some time, if you travel through the "pleasant land of France," and visit all the historic places you have read about in these little stories, you will come to feel more and more the *reality* of these kings and queens, these brave heroes, and these good women, and will realize what a living thing the memory of them is to-day.

The Story of Joan of Arc

By

Andrew Lang

To

ANGELA COTTRELL-DORMER

DEAR ANGELA,

May I dedicate this little book to you, who are already a friend of the Maid?

As you grow up you will meet certain wise people who will tell you that there was never any such person as Joan of Arc, or that, if she ever lived, she was mad, or an impostor. If you ask them how they know that, they will probably reply that Science is the source of their information. You can then answer that you prefer to begin with History, and ask these wise people if they have read even so much as Monsieur Quicherat's five volumes containing the Trial of Joan, and the evidence of her friends and enemies who knew her in her lifetime? As the books are in Latin and Old French, the people who speak about Joan disrespectfully have not read them, and do not know what they are talking about.

"They say: What say they? Let them say!"

Affectionately yours,

A. LANG.

Chapter 1
The Childhood of Joan of Arc

Joan of Arc was perhaps the most wonderful person who ever lived in the world. The story of her life is so strange that we could scarcely believe it to be true, if all that happened to her had not been told by people in a court of law, and written down by her deadly enemies, while she was still alive. She was burned to death when she was only nineteen: she was not seventeen when she first led the armies of France to victory, and delivered her country from the English.

Joan was the daughter of a poor man, in a little country village. She had never learned to read, or write, or mount a horse. Yet she was so wise that many learned men could not puzzle her by questions; she was one of the best riders in France; one of the most skilled in aiming cannons, and so great a general that she defeated the English again and again, and her army was never beaten till her King deserted her. She was so brave that severe wounds could not stop her from leading on her soldiers, and so tender-hearted that she would comfort the wounded English on the field of battle, and protect them from cruelty. She was so good that her enemies could not find one true story to tell against her in the least thing; and she was so modest that in the height of her glory she was wishing to be at

home in her father's cottage, sewing or spinning beside her mother.

Joan, who was born at Domremy, in the east of France, on January 6, 1412, lived in a very unhappy time. For nearly a hundred years the kings of England had been trying to make themselves kings of France, just as they had been trying to make themselves kings of Scotland. Perhaps they might have succeeded, if they had confined themselves to one conquest at a time. But they left Scotland alone while they were attacking France, and then Scotland sent armies to help the French, as at other times the French sent armies to help Scotland.

Eight years before Joan was born a sad thing happened to her country. Henry V of England had married the Princess Katherine of France, and the French, or some of them, tired of being beaten in war, consented to let the child of Henry and the Princess Katherine be their King, instead of the son of their old King. The old King's son was called "the Dauphin"; that was the title of the eldest son of the French kings. This Dauphin was named Charles. His friends went on fighting the English for his sake, but he was not crowned King. The coronations of French Kings were always done in the Cathedral at Rheims, where they were anointed with sacred oil. The oil was kept in a very old flask, which was said to have been brought from heaven, to a Saint, by an Angel. No eldest son of the King was thought really King of France, after his father's death, till he had been anointed with this heavenly oil at Rheims

by the Archbishop. It is important to remember this; you will see the reason afterwards. Now, Rheims was in the power of the English, so the Dauphin, Charles, could not go there and be made King in earnest. The English said that he was not the son of his father, the late King, which made him very unhappy. We shall hear how Joan comforted him and made him King for good and all. What Scots and Frenchmen could not do, she did.

In the meantime the French were divided into two parties. Some sided with the Dauphin, Prince Charles; more, and especially all the people of Burgundy, and the Duke of Burgundy, a great and rich country, were on the side of the English. So they fought very cruelly, for the land was full of companies of ill-paid soldiers, who plundered the poor, so that towns fell into decay, many fields were empty of sheep and cows, and the roads became covered with grass. In the villages a boy used to watch all day, from the spire of the church, to see whether any soldiers were riding up. If they came, the cattle were driven into the woods, and men, women, and children ran to hide themselves, carrying such things away as they could. The soldiers of all sorts robbed equally, for they had often no regular pay, and the Scots were not behindhand in helping themselves wherever they went. Even gentlemen and knights became chiefs of troops of robbers, so that, whoever won in the wars, the country people were always being plundered.

In the middle of these miseries Joan was born, in a village where almost everybody was on the side of the Dauphin: the right side. In the village nearest to hers, Maxey, the people took the English side, and the boys of the two places had pitched battles with sticks and stones. It is true that they would have found some other reason for fighting, even if the English had not been in France. Joan used to see her brothers, Peter and John, come home from these battles with their noses bleeding, and with black eyes, but she did not take part herself in these wars.

Her village was near a strong walled town called Vaucouleurs, which was on the side of the Dauphin. When Joan was a little girl she did not see very much of the cruelty of the soldiers; the village was only visited once or twice by enemies. But she heard of what was going on in the rest of France: "there was great pity in France," she said. She did, once or twice, see some of the "pity." There was a man called Henry d'Orly, living in a castle named Doulevant, who, like many other gentlemen in these days, was a captain of robbers.

One day several spearmen of his rode into Domremy, Joan's village, and seized Joan's father's cows, with all the other cows that they could find, just as the Scotts, Elliots, and Armstrongs used to ride across the Border and drive the cattle of the English farmers. But a lady lived in a strong castle near Domremy, and when she heard how the village people had been plundered she sent the news to a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who gathered his

spearmen and rode after the robbers. The thieves, of course, could not ride faster than the stolen cows could trot; they pricked the poor beasts with their spears, and made them lumber along, but a cow is slow at best. The pursuers galloped and came on the cattle in a little town, while the thieves were drinking in the wine shops. When they heard the horses of the pursuers gallop down the street, they mounted their horses and spurred for their lives; but now came their master, Henry d'Orly, with more spearmen, who followed after the cattle and the gentlemen who were driving them home. They turned and charged Henry d'Orly, and cleared the road, and the cows came home to Domremy, all safe.

Another time all the people in Domremy had to fly from home, and go to a town called Neufchâteau, where they were safe behind strong walls. They only stayed there for a few days, but, later, the English said that Joan had been a servant in an inn at this town, and had learned to ride there, which was quite untrue.

There were beautiful woods near the village, and in one oak wood an oak called the Fairy Tree. There was a story that a beautiful fairy used to meet her lover at that tree, just as, under the Eildon Hill, the Queen of Fairyland met Thomas the Rhymer. The children used to take cakes, and make feasts, and hang garlands of flowers on the boughs of that oak; but Joan did not care much about fairies, and preferred to lay her wild flowers beneath the statues of Saints in the village Church, especially St.

Catherine and St. Margaret. Of course, all this was long before the Reformation, in which the Protestants broke the images of Saints in the churches, and smashed their pictures on the glass windows with stones, and destroyed a beautiful statue of Joan on the bridge at Orleans.

These things were done more than a hundred years after Joan was dead.

Though Joan could run faster than the other girls and boys, and beat them when they ran races, she liked to be quiet. Nobody could sew and spin better than she did, and she was very fond of praying alone in church. She would even go away from the other children into lonely places, and implore God to have pity on France. The services in church, the singing and music, made her very happy, and when she heard the church bells across the fields, she would say her prayer. She was very kind, and would give up her bed to any poor traveller whom her father took in for a night, and would sleep beside the hearth. She took care of the sick, and, if ever she had any money, she would spend it on Masses to be said in honour of God, and for the sake of men's souls.

So Joan lived till she was thirteen. She was a strong, handsome girl, beautifully made, with black hair. We do not know the colour of her eyes, probably brown or dark grey. A young knight wrote to his mother, when he first saw Joan, that she was "a creature all divine." Joan never

sat to a painter for her portrait, though once she saw a kind of fancy picture of herself in the hands of a Scottish archer.

Young men do not say so much about a girl who is not beautiful, and, indeed, armies do not rush together to follow a maiden with no good looks. But though Joan, when she came to command armies, liked to be well dressed, and to have fine armour, that was partly because she was a natural, healthy girl, and partly because she was a kind of banner for men to follow into fight, and banners ought to be splendid.

She took no thought of her own beauty, and the young knights and squires who fought, later, under her flag, said that they looked on her as a sacred thing, and never dreamed of making love to her. She let it be known that she would never marry any one, while the English were still in France. She was not a nun, and had not made a vow never to marry at all, but while her country was in danger she never thought of marriage; she had other things to do.

Chapter 2

How the Voices Came to the Maid

When Joan was about thirteen a very wonderful thing happened to her. One day she and the other girls and boys were running a race for a crown of flowers. Joan was easily the winner, and, as she was running, a child who was looking on cried, "Joan, I see you flying along without touching the ground." After the race Joan had a curious feeling as if she did not know where she was, and then heard a young man's voice near her, bidding her go home, for her mother needed her. She did not know who spoke; she thought it might be her brother, or one of her neighbours, so she ran home. She found that her mother had not sent for her, and she was going back to her friends, when a bright light like a shining cloud appeared to her, and a Voice told her to go and save France from the English. Till that hour she had been sorry for the sorrows in France, but as she was only a little girl, she had never thought that she could lead an army against the English.

This is the first account that people heard of the coming of the mysterious Voices to Jeanne; it was written down about four years after the Voices first came, and six weeks after Joan's first great defeat of the English (in May 1429). Two years later, after Joan was a prisoner of the English, the French priests and lawyers who took the English side asked her thousands of questions about

everything that she had done in her life, and the answers were written down in a book, word for word. They asked her about these wonderful Voices. There were things that she refused to tell these priests and lawyers, but she did say this:—

"When I was about thirteen there came to me a Voice from God, teaching me how I was to behave and what I was to do. And the first time that Voice came, I was afraid. I was standing about the middle of the day, in summer, in my father's garden. The Voice came from the right hand, from where the church stands, and when it came I usually saw a great light on the side from which it spoke. The Voice told me to be a good girl and go to church, and go to save France. I said that I was only a poor girl, who could not ride or lead the soldiers in the wars," but the Voice kept on for years, telling her that she must go.

She not only heard Voices, but she saw shining figures of the Saints in heaven. She never would tell the lawyers much about how the Saints appeared to her, but said, "I saw them as clearly as I see you, and I used to cry when they went away. And I wished that they would take me with them where they went."

These Saints were St. Margaret, St. Catherine, and the Archangel St. Michael. When Joan spoke to her own friends about what she saw and heard, they say that "she seemed marvellously happy, lifting her eyes to heaven." This is all that we know about these wonderful things

which kept Joan company from the time when she was thirteen to the day of her death, when she was nineteen, advising her about what she was to do for the saving of France. If the Voices had not spoken to her often, she would never have gone to the wars, and for some years she told nobody about the Voices, and stayed at home in her village. Even when she went to the wars, her friends could not persuade her to say more than I have told you about these strange things. She said that she had a "council" which advised her in everything. If there was much noise in a room where she might be, she could not hear the Voices distinctly. Only one person said that he saw angels' faces in her company; none of her friends who knew her best saw or heard anything extraordinary. She very much disliked to speak about the Saints and Voices.

Chapter 3
How the Maid Obeyed the Voices

Time went on, and the Dauphin, the rightful Prince of France, was more and more unfortunate. It is true that Henry V, the King of England, died. He was a great soldier, and his son was only a baby, but the war was carried on by the brother of the late King, the Duke of Bedford; by the Earl of Salisbury; by the famous Talbot; by Sir John Fastolf, and many other English generals. The Scots won a great victory over the English at Baugé bridge, where the Duke of Clarence, the brother of Henry V, was killed. But the French and Scots were beaten at Verneuil, where most of the Scots fell fighting bravely. However, a new army came from Scotland, under Stewart of Darnley, and still the war went on.

By that time the Dauphin only held France south of the great river Loire. The strongest place which was true to the Dauphin was the town of Orleans. If the English could once take that city, and fill it with provisions, and guns, and other weapons, the French could not hope to win it back again, and the English would overrun the whole of the centre and south of France, and drive the Dauphin out of his own country. He was very poor and very unhappy. He could scarcely pay his bootmaker, and as he was not a good fighting man, he lived here and there idly, at towns south of Orleans, such as Blois and Poitiers.

He used to wonder whether he had not better give up the war, and go to Spain or Scotland. Another thing made him miserable. He did not know for certain whether he had really the right to be King or not, as many people said that he was not truly the son of the last King of France.

In his distress he prayed, privately and in silence, that he might know whether or not he was the rightful prince, and ought to be crowned and anointed as King. But he told nobody about this, and lived as he best could, wandering from one town to another. Then he heard that his great city of Orleans was being besieged by the English, in the autumn of the year 1428. Orleans lies on the right bank of the river Loire, which here is deep, broad, and swift, with several islands in the middle of the current. The bridge was fortified, on the farther side, by two strong towers, called Les Tourelles, but the English took this fortification, and so the people of Orleans could not cross the river by the bridge, and they broke down an arch, that the English might not cross to them.

One day the English general came to this fort, at the time when the soldiers of both sides dined, to look out of a narrow window, and watch what was going on in the besieged town. Now it happened that a cannon lay, ready loaded, in a niche of the gate-tower of Orleans that looked straight along the bridge to the Tourelles. The English general, the Earl of Salisbury, was peeping through the narrow window, thinking himself quite safe, as the French soldiers in Orleans had gone to dinner. But a small French

boy went into the gate-tower of Orleans, and seeing a cannon ready loaded, he thought it would be amusing to set a light to the touch-hole. So he got a linstock, as it was called, lighted it, put it to the touch-hole, and fired off the cannon. The bullet went straight into the narrow window out of which the English general was peeping, and he fell back, mortally wounded.

This was a piece of good fortune for the French, but there were plenty of other English generals to take the place of Salisbury. The English built strong fortresses here and there, outside the walls and gates of the town, to prevent help and food and wine and powder from being brought to the besieged French. But the people of Orleans were brave, and were commanded by good officers, such as Dunois, young Xaintrailles, La Hire, a rough, swearing knight, and others who became true friends of Joan of Arc, and food was brought in easily enough.

The English had won so many battles that they despised the French, and so they did not take pains, and, besides, they had not men enough to surround Orleans and prevent cattle being driven in from the country. The English seem to have had no more than four thousand soldiers. They were neither strong enough to take the town by storm, nor many enough to surround it and starve the French into showing the white flag, and giving up the place.

In fact, the English had been beating the French just because they believed they could beat them, and thought that one Englishman was as good as three Frenchmen at least. This was nonsense, but, under Henry V, at Agincourt, a few English had beaten a great French army, because the French fought foolishly, trying to gallop to the charge over wet, heavy ploughed land, while the English archers shot them down in hundreds. But the French, you will see, had learned the English way of fighting on foot, and could have held their own, if they had not lost confidence.

Chapter 4
How Joan Heard News Strangely

Joan, far away in Domremy, would hear of the danger in which Orleans lay, now and then, and her Voices kept insisting that she *must* go and drive away the English. She used to cry, and say that she would be quite useless, as she could not ride or fight, and people would think her mad, or bad, and laugh at her.

The Voices told her to go to the nearest strong walled French town, Vaucouleurs, and ask the commander there, Robert de Baudricourt, to send her to the Dauphin, who was then far away, at Chinon, a castle on the Loire, south of Orleans. When she saw the King, she was to tell him that she had come to save France.

This seemed quite a mad proposal. Baudricourt was a great, rough, sensible soldier, and how could Joan go to him with a message of this kind? He would merely laugh at the sunburned girl in her short red kirtle—a girl who, probably, had never spoken to a gentleman before.

Perhaps this was the hardest part of Joan's duty, for she was modest, and she was very quick to notice anything absurd and ridiculous. Now nothing could seem more laughable than the notion that a little country wench of sixteen could teach the French to defeat the English. But there was no help for it. The Voices, and the shining cloud, and the faces of Saints and angels came, several times

every week, and a Voice said, "Daughter of God, go on! I will be with you."

Joan had an uncle who lived near Vaucouleurs, and she went to stay with him. It seems that she told him she must go to the Dauphin, and the first thing needful was to get Robert de Baudricourt to lend her a few men-at-arms, who would protect her on her long journey to Chinon. The uncle must have been very much astonished, but it seems that he believed in her, for he took her to Robert. Of course Robert laughed, and told Joan's uncle to take her away, and box her ears. But she came again, and then a priest wanted to exorcise her, that is to frighten the devil out of her, with religious services and holy water, as if she had been "possessed," like people in the New Testament. But Joan was not possessed, and the priest, after trying the holy water, could only say so.

By this time the month of February 1429 had come round. The besieged French in Orleans had now a great misfortune. The season of Lent was coming; that is, a time when they were not allowed to eat beef and mutton, but only fish, and eggs, and vegetables. Now a great number of waggons loaded with herrings were being sent to feed the English who were besieging Orleans. The general of the French in Orleans knew that, and he determined to send out soldiers to attack the English who would be guarding the long line of waggons full of herrings. They would wait for the English on the road, cut them up, and carry the fish into the town for their own use.

So a great many of the Scots and some French slipped out of Orleans by night, and went to a place called Rouvray, on the road by which the herrings were to pass. Here they were to be joined by another small French army, under a general named Clermont. So they reached Rouvray, where they did not find Clermont and his men, but did see the English soldiers far away, marching by the side of the long line of waggons.

Instead of waiting hidden under cover till the English passed by, and then rushing among them unexpectedly, Stewart of Darnley cried, "Charge!" and rode, with his lance in rest at the English front. The Scots were always in too great a hurry to fight. The English saw them coming, arranged the heavy waggons in a square, and went inside the square, so that the Scots could not get at them. Safe behind their carts, the English archers shot down the Scots, who thought bows and arrows rather mean weapons, and wanted to cut down their enemies with the sword. But they could not reach the English; they fell in piles of slain men round the square, and Clermont, the French general who was to have joined them, would not fight, and took away his army. So very many brave Scots were killed, with Stewart of Darnley at their head, and the rest retreated sadly to Orleans, where they heard the English hurrahing in their camp.

This was called the battle of Rouvray, or the battle of the Herrings. It was fought on February 12, 1429. Now, on February 12, Joan went to Baudricourt, and told him

that a terrible misfortune had happened that day to the army of the Dauphin, near Orleans. The news could not possibly reach Vaucouleurs for several days, for the distance between Vaucouleurs and Orleans is great, and the roads were dangerous, and might be beset by English soldiers and by robbers, who would stop messengers. Joan had been told of the defeat by her Voices.

At last, however, the bad news did come. Joan had been right, the French and Scots had been defeated on the day when she told Baudricourt of it, February 12.

So Baudricourt saw there was something uncommon in this country girl, who knew what was happening far away, and he lent her two young gentlemen and a few men-at-arms to guide her and guard her on her way to the Dauphin. Somebody gave her a horse, which, to the surprise of all men, she rode very well. She had her long black hair cut short and close, as soldiers wore it; she dressed in a grey doublet and black hose, like a boy (she wore this kind of dress till the end of her life); and then she rode through the gate of Vaucouleurs, which is still standing, and away to seek the Dauphin. This was on February 23, 1429.

After riding for several days, Joan and her company reached a little town called Fierbois, near Chinon. Here was the chapel dedicated to St. Catherine of Fierbois, who was a favourite Saint of the French and Scots soldiers, and of Joan. In the chapel was a book in which the miracles of

the Saint were written down. At this very time a Scottish archer, Michael Hamilton, from Shotts, was caught by some country people, and was hanged by them. During the night a voice came to the priest of the village, saying, "Go and cut down that Scot who was hanged, for he is not dead." However, the priest was sleepy, and he did not go. Next day was Easter Day, and the priest went to church and did the services. After that, he thought he might as well see about the Scot who was hanging from a tree, and seemed quite dead. To make certain, the priest took his penknife, and cut the dead man's toe. On this the man gave a kick, so the priest cut the rope, and took good care of Michael Hamilton. When he was able to ride, Michael went to this chapel of Fierbois, and took his oath that he had prayed to St. Catherine before he was hanged up, and now he came to thank her for his escape at her chapel. The book of the chapel is full of these strange stories, and probably some of them were read aloud to Joan, who could not read, and said that she "did not know A from B." She attended three Masses at Fierbois, and got some learned clerk to write a letter to the King, to say that she was coming. She also had a letter written to her father and mother, asking them to pardon her for going away without their permission. Her father she was to see once more, her mother she never saw again.

As to Michael Hamilton, you may believe his story or not, as you like. Many of the other stories told in the chapel book by Scots soldiers, and French men and

women, are just as curious. I only know that the people made long journeys to thank Madame Saint Catherine in her church at Fierbois, and that their stories were written down in the book there.

Chapter 5

How the Maid Saw the Dauphin

When Joan reached Chinon, she was lodged with a lady who was very kind, and she waited to see the Dauphin. His advisers were not sure that he ought to see the Maid at all; but probably he was curious, and at last she was brought to the castle, and led up the stairs to a great hall, where were many men in splendid dresses. The castle is in ruins now, and the hall has no roof over it, but you can still go in and see the walls, and empty windows, and the great fireplace. A man plainly dressed was in the crowd of magnificent courtiers in silk and gold embroidery. Joan went straight up, and kneeling on one knee, said, "Fair Sir, you are the Dauphin to whom I am come." But the man pointed to a knight, very richly dressed, and said, "That is the King."

"No, fair Sir," said Joan; "it is to you that I am sent."

The Dauphin, for the man was the Dauphin, was surprised at this, for she had never seen him before. He allowed Joan to come to the castle and talk to him, but he was not sure that she was not an impostor, or a silly girl.

One day, however, she took him aside, into a corner where nobody could hear what they were talking about. When their conversation was ended, the Dauphin looked very grave, and Jeanne looked very glad. She had told him something that made him believe in her.

What had Joan told to the King? It was known at the time that she had told him something that amazed him, for it is mentioned in a letter written a few weeks later by Alan Chartier, a famous poet. But nobody knew the secret: Joan would never let any one know. When she was a prisoner among the English, the French priests and lawyers tried to make her speak, but she would not. It was her King's secret.

Eight years after Joan was dead, a very strange thing happened. A woman who said that Joan had not died, and that she was Joan, came to Orleans with Joan's brothers. The people of Orleans, who had known the Maid very well, believed that this woman was Joan come again, and feasted her and gave her presents. Then she was taken to the King. He himself was puzzled, and said, "Maid, my dear, I am glad to see you again. Do you remember the secret between you and me?"

Then this false pretender to be the Maid confessed that she knew nothing.

When the King was old, he revealed the secret to a friend.

On that day when they went apart together at Chinon, Joan reminded him of the secret prayer which, as I told you, the Dauphin had made when alone, asking that he might know whether he really was the son of the late King, and himself the rightful King of France.

"You are the rightful King," Joan said.

When the Dauphin heard her words, he made things go on quicker. Priests were sent to Joan's village to find out if she had been a good girl when she was at home. Then she was taken to Poitiers, to be examined by many learned men, priests and lawyers. They tried to perplex her by their questions, but she was straightforward, and told them how the Voices had come to her. One man asked her to give a sign by working a miracle.

"I have not come to Poitiers to give signs," said Joan; "but let me go to Orleans, and you shall see what I will do."

She never professed to work miracles. She wanted to lead an army to Orleans, and the sign to be given was the defeat of the English, and the rescue of the besieged town.

For six weary weeks the learned men and priests examined Joan, and tried in every way to find some fault in her answers. At last they drew up a report and signed it, saying that "to doubt the Maid would be to resist the Holy Spirit." What they were afraid of all the time was that Joan might be advised by spirits, to be sure, but evil spirits or devils. The English and the French lawyers on the English side, declared that Joan was possessed by devils. They thought that, because they could not deny her powers; but, as she was not on their side, her powers could not come from God, but from Satan. To think in that way is common: people always believe that their own side is the right side. But nobody ever heard of evil spirits taking

possession of any one who was really good; and no man could ever find any single bad thing in Joan the Maid.

So now the Dauphin began to collect an army to march with Joan to Orleans. Of course he ought to have done that before, even if there had been no Joan. It was a shameful thing that a strong town, full of brave men, should be taken by four thousand Englishmen, without an effort by the French to drive the English away. But the French had lost all heart and courage; the brave Dunois himself said that a large force of French would run away from a little company of English. All that the French of the Dauphin's party needed was courage and confidence. As soon as they believed in Joan they were full of confidence. They could not turn their backs as long as a girl of sixteen ran forward in front of them, through the rain of arrows, and bullets, and cannon balls, waving her banner, and crying "Come on!"

At this time Joan prophesied that she would be wounded by an arrow at Orleans, but not to death. So a Flemish ambassador at Chinon wrote to the magistrates of his town at home, and his letter was copied into the town council's book, before the Maid went to the war.

White armour was made for Joan to wear, and a Scottish painter made a banner with sacred pictures for her to carry; his daughter was a great friend of Joan.

The Maid said that, as for a sword, if they dug in the ground behind the altar at the chapel of St. Catherine, in

Fierbois, they would find a buried sword, which she wished to carry; and it was found, old and rusty, with five crosses on the blade. The Duke of Alençon, a young cousin of the King's, who had been a prisoner of the English, saw Joan riding one day, and was so pleased with her grace and good horsemanship, that he gave her a very good horse, and became one of her best friends. "My fair Duke" was what she used to call him. Every one said that Joan's manners were as gentle and courteous as those of the greatest ladies, though she had been brought up in a poor cottage. Everything that she did was done in the best way and the noblest.

Chapter 6

How the Maid Rode to Orleans

When Joan's army was gathered, with "plenty of good things, and powder and shot, in waggons, for the people of Orleans," she gave orders that no loose people should follow them. The soldiers must not drink and play dice and cards. They must pray, and must never swear. One of the generals, the brave La Hire, asked that he might be allowed one little oath, so she said he might swear "by his baton," the short staff which he carried as a leader. Then Joan mounted, and rode at the head of the army out of the gate of Blois. The French Commander at Orleans, Dunois, had sent to say that they must march up the bank of the Loire opposite to that on which Orleans stands, for the English were very strong, with many fortifications, on the road on the Orleans side, and would stop them. Dunois seems to have thought that Joan's army should go above the town, and be ferried across with the supplies for the city—for the English held the bridge—but that they could not cut their way through the main body of the English army on the other side of the river. But to go straight through the English where they were strongest was what Joan had intended. Therefore she was angry when she arrived at the place where Dunois was waiting for her, and saw that the river lay between her and the town of Orleans. You may think that her Voices should have told her that she was marching on the wrong bank of

the river; however, they did not. She asked Dunois why he had ordered them to come by the road they took. She said,

"I bring you better help than has ever come to any town or captain, the help of the King of heaven."

Dunois himself has left this account of what Joan said, and, as she was speaking, the wind changed. It had been blowing in such a way as to make it hard for the boats to carry Joan and the provisions across the river, but now it went about, and they crossed easily, some way above the town. As for the army, Joan ordered them back to Blois, to cross by the bridge there, and march to Orleans again, past the forts and through the midst of the English.

Once across the river, Joan mounted again, with her banner of Our Lord and the Lilies in her hand, and with Dunois at her side, and rode to the town. They passed an English fortress, the Church of St. Loup, in safety, and the people came out to meet them. Night had fallen, and the people who crowded round the Maid were carrying torches. One of these set fire to the fringe of her banner and made her horse plunge; but she crushed out the flame with her left hand in its steel glove, and reined in her horse easily, while the people cheered, and the women wished to kiss her hand, which she did not like, thinking the honour too great. It was a beautiful sight to see the Maid ride into Orleans town. From that hour there was no more fear among the French.

Dunois said, "Till that day, two hundred English could scatter eight hundred or a thousand of our men, but now they skulked in their forts and dared not come out against us." This is an extraordinary thing, for Talbot, who led the English, was the bravest of men, and was thought the greatest captain living. Jeanne sent to him a letter to bid him break up his camp and go away. The English laughed, and one day, when Joan went out to speak to them, they called her ill names, so that she wept for shame. But, somehow, the English had certainly lost heart, or they had some reason which we do not know, for merely defending their strong fortresses.

On the day after Joan entered Orleans she wanted Dunois to sally out of the town with his men and assail the English. He did not think it wise to do so, and Joan went up to her own room. Suddenly she rushed down and asked her page why he had not told her that the French were fighting, she did not know where. It was at the fort and Church of St. Loup, which Joan had passed on her way into Orleans. On this side, namely, farther up the river, above the town, the English were weakest, as they did not expect to be attacked on that side. The French were victorious; when they saw Joan ride up they were filled with courage. Joan saw a Frenchman strike down an English prisoner; she dismounted, laid the poor prisoner's head in her lap, and did her best to comfort him.

Chapter 7
How the Maid Saved Orleans

The Dauphin had given Joan a gentleman of good character to be with her always, and take care of her. This gentleman was named Jean d'Aulon, and, as he has left an account of what Joan did at Orleans, we give what he said. On the day after Joan took the fortress of St. Loup from the English, she led her men to attack another English work on the farther side of the river. They could not cross by the bridge, of course, for the English held the strong building, Les Tourelles, at the bridge end, the place where the Earl of Salisbury was killed by the cannon shot; moreover an arch of the bridge had been broken, lest the English should cross. So they went in boats to an island in the middle of the river, and then made a bridge of boats across the other branch of the Loire. But they found that the English had left the place which they meant to attack, and were in a much stronger fortress. The French, therefore, were returning to their boats, when the English rushed out of the second fortress to attack them when off their guard. But Joan and her friend La Hire, who had crossed the river with their horses, saw the English coming on, and put their lances in rest (a kind of support for the level spear), and spurred their horses at their enemies. The rest of the French followed Joan, and drove the English back into their fortress. Meanwhile d'Aulon, and a Spanish gentleman on the French side, took each other

by the hand, and ran as fast as they could till they struck their swords against the outer fence, or strong wooden palisade of the English. But in the narrow gateway stood a tall and very strong Englishman, who drove back the French. So d'Aulon asked a Frenchman, a good shot, to aim at the Englishman, whom he killed, and then d'Aulon and the Spaniard ran into the gateway, and held it, while Joan and the rest of the French rushed in, and all the English were killed or gave themselves up as prisoners.

By this time the French army which went down to Blois to cross the bridge, had returned to Orleans, and gone past the English fortresses without being attacked. So there were now many fighting men in Orleans. Next day, therefore, Joan insisted that they should attack the strongest of all the English forts, Les Tourelles, at the end of the bridge farthest from the town. The generals thought this plan too dangerous, as the fortress was so strong; but no doubt Joan was right, because the English on the town side of the river could not cross over to help their countrymen. If they crossed in boats, they would be shot, and cut down as they landed. If the French generals did not understand that, Joan did. She was full of confidence. A man asked her to wait for breakfast, and offered her a big trout caught in the Loire. She said, "Keep it for supper. I will bring back an English prisoner to help to eat it. And I will come back *by the bridge*." Now the bridge, we saw, was *broken*. D'Aulon heard her say this, and no doubt he wondered what she meant. He understood her, at night.

So Joan caused the gate to be thrown open, and the town's people, who were very eager, rushed to the river bank, and crossed in boats. The regular soldiers followed, and all day long they attacked the walls, carrying ladders to climb them with, while Joan stood under the wall, waving her banner, and crying "Forward!" But from behind the battlement, the English kept shooting with arrows and muskets, so that many of the French were killed, and a strong Englishman threw down the ladders as they were pushed to the top of the walls. There were five or six hundred of the best of the English in this castle, under two leaders whom the French call "Bumus" and "Glasidas." The name of "Glasidas" was Glasdale; we do not know who "Bumus" was! So all day companies of the French and Scots, carrying ladders, and with banners flying, went down into the deep ditch below the wall, and were shot or driven out.

Now the great Dunois, the most famous of the French leaders, tells us what Joan did. It was about one o'clock in the afternoon, when the thing that she had prophesied happened to her. A bolt from an English cross-bow passed through her armour between the collar-bone and the shoulder-blade, and stood out six inches behind her shoulder. She was carried out of range, and the arrow was drawn out. Another witness says that a soldier wished to sing a magical song over the wound, to heal it, but she would not allow this to be done, and went back into the battle, hurt as she was. She cried a little.

They fought on; they had begun in the early morning, and it was eight o'clock, and past sunset, when Dunois said that they could not take the fort that day, and wished to call off the soldiers from the ditch. But Joan came to him, and asked him to wait a little while. She mounted her horse, and rode to a vineyard, and there she prayed, "for half a quarter of an hour." Then she rode back, and went through the hail of shot and arrows to the edge of the ditch, while d'Aulon covered her, he says, with his shield. She saw that a soldier had taken her standard into the ditch. She seized the standard, and it waved so that all her men saw it, and rushed up; "we shall take the fort," said Joan, "when my standard touches the wall." The wind blew the banner fringe against the wall, and the French made one more rush, they climbed the ladders, they tumbled into the fort, and the English were slain or taken, and Glasdale, their leader, who tried to cross to another tower by a plank, fell into the river and was drowned.

Then Joan crossed back to Orleans by the bridge, as d'Aulon heard her say that she would, when she set out in the morning. For the town's people laid a beam across the broken arch, and on this she walked over, after winning so great a victory by her own courage. For Dunois says that the English were terrified when they saw her under the wall again, in the growing darkness, and that they had no more heart to fight.

Joan was very tired: she had her wound dressed by a surgeon, and, for supper, she had four or five little pieces

of toast, dipped in weak wine and water; that was all she ate, Dunois says, all that long day.

Early next morning the English left their forts, and drew up in line of battle. Joan had put on a very light shirt of mail, made of steel rings, because her wound did not permit her to wear the usual armour made of heavy steel plates. She said that the English must be allowed to go away, and must not be attacked.

Thus the town of Orleans was delivered on 8th May, and ever since, to this day, they keep a festival on 8th May in every year, and rejoice in honour of the Maid. All the expense and labour of the English in the seven months' siege had been turned to waste by Joan in four days. France was free, south of the Loire, and Joan had kept her word; she had shown a sign at Orleans.

It sounds like a fairy-tale, but it certainly happened. Joan made the French able to do what they did merely by giving them courage. Her army would not have come together if she had not given them something to believe in—herself. She thought that she led about 10,000 men; but it is not easy to be sure of the numbers. The English, if they were only 4000, could not resist the new army and the old garrison of Orleans, if the French had faith in themselves; and Joan gave them faith. At the same time the English seem to have arranged their army in a very foolish way. About 1000 were on the farther side of a river which the 3000 on the right bank could not, or did not try

to cross, to help their friends. The larger part of the English army might have attacked one of the gates of Orleans, and frightened Joan's army, who would have come back across the river to defend the town. The English in the fortress at the farther end of the bridge would then have been safe. But the English on the right bank did nothing at all, for some reason which we do not understand.

Chapter 8

How the Maid Took the Town of Jargeau

After Orleans was quite safe, and when Talbot had led the English army to the town of Meun, Joan wanted to take the Dauphin to Rheims, to be crowned and anointed with the holy oil, and made King in earnest. But the way was long, and the road passed through towns which were held by friends of the English. So the Dauphin loitered about in pleasant castles near the Loire, in the bright May weather, and held councils, and wondered what he ought to do. Then Joan rode with the brave Dunois to Loches where the Dauphin was. Some lords and priests were in the room with him, but Joan went straight in, and knelt before him, saying, "Fair Dauphin, do not hold so many weary councils, but come to Rheims, and take your crown."

So they said that they would think about it, but was it safe to leave English armies behind them, at Meun, where Talbot was, and at Jargeau, where the Earl of Suffolk was the English captain? Joan said that she and the young Duke of Alençon would make their minds easy on that point, and would begin by taking Jargeau, where the French, without Joan, had fought already and been beaten. The Duke was newly married to a young wife, who was anxious about him, but Joan said, "Madam, I will bring back the Duke to you, safe and well!"

So they rode away, six hundred lances, with some infantry, and slept in a wood. The Duke of Alençon has left an account of all that they did. Next day Dunois and other captains joined them with another six hundred lances, so that, with the infantry, they would be about five thousand men. Some of the captains thought they were not strong enough, as Jargeau had thick walls and towers, and cannon. But Joan insisted on fighting, and first she led her men to drive the English from the houses lying under the walls on the outside, which is dangerous fighting, as all the garden walls would protect English cross-bowmen, and men with muskets, who could shoot in safety, many of them from windows of houses, at the French in the open. The French, however, drove the English from the houses and gardens, and brought up their cannon, and fired at the town.

In these days cannon were small, and shot small balls, which did not carry far, and could do no damage to thick stone walls. There were no shells, which explode, but there were a few very large iron guns, like Mons Meg in Edinburgh Castle. Out of these they shot huge, heavy stone balls, and if one of them fell into a street, and broke, the splinters flew about dangerously. But, somehow, they seldom did much harm, besides Joan's army had none of these great guns, which are not easily dragged about.

So for days the French fired at the town, and it is to be supposed that they broke a hole, or breach, in a part of the

wall, for they decided to rush in and take the place sword in hand.

"Forward, fair Duke!" said Joan to the Duke of Alençon, who rather thought that they had not made a good enough breach in the wall. "You know that I told the Duchess I would bring you back safe? But do not stand *there*," she said, "or that English cannon on the wall will kill you."

The Duke moved from the place where he was, and a gentleman named de Lude went to it, and was killed.

So Joan saved the Duke, as she had promised.

Then they ran together to the wall, and Joan was climbing up a ladder, when a heavy stone thrown by the English struck her helmet, and she fell.

She rose again at once, crying, "Forward, we shall take them all," and the English ran through the streets to the bridges, the French following and cutting them down, or taking them prisoners. It is said that the Earl of Suffolk surrendered to Joan, as "the bravest woman in the world." If this is true, she might have made a great deal of money out of his ransom, that is, the price which a prisoner paid for his freedom. There is another story that Suffolk was taken by a squire, and that he dubbed him knight before he surrendered, as it was more honourable to yield to a knight. This is more likely to be true, for the English thought that Joan was a witch. Now, as Suffolk was general of all the English forces on the Loire, he would not choose

to surrender to a lass of sixteen, whether he believed in witches or not. Besides, he could not dub Joan a knight.

Chapter 9

How Joan Defeated the English in Fair Field

The Maid had now driven the English away from Orleans, and had taken a strong town which they held, a thing the French, without her, had failed to do. She was next to beat their army in the open country and in fair field. We know most about this battle from a book written by a gentleman named Pierre de Cagny, who rode with the Duke of Alençon and knew what happened, and wrote all down very soon afterwards. He says that the Maid placed a garrison of soldiers to keep Jargeau, and then rode to Orleans with the Duke, where the townspeople gave a great feast to her and her friends. But she did not stay long to be petted and praised at Orleans. In the evening she said to the Duke, "I am going, after dinner tomorrow, to see the English at Meun. Have the men ready to march." She easily made Meun surrender, and then her guns fired at the town of Beaugency.

Then news came to Joan that the whole English army, under Talbot and Sir John Fastolf (who cannot be Sir John Falstaff in Shakespeare, for the fat knight was dead), were marching against her. Now Sir John Fastolf, though a very brave captain, thought, like the fat knight, that "discretion was the better part of valour." He wished to be cautious, and to avoid a battle, for he saw that the French

were in high spirits, while the English soldiers had lost heart. This is told in the book written by a knight named Jean de Wavrin, a Burgundian. He was, like all of them of Burgundy, on the English side, and he rode under the banner of Sir John Fastolf.

I tell you generally how we come to know the things done by the Maid, to show that the story is true, as the people who described it were present, and saw what happened.

The other English captains thought Sir John rather too cautious, and Talbot said, "By St. George, I will fight if I have only my own few men with me!" Next morning the English rode out with banners flying, and again Sir John said that they were too few, and that they were risking all that Henry V had gained in France. But Talbot and the rest would not listen to him, so the trumpets blew, and the horsemen rode on towards Meun, which Joan had taken. When they came to a place about three miles from Meun, and three from Beaugency, they saw the banner of the Maid, with Our Lord and the Lilies of France, and the banners of the Duke of Alençon, and Dunois, and La Hire, and young Pothon de Xaintrailles, a very gallant boy, waving over the ranks of 6000 men.

The English then did what Henry V had taught them to do. They dismounted from their horses to fight on foot, and made each bowman plant his sharp stake in front of him, to stop a cavalry charge. This plan usually succeeded.

The French were fond of charging with their cavalry at full speed, and then were usually shot down in heaps by the English bowmen, whom they could not reach, as they were safe behind their fence of pikes. Then the dismounted English would rush out, sword in hand, among the disordered French cavalry.

You see this was much like part of the battle of Waterloo, when the French cavalry many times rode at the English squares, and could not break through the bayonets, while the English were shooting at them—not very straight!

By this plan of fighting the English had often defeated the French, and usually defeated the Scots, who generally made a wild rush at them. At the battle of Dupplin, soon after Robert Bruce died, the English archers shot from each flank till the Scots, as they charged, fell dead in heaps as high as a tall spear. But Dunois, and the fair Duke, and the Maid knew this plan. They sent a herald to bid the English go home to bed; it was late; "tomorrow we shall have a nearer view of each other."

The English, therefore, went off to Meun, where nobody resisted them except the French soldiers who guarded the bridge over the Loire. The English meant to beat the French from the bridge with their cannons, cross the river, and march to help their friends in Beaugency, which had not yet yielded to Joan. The English would thus

take Joan's army between two fires, that of Beaugency, and that of Talbot's army.

But that very night the English in Beaugency lost heart, and yielded to the Maid, being allowed to march away with their arms and horses. Joan now bade the French captains go with her army, and look for Talbot's and Fastolf's force, who would hear of the surrender of Beaugency, and retreat to Paris through the country called La Beauce.

"But how are we to find the English?" the French leaders asked Joan: for they would be in a wild, empty country covered with forests.

"Ride forth," she said; "we shall take them all. As to finding them, *you shall have a good guide*!"

They had a strange guide, as you shall hear.

The English were marching along, in front was their advanced guard, under a knight who carried a white banner. Next came the guns, with the waggons full of provisions. Third was the main body of the army, under Talbot and Fastolf; and last rode the rear-guard. When they were near a place called Pathay, their scouts galloped in, with news that they had seen the French army. The English halted, and sent out more scouts, who rode back with the same news.

So Talbot sent his advanced guard, the guns, and the waggons behind some tall hedges. The main body of the English army was being placed at the end of a long lane

between two thick hedges, and Talbot set five hundred of his best archers to lurk behind these hedges, between which the French would have to pass before they could attack the centre of his forces. If the French once entered this long lane, they would be shot down, and fall into such confusion among their own fallen men and wounded horses, that they would neither be able to go forward nor back, and would all be killed or taken prisoners.

The French of Joan's army could not see what Talbot was doing, and the trap he had set, nor where his army was, the country being covered with wood and bracken, and the English being concealed by the swelling of the ground. However, they rode forward fast, and would have been between the fire of the two hidden lines of English bowmen in a minute, when, lo and behold! they had "the good guide" that Joan had promised them! As they rode they roused a stag from the bracken where he was lying; the stag rushed forward into the concealed lines of English archers, and they, being hunters like Robin Hood's men, forgot to lie still, and raised a view halloo, and shot at the stag. Then the foremost riders of the French heard them, and knew where the English were lying in ambush. When Talbot saw that his ambush was found out, he hurried the main body of his army up to the hedges. Sir John Fastolf's men were spurring their horses on to join their advanced guard, but the English knight of the white banner who led thought that Fastolf's cavalry were French, and that the French were attacking his men both in front and rear. So

he and his company ran away leaving the lane unguarded. Thus, when the battle began, Talbot was defeated by Joan's cavalry, and taken prisoner, and 2200 of the English were killed or taken before Fastolf came up. He and his horsemen then rode away as fast as they could, to save their lives, and for this behaviour Sir John got into very deep disgrace, though, according to Wavrin, who was with him, he really could have done nothing else, as Talbot was beaten before he could arrive. As Wavrin had taken part in the flight, he had to make as good a defence of Sir John as he could. At all events, Joan and her party won a very great victory, the battle of Pathay.

Now look what Joan had done. She drove the English from Orleans on 8th May. Then the Dauphin took to holding long and weary councils, and she did not get another chance to fight the English till about 4th June, so nearly a month of her one year of time was wasted. On 11th June she took Jargeau, on 15th June she took Meun, on I7th June she took Beaugency, and on 18th June she destroyed Talbot's chief army at Pathay!

The Duke of Alençon tells us that he himself heard Joan tell the Dauphin, again and again, that "she would only last for a year, or not much longer, and that he must make haste." She had four things to do, she said: to drive the English in flight, to crown the King at Rheims, to deliver Orleans, and to set free the Duke of Orleans, who was a prisoner in England.

She did drive the English in flight, she did save Orleans, she did have the Dauphin crowned. But the French would not make haste. The Dauphin was always slow, and the stupid political advisers who never fought but only talked, made him more slow, and, when Joan's year was over, for her prophecy was true, she was taken prisoner by the English. Therefore they were not driven quite out of France till about twenty years or more after the end of the year of Joan the Maid. It was not her fault. She knew that her time was short, and she told them to make haste. When she was asked how she knew things that were to happen, she said that her Voices told her, "my Council," she called them. But there was a French noble, La Tremoïlle, the King's favourite, and he was jealous of Joan and Dunois and the Constable of Brittany, an enemy of his, who had now come to ride under Joan's flag.

This Tremoïlle, and others, did not want to fight, and hoped to make friends with the Duke of Burgundy, whose army, though really French, fought on the side of the English. Now the one chance was to keep hitting the English hard and often, while they were shaken by their defeats, and before they had time to bring a new host from home. In England there was an army ready, which had been collected by Cardinal Beaufort, to fight the Hussites, a kind of warlike Protestants who were active in Germany. As soon as Joan had beaten the English at Orleans, they made up their minds to send this new army of theirs to protect Paris, where most of the people, and the

University, were on the English side. They also made an arrangement with James I of Scotland, so that they had nothing to fear from the Scots coming over the Border to attack them. The English were able to do all this because La Tremoïlle and his friends advised the Dauphin to loiter about, instead of making haste, as Joan desired, to keep on beating the English.

Chapter 10

How Joan Led the Dauphin to be Crowned

We may think that Joan's best plan would have been to attack the English in Paris at once, while they were still in a fright, after their great defeat at Pathay. But she thought that if the Dauphin was once crowned, and anointed with the holy oil, at Rheims, the French who were of the English party would join him more readily. Robert the Bruce, in the same way, had himself crowned at Scone, which, in Scotland, was the usual place for coronations, when he had only very few followers, and very little chance of beating the English. Rheims, as you can see on the map, is a long way farther from Orleans than Paris, on the north-east. But Joan had made up her mind to drag the Dauphin to Rheims to be crowned.

The Dauphin was lingering at Gien, which is some distance south of Orleans, instead of being at the head of his army, and in the front of the fighting, where he should have been. His lazy and cowardly favourites told him that it was a long way to Rheims, and on the road there were several towns with strong walls, and castles full of Englishmen and Burgundians, who would not let him pass.

Joan answered that she knew this very well, and cared nothing about it; all the towns and castles would yield and

open their gates. So she left the Dauphin to do as he pleased, and went away with her company into the country. The Dauphin had no money to pay his troops, but men-at-arms came in, hundreds of them, saying that they would fight for the love of the Maid and of chivalry. No doubt they would have been very glad to crown *her*, in place of the stupid Dauphin, but the French law did not allow it; and Joan wanted nothing for herself, only to make France free, and go back to her mother, as she said. However, the Dauphin, who was grateful in his lazy way, made her and her brothers, Peter and John, nobles, and gave her a coat-of-arms, a sword supporting the Crown, with the Lilies of France on each side, and changed their name to du Lys. But Joan never used her coat-of-arms, but bore a Dove, silver, on a blue shield. Her brothers were with her, and seem to have fought very well, though in most ways they were quite ordinary young men.

When Joan went away, the Dauphin made up his mind at last to march to Rheims, going first to Troyes, a strong town on the road. All the castles and fortresses on the way, instead of resisting him, submitted to him, as Joan had said that they would. At Troyes, where he came on 8th July, the English garrison, and the people of the town who were on the English and Burgundian side, wanted to oppose him. They fought on the 8th and 9th of July. The Dauphin's advisers did not want to fight, the brave Dunois tells us, but Joan said, "Gentle Dauphin, bid your army besiege the town, and do not hold these long councils, for in three

days I will bring you into the town." Then down she went to the great ditch or fosse round the town, and worked harder, says Dunois, than two or three of the most famous knights could have done. The people of Troyes then yielded to Joan, and they had a great feast in the city, which they needed, for the army had been living on soup made from the beans in the fields.

Then they went on to Rheims, and the Archbishop and all the people came out to meet them, with shouts of joy. On 17th July the Dauphin, with Joan and all his nobles, went to the Cathedral, and there he was crowned and anointed, and made King in earnest, Joan standing beside him with her banner in her hand. This was her happiest day, perhaps, and the last of her great days. She had done so much! In the beginning of May there was every chance that the English would take Orleans, and sweep across the Loire, and seize all France, and drive the Dauphin into Spain, or across the sea to Scotland, and France would have been under the English for who knows how long. But in two months Joan had driven the English behind the walls of Paris, and her Dauphin was King in deed.

Then the Maid knelt at the King's feet and wept for joy, in the great Cathedral, among the splendid nobles, and the lights, and the bright-coloured coats-of-arms, and the sweet smoke of incense.

"Gentle King," she said, calling him "King" for the first time, "now is the will of God fulfilled!" and the knights themselves wept for joy.

Somewhere in the crowd was an elderly countryman in his best clothes, Joan's father, whom now she saw for the first time since she left her village, and for the last time in her life. The King asked her to choose a gift and reward, and she asked that the people of her village, Domremy, should be free from paying taxes, and they were made free, and never paid taxes again, for three hundred years. On the books of the accounts of money paid by every town and village of France is written, after the names of Domremy and the village nearest it, Greux,

Nothing. For the Sake of the Maid.

The paper in which the King ordered that they should pay nothing may still be seen, dated the last of July 1429.

How glad the people at Domremy must have been when Joan's father came home with the good news!

This was the last glad day of the Maid.

As she rode to Rheims, some people from Domremy met her and asked her if she was afraid of nothing.

"Of nothing but treachery," she said, and, from this day, she met treachery among the King's advisers, who held long councils, and did not fight.

As she rode from Rheims towards Paris, the people shouted round her, and she said that they were kind

people, and she would like to be buried in their cathedral—she, who was never to be buried in the earth.

"Joan," said the Archbishop, "in what place do you expect to die?"

"Where God pleases, for of that hour and that place I know nothing more than you do. But would to God that now I might take off my armour, and go home to my father and mother," for, as she had seen her father, she was longing for her mother more than ever.

After this, the people about the King, and the King himself, did not obey Joan, and all went wrong.

Chapter 11

How the Maid Was Betrayed at Paris

The French should have followed the Maid straight to Paris, as she bade them do. But they went here and went there, and one day their army and that of the Duke of Bedford met, but did not fight; and another day there were skirmishes between the English and the Scots, "who fought very bravely," says the Burgundian knight, Enguerrand de Monstrelet, who wrote a history of those times. The strong town of Compiègne, which had often been taken and retaken, yielded to Joan's army, and the King stayed there, doing nothing, which was what he liked, and the Duke of Burgundy gave him excuses for loitering by sending ambassadors, and pretending that he would give up Paris, for at this time there was no English garrison there. The poor people of the town were on the side of Joan and the King, and now, when the English were out of the great city, was the time to take it. But the King kept hoping to make peace with the Duke of Burgundy, so Joan, with her friend the Duke of Alençon, went to Saint Denis, quite close to Paris, where the Kings of France used to be buried; Saint Denis was the Saint of France, as Saint George was the Saint of England, and Saint Andrew of Scotland. There fought the Duke and the Maid, but the King came on very slowly, while Joan was in the front of battle every day, at one gate of Paris or another. At last, by

often going to him, and urging him to come, Alençon brought the King to Saint Denis, but not before a strong new English army had arrived in the town, of which the walls and towers were very high and thick, and the fosses broad and deep, and full of water.

Then Joan led on her men and the Duke's, with her banner in her hand, and cried them on to break down a gate called the Porte St. Honoré.

Percival de Cagny, who rode under the standard of Alençon, was in the battle, and he says, "The fight was long and fierce, and it was wonderful to hear the noise of guns and culverins from the walls, and to see the arrows fly like clouds. Few of those who went down into the dry ditch with the Maid were hurt, though many others were wounded with arrows and stone cannon balls, but, by God's grace and the Maid's favour, there were none but could return without help. We fought from noon till darkness began. After the sun set, the Maid was wounded by a bolt from a cross-bow in the thigh, but she only shouted louder to 'come on and the place was ours.' But when it was dark and all were weary, men came from the King and brought her up out of the ditch against her will."

Next day the Maid rose early, and went to the Duke of Alençon, who never failed her. The trumpets blew, and a new ally came, the Baron de Montmorency, with sixty gentlemen and their men-at-arms, and they were riding to attack Paris again when the King sent messengers to

forbid them to do as their hearts desired. So they had to go to see him at Saint Denis. But the Duke of Alençon was having a bridge of wood thrown across the river Seine, at a new place, and they meant to cross by that bridge next day, and attack Paris again.

Shameful to say, the King had that bridge taken to pieces during the night, and when Joan and the Duke led their men there next day, they found only the river, which they could not ford. So the King of France saved Paris from d'Alençon and the Maid.

Richard I of England would have battered down the Paris gate with his own battle-axe; Henry V or James IV of Scotland, or Prince Charlie, would have been foremost in the fight; but this King of France, Charles VII, unworthy of his country and his ancestors, sneaked off to his pretty little town of Gien, on the Loire.

"And thus was the will of the Maid broken, and the army of the King," says Percival de Cagny.

The Duke of Alençon kept his men together, and told the King that, if he would let the Maid ride with him, they would march into Normandy, and attack the English where they were strongest. But the King would not hear of it, and the Maid, with almost a broken heart, hung up her armour at the altar of Saint Denis, in his Cathedral. Half of her year was spent, and the King made her stay with him in the towns on the Loire, when he might have been in Paris, his capital, if he had only trusted Joan.

In the meantime the English retook some of the French towns that Joan had given to the King, and seized her sacred armour in the Church of Saint Denis, and punished and plundered the people, who were worse off than before, while the Maid was only allowed now and then to attack the English, and defeat them in the old way.

Chapter 12
How the Maid Took Certain Towns

The wise King had arranged with the Duke of Burgundy that they two should be at peace till Easter, 1430; while he might fight the English as much as he liked, which was, not at all.

Now the English let the Duke of Burgundy be Governor of Paris. It was always Paris that the Maid wished to take for her King, as it was the greatest city and the capital of France. But the King said she must not attack Paris, for it was now under the Duke of Burgundy, not under the English. All this was mere pretence, to avoid fighting. Joan's aim was to turn the English and their child King, Henry VI, out of her country; and the English were not likely to go out till they were driven out.

The English still held towns on the river Loire, such as St. Pierre-le-Moustier and La Charité. Joan went to Bourges and gathered an army, with a gentleman named d'Elbret to help her, and besieged the town of St. Pierre-le-Moustier. When they had battered the walls for some time with their guns, and made a breach, the French tried to rush through it; but the English were too strong and too many, and drove them out. At this time Joan's Master of the Household, d'Aulon, who had been with her at Orleans, was wounded in the heel by an arrow, and he could not walk without crutches. He saw that while the

rest of the French had retired out of shot from the breach, Joan was there almost alone, with a very small company. D'Aulon therefore got a horse, and rode to her to ask her to come out of danger. "What are you doing here alone?" he asked her. She took off her helmet and said, "I am not alone; here I have with me fifty thousand of my own" (by which she seems to have meant an invisible army of Angels); "and I will not leave this place till I take the town." D'Aulon told her that she had but four or five men with her, to which she only answered by bidding him make her army bring faggots of wood to fill up the ditch with, that they might cross to the town. Then she shouted in a loud voice—

"Bring up faggots, all of you!" and they obeyed, filled up the ditch, attacked the breach in the wall again, rushed through, beat the English, and took the town.

This was just like what Joan had done when her army was on the point of retreating from the attack on Les Tourelles, at Orleans. "One charge more" was what she called for, and her men were inspired with courage, while the English were terrified by their refusal to be beaten. This was the last time that Joan led the French to such a victory. She besieged another town, La Charité, which was held by Burgundians, but the King did not send food enough for her men, and she had to go away unsuccessful.

About this time she was troubled by a woman called Catherine of La Rochelle, a married woman, who declared

that a lovely lady came to her at night, dressed all in cloth of gold, and told her where treasures of money were hidden, which were much needed for the wars. Joan said that she must see this wonderful lady before she could believe in her, and she sat up all night with Catherine; but the lady never came. Joan told Catherine to go back to her husband and her children, and mind her own affairs. There were several people who went about saying that they had visions; but they were of no use, for, visions or none, they had not Joan's courage and wisdom. It is true that Catherine might have said to Joan, "You can't see my golden lady, but I can't see your Saints, nor hear your Voices." The difference was that Joan's Saints and Voices had enabled her to do a great many wonderful things, while Catherine's golden lady never led to the finding of treasures or anything else that was of any use.

Chapter 13
How the Voices Prophesied Evil

The end of the year of the Maid was at hand. She had often said that she would last but a year, or little more, counting from May 1429.

Perhaps you remember that the King had made a truce with the Burgundians—an useless truce, for the Burgundians went on fighting, not under their own flag, but under the Leopards of England. The King, as usual, was loitering about, doing nothing. Joan heard, in spring 1430, that three or four hundred English were crossing the Isle of France, which is not a real island, but a district of that name. She was then at Lagny, on the river Marne, not far from Paris. So she rode out from Lagny to meet them, with a gentleman whom the French called "Quenede." Can you guess what "Quenede" means? He was Sir Hugh Kennedy, of the great Kennedy clan in Galloway and Ayrshire. He had fought at the Battle of the Herrings and at Orleans, and he made a good deal of money in France, so that, when he went back to Scotland, he was called "Hugh come wi' the Penny."

When Joan, with her French and Scots, came in sight of the enemy, the English drew themselves up on foot, along the side of a hedge, and Joan and the rest charged them, some on foot, some on horse, and there was hard fighting, for the numbers were about equal. But at last all

the English were killed or taken prisoners. There was also taken a robber knight, Franquet d'Arras, who was tried for his crimes and put to death, and the English party among the French thought it very wicked in Joan to allow the rogue to be punished.

In Easter Week Joan was at Melun one day, examining the ditch round the walls to see that it was in good order. Then suddenly the Voices of St Catherine and St. Margaret spoke to her, and said that she should be taken prisoner before Midsummer day, "and thus it needs must be," and that she was to be resigned to this, and God would help her.

Often after this terrible day the Voices made the same prophecy, but they would never tell her the time and the hour. She prayed that she might die in that hour, for the English had often threatened her that they would burn her as a witch, if they caught her. Often she asked the Voices to warn her of the hour of her capture, for she would not have gone into battle on that day. But they would not tell her, and, after that, she did what the Captains of her party thought best, and it seems that, as to where or when she was to fight, she had no advice from the Voices. But she fought on as bravely as ever, and this was the bravest thing that ever was done by any one. For it was not as if the Voices had said that she should be killed in battle, of which she had no fear. But they said she was to be captured, and she knew that meant she was to be burned alive.

Nobody but Joan would have gone on risking herself every day, not to danger of war, which is the duty of every soldier, but to the death by fire. If any one says that the Voices were only her fancy, and her fear taking a fanciful shape, we must reply that, whatever they really were, she believed all that they said, and thought that they were the voices of her sisters, the Saints. Thus the end of Joan was the most glorious thing in her glorious life, for many could be brave enough when the Saints prophesied victory, but only she could give her body to be burned for her country.

Chapter 14
How the Maid Was Taken

We have heard how the town of Compiègne came over to Joan and the King, after the coronation at Rheims. The city had often been taken and retaken, and held by both sides. But now they made up their minds that, come what might, they would be true to France, and now, in May, the English and Burgundians besieged Compiègne with a very large army.

Joan, who was at Lagny, heard of this, and she made up her mind to help the good and loyal town, or perish with it She first tried to cut the roads that the Duke of Burgundy used for his soldiers and supplies of food, but she failed to take Soissons and Pont l'Évêque, and so shut the Duke off from his bridges over the rivers. So she rode into Compiègne under cloud of night, with her brother Pierre, and two or three hundred men. This was before dawn, on May 23.

The town of Compiègne is on the left bank of the river Oise. Behind the town was a forest, through which Joan rode, and got into the town, to the great joy of the people. From Compiègne to the right bank of the Oise, where the English and Burgundians had their camps, there was a long bridge, fortified, that led into a great level meadow, about a mile broad. In wet weather the meadow was often under water from the flooded river, so a causeway, or

raised road, was built across it, high and dry. At the end of the causeway, farthest from Compiègne, was the village of Margny, with the steeple of its church, and here a part of the Burgundian army was encamped. Two miles and a half farther on was the village of Clairoix, where lay another part of the Burgundian force. About a mile and a half to the left of the causeway was the village of Venette, which was held by the English, and, about three miles off, was Coudun, where the Duke of Burgundy himself had his quarters. There were very large forces in front, and on the side, of the only road by which Joan could get at them, with her own men, only three hundred, probably, and any of the townspeople who liked to follow her on foot, with clubs and scythes, and such weapons.

Thus it was really a very rash thing of Joan to lead so few men, by such a narrow road, to attack the nearest Burgundians, those at Margny, at the end of the causeway. The other Burgundians, farther off, and the English from Venette, quite near, and on Joan's left flank, would certainly come up to attack her, and help their friends at Margny. She would be surrounded on all sides and cut off, for the garrison of Compiègne stayed in the town, under their general, de Flavy, who was a great ruffian, but a brave man, and loyal to France.

Why Joan, about five o'clock in the evening of May 23, rode out with her little force, crossed the bridge, galloped down the causeway, and rode through and through the Burgundians at Margny, we do not know. Her Voices

seem to have ceased to give her advice, only saying that she would certainly be captured. Perhaps she only meant to take Margny; though it is not easy to understand how she expected to hold it, when the whole Burgundian and English armies came up to recover it, as they would certainly do. If she aimed at more, her charge was very brave, but very ill-judged. Joan said that her Voices did not tell her to make her desperate sally; it was her own idea.

Nearly seventy years afterwards, two very old men said that, when they were young at Compiègne, they heard Joan tell a crowd of children, before she rode out, that "I am betrayed, and soon will be delivered to death. Pray God for me, for I shall never again be able to help France and the King." One of the men was ninety-eight, so he would be quite twenty-eight when he heard Joan say this; if he really did hear her. But, long before men are ninety-eight, or even eighty-six, like the other man, they are apt to remember things that never happened. But Joan may have told children, of whom she was very fond, that she knew she was soon to be taken.

Her enemies declared that she said she would take the Duke of Burgundy himself, but as he was several miles away, in the middle of a large army, while she had only three hundred of her own men, this cannot be true. Probably she only meant to break up the Burgundians at Margny, and show that she was there, to encourage the people at Compiègne.

Her own account is that she charged the Burgundians at Margny, the nearest village, and drove them twice back to Clairoix, where they were reinforced by the great Burgundian army there, and thrust her back to the middle of the causeway, where she turned again, charged them, and made them retreat. But then the English came up from Venette, on her flank, and came between her and the bridge of Compiègne, and she leaped her horse off the raised causeway into the meadow, where she was surrounded, and pulled off her horse and taken, though she would not surrender. No doubt she hoped that, as she refused to surrender, she would be killed on the spot. When they cried to her to yield she said, "I have given my faith to another than you, and I will keep my oath to Him," meaning Our Lord.

But she was too valuable to be killed. The captors might either get a great ransom, a king's ransom, or sell her to the English to burn. The French would not pay the ransom, and Jean de Luxembourg, who got possession of her, sold her to the English. The Burgundian historian, who was with the Duke, and did not see the battle, says, "the English feared not any captain, nor any chief in war, as they feared the Maid." "She had done great deeds, passing the nature of woman." Says another Burgundian writer: "She remained in the rear of her men as their captain, and the bravest of all, there, where fortune granted it, for the end of her glory, and for that last time of her bearing arms."

But, indeed, her glory never ceased, for in her long, cruel imprisonment and martyrdom, she showed more courage than any man-at-arms can display, where blows are given and taken.

Chapter 15
The Captivity of the Maid

We might suppose that there was not a rich man in France, or even a poor man, who would not have given what he could, much or little, to help to pay the ransom of the Maid. Jean de Luxembourg only wanted the money, and, as she was a prisoner of war, she might expect to be ransomed like other prisoners. It was the more needful to get the money and buy her freedom, as the priests of the University of Paris, who were on the English side, at once wrote to Jean de Luxembourg (July 14), and asked him to give Joan up to the Inquisition, to be tried by the laws of the Inquisition for the crimes of witchcraft, idolatry, and wrong doctrines about religion.

The Inquisitor was the head of a kind of religious Court, which tried people for not holding the right belief, or for witchcraft, or other religious offences. The rules of the Court, and the way of managing the trials, were what we think very unfair. But they were not more unfair than the methods used in Scotland after the Reformation. With us old women were tortured till they confessed that they were witches, and then were burned alive, sometimes seven or eight of them at once, for crimes which nobody could possibly commit.

That went on in Scotland till the country was united to England, at the beginning of the eighteenth century,

and the laws against witchcraft were not abolished till 1736. Many of the Presbyterian ministers, who were active in hunting for witches and having them put to horrid tortures, were very angry that the withcraft laws were abolished. The Inquisition was better than the ministers and magistrates in one way: if a witch confessed, and promised not to do it again, she was not put to death, but kept in prison. In Scotland the people accused of witchcraft had not even this chance, which did not help Joan, as we shall see.

All this is told here, to show that the French were not more stupid and cruel four hundred years ago, than we were in Scotland, two hundred years ago. But it was a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the Inquisition, and therefore the French King and his subjects should have paid Joan's ransom at once or rescued her by force of arms. But not a coin was paid, and not a sword was drawn to ransom or to rescue her. The people who advised the King had never liked her, and now the King left her to her fate. She could have taken a bitter revenge on him, if she had chosen to tell tales; but she was loyal to the last, like Montrose to Charles II.

Of course Joan was not a witch, and was a most religious girl, but she did not deny that she had talked with spirits, the spirits of the Saints; and her judges, who hated her, could say, and did say, that these spirits were devils, in disguise, and that therefore she was a witch. She always had known that they would do this, if they got the chance.

Jean de Luxembourg did not hand Joan over to the priests at once; probably he was waiting to see if he could not get a better price from her French friends than from her English enemies. The Bishop of Beauvais was Joan's worst enemy; his odious name was Pierre Cauchon, and in July he kept pressing the Duke of Burgundy, then still besieging Compiègne, to make Jean give up the Maid. Jean kept the Maid in a castle called Beaulieu till August, and then sent her to another castle, Beaurevoir, near Cambrai, far to the north, where it would be more difficult for her friends like Dunois and d'Alençon to come and rescue her by force, which we do not hear that they ever tried to do, though perhaps they did. The brave Xaintrailles was doing a thing that Joan longed for even more than for her freedom. She was taken in fighting to help the town of Compiègne, of which she was very fond, and her great grief at Beaulieu and Beaurevoir was that Compiègne was likely to be taken by the Burgundians and English, who threatened to put the people to death. All this while Xaintrailles was preparing a small army to deliver Compiègne.

At Beaurevoir the ladies of the castle were kinsfolk of Jean de Luxembourg. They were good women, and very kind to Joan, and they knelt to Jean, weeping, and asking him to give her back to her friends. But he wanted his money, like the men who sold Sir William Wallace to the English, and the great Montrose to the preachers and Parliament.

So Jean sold the Maid to the English. Joan knew this, and knew what she had to expect. She was allowed to take the air on the flat roof of the great tower at Beaurevoir, which was 60 feet high. She was not thinking so much of herself as of Compiègne. If she could escape she would try to make her way to Compiègne, and help the people to fight for their liberty and their lives. But how could she escape? She hoped that, if she leaped from the top of the tower, her Saints would bear her up in their arms, and not let her be hurt by the fall. So she asked them if she might leap down, but St. Catherine said, No; she must not leap. God would help her and the people of Compiègne.

But Joan would not listen, this time, to the Voice. She said that, if the leap was wrong, she would rather trust her soul to the mercy of God, than her body to the English. And she *must* go to Compiègne, for she heard that, when the town was taken, all the people, old and young, were to be put to the sword.

Then she leaped, and there she lay. She was not hurt, not a bone of her was broken, which is an extraordinary thing, but she could not move a limb. The people of the castle came and took her back to her prison room. She did not know what had happened, and for three days she ate nothing. Then her memory came back to her and to her sorrows. Why was she not allowed to die! St. Catherine told her that she had sinned, and must confess, and ask the Divine mercy. But she was to go through with her

appointed task. "Take no care for thy torment," said the Voice; "thence shalt thou come into Paradise." Moreover, St. Catherine promised that Compiègne should be rescued before Martinmas. That was the last good news, and the last happy thing that came to Joan in the days of her life; for, just before Martinmas, her friend, Pothon de Xaintrailles, rode with his men-at-arms through the forest of Compiègne, whilst others of the French attacked the English and Burgundians on the farther side of the Oise, and so the Saint kept her promise, and Compiègne was saved.

Chapter 16

The Trial of the Maid

As Joan was a woman, and a prisoner of the Church, when the English had handed her over to the priests, she ought to have been kept in gentle prison, and with only women about her. But the English were very cruel. They had a kind of cage made, called a *huche,* and put in a strong room in the Castle of Rouen. In this cage they kept Joan, with chains on her legs, which were fastened to a strong post or beam of the bed. Five common soldiers kept watch in the room, day and night; the eyes of men were always on the most modest of girls. We see how much they feared her. They wished to have her proved a witch, and one who dealt with devils, to take away the shame of having been defeated by a girl, and also to disgrace the French King by making the world believe that he had been helped by a sorceress and her evil spirits. In truth, if you read *Henry VI,* Part I, by Shakespeare, you will see just what the English thought about the Maid. Shakespeare, of course, did not know the true story of Joan, and he makes her say abominable things, which not even her enemies brought up against her at her Trial. If Shakespeare wrote the play, he did not care a penny for the truth of the story. He sends Joan to Bordeaux, where she never was in her life, and makes "Fiends" (that is, her Saints) appear to her, and show that they will help her no longer. So she offers her very soul as a sacrifice for the sake of France:

"Then take my soul, my body, soul and all,
Before that England give the French the foil."

Later she turns on the English, and says what she might have said with truth:

"I never had to do with wicked spirits:
But you, that are polluted with your lusts,
Stained with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders but by help of devils."

The English had devils on their own side, the cruel priests and Bishop Cauchon, whom they had promised to make Archbishop of Rouen. But he never got it.

For three months these people examined Joan every day, sometimes all shouting at her at once, so that she said,

"Gentlemen, if you please, one at a time,"

She had no advocate, who knew the law, to help her to defend herself. But once, when she appealed to the Council of Basle, a Council of the Church which was then sitting, they bade her be silent, and told the clerk who took down everything in writing, in French, not to write down her appeal. There is nothing about this in the Latin book of the Trial, translated from the French, but in the French copy, made in court, you see the place where the clerk's

pen has stopped at the words, "and she appeals" (*Et requiert,* in French). He was going to write the rest. Now she had a right to appeal, and as the clergy at the Council of Basle were of many countries, they would not have taken the English side, but pronounced Joan innocent. The Bishops and clergy of the loyal French party at Poitiers, before she went to the war, had declared her innocent and a thing of God, after a long examination of her life up till April 1429. Joan often asked her judges to send for "the Poitiers book," where they would find answers to their questions about her early days; but they vexed her about everything, even about the fairy tree, on which the children used to hang their garlands. Their notion seems to have been that the fairies were her helpers, not the Saints, and that the fairies were evil spirits.

Joan had shown that, in war and politics, she was wiser than the soldiers and statesmen. She went straight at the work to be done—to beat the English, and to keep attacking them before they got back their confidence. At her Trial she showed that she was far wiser than the learned priests. They tried to prove that she was helped by fairies. She said that she did not believe there were any fairies; and though I would not say that there are none, there certainly are not so many, or so busy and powerful, as the priests supposed. They kept asking her about the prophecies of Merlin the Wizard; she thought nothing of Merlin the Wizard.

She vowed to speak truth in answer to questions, but she would not answer questions about her Saints and Voices, except when they gave her permission. The judges troubled her most about the secret of the King, and what she told him about that, before she went to the wars. You remember that the King had secretly prayed to know whether he really was the son of the late King or not, and that Joan told him of his prayer, and told him that he was the son of the late King, and had the right to be King himself. But she would tell the Judges nothing about all this matter. If she had, the English would have cried everywhere, "You see he is not certain himself that he is what he pretends to be. *Our* King of England is the only King of France."

Joan would not betray her King's doubts. She never would tell what happened. At last she told a simple parable: an Angel came with a rich crown for the King. But, later, she explained that by the Angel she meant herself, and that by the Crown, she meant her having him crowned at Rheims. They never could get the King's secret out of her. At last they said they would put her to the torture. They took her to a horrible vault, full of abominable instruments for pinching, and tearing, and roasting, and screwing the bodies of men. There stood the executioner, with his arms bare, and his fire lit, and all his pincers, and ropes, and pulleys ready.

"Now will you tell us?" they said. Brave men had turned faint with terror in that vault, and had said anything

that they were asked to say, rather than face the pain. There was a Marshal of France, Gilles de Rais, a nobleman who fought beside Joan at Orleans, at Les Tourelles, at Jargeau, at Pathay, and at Paris, and who carried the sacred vessel which the Angel brought, long ago, with holy oil, at the King's coronation. Later this man was accused by the Inquisition of the most horrible crimes. Among other things, he was said to have sacrificed children to the devil, and to have killed hundreds of little boys for his own amusement. But hundreds of little boys were not proved to be missing, and none of their remains were ever found. Gilles de Rais denied these horrible charges; he said he was innocent, and, for all that we know, he was. But they took him to the torture vault, and showed him the engines of torment, and he confessed everything, so that he might be put to death without torture, which was done.

Joan did not fear and turn faint. She said, "Torture me if you please. Tear my body to pieces. Whatever I say in my pains will not be true, and as soon as I am released I will deny that it was true. Now, go on!" Many priests wished to go on, but more, even of these cruel enemies, said, "No!" they would not torture the girl.

"What a brave lass. Pity she is not English!" one of the English lords said, when he saw Joan standing up against the crowd of priests and lawyers.

Remember that, for six weeks, during Lent, Joan took no food all day. There she stood, starving, and answering

everybody, always bravely, always courteously, always wisely, and sometimes even merrily. They kept asking her the same questions on different days, to try to make her vary in her answers. All the answers were written down. Once they said she had answered differently before, and, when the book was examined, it proved that there was some mistake in the thing, and that Joan was in the right. She was much pleased, and said to the clerk, "If you make mistakes again, I will pull your ears."

They troubled her very much about wearing boy's dress. She said that, when among men in war, it was better and more proper. She was still among men, with soldiers in her room, day and night, which was quite unlawful; she should have had only women about her. She would not put on women's dress while she was among men, and was quite in the right.

She could hear her Voices in Court, but not clearly on account of the noise. Once, I suppose, she heard them, for she suddenly said, in the middle of an answer to a question about the letters which were written for her when she was in the wars:

"Before seven years are passed the English will lose a greater stake than they have lost at Orleans; they will lose everything in France."

Before the seven years were out they lost Paris, a much greater stake than Orleans, as Paris was the chief town and

the largest They went on losing till they lost everything in France, even all that they had held for hundreds of years.

The Judges insisted that she should submit to the Church. Joan asked nothing better. "Take me to the Pope, and I will answer him, for I know and believe that we should obey our Holy Father, the Pope, who is in Rome." Or she would answer the Council of the whole Church at Basle, but, as I said, the Bishop Cauchon stopped the clerk when he was writing down the words. The Judges said "We are the Church; answer us and obey us." But, of course, they were not the Church; they were only a set of disloyal French priests who sided against their own country, and helped the English.

Chapter 17
How the Priests Betrayed the Maid

At last, on May 24, 1431, they determined to force her to acknowledge herself in the wrong, and to deny her Saints. On that day they took her to the graveyard of the Church of St. Ouen. Two platforms had been built; on one stood the wretched Cauchon with his gang; Joan was placed on the other. There was also a stake with faggots, for burning Joan. They had ready two written papers: on one it was written that Joan would submit to them, and wear woman's dress. On the other was a long statement that her Saints were evil spirits, and that she had done all sorts of wrong things. She was told that if she would sign the short paper, and wear woman's dress, she would be put in gentle prison, with women about her instead of English soldiers. Seeing the fire ready, Joan repeated the *short* form of words, and made her mark, smiling, on the piece of paper that they gave her, but—it was the paper with the long speech, accusing herself of crimes and denying her Saints.

This is what we are told; but, later, she showed that she thought she had denied her Saints, so it is not easy to be quite sure of what happened. It is certain that Cauchon broke his word. She was not taken away from her cruel prison and the English soldiers, as was promised. She was given woman's dress; but, as they were determined to

make her "relapse," that is, return to the sin of wearing man's dress, for then they could burn her, they put her boy's dress in her room, and so acted that she was obliged to put it on. It is a horrid story, not fit to be told, of cruelty and falseness.

"Now we have her!" said Cauchon to an Englishman.

They went to her, and asked her if the Voices had come to her again?

"Yes!"

"What did they say?"

"St. Catherine and St. Margaret told me that I had done very wrong, when I said what I did to save my life, and that I was damning myself to save my life."

"Then you believe that the Voices were the voices of the Saints."

"Yes, I believe that, and that the Voices come from God;" and she said that she did not mean ever to have denied it.

On the day of her burning, the Bishop and the rest went to Joan again, and wrote out a statement that she left it to the Church to say whether her Voices were good or bad. The Church has decided that they were good, and has given Joan the title of "Venerable," which is the first step towards proclaiming her to be one of the Saints. Whatever the Voices were, she said they were real, not fancied things.

But this paper does not count, for the clerk who took all the notes refused to go with the Bishop to see Joan, that time, saying that it was no part of the law, and that they went as private men, not as Judges, and he had the courage not to sign the paper. He was an honest man, and thought Joan a good girl, unlawfully treated, and was very sorry for her. "He never wept so much for any sorrow in all his life, and for a month he could not be quiet for sorrow: and he bought a book of prayers and prayed for the soul of the Maid."

This honest man's name was Gilbert Manchon.

Chapter 18
The End of the Maid

They burned her cruelly to death in the market-place of Rouen, with eight hundred soldiers round the stake, lest any should attempt to save her. They had put a false accusation on a paper cap, and set it on her head: it was written that she was "Heretic, Relapsed, Apostate, Idolatress." This was her reward for the bravest and best life that was ever lived.

She came to her own and her own received her not.

There was with her a priest who pitied her, not one of her Judges—Brother Isambert de la Pierre, of the order of St. Augustine. Joan asked him to bring her a cross, and to hold it up before her eyes while she was burning. "Saith moreover that while she was in the fire she ceased never to call loudly on the Holy Name of Jesus; always, too, imploring ceaselessly the help of the Saints in Paradise; and more, when the end was now come, she bowed her head, and gave up her spirit, calling on the name of Jesus."

The Saints had said to her, long before: "Bear your torment lightly: thence shall you come into the kingdom of Paradise."

So died Joan the Maid.

It is said by some who were present, that even the English Cardinal, Beaufort, wept when he saw the Maid

die: "crocodiles' tears!" One of the secretaries of Henry VI (who himself was only a little boy) said, "We are all lost We have burned a Saint!"

They were all lost. The curse of their cruelty did not depart from them. Driven by the French and Scots from province to province, and from town to town, the English returned home, tore and rent each other; murdering their princes and nobles on the scaffold, and slaying them as prisoners of war on the field; and stabbing and smothering them in chambers of the Tower; York and Lancaster devouring each other; the mad Henry VI was driven from home to wander by the waves at St. Andrews, before he wandered back to England and the dagger stroke—these things were the reward the English won, after they had burned a Saint. They ate the bread and drank the cup of their own greed and cruelty all through the Wars of the Roses. They brought shame upon their name which Time can never wash away; they did the Devil's work, and took the Devil's wages. Soon Henry VIII was butchering his wives and burning Catholics and Protestants, now one, now the other, as the humour seized him.

Joan had said to the Archbishop, at Rheims, that she knew not where she would die, or where she would be buried. Her ashes were never laid in the earth; she had no grave. The English, that men might forget her, threw her ashes into the sea. There remains no relic of Joan of Arc; no portrait, nothing she ever wore, no cup or sword or jewel that she ever touched. But she is not forgotten; she

never will be forgotten. On every Eighth of May, the day when she turned the tide of English conquest, a procession in her honour goes through the streets of Orleans, the city that she saved; and though the Protestants, at the Reformation, destroyed her statue that knelt before the Fair Cross on the bridge, she has statues in many of the towns in France. She was driven from the gate of Paris, but near the place where she lay wounded in the ditch, is her statue, showing her on horseback, in armour.

Chapter 19
The Second Trial of the Maid

The rich and the strong had not paid a franc, or drawn a sword to ransom or to rescue Joan. The poor had prayed for her, and the written prayers which they used may still be seen. Probably the others would have been glad to let Joan's memory perish, but to do this was not convenient. If Joan had been a witch, a heretic, an impostor, an apostate, as was declared in her condemnation, then the King had won his battles by the help of a heretic and a witch. Twenty years after Joan's martyrdom, when the King had recovered Normandy and Rouen, he thought it time to take care of his own character, and to inquire into the charges on which she was found guilty. It is fair to say that he could not do this properly till he was master of Rouen, the place at which she was tried. Some of the people concerned were asked questions, such as the good clerk, Manchon, and Beaupère, one of the Judges. He was a man of some sense; he did not think that Joan was a witch, but that she was a fanciful girl, who thought that she saw Saints and heard Voices, when she neither saw nor heard anything. Many mad people hear Voices which are also mad; Joan's Voices were perfectly sane and wise, and told her things that she could not have known of herself.

Not much came of this examination, but, two years later, Joan's mother and brothers prayed for a new trial to

clear the character of the family. It is the most extraordinary thing that, up to this year, 1452, Joan's brothers and cousins seem to have been living, on the best terms, with the woman who pretended to be Joan, and said that she had not been burned, but had escaped. This was a jolly kind of woman, fond of eating and drinking and playing tennis.

Why Joan's brothers and cousins continued to be friendly with her, after the King found her out, because she did not know his secret, is the greatest of puzzles, for she was a detected impostor, and no money could be got from the connection with her. Another very amazing thing is that, in 1436, an aunt of the Duke of Burgundy, Madame de Luxembourg, entertained the impostor, while the whole town of Orleans welcomed her, and made her presents, and ceased holding a religious service on the day of Joan's death, for here, they said, she was, quite well and merry! Moreover the town's books of accounts, at Orleans, show that they paid a pension to Joan's mother as "Mother of the Maid," till 1452, when they say "Mother of the late Maid." For now, as Joan's family were trying to have her character cleared, they admitted that she was dead, burned to death in 1431, as, of course, she really was. There are not many things more curious than this story of the False Maid.

However, at last Joan's family gave up the impostor, and, five years later, she was imprisoned, and let out again, and that is the last we hear of her. The new Trial lingered

on, was begun, and put off, and begun again in 1455. Cauchon was dead by this time; nothing could be done to him. Scores of witnesses came and told the stories given at the beginning of this book, showing how Joan was the best and most religious of girls, and very kind to people even more poor than herself, and very industrious in knitting and sewing and helping her mother. Every one who was still alive, that had known her in the wars, came, like d'Alençon, and Dunois, and d'Aulon, and her confessor: and many others came, and told about Joan in the wars, how brave she was and modest, and the stories of what she had suffered in prison, and about the unfairness of her trial, were repeated.

The end was that the Court of Inquiry declared her trial to have been full of unlawfulness and cruelty, and they abolished the sentence against her, and took off all the shameful reproaches, and ordered a beautiful cross to be erected to her memory in the place where she was burned to death.

So here ends the story of the Life and Death of Joan the Maid.

THE END

Our Empire Story

Stories of India and
The Greater Colonies
Told to Boys and Girls

By

H. E. Marshall

About This Book

'The Empire upon which the sun never sets.' We all know these words, and we say them with a somewhat proud and grand air, for that vast Empire is ours. It belongs to us, and we to it.

But although we are proud of our Empire it may be that some of us know little of its history. We only know it as it now is, and we forget perhaps that there was a time when it did not exist. We forget that it has grown to be great out of very small beginnings. We forget that it did not grow great all at once, but that with pluck and patience our fellow-countrymen built it up by little and by little, each leaving behind him a vaster inheritance than he found. So, 'lest we forget,' in this book I have told a few of the most exciting and interesting stories about the building up of this our great heritage and possession.

But we cannot

'Rise with the sun and ride with the same,

Until the next morning he rises again.'

We cannot in one day gird the whole world about, following the sun in his course, visiting with him all the many countries, all the scattered islands of the sea which form the mighty Empire upon which he never ceases to shine. No, it will take us many days to compass the journey, and little eyes would ache, little brains be weary long before the tale ended did I try to tell of all 'the far-away isles of home, where the old speech is native, and the

old flag floats.' So in this book you will find stories of the five chief portions of our Empire only, that is of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and India. But perhaps some day, if you greet these stories as kindly as you have greeted those of England and of Scotland, I will tell you in another book more stories of Our Empire.

The stories are not all bright. How should they be? We have made mistakes, we have been checked here, we have stumbled there. We may own it without shame, perhaps almost without sorrow, and still love our Empire and its builders. Still we may say,

'Where shall the watchful sun,
England, my England,
Match the master-work you've done,
England, my own?
When shall he rejoice agen
Such a breed of mighty men
As come forward, one to ten,
To the song on your bugles blown,
England—
Down the years on your bugles blown?'

H. E. MARSHALL.

Oxford, 1908.

Chapter 1

How Lief the Son of Eric the Red Sailed into the West

Many hundred years ago, Lief, the son of Eric the Red, stood upon the shores of Norway. His hair was fair and long, and his eyes as blue as the sea upon which he looked. And as he watched the sea-horses tossing their foam-manes, his heart longed to be out upon the wild waves.

For Bjarne the Traveller had come home. He had come from sailing far seas, and had brought back with him news of a strange, new land which lay far over the waves towards the setting of the sun. It was a land, he said, full of leafy woods and great tall trees such as had never been seen in Norway. Above a shore of white sand waved golden fields of corn. Beneath the summer breeze vast seas of shimmering grass bowed themselves, and all the air was scented with spice, and joyous with the song of birds.

'I will find this land,' cried Lief Ericson, 'I will find this land and call it mine.'

All day long he paced the shore, thinking and longing, and when the shadows of evening fell he strode into his father's hall.

Eric the Red sat in his great chair, and Lief, his son, stood before him. The firelight gleamed upon the gold bands round his arms and was flashed back from his

glittering armour. 'Father,' he cried, 'give me a ship. I would sail beyond the seas to the goodly lands of which Bjarne the Traveller tells.'

Then Eric the Red poured shining yellow gold into the hands of Lief, his son. 'Go,' he cried, 'buy the ship of Bjarne and sail to the goodly lands of which he tells.'

So Lief bought the ship of Bjarne the Traveller, and to him came four-and-thirty men, tall and strong and eager as he, to sail the seas to the new lands towards the setting sun.

Then Lief bent his knee before his father. 'Come, you, O my father,' he cried, 'and be our leader.'

But Eric the Red shook his head. 'I am too old,' he said. Yet his blue eyes looked wistfully out to sea. His old heart leaped at the thought that once again before he died he might feel his good ship bound beneath him, that once again it would answer to the helm under his hand as his horse to the rein.

'Nay, but come, my father,' pleaded Lief, 'you will bring good luck to our sailing.'

'Ay, I will come,' cried Eric the Red. Then rising, the old sea-king threw off his robe of state. Once again, as in days gone by, he clad himself in armour of steel and gold, and mounting upon his horse he rode to the shore.

As Eric neared the ship the warriors set up a shout of welcome. But even as they did so his horse stumbled and

fell. The king was thrown to the ground. In vain he tried to rise. He had hurt his foot so badly that he could neither stand nor walk.

'Go, my son,' said Eric sadly, 'the gods will have it thus. It is not for me to discover new lands. You are young. Go, and bring me tidings of them.'

So Lief and his men mounted into his ship and sailed out toward the West. Three weeks they sailed. All around them the blue waves tossed and foamed but no land did they see. At last, one morning, a thin grey line far to the west appeared like a pencil-streak across the blue. Hurrah, land was near! On they sailed, the shore ever growing clearer and clearer. At length there rose before them great snow-covered mountains, and all the land between the sea and the hills was a vast plain of snow.

'It shall not be said that we found no land,' said Lief; 'I will give this country a name.' So they called it Hellaland.

Then on again they sailed. Again they came to land. This time it was covered with trees, and the long, low sloping shore was of pure white sand. They called it Markland, which means Woodland. Again they sailed on, until at length they came to a place where a great river flowed into the sea. There they made up their minds to stay for the winter.

So they cast anchor and left the ship and put up their tents upon the shore. Then they built a house of wood in which to live. In the river they found fish in great plenty,

and in the plains grew wild corn. So they suffered neither from cold nor hunger.

When the great house was finished. Lief spoke: 'I will divide my men into two bands,' he said. 'One band shall stay at home and guard the house. The other shall walk abroad and search through the land to discover what they may.'

So it was done. Sometimes Lief stayed with the men at home. Sometimes he went abroad with those who explored.

Thus the Northmen passed the winter, finding many wonderful things in this strange new land. And when spring came they sailed homeward to tell the people there of all the marvels they had seen and all that they had done. Then the people wondered greatly. And Lief they called Lief the Fortunate.

Afterwards many people sailed from Greenland and from Norway to the fair new lands in the west. This land we now call North America, and the parts of it which Lief discovered and called Hellaland and Markland we now call Labrador and Nova Scotia. So it was that five hundred years before Columbus lived, America was known to these wild sea-kings of the north.

Chapter 2
Westward! Westward! Westward!

Many hundreds of years passed. Amid strife and warfare the wild Northmen forgot about the strange country far in the West which their forefathers had discovered. They heard of it only in the old, half-forgotten tales which the minstrels sometimes sang. They thought of it only as a fairy country—a land of nowhere.

Then there came a time when all the earth was filled with unrest. The world, men said, was round, not flat, as the learned ones of old had taught. Then, if the world was round, India might be reached by sailing west as easily as by sailing east. So brave and daring men stepped into their ships and sailed away toward the setting sun. They steered out into wide, unknown waters in search of a new way to lands of gold and spice.

Columbus, the great sailor of Genoa, sailed into the west, and returned with many a strange story of the countries which he had seen and claimed for the King of Spain. Then there came to England a sailor of Venice, called John Cabot. If the King of Spain might find and claim new lands, he asked, why not the King of England too?

So one fair May morning the little ship named the *Matthew* sailed out from Bristol harbour. Crowds of people came to see it as it spread its white wings and sped

away and away into the unknown. Followed by the wishes and the prayers of many an anxious heart it glided on and on until it was but a speck in the distance, and the sailors turning their eyes backward, saw the land dwindle and fade to a thin grey streak and then vanish away. They were alone on the wide blue waters, steering they knew not whither.

To the West they sped, week by week. A month passed. Still there was no sign of land. Six weeks, seven weeks passed, still no land. Master John Cabot walked apart on the deck, his sailors looked askance at him. Would their faith hold out? he asked himself. How much longer would they sail thus into the unknown? These were days of danger and dread. For Master John well knew that the passion of man's heart and the madness of famine and despair, were more to be feared than the howl of the winds and the anger of the waves.

But at length one bright June morning there came a cry from the sailor on the outlook, 'Land a-hoy.' Master John Cabot was saved. He had reached at last the port of his golden hopes. They still sailed, the tide running gently and bearing them onward, and so on the 24th of June 1497 A.D., John Cabot landed on 'New-found-land.'

Where he landed he planted a cross with the arms of England carved upon it. The flag of England fluttered out to the sound of an English cheer as the brave sailor

claimed the land for Henry VII, King of England and France, and lord of Ireland.

Cabot called the country St. John's Land, because he first came there on St. John's Day. The exact spot is not known, but it is thought to have been either at Cape Breton or at some point on the coast of Labrador.

After staying a little time, Cabot and his men set sail again, and turned their vessel homeward. The country that they had found seemed fertile and fruitful. But it was not the land of gold and spice, of gems and silken riches which they had hoped to find. So they returned with empty hands, and but little guessing upon what a vast continent they had planted the flag of England. They returned, little knowing that the people of England would carry that flag across the continent to the sea beyond, and that in days to come state should be added to state till the great Dominion of Canada was formed.

But although Cabot returned with empty hands, the King of England received him kindly. He was, however, 'a king wise but not lavish.' Indeed, he liked but little to spend his gold. So as a reward he gave Cabot £10. It does not seem much, even when we remember that £10 then was worth as much as £120 now. Still, Cabot had a good time with it. He dressed himself in silk and grandeur, and walked about the streets, followed by crowds who came to stare and wonder at the man who had found 'a new isle.' Later, the king gave Cabot £20 a year. Not much more is

known about his life, but it is thought that he, with his son Sebastian, sailed again—perhaps more than once—to the 'Isle beyond the Seas.'

CABOT

'Over the hazy distance,
Beyond the sunset's rim,
For ever and for ever
Those voices called to him,
Westward! westward! westward!
The sea sang in his head,
At morn in the busy harbour,
At nightfall in his bed—
Westward! westward! westward!
Over the line of breakers,
Out of the distance dim,
For ever the foam-white fingers
Beckoning—beckoning him.

All honour to this grand old Pilot,
Whose flag is struck, whose sails are furled,
Whose ship is beached, whose voyage ended;
Who sleeps somewhere in sod unknown,

Without a slab, without a stone,
In that great Island, sea-impearled.
Yea, reverence with honour blended,
For this old seaman of the past,
Who braved the leagues of ocean hurled.
Who out of danger knowledge rended,
And built the bastions, sure and fast,
Of that great bridge-way grand and vast,
Of golden commerce round the world.

Yea, he is dead, this mighty seaman!
Four long centuries ago.
Beating westward, ever westward,
Beating out from old Bristowe,
Far he saw in visions lifted,
Down the golden sunset's glow,
Through the bars of twilight rifted,
All the glories that we know.
Yea, he is dead; but who shall say
That all the splendid deeds he wrought,
That all the lofty truths he taught
(If truth be knowledge nobly sought)
Are dead and vanished quite away?

Greater than shaft or storied fane
Than bronze and marble blent,
Greater than all the honours he could gain
From a nation's high intent,
He sleeps alone, in his great isle, unknown,
With the chalk-cliffs all around him for his
mighty graveyard stone,
And the league-long sounding roar
Of old ocean, for evermore
Beating, beating, about his rest,
For fane and monument.'

Wilfred Campbell

Chapter 3

How a Breton Sailor Came to Canada

Years passed on. England did little more than plant her flag in the New World, as the lands beyond the seas came to be called. Now and again indeed the English tried to found colonies. But the settlers sickened and died, and the attempts failed. Sir Humphrey Gilbert, half-brother of the famous Raleigh, was among the gallant captains who sailed the seas and claimed strange lands in the name of the great Queen Elizabeth. He landed upon the shores of New-found-land—the island which is still called by that name today. There he set up the royal arms of England, and, with solemn ceremony, taking a handful of soil in his hand, Sir Humphrey declared the land to be the possession of Elizabeth, Queen by the Grace of God.

So Newfoundland became a British possession, and thus claims to be the oldest of all our colonies.

Meanwhile Spain and Portugal were busy gathering wealth and glory in the New World. But the King of France thought that he too should have a share. He sent a message to the King of Spain asking him if it was true that he and the King of Portugal meant to divide all the world between them without allowing him a share as a brother. 'I would fain see in father Adam's will where he made you the sole heirs to so vast an inheritance,' he added. 'Until I

do see that, I shall seize as mine whatever my good ships may happen to find upon the ocean.'

So the French King sent men to explore America. And all that they explored he called New France, taking little heed to the fact that the flag of England had already been planted there.

Many daring men sailed forth with the French King's orders, but Jacques Cartier, a Breton sailor, is perhaps the most famous. He made four voyages to the New World, and brought back many wonderful tales of the things he had seen there. He told how he had met with wild and savage folk with dark skins. They painted their bodies in strange fashions, and their only clothes were the skins of beasts. Their black hair was drawn up on the top of the head and tied there like a wisp of hay, and decorated with bright feathers sticking out in all directions.

These men were the Red Indians of North America. They are not really Indians at all. But when the first people found America they thought that they had reached India by sailing west, and they called the natives Indians. We have called them so ever since.

Cartier told too of great beasts like oxen which had two teeth like the tusks of elephants and which went in the sea. Strange fish he saw, 'of which it is not in the manner of man to have seen,' some with the head of a greyhound and as white as snow, some that had the shape of horses and did go by day on land and by night in the sea.

Besides these tales of strange beasts and men, Cartier told of a fairy city of which he had heard. This city was called Norumbega. The Indians believed that somewhere beyond the rivers and the mountains it lay full of untold wealth and splendid with starry turrets and glittering gem-strewn streets. There the sun shone for ever golden, the air was sweet with the scent of richest spices through which rang, all day long, the song of birds. And when they heard of it, many left their homes and sailed away to seek this city of Delight. Cartier himself sailed many a league. He went where no white man had been before. But he never found the Golden City.

The wild people were not unfriendly. They looked in wonder at the strange men with pale faces who came to their country in winged boats. For although the Indians had canoes made of birch bark, in which they travelled up and down their rivers and great lakes, they had never before seen a boat with sails.

It was while Cartier was exploring that Canada received the name by which we know it.

'Cannata,' said the Indians pointing to their village of huts.

Cartier thought that they meant that the country was called Cannata. So he called it Cannata or Canada. But the Indians had only meant to show the pale face their village, and the word in the Indian language really means a village.

Upon the shores of the Bay of Gaspé, where Cartier landed, he raised a great cross of thirty feet in height. To the cross-bar he nailed a shield on which were carved three *fleurs-de-lis*, the emblem of France. Above the shield, in large letters, were carved the words, 'Long live the King of France.' When the cross was planted in the ground Cartier and his men joined hands, and, kneeling round it in a circle, prayed. About them stood the astonished, wondering Indians. They were a little ill-pleased that these pale strangers should raise this unknown sign upon their land without leave. But they could not guess that in years to come, before the sign of the cross, before the foot of the white man, the red man should vanish away as snow before the sun.

Cartier was kind to the Indians. They grew to love him, and when, upon his second voyage, they heard that he meant to leave them and explore inland they were very sorry. Perhaps, too, they did not want any other Indians to have the beads and ribbons and pretty things which Cartier gave them in exchange for their furs. So they did all they could to prevent him from going. They even tried to frighten him. Three Indians dressed themselves as evil spirits. They painted their faces black, stuck great horns a yard long upon their heads, and covered themselves with black and white dog-skins. Then in a war canoe they came paddling down the river, howling dismally all the time. When they came in sight the other Indians began to shriek and howl too. They ran to Cartier and told him that these

were spirits which had been sent by their god to warn him not to go up the river as he intended. 'If you go, O Pale Face, fearful things will come upon you,' they said. 'Wind and storms, ice and snow, will bar your way. None will return alive. Our god will lead you into the spirit land.'

But Cartier was not at all afraid. He laughed at the Indians. 'Your god is powerless,' he said. 'My God is all powerful. He Himself has spoken to me, and He has promised to keep me safe through every danger.'

So Cartier started on his journey and travelled up the river, now called the St. Lawrence, to an Indian village named Hochelaga. There he climbed a hill and looked around upon the fair country. As far as the eye could reach land rolled before him. Over dark forest and wild prairie, over lake and hill and valley swept his wondering gaze. He followed the grand and shining river, as it wound its way along, until it was lost in the dim distance. It was not indeed the fairy land of which he had heard, but it was very splendid. 'It is Mount Royal,' he said. And today it is still called Mount Royal, for that little Indian village has grown into the great city of Montreal.

When Cartier returned to France after his first voyage to Canada, he took with him two Red Indians, sons of a great Indian chief. This he did so that they might learn French and be able, on their return, to translate for him all that was said.

Many times Cartier sailed to Canada. With him he brought men and women, so that they might settle in the land, and making their homes there, form a New France over the seas. But few people wanted to leave their comfortable homes and go to live in a far and unknown land. So, to get men enough, Cartier was obliged to take them out of the prisons. As might have been expected, people who had been put in prison for their evil deeds did not make good colonists. They met besides with many troubles. They suffered from sickness, cold and hunger. Many of them died, and at last those who were left sailed back again to France. And so Cartier's attempt at making a colony ended.

Awake, my country, the hour of dreams is done!
Doubt not, nor dread the greatness of thy fate.
Tho' faint souls fear the keen confronting sun,
And fain would bid the morn of splendour wait;
Tho' dreamers, rapt in starry visions, cry
'Lo, yon thy future, yon thy faith, thy fame!'
And stretch vain hands to stars, thy fame is nigh,
Here in Canadian hearth, and home, and name,
This name which yet shall grow
Till all the nations know
Us for a patriot people, heart and hand
Loyal to our native earth, our own Canadian land!

O strong hearts, guarding the birthright of our glory,
Worth your best blood the heritage that ye guard!
These mighty streams resplendent with our story,
These iron coasts by rage of seas unjarred,—
What fields of peace these bulwarks well secure!
What vales of plenty those calm floods supply!
Shall not our love this rough, sweet land make sure,
Her bounds preserve inviolate, though we die?
O strong hearts of the North,
Let flame your loyalty forth,
And put the craven and base to an open shame
Till earth shall know the Child of Nations by her name!

C. G. D. Roberts

Chapter 4
The Story of Henry Hudson

When brave men first sailed across the broad Atlantic they had no thought of finding new lands. What they sought was a new way to the old and known land of India—a new way to the lands of spice and gold. When they reached America, many of those old sailors thought that they had reached India. But when the new land proved not to be India, they said, 'These are but islands. Let us sail beyond them and still reach India.'

Not until many voyages had been made, not until the white-winged ships had been turned back again and again from the rocky shores of America, were men convinced at last that these were no islands, but a vast continent which barred the way. Then the vision of a new way to India took another shape. Then began the quest for a narrow inlet or passage round or through the great continent. By sailing north-westward it was hoped to find a way which, leading through snow and ice, should at last bring men beneath the glowing sun of India. And thus began the famous quest for the NorthWest Passage. So it was that Englishmen, instead of making use of the lands which Cabot had found and claimed, almost forgot that claim and gave their lives and spent their gold trying still to find the new way to the land of sunshine.

Among the many brave men who sailed the seas in search of this passage we remember Henry Hudson, because he gave his name to a great inland sea in the north of America, and to the strait leading to it.

Hudson sailed four times to the land of snow. He, too, like Cartier, met with Red Indians. On one voyage he gave them presents of hatchets, spades, and stockings. When he returned next time he was very much amused to find that the Indians had hung the spades and hatchets round their necks as ornaments, and had made tobacco-pouches of the stockings. Amid much laughter the Englishmen put handles on the spades and shafts to the hatchets, and showed the simple savages their proper use by digging the ground and cutting down trees.

One story told about Hudson is interesting, because it is very like a story found in English history. Perhaps Hudson had read that story when he was a little boy.

It is said that once Hudson and his men landed, as usual, the Indians came about them, wondering at the great winged canoes and the pale faces of the men who had come in them. Hudson managed to make himself understood by the savages, and after a time he told them that he wanted some land as he would like to live there. The red men did not wish to give him any land. 'Then give me as much as this bullock skin will enclose,' said Hudson, throwing it down.

'Yes, you may have that,' said the Redskins grinning and laughing at the white man's jest.

Then Hudson and his men began to cut the skin round and round into a long rope no thicker than a child's finger, being careful always not to break the rope. When it was finished they spread it out in a great circle enclosing a large piece of land.

The Indians were very much astonished when they saw how clever the white men were. They did not know that it was in this same way that the Britons had been cheated by the Saxons, hundreds of years before.

On the 17th of April 1610 A.D., Hudson, in the good ship *Discovery*, sailed out from the Thames. He had started upon his last voyage from which he was never to return. Up to the north of Scotland steered the brave adventurers, then away to Greenland and the land of ice. When June came, and the birds were singing in the sunshine at home, these daring men were sailing a wintry sea where great ice-mountains floated.

These ice-mountains were a terrible danger, for suddenly one would overturn and plunge into the sea. Had the little ship been near, it would have been crushed beneath the falling mass and sunk in the icy waters. So the sailors tried to steer away from them. But ever thicker and faster they gathered around the ship.

With despair in his heart but keeping a brave face Hudson sailed on. But still thicker and thicker the cruel,

white ice-mountains gathered. They were like a pack of hungry wolves eager to crush the frail little vessel between their angry jaws. At last the ship was so shut in that it could move no more.

Then there were murmurs loud and angry among the crew. Hudson came to them. In his heart he never expected to see home again. Still he kept a brave face and tried to encourage his men. He brought his map and showed them that they had sailed further into the land of ice and snow than any Englishman had done before. Was that not something of which to be proud?

'Now will ye go on or will ye turn back?' he asked.

'Would that we were at home, ay, anywhere if only out of this ice,' they replied.

'Why has the master brought us to die like dogs in this Far North?'

'Had I a hundred pounds I would give ninety of them to be at home.'

'But nay,' said the carpenter, 'had I a hundred pounds I would not give ten in such a cause. Rather would I keep my money, and by God's grace would bring myself and it safe home.'

And so there was much useless talk and many angry words. But at length, leaving their grumbling, the men set to work to save the ship from the ice, and after much

labour and time they cleared the ice-blocks and steered again into the open sea.

Then once more they sailed onward escaping many dangers, enduring many hardships. Sometimes they saw land, sometimes there was only the sea around them. They suffered from cold and hunger too. In the ship at starting there was only food enough for six months. Now eight months had passed, it was November, and they were far from home. Their hands and feet were frost-bitten. Many of them fell ill and could work no more.

Hudson did all he could. He took great care of the food which was left, and he offered rewards to any of the men who should kill beast, bird, or fish. For they could not hope to live to see home again unless that they found much wild game to help out their scanty store of food. At one time they caught many sea-fowl. At another they could only find moss and such poor plants as grew upon the snowy land. So the winter passed and spring came and their store of food grew less and less.

They were fierce, unruly men, those daring sailors, and now they greeted their master with dark and sullen looks. They were starving, and they believed that he had stores of food which he kept hidden from them. So to quiet them Hudson served out a fortnight's bread at one time. But this made matters no better. They were so hungry that they could not make it last. The terrible gnawing pain was such that one man ate his whole fortnight's allowance in a day.

Louder grew the murmurs, darker the looks with which the master was greeted. Men met and whispered together in dim corners. They would no longer wait, they would no longer suffer, and at last their wicked plans were made. As Hudson stepped on deck early one June morning, two men seized him, while a third pinned his arms behind. In a few minutes he was bound and helpless.

'Men,' he cried, 'what is this? What do you mean?'

'You will soon see,' they replied, 'when you get into the boat.'

Then looking over the side Hudson saw the ship's boat ready launched. He understood. These cruel men meant to turn him adrift on the icy waters.

But all were not against the master. One man who had a sword fought fiercely. But several of the mutineers threw themselves upon him and soon he too was bound. Another, the carpenter, had been kept prisoner below. Now he broke free and rushed on deck.

'Men,' he cried, taking his stand beside the captain, 'what are you doing? Do you all want to be hanged when you get home?'

'I care not,' answered one; 'of the two I would rather hang at home than starve abroad.'

'Come, let be, you shall stay in the ship,' said another.

'I will not stay unless you force me,' boldly replied the carpenter as he faced the sullen, angry men. 'I will rather take my fortune with my master.'

'Go, then,' they said, 'we will not hinder you.'

Then the sick and the lame were dragged out of their cabins and thrust into the boat along with Hudson and his son who was but a boy of about sixteen. Only one of the sick they did not send away. He crawled to the cabin door, and there, on his knees, he prayed the mutineers to repent of what they were doing. 'For the love of God,' he cried, 'do it not!'

'Keep quiet,' they answered, 'get into your cabin. No one is harming you.'

At last, nine wretched men were packed into the little boat. Then the ship moved out of the ice dragging it behind. As they sailed slowly along, Hudson and the other poor fellows were not without hope that the mutineers would relent and take them aboard again. But there was no chance of that. Even while Hudson was still upon the ship, some of the sailors had begun to break open the chests and rifle the stores. Now all law and order was at an end. They seized upon the food like hungry wolves. They sacked the ship as if it had been the fortress of an enemy. There was no thought of taking aboard again the master who had held them in check.

As they steered clear of the ice, a sailor leaned over the ship's side. He cut the rope which bound the little boat to

the stern. Then they shook out their sails and fled as if from an enemy. Soon they vanished from sight, and the little boat was but a speck upon the cold grey waters.

That little boat was never seen again. What became of brave Hudson and his son, of the gallant carpenter who stood by him, and of all the poor sick men thus cast adrift upon the icy waters, will never be known. Let us hope that death came to them quickly, that the blue waves upon which Hudson had loved to sail were kind to him, and that soon he found a grave beneath them. Where he lies we cannot tell, but the great bay and strait which bear his name are a fitting monument for so gallant a sailor.

Of the mutineers few reached home. Some were killed in a fight with savages. Others died from hunger and cold. The sufferings of those who remained were terrible. They had at length little to eat but candles. One of them, who lived to come home and who told the tale afterwards, said that the bones of a fowl fried in candle-grease and eaten with vinegar made a very good dish.

At length the wretched men became so weak that they could no longer work the sails. Only one had strength to steer. They were but gaunt skeletons, haggard and pale, when their ship drifted to the coast of Ireland, and they at last reached home.

As soon as they arrived in England they were all put in prison. But they were soon set free again. Perhaps the

sufferings through which they had passed had been punishment enough even for their ill deeds.

Our fathers died for England at the outposts of the
world;
Our mothers toiled for England where the settlers'
smoke upcurled;
By packet, steam, and rail,
By portage, trek, and trail,
They bore a thing called Honour in hearts that did
not quail,
Till the twelve great winds of heaven saw the scarlet
sign unfurled.

And little did they leave us of fame or land or gold;
Yet they gave us great possessions in a heritage
untold;
For they said, 'Ye shall be clean,
Nor ever false or mean,
For God and for your country and the honour of
your queen,
Till ye meet the death that waits you with your
plighted faith unsold

'We have fought the long great battle of the liberty
of man,
And only ask a goodly death uncraven in the van;
We have journeyed travel-worn
Through envy and through scorn,
And the faith that was within us we have
stubbornly upborne,
For we saw the perfect structure behind the rough-
hewn plan.

'We have toiled by land and river, we have laboured
on the sea;
If our blindness made us blunder, our courage
made us free.
We suffered or we throve,
We delved and fought and strove;
But born to the ideals of order, law, and love,
To our birthright we were loyal, and loyal shall ye
be!'

O England, little mother by the sleepless northern
Tide,

Having bred so many nations to devotion, trust,
and pride,
Very tenderly we turn
With willing hearts that yearn
Still to fence you and defend you, let the sons of
men discern
Wherein our right and title, might and majesty,
reside.

Bliss Carman

Chapter 5
The Father of New France

While Englishmen were seeking the North-West Passage, Frenchmen were working to found New France, for after Cartier, other men tried to found colonies in the lands beyond the seas. Each failed as Cartier had failed. But at last there came a man who was so determined and so brave that he succeeded in doing what others had not been able to do. This man was Samuel de Champlain, often called the Father of New France.

After the discovery of Newfoundland, sailors had been quick to find out what a splendid place it was for fishing. So men from all countries came to fish in the waters there. Others came to trade with the Indians for furs. But they all came and went again. None thought of making their home in that far-off land.

At length a Frenchman, seeing what a lot of money might be made out of furs, asked the King of France to allow him alone to have the fur trade. This is called a monopoly. Monopoly comes from two Greek words, *monos,* alone, and *polein,* to sell. So if you get a monopoly of anything it means that you are the only person who is allowed to sell that thing to others.

The King of France said this Frenchman might have a monopoly of furs if he would found a colony in New France. To this he agreed, and set sail with some friends.

All the other fur merchants of France were, however, very angry, because they knew that if only one man was allowed to buy furs from the Indians and sell them to the French, he would become very rich and they poor.

But the colony, which was now founded, did not succeed any better than those before it had done. It was not until Champlain and some other adventurers came to help that things went better. Champlain was a soldier-sailor. He was brave, and wise, and kind too—just the very best sort of man to treat with savages and found a colony.

Champlain did not at first go as a leader, but only to help two gentlemen called Poutrincourt and De Monts. Soon, however, it became plain that he was the real leader, and later he was made Governor of New France.

Champlain and his friends landed first in Acadie. That is the part of the Dominion of Canada which we now call Nova Scotia. On an island at the mouth of the river St. Croix they built their fort, and prepared to spend the winter. But they soon found that they had chosen a very bad place. It was cold and barren. There was neither wood for fires nor fresh water to drink. So after passing a winter of pain and trouble, during which many died, they went over to the mainland, and there built their fort anew. There the city of Annapolis now stands. Then the colonists called it Port Royal.

The new colony had a hard struggle. The second winter was almost as bad as the first. The settlers had eaten

all the food which they had brought with them from France, and as the ships which they expected with more did not arrive, they began to starve. Then Champlain made up his mind to take all his people home to France. For he knew that it would be impossible to live through another winter without help. Two brave men offered to remain behind to take care of the fort until the others returned, and a friendly old Indian chief promised too to stay near.

So good-byes were said; the little ship sailed out of the bay, and the two brave men prepared to spend the long autumn and winter alone between the forest and the sea, far from any white man, and with only savages near.

But about nine days after Champlain had sailed, the old chief saw a white sail far out to sea. The two Frenchmen were at dinner and did not notice it. The old chief stood for a little time watching the white sail as it came nearer and nearer. Then, in great excitement, he ran shouting to the fort, 'Why do you sit here?' he cried, bursting in upon the two men. 'Why do you sit here and amuse yourselves eating, when a great ship with white wings is coming up the river?'

In much astonishment and some dread the two men sprang up. One seized his gun and ran to the shore. The other ran to the cannon of the fort. Both were ready to fight as best they might should the strangers prove to be enemies. Eagerly they watched as the ship came on. Was

it friend or was it foe, they asked themselves. At last it was quite near. At last they could see the white flag of France, with its golden *fleur-de-lis,* floating from the mast. With fingers which trembled with joy, the man at the cannon put a match to the muzzle, and a roar of welcome awoke the echoes of the bay.

Right glad were the newcomers to hear it, for they had been anxiously watching the fort which seemed so silent and deserted, and with thunder of guns and blare of trumpets they joyously replied.

Soon the little fort was full of busy life again, and Champlain, who had not gone far on his journey, hearing that help had come, turned back to join his friends again.

Among the colonists who came in this ship was a lawyer from Paris, called Marc Lescarbot. He was very merry and gay. Always in good spirits himself, he kept others in good spirits too. After the newcomers had settled down, Champlain and some of the men sailed away to explore the country, leaving the others to take care of the fort. They worked hard, felling trees and digging the ground, cutting paths through the forest, and planting barley, wheat, and rye. But when work was done there was plenty of fun, for Lescarbot kept them merry. Among other things he prepared a play with which to greet the travellers when they came back.

Champlain returned somewhat weary and disheartened. He had not succeeded in exploring much

further than before. The Indians had proved unfriendly, and several of his men had been killed by them. So with the coming of winter he turned back to Port Royal. They arrived there one gloomy November afternoon. But those who had been left behind were watching for them. As Champlain and his men drew near they saw that the whole fort was a blaze of lights.

Over the gateway hung the arms and motto of the King of France, wreathed with laurels. On either side hung those of De Monts and Poutrincourt, two of the leaders. The gate, as the travellers came near to it, opened, and out came no less a person than old Neptune, sitting upon a chariot drawn by Tritons. His hair and beard were long, a blue veil floated about him, and in his hand he held his trident, and so with music and poetry he welcomed the travellers from the sea.

After Neptune came a canoe, in which were four savages, each with a gift in his hand. These they presented, each in turn making a speech in poetry. Poutrincourt, who entered into the game at once, listened to Lord Neptune, his Tritons and savages with drawn sword in hand. Then after he had made a speech of thanks, the Tritons and savages burst into song, and the returned travellers passed beneath the wreathed gateway to the sound of trumpets and the roar of cannon.

Lescarbot wrote a history of New France in which he tells about all this. He gives there the poetry which was

said and sung, not because it is very good poetry, he says, but because it shows that in that unknown country, far from friends and home, they were not sad.

Thus the long, cold winter began, but Lescarbot had many devices for making the dark, dreary days pass merrily. He formed all the chief men of the colony into an order which he called the Order of Good Times. Each member was Grand Master of the order for one day. It was his duty to see to the meals during that day. Each Grand Master tried to manage better than the one before. He would hunt and fish and invent all sorts of dainties, so it came about that there was always enough to eat, and plenty of change, and as a result there was not so much sickness nor so many deaths as there had been during the winters before.

The officers of the Order of Good Times did everything with great ceremony. When dinner-time came the Grand Master marched into the hall wearing his fine chain of office round his neck, a napkin over his shoulder, and a staff in his hand. He was followed by the Brethren, each carrying a dish which he placed upon the table. Then they all sat down to dine. At supper there was much the same ceremony. Then when it was over and the great wood fire burned and roared up the chimney, its flames dancing and flickering and making strange shadows upon the wall, songs were sung and stories were told. And in the circle which gathered round the glowing hearth, many a time a dark-skinned chieftain, gay in paint and feathers,

might be seen sitting side by side with the French gentlemen-adventurers, who listened with delight to the quaint tales he told. Then the wine cup and the pipe went round, and when the last pipe was smoked, the last bowl empty, the Grand Master of the day, his duties done, would give up his chain of office to the Brother who should succeed him. And so with laughter and with song the dark days passed and spring came once more.

With spring came bad news. The monopoly had been withdrawn. The colony must be given up. Sad at heart, the colonists left their new home, which they had worked so hard to found, and went back to France.

Chapter 6

The Founding Of Quebec

The little colony at Port Royal had to be given up, but in less than a year Champlain was back again. This time he did not go to Acadie but to the St. Lawrence. Up the great river he sailed, until he reached a place called, in the Indian language, Kebec, which means the narrows. There, on 3rd July 1608 A.D., he landed. The first tree was felled upon that wild and unknown river bank, and on the rocky heights above, the foundations of the first house of the town of Quebec were dug. Once again a few brave, white men built their home, and settled down to live far from their friends, among the wild Indians.

The Red Indians were divided roughly into two great tribes, the Iroquois and the Algonquins. These two tribes hated each other bitterly and were nearly always at war. Both the Iroquois and the Algonquins were divided into clans or families, each clan having its own name. But in war they all took sides, either with the Iroquois or with the Algonquins. The Iroquois are sometimes called the Five Nations, from the five chief clans of which they were made up. They are also sometimes called the Long House from the shape of their huts.

The Red Indians were among the most fierce and cruel of all savages. After a battle they held wild orgies, at which the prisoners were tortured with dreadful cruelty,

and which often ended with a sickening feast upon the dead bodies of the enemy. One of the horrible things they did was to scalp their enemies, that is, with their stone hatchets, called tomahawks, they would cut off part of the skin of the head with the hair upon it. The more scalps a warrior could gather the greater and braver was he thought. Often a chief's cloak would be decorated with a fringe of the scalps which he had taken.

Before the Indians went to battle, they would paint their faces and bodies and often shave their heads, but the 'scalp lock' was always left as a kind of challenge and defiance to the enemy.

Champlain was filled with two great ideas; to found a colony, by means of which the fur trade might be carried on, and to explore and claim for France the vast unknown regions of Canada. He saw that to do this he must be friendly with one or other of the tribes of Indians. The Algonquins had their homes along the St. Lawrence and around Quebec, so Champlain made friends with them, and promised to help them in their battles against the Iroquois. But Champlain did not know then, as he found out later, that the Iroquois were far stronger and more clever than the Algonquins.

About a year after the founding of Quebec, Champlain set out with the Algonquins to help them against their enemies, as he had promised. They travelled together, Champlain and two or three Frenchmen in a flat-

bottomed boat and the Indians in their canoes, far up the River Richlieu and along the lake since called Lake Champlain. All went well for some time. Then one day the Red Men had a quarrel among themselves, and in hot anger more than half of them went home, leaving only about sixty braves to fight the enemy. These however went on, nothing daunted, every day coming nearer and nearer the country of the Iroquois. Then they travelled with great caution, paddling up the river during the night, and hiding in the forests the most of the day. At last one evening they saw a great crowd of canoes filled with savages coming towards them. These were Iroquois. Each side greeted the other with yells of hatred. They did not, however, begin to fight at once, but spent the night dancing, singing, and shouting insults at each other.

When day came Champlain and his few white men lay down in the bottom of the canoes to watch the savages land and begin the fight. Both sides advanced slowly, uttering their horrible war shout or scalp cry, 'aw-oh-aw-oh-aw-o-o-o-o-h.' But suddenly the ranks of the Algonquins opened, and Champlain with his loaded gun marched down the centre. The Iroquois, who had never before seen a white man, paused in fear and astonishment. Champlain took aim, fired, and two chiefs fell dead. Then the fear which took hold upon the savages was great indeed. What was this awful thunder and lightning which struck men dead in a moment? They knew not. Never before had they seen such magic. Champlain paused to

reload, and one of his men fired. Again a savage fell dead. Then fear was turned into wild terror. The Red Men took to their heels and ran madly to the shelter of the forest, pursued by their shrieking, victorious enemies.

So ended the first battle between the French and the Indians. It was fought at a place called Ticonderoga, which means the meeting of the waters, and which afterwards became famous for another great battle.

The Algonquins took many prisoners, whom they treated with abominable cruelty. Champlain at last cried out in horror against it, and himself shot one prisoner dead, rather than see him tortured more.

To the French this battle was but the firing of a few shots. To the Iroquois it meant the beginning of a bitter hatred, a hatred which was never to be allowed to sleep. Ever after this day they were the enemies of the French and the friends of their old foes, the English.

Chapter 7

How a Bold Answer Saved Quebec

Quebec was founded, and for many years the little colony struggled on in the face of difficulties. There were many comings and goings between France and New France. Again and again Champlain crossed the sea to plead his cause with king and councillors, with merchant and with prince. But in spite of all his pains and trouble, New France grew but slowly, and after twenty years Quebec was still hardly more than a village.

Besides founding a colony, Champlain wished to make the wild Red Indians Christian. 'To save a soul,' he said, 'is of more importance than to conquer a kingdom.' So he brought priests and ministers from France, and tried to teach the heathen about Christ. But already Christian people had begun to quarrel among themselves about religion. They were divided into two parties. Those who kept to the old religion were called Roman Catholics, those who followed the new were called Protestants. In France the Protestants were called Huguenots.

At first both Roman Catholics and Huguenots came to New France. But they hated each other. Even on board ship while they were sailing over the sea to teach the heathen to love each other, they would quarrel, and the quarrel often ended in a fight. Then the sailors would gather round to watch, some crying, 'Down with the

Huguenots,' others, 'Down with the Papists.' The sailors thought that it was good fun, but it made Champlain sad. 'I know not which was the bravest, or which hit hardest,' he says, 'but I leave you to think if it was very pleasant to behold.'

On land things were not much better, and once, when a minister and a priest died at the same time, the sailors buried them in one grave 'to see,' they said, 'whether being dead they would remain in peace, since they could so little agree whilst living.'

At last, for several reasons, the King of France forbade any Huguenots to go to New France. This was a pity, for the Huguenots were good merchants, many of them were rich, and they would have been a great help to the new colony. Besides, the Huguenots were ready to go through much toil and to suffer many hardships for the sake of their religion. Had they been allowed to worship God in their own way in the new land, many would have gone there gladly, and the colony would have grown quickly. On the other hand the French Catholics had to be persuaded to go, as they were quite comfortable at home. So the colony grew slowly.

At this time the Stuart kings were ruling in Great Britain. They too, like the French king, tried to force all their people to be of one religion. But the people would not be forced, so many of them sailed away over the sea to the New World in the hope of finding freedom. They

found it too, for although the Stuart kings were despots at home, they allowed much freedom to the colonies, indeed they paid little attention to them. So it came about that the British colonies grew much faster than the French. And soon the British wanted all the land in North America, even Canada which the French claimed.

In the year 1628 France and Britain were at war. For the people in Quebec, the winter had been long and hard. Nearly all the food which the colonists had had was eaten, and Champlain was anxiously looking for more from home, when bad news reached him. He heard that British ships were sailing up the river seizing all the French ships they met. A farm upon which Quebec depended for food had been attacked and burned, and all the cattle carried off. This was bad news indeed. As soon as Champlain heard it he prepared for battle. Each man in the fort was given a post. Guns were loaded and the walls strengthened as well as might be. When evening fell every man was ready for the foe.

That night all was quiet, but next day a little boat flying a white flag was seen sailing up the river. It brought a letter from Captain Kirke, the leader of the British ships. Calling all his chief men together, Champlain read the letter aloud to them.

It was very polite. It told how Captain Kirke had been sent by the King of Great Britain to take possession of all the country of Canada. It told how he had already taken

many ships, and how, knowing that there was but little food within the walls of Quebec, he had also destroyed the farm. 'And in order that no vessel may reach you, I have made up my mind to stay here till the end of the season so that you may get no more food. Therefore see what you wish to do, if you intend to give up the settlement or not. For, God aiding, sooner or later I must have it. I would desire for your sake that it would be by courtesy rather than by force, to avoid the blood which might be spilt on both sides.

'Send me word what you desire to do.

'Waiting your reply, I remain, gentlemen,

'Your affectionate servant,

'David Kirke.'

What was to be done? Yield? There was but fifty pounds of powder in all the fort, and hardly any food. Seven ounces of peas was all that was served out to each man daily. Weak, pale and thin, the French could not hope to hold out against the British for more than a few hours. But their hearts were stout and strong. Not a man was willing to yield without a struggle.

'If Captain Kirke wants to see us near at hand,' they said, 'he had better come, and not threaten us from so far off.'

Then Champlain sat down and wrote as bold and polite a letter as that he had received. 'My fort is well

furnished with food,' he said. 'It and we are in good condition to resist you. My soldiers and I would deserve severe punishment from God and man did we yield without a fight. We will await you from hour to hour, and when you come will try to show you that you have no claim to our fort. Upon which I remain, sir. Your affectionate servant,

Champlain.'

The letter was sealed and sent, and each man stood to his post, ready to sell his life as dearly as might be. But boldness won the day. When Captain Kirke read the letter he sat gravely thinking. No man, it seemed to him, who was in great straits would have answered as Champlain had answered. He must have been deceived. He was not strong enough to risk a siege and perhaps a defeat. So up sails, and away sped handsome, swaggering Captain Kirke, down stream.

The brave hearts at Quebec waited hour by hour for death which did not come. And at last the good news, that the British had sailed away, was brought to them. They were saved.

Chapter 8

How the Union Jack was Hoisted upon the Fort of St. Louis

By his boldness, Champlain had saved Quebec. But almost at once another misfortune fell upon the brave little garrison. As Kirke sailed down the river he met a fleet of ships bringing food, powder, shot, fresh soldiers and colonists to Quebec. These he attacked and after a desperate fight he captured every one of them. Some of the ships Kirke burned and sank, two he sent back to France with the new colonists who had just come from there, and the rest he carried in triumph to England.

Months went on. In those days news travelled but slowly. The little garrison at Quebec knew nothing of what had happened to their ships, and they waited in vain for the promised food from home. The men haunted the woods for roots and berries. They trapped wild animals and fished the river. But soon they had few hooks or lines left and their powder they dared hardly use for killing game. It was a terrible time. The little children in the fort cried with hunger, and their mothers had nothing to give them. At last the famine became so dreadful that some of the settlers left the fort and went to live among the wild Indians until help should come.

Then one July morning a ship came sailing up the river. A white flag, in sign of peace, floated from the mast.

Champlain, as soon as he saw it, hoisted a white flag upon the fort too. The ship came to anchor. A little boat put off and made for the shore. A young British officer sprang to land and asked to be led to Governor Champlain. He was the bearer of a letter from Kirke's two brothers, Louis and Thomas.

'Sir,' said this letter, 'our brother told you last year that sooner or later he would have Quebec. He has charged us to assure you of his friendship as we do of ours. Knowing very well the extreme need in which you are, he desires that you shall surrender the fort to us. We assure you that you will receive every courtesy from us, and honourable terms.'

The state of the garrison was desperate. Yet Champlain would not give in without a struggle. So he sent a priest to talk to Louis and Thomas Kirke. But nothing he could say would move the swaggering, reckless British sailors.

'If Champlain gives up the keys of the fortress,' said Louis, 'we will treat you well and send you all home to France. If he will not give them up peaceably we will take them by force.'

'Give us fifteen days' grace then,' begged the priest.

'No.'

'Eight days.'

'No sir, not a day. I know well your miserable condition. You are all starving. Your people have gone to gather roots in the forest lest you die of hunger.'

'Still give us a few days,' begged the priest.

'No, no,' said Thomas, 'yield the fort or I shall ruin it with my cannon.'

'I want to sleep within it to-night,' said Louis, 'and if I do not I shall waste the whole country round.'

'Have a care,' said the priest proudly. 'You deceive yourselves if you think that you can win the fort so easily. There are a hundred men within it well armed and ready to sell their lives as dearly as may be. You may not conquer so easily. You may find defeat and death instead of victory. Once more I warn you. Be careful.'

Once again, as a year before, bold words had an effect. Thomas and Louis Kirke hesitated. Could it really be as the priest said? Was the garrison still so strong? They were doubtful what to do, so they asked the priest to go aside a little while they talked to their officers. These all agreed that Champlain must be made to give in at once. 'Let him have three hours in which to make up his mind,' they said.

So the priest returned to the fort with this sad news. Champlain now saw that it was useless to hold out any longer. Indeed it was worse than useless, for if he yielded without firing a shot the Kirkes had promised that every man should be spared, but if they resisted they need hope for no mercy. Champlain had only fifty men and they were

weak and ill. There was not ten pounds of flour left in the fort and hardly any gunpowder. To fight would only mean the throwing away of life. So he decided to yield.

But the people were angry. They still believed that they could fight the British. 'Even if we lose the fort,' they said, 'let us show them that we have courage.'

'How can you be so foolish?' replied Champlain. 'Are you tired of living? We cannot hope to win. We have no food, no powder or shot, and no hope of getting any. Would you throw your lives away?'

Truly, how could the strongest fort hold out when within its walls there were neither soldiers, shot, nor food?

When at last the bitter talk, this way and that, was over, it was evening, so no more could be done that night. The worn-out garrison spent a last sad night within the fort. The British lay in their ship opposite. Next morning Champlain stepped on board the waiting vessel. There he gave up the keys and signed away his right to the town which he had founded, and cherished, and loved. So without the firing of a shot Quebec became a British possession. The *fleur-de-lis* of France was hauled down from the Fort St. Louis, as the house which Champlain had built for himself was called, and in its place floated the Union Jack.

This is called the first siege of Quebec, although it was really no siege, for not a shot was fired.

In their own rough way the conquerors treated Champlain with courtesy. They made a list of all that was found in the fort and gave Champlain a receipt for it. 'As for a list of provisions,' said Kirke, with grim humour, 'we will not need to waste paper and ink upon it. I am not sorry, for it is a great pleasure to us to give you all that you need.'

'I thank you,' said Champlain bitterly, 'but you make us pay dearly for it.'

Some of the Frenchmen went back to France, others chose to remain with their new masters. Louis Kirke took possession of Quebec and Thomas sailed triumphantly homeward with the spoils of war. But his triumph was short-lived, for as he landed, he was greeted with the news that in April peace between France and Great Britain had been signed. Quebec had been taken in July. It must therefore be handed back to France, as it had been taken unlawfully when the two countries were at peace.

But Charles I did not lightly let go what he had seized. He was bland and courteous, promised much and delayed much. Meanwhile the British kept possession of Quebec and of Canadian fur trade. Not until three years had come and gone did Champlain once more land upon the shores of his beloved New France as governor. He was then sixty-six years old. As a soldier, as a sailor, as a traveller and explorer, he had suffered all the hardships of life. He had endured bitter cold, scorching heat, wounds and famine,

but, in spite of all, he was as eager as ever to fight and labour for New France.

If Champlain was glad to return, his people were no less glad to receive him. Frenchmen and Indian alike joined to welcome him home. As the grey-haired governor stepped on shore the air was rent with cheers. Then with drums beating and colours flying they led him up the steep and winding pathway to his old fort of St. Louis. There once more he received the keys which three years before he had given up with so much bitterness of heart.

Three years later, after nearly thirty years of labour and hardship, Champlain died. He died as he would have wished, in the service of his country, still Governor of New France.

Chapter 9

The Feast of Eat-Everything

After Champlain came many rulers. Some of them were strong and brave, others were weak and foolish. All of them had to fight against their deadly enemies the Iroquois; and for many years the story of New France was one of suffering and terror. The hate of the Red Man never rested, and time after time he fell upon the French with savage strength. He swept through the land, leaving behind him a memory of blood and torture.

When the whites first came to Canada, the Indians were as wild and ignorant as our forefathers had been when the Romans first landed upon the shores of Britain. In some ways, indeed, the Red Man was more savage, for the Britons in that far-off time had swords of iron and copper. The Red Man knew nothing of metals. His tomahawk was of stone, the head being fastened to a wooden handle by thongs of leather. His arrow heads were of flint. His greatest treasure was 'wampum,' that is, beads made of shells. These beads were used for making belts, and a belt of wampum was the grandest present which an Indian could give to any one.

The Indian soon found out that for a few skins he could buy shining steel axes and long, keen knives from the Pale faces. For many skins he could buy the magic sticks which spoke death at great distance. And the Red

Man was clever. He learned quickly. Soon he was as good a shot as the white man. Then the rattle and bang of firearms was added to the war-cry of the Indian, and the wonder is that the few white men were not swept from the face of Canada. Indeed, it seemed at times as if it was not the courage of soldiers and settlers, but of the priests, which kept them from being utterly blotted out. Champlain was a very religious man, and many priests had come with him, until Canada had seemed more of a mission than a settlement. The early story of Canada is full of the brave deeds of the 'black robes,' as the Indians called the priests.

In 1642 Montreal was founded at the place which, a hundred years before, Cartier had called Mount Royal. It was founded, not by traders, but by men with the zeal of saints and the spirit of martyrs. It was founded by men eager to carry the news of the story of Christ to the wild heathen, and both ready and eager to die for the Cross. Some of these brave priests went far into the country, among the tribe called the Hurons, teaching them to be Christian. For many years they lived and worked among them. But the Iroquois, who were the deadly enemies of French and Hurons alike, waged war against these missions. They ravaged and slew, burned and tortured, until the Hurons as a nation were utterly destroyed. The few who remained fled, seeking shelter now with one tribe now with another. But wherever they fled the Iroquois

followed, and at last by famine and war, the race was blotted out.

Many of the brave priests found the death of martyrs. Those who were left returned sadly to Quebec, taking with them a few remaining Huron converts. They had worked hard and endured much; and at the end of fifteen years they had nothing to show for all their suffering and struggle.

The Iroquois were fierce, and strong, and treacherous. They cared not what means they used, so long as their enemies were tortured and killed. Now one of the Five Nations pretended that they would be pleased if some of the 'black robes' would come to live among them, and teach them as they had taught the Hurons. The French could hardly believe that these fierce enemies really wanted to be taught. But they were glad at the thought of peace, and about fifty brave men, ten only of whom were soldiers, resolved to go and live among the Iroquois.

They were received with much joy. The savages danced and feasted, smoked the pipe of peace, sang songs, and made speeches, and pretended to be so glad that one of the priests said, 'If after this they murder us, it will be from changeableness and not from treachery.' But he little knew the blackness of the Iroquois heart.

Soon the forest rang with the sound of axe and hammer as the Frenchmen, priest and soldier alike, worked side by side to build their new homes. Meanwhile

another of the Five Nations heard what the French priests had done, and they were angry and jealous. In their anger they took to their war-canoes, and paddling down the St. Lawrence to the Isle of Orleans they attacked, killed, and took prisoner, the helpless Hurons who were now living there. Before the town of Quebec the whole river was black with canoes filled with naked savages, howling, dancing, and singing. And as they howled and yelled they taunted the governor, making a great show of their prisoners, who were the white men's friends. And the governor, who was weak and fearful, dared do nothing. He dared not fire a shot to protect his red-skinned friends, lest their savage foes should revenge themselves by attacking the brave priests who had gone to live among the Iroquois. At last, tired of insulting the helpless Frenchmen, and full of scorn and contempt for the white man, the Indians paddled away up the river with their prisoners.

Days and weeks went past; the priests who had gone to live among the Iroquois taught, and worked, and prayed. In the great forest this handful of white men lived alone among the prowling savages, 'who came like foxes, fought like lions, and disappeared like birds'—but strong in their faith they had no fear.

At length, however, dark whispers of treachery came to them. Friendly Indians warned them that the chiefs had met in council, and had vowed to kill them all. The black robes found it hard to believe that the men who treated them with such smiling kindness meant to kill them. But

they were not left long in doubt, for a dying Indian, repenting of his treachery, told them all the plot. Every man was to be killed before the spring.

The Frenchmen now knew that they must escape, and that quickly. But how? All day long the Indians strolled about, following their every step, watching their every movement, in make-believe friendliness. At night they slept around the gate of the mission, ready to spring awake at the slightest sound. To try to escape through the forest was impossible. There was but one hope, and that was to cross the lake near which the mission was built and sail down the river to Montreal. But to do this they needed boats, and they had only eight canoes, which were not nearly enough to carry them all.

The Frenchmen were desperate but not hopeless. Over the mission-house there was a large loft. There the Indians seldom came, and there the priests began in secret to build two large boats. They were soon ready. The next thing was to find, or make, a chance to use them.

Among the Frenchmen was a young man of whom the Indian chief had become very fond. One morning he went to the chief pretending to be in great trouble. 'I have had a dream, my father,' he said. 'It has been shown to me by the Great Spirit that I shall certainly die. Nothing can save me but a magic feast.'

The Indians believed very much in dreams. They thought that those who did not do as they told them

would be sorely punished. So the chief at once replied: 'Thou art my son. Thou shalt not die. We shall have a feast, and we shall eat every morsel.'

These magic feasts were called Feasts-of-eat-everything. At them each guest was bound to eat all that was set before him. No matter how much he had eaten, no matter how ill he felt, he was bound to go on until the person whose feast it was said he might stop.

As soon as the day was fixed the priests set to work with right good will to make a great feast. They killed their pigs, they brought the nicest things out of their stores, they concocted the most tempting dishes. But the chief thing they thought of was to have a great quantity.

The evening came. Great fires were lit around the mission-house. About them the Indians gathered. First there were games, dances, and songs. One game was to see who should make the most noise by screaming and yelling. The Frenchmen gave a prize to whoever could yell loudest, so that the savages exhausted themselves trying to win the prize. At last, wearied with their efforts, they all sat down in a circle. Great steaming pots were brought from the fires, and each man's wooden basin was filled. As soon as they were empty they were filled again and yet again. The Indians were hungry, and they ate greedily. While they gorged the Frenchmen beat drums, blew trumpets, and sang songs, making as much noise as they could. This they did to cover any strange sound that might come from

the shade of the forest to the sharp ears of the savages. For in the darkness, beyond the glare of the firelight, a few white men were straining every muscle to carry the heavy boats unseen and unheard to the lake. With beating hearts and held breath, now stopping fearfully, now hurrying onward, they reached the lake. The boats were safely launched.

The hours went on, and still the feast did not end. The gorged savages could eat no more. 'Is it not enough?' they cried. 'Have pity on us and let us rest.'

'Nay,' replied the young Frenchman, 'you must eat everything. Would you see me die?'

And although the Indians meant to kill him, perhaps the very next day, they still ate on, for this was a magic feast. It had been ordered in a dream by the Great Spirit whom they must obey. Making strange faces, rolling their eyes wildly, choking, gulping, they ate till they could not move.

'That will do,' said the young man at last. 'You have saved my life. Now you may sleep. And do not rise early to-morrow. Rest till we come to waken you for prayers. Now we will play sweet music to send you to sleep.'

Stupid with over-eating, dazed with drink, the savages slept. For a little time one of the Frenchmen played softly on a guitar. Soon loud snores told him that there was no more need of his music, and he crept silently to the boats. Meantime the priests had fastened the doors and windows

of the mission-house, and locked the gate in the high fence which surrounded it. Then one by one they glided stealthily to the boats, until the last man was safe aboard.

It was March and still very cold, and now snow began to fall so that their footprints were covered over.

The lake was still lightly frozen over, and as the first boat pushed off men leaned from the bow and broke the ice with hatchets. The rowers pulled with all their strength, forcing the boat through the shattered ice. The second boat followed in its track. Last of all came the canoes. Thus they crossed the lake, and reaching the river were soon carried swiftly down stream. On and on they went through the dark night, fleeing from death, and torture worse than death. When the sun rose, shedding pale wintry gleams on dark forest and swift-flowing stream, they were far away.

All through the night the Indians slept their sleep of gluttony. When late in the morning they awoke they still felt dull and stupid. But at last arousing themselves they found that all around was still and silent. No sound came from the mission-house, no smoke rose from its chimney. What could it mean?

Full of curiosity the Indians pressed their faces against the fence, trying to see through the cracks in the wood. There was nothing to see. A dog barked in the house, a cock crew in the yard. All else was still.

At last, impatient to know what was happening within, the Indians climbed the fence, burst open the door, and entered the house. It was empty.

Great was the anger of the savages, greater still their astonishment. How could the Black Robes have escaped? they asked themselves. They had no boats, so they could not escape by water. There was no trace of them on land, so they had not escaped by the forest. There was only one explanation. This was the work of the Great Spirit. The Black Robes and their followers had flown away through the air during the night. And with this thought, fear fell upon the heart of the Red Man.

Meanwhile the Black Robes were speeding on their way down the river. On and on they went, hardly pausing for rest, until a month later they reached Quebec. They were saved, but the mission had been an utter failure.

Chapter 10

A Knight of New France

'Where a northern river charges
By a wild and moonlit glade,
From the murky forest marges,
Round a broken palisade,
I can see the red man leaping,
See the sword of Daulac sweeping,
And the ghostly forms of heroes
Fall and fade.'

A. Lampman.

The Red Terror grew and spread. There seemed no hope of taming the savage, no safety for the white man but within stone walls. At last the Iroquois began to gather in force, swearing to sweep through Canada and utterly crush their enemies.

Then it was that a little band of seventeen brave men went out to fight the savages. They were headed by a young French noble of twenty-five, named Adam Daulac.

In olden days, when knights rode forth against fell giants and awful beasts, they spent the night in some quiet church, kneeling in prayer. So now these brave men, who

knew that they were going to certain death, knelt for the last time in the little wooden church of Montreal, confessed their sins and received the holy sacrament. Then, after a solemn farewell, with the prayers and blessings of the people ringing in their ears, they rowed slowly up the river and passed from sight. They were knights, as true and fearless as ever laid lance in rest.

Up the stream they rowed, beneath the bending branches of dark and ancient trees, through wild and almost unknown regions, until they came to a ruined and deserted Indian fort. Here they resolved to await the foe, and here they were joined by some thirty friendly Indians.

They had not long to wait. Soon a whole fleet of war canoes, filled with two hundred yelling savages, came leaping down the rapids. The Frenchmen had not expected the enemy so soon. They were taken by surprise, and were outside the fort, cooking their dinner by some fires which they had just lit. So suddenly had the savages come upon them that they had no time even to seize their pots and kettles, but were obliged to leave them behind and run for the fort.

The Indians expected an easy victory, but from behind their ruinous fort the Frenchmen met them with such a steady fire, that the savages fell back in confusion.

The Indians then began to build a fort opposite the French camp. While they were busy with this, the Frenchmen strengthened and repaired their own fort.

They heightened the wooden palings and strengthened them with earth and stones, leaving loopholes all round through which to fire upon the enemy. But before the work was finished the Indians were upon them again.

Calmly the Frenchmen awaited the attack. At the word of command their guns rang out. Every shot told, many a savage warrior fell dead, and, seized with a nameless terror, the others fled. But again and again they rallied, again and again they returned to the attack answering the cannonade of the Frenchmen with a hail of bullets. Then seeing that in spite of all their efforts they could not take the fort by storm, they made up their minds to burn it. With yells of savage glee they seized upon the Frenchmen's boats, smashing them to pieces before their eyes. Of the splintered fragments they made torches, and each man carrying a flaring, smoking light, they rushed to the wooden walls of the fort. But the fire of the Frenchmen was so sharp, their aim so true and deadly, that not a savage got near enough the fort to set it on fire.

The fight went on. At length the savage chief was shot. Then fury of revenge and desire of blood maddened the Iroquois. Night and day they howled and yelled around the little fort. Night and day the Frenchmen fought and prayed by turns. Worn by want of sleep, tortured by hunger and thirst, shivering with cold they still fought on. They had nothing to eat but a coarse kind of meal made from Indian corn. They had nothing at all to drink. With blackened tongues and dry, parched throats it became

impossible to swallow the meal. Frantic with thirst, a few made a rush for the river. For two hundred yards they ran through the spattering fire of the enemy. They risked death for a few drops of water. For their big kettles and pans had all fallen into the hands of the savages, and they had only cups in which to carry the water, and what they brought back was scarcely enough to wet the lips of the gasping garrison.

For seven days the terrible fight lasted. The Frenchmen's supply of shot was growing smaller and smaller. They knew that they could not hold out much longer. The friendly Indians grew weary of the struggle, and they leapt over the wall and fled to join the enemy. So the seventeen Frenchmen were left with only five Indians to help them against hundreds.

On the seventh day of the siege the air rang with cries more loud and savage than before, and the earth, and river, and sky, seemed to tremble with the echo and re-echo of gun shots. Five hundred more savages had arrived, and their war-cries mingled with the shouts of welcome from their friends.

Armed with new courage, the whole force of nearly seven hundred savages rushed to the attack. But every loophole of the fort belched forth fire, and many a Redskin fell. Half dead though they were with want and weariness, the Frenchmen still fought fiercely. Three more days passed, days of prayer and agony within the fort, while

without, thrown back again and again by the steady fire, the dark savages surged and yelled.

At last the Indians made a yet more determined assault. Protected by huge wooden shields, which covered them from head to heel, they rushed upon the fort with axe and firebrand. In spite of the Frenchmen's fire, the savages were able now to reach the walls. There they hacked and burned trying to make an entrance.

The case of the defenders was now desperate. Daulac then made a bomb by setting a slow match to a small barrel of gunpowder. This he tried to throw over the wall, hoping that it would explode among the Indians. But the Frenchmen were weak with famine and weariness. They could not throw the barrel high enough. It caught upon the top of the wall, and rolling back, burst within the fort, wounding many and blinding others, so that for a few minutes they could not see to fight.

In the confusion which followed, more Indians crowded to the walls, and they gained possession of the loopholes. One moment showed their savage, triumphant faces in the openings, the next the shining barrels of their guns gleamed there, and a hot rain of bullets showered upon the Frenchmen. Shut within the encircling walls, there was little for them but to die.

A moment later the men, who had been hacking at the walls, succeeded in making a breach. Indians poured through it, others scrambled over. On all sides the

Frenchmen were surrounded. Dearly they sold their lives. Muskets were thrown aside, with sword in one hand and knife in the other they fought the yelling fiends, till the dead lay thick about them. At length the ghastly fight was over, and the last white man fell dead upon the heaps of slain. Thus fighting against fearful odds, died valiant Daulac and his brave followers. Nor did these gallant Frenchmen die in vain. It was a splendid defeat, far more glorious than many a victory. It saved their fellow-countrymen in Canada. 'If seventeen white men behind a wooden fence can hold seven hundred warriors at bay, what will they not do behind stone walls?' the Indians asked. And so, cowed for the time, they turned homewards to mourn their dead and await a day of revenge.

Chapter 11

The Beginning of the Hudson Bay Company

After Henry Hudson, many English explorers sailed for Hudson's Bay seeking the NorthWest Passage. They suffered much and learned little. Then, as if weary with the cruel struggle with ice and snow, these bold adventurers ceased their voyages for a time, and not for forty years did a British ship steer its way among the icebergs of the great inland sea. Then again adventurers sailed to the Far North. But this time they came not to explore, but to trade.

Prince Rupert, the dashing cousin of King Charles II, helped to fit out the expedition, and himself became the governor of the new land which was now claimed by the British. And this land was called after him Prince Rupert Land.

The adventurers received a charter or writing from King Charles, giving them leave to trade and found colonies wherever they would around the shores of Hudson Bay. The company was called the 'Honourable Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay,' and later it became famous as the Hudson Bay Company.

Soon a British fort was built upon the barren shore, and the red flag of St. George fluttered out in the lonely

waste. But the French were ill pleased that any man should set foot in the land they wished to own. So the next year the French king sent a gentleman named De Lusson to take possession of the great NorthWest. This gentleman did not trouble to go to the NorthWest, but upon a hill at the Saulte St. Marie, where the three great lakes meet, he held a solemn ceremony.

Here many tribes of Indians were gathered together hideous with paint of various colours, bedecked with feathers and wampum. They were feasted, they danced and played games and smoked the pipe of peace. And at last one sunny day in June they climbed the hill, and upon the top, with much pomp and little understanding what it meant, set their names to a paper. In this paper the great White King claimed the whole of North America from the Arctic Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the coast of Labrador as far west as land might be, for then the west was but a pathless wilderness, no man knowing how far it might reach.

It was a wild and strange scene. Gay Frenchmen in bright uniforms, priests in rich robes, half-naked savages gaudy in paint and feathers, all were there. When the paper was signed, a great cross blessed by the priests was raised, and planted near it was a post carved with the lilies of France. Then kneeling around the cross with bowed bare heads, the Frenchmen sang a Latin hymn—

'The banners of Heaven's King advance;
The mystery of the Cross shines forth.'

Prayers were said. Then with drawn sword in one hand, and a sod of earth in the other, De Lusson claimed all the countries, rivers, and streams, both those which were discovered and those which at any time might be discovered, for his most Christian Majesty, the King of France. And as he ceased, the silence was broken, the air rang with cries of God save the King, mingled with the roar of gunshot and the savage yells of Indians.

A priest then spoke to the Red Men. He told them that powerful though their chiefs might be, they were as nought to the great White King, whose riches were untold, who walked in the blood of his enemies, and who had slain so many in battle that no man might number them. This he told them to strike awe into their hearts, and greatly marvelling at the power of this fearful unknown white lord, the Red Men scattered to their homes again, uttering wild yells or grunting hoarsely as they went.

So once more France and Britain clashed, and France claimed what Britain had taken. Still for some years the Company built forts, traded with the Indians, and grew rich, undisturbed by the French. Then the French too formed a fur-trading company called the Company of the North, and trouble began. Again and again the British forts were attacked and destroyed. Again and again with

dogged courage the British returned to them, and rebuilt them.

Even when they were not fighting, the French did all they could to prevent the Red Men trading with the British. But the Red Men soon found out that the British gave them more in exchange for their furs than the French, and so, of course, were glad to trade with them.

Nowadays, if we wish to buy anything, we must give money for it. But to a savage, money is of no use, for he has no shops to which he may go to buy things. So in exchange for furs the traders gave the Redskins tobacco, guns, beads, hatchets, gay clothes, and blankets. During the winter the savages would hunt and trap the wild animals and gather great stores of skins, then when spring came, and the frozen rivers melted, they would load their bark canoes and paddle away to the Company's forts. They had often to travel hundreds of miles, and the journey was full of difficulties and dangers. In those days, through the wilderness of the Far North, there were no roads at all. The rivers and lakes were the only highways. But upon the rivers there were rapids where the waters rushed in white foam over the river bed. So clever were the Indians in managing their canoes that sometimes they could shoot these rapids, that is row over them. But at other times, when the rapids were more dangerous, they would land, unload their canoes, and carry them and their goods along the river banks, and launch again in the smooth water below the rapids. This was called making a portage.

Portage comes from the French word *porter*, to carry. Sometimes, too, when a river no longer flowed in the direction in which the traveller wished to go, he would unload and carry his canoe over the portage to another river which did flow in the right direction, and there launch anew. Sometimes a portage might only be a few yards, sometimes it was several miles.

Often the difficulties of travelling were so great that the Indians, worn with hunger and fatigue, became too weak to carry their loads. Then, before they reached the trading fort, they would throw away many of the skins which they had gathered with such skill and care during the winter months, thus losing the reward they had hoped to gain for their labour.

But the fort at last reached, all difficulties and dangers of the journey were forgotten. With shouts and firing of guns the Indians landed. Leaving the women to unload the canoes and do the other hard work, the chiefs marched to the fort. There they were received by the white men, and sat in state, while pipes were passed round the circle. Then followed days of drinking and feasting, sometimes of fighting too. For the Redskin, alas! loved the 'fire water' of the white man, and when the heat of it warmed his blood, he cared not what he did.

At length came the great day. Dressed in a red coat trimmed with cheap lace, brave in many coloured stockings and feathered hat, the chief and his warriors

gathered to smoke the pipe of peace. Its long stem was decorated with bears' and eagles' claws, and bright with feathers, and as it passed around the circle each took a whiff. Then when the tobacco burned low in the bowl, speech began. With much flowery talk, and many flowing words, the furs were exchanged for tobacco and guns. It was a long business, but at length the barter was done. Then the Redskins paddled away again, once more leaving the fort to its wonted stillness, and the traders to pack and store the furs ready to be sent off when the next ship from home should arrive.

Such were the beginnings of the great company which for a time ruled a large territory, and which still exists to this day. It was no easy or safe life, for the French looked upon the whole land as their own. Again and again they attacked the company's posts and swept them away. Again and again the British returned, strengthened their outposts, and pushed their conquests farther and farther into the wilds. At last they gained such a firm footing that neither the rage of the Frenchman, nor the wiles of the Indian, could dislodge them.

Chapter 12

The Adventures of La Salle

For a long time Canada was under the rule of fur-traders and companies, and it did not prosper well. The whole people did not number two thousand. Most of those lived in Quebec, Montreal, and Three Rivers, and in the forts, scattered and few, stretching inland along the banks of the river St. Lawrence to the great lakes. But in 1663 Canada was made a crown colony, and King Louis XIV took the ruling into his own hands.

Canada was now ruled by a Governor, a Bishop, and a third man called an Intendant. One of the Intendant's chief duties was to look after the money and see that it was properly spent. In a different way he was quite as powerful as the Governor, and the Bishop also had great power.

The Sieur de Courcelle was the first governor under the new arrangement. And now, from having utterly neglected the colony, the king began to take a great interest in it. With Courcelles came the Marquis de Tracy, the Viceroy of all King Louis' western colonies and possessions, in order that he might see for himself what the land of New France was like. He brought with him a famous regiment of soldiers called the Carignan-Callieres, from the names of two of their leaders. They were the first real soldiers that had ever so come to Canada. Besides the

soldiers, the marquess brought many settlers and a great train of servants and courtiers.

In a day the population of Canada was doubled. Fresh life seemed to have been poured into the colony. The towns were gay with courtiers in ribbons, lace, and feathers, through the trackless woods marched the brightly-clad soldiers of the line. But though they seemed gorgeous as peacocks, they were brave as lions. Soon the pride of the Iroquois was humbled. The white man was no longer bullied by haughty, half-naked savages, and for twenty years Canada had peace from the Red Man.

Louis de Baude, Count Frontenac, was one of the greatest of the governors of New France. Next to that of Champlain, his name is perhaps the best remembered in the history of the colony. He was the first man who tried to give the people of Canada freedom. Until Frontenac came, the people had no say in ruling. Now the governor tried to form a parliament. He asked the townspeople to come to talk about the affairs of the colony together with the priests and nobles. But when the French king heard about it, he was very angry. He did not wish the people to be free. He wished to keep all the power in his own hands, and Count Frontenac was forbidden to call his little parliament together again.

Although Frontenac was not allowed to do all he wished, he was a very powerful ruler. But he was proud and haughty, and often quarrelled with the Intendant and

with the Bishop. The Indians, however, dreaded and respected him more than any other 'Onontio,' as they called the white rulers.

Onontio means 'great mountain' in the Indian language. One of the governors of New France had been called Montmagny. The Indians had been told that in the French language that meant Great Mountain, and from his name they called all the governors who came after him, Onontio or Great Mountain.

But never had Onontio been respected as Frontenac was respected. The Indians felt that he was their master. He would not call their great chiefs 'Brother,' as other rulers had done. He called them his children and he was their Great Father. Yet though they feared him, they loved him too, for he would laugh and jest with them, play with their children, and give their wives strings of beautiful beads. Then, too, at times he would paint his face and dress himself like an Indian chief, and with tomahawk in hand would lead the war-dance; or again he would sit by the council fire making speeches as fine as any savage warrior.

It was while Frontenac was ruler that the great time of Canadian exploration began. In spite of both French and British colonies, little was known of the vast continent of America. The French forts stretched inland along the river St. Lawrence to the great lakes; the British crept along the seashore from Florida in the south to Acadie in the north,

and were shut out from the great west by the Alleghany Mountains. But what was behind and beyond none knew.

The British, when they went to live in the New World became fishermen and farmers, settling down quickly to a peaceful home life. Not so the Frenchmen. Priest, soldier, or colonists, each seemed filled with the roving spirit of the forest, the desire for adventure and the thirst for knowledge and conquest. Indeed the desire for a wild and roving life became so strong in some, that they could no longer remain in towns and villages, and they wandered away into the woods to live among the Indians. They dressed like Indians and married Indian women. They were reckless, fearless men, loving the forests and the lonely lakes and rivers, and instead of taming the Redskins they themselves became almost like savages. In vain the King of France made laws forbidding the young men to wander away and live in the woods. The woods called them, and they could not resist the call. These men became known as 'wanderers of the woods,' or, in the French language, *Coureurs de bois*.

These forest adventurers were great fur-traders. They knew all the haunts and habits of the wild animals. They read the signs of sky and wood as we might read a book. In winter, alone across the trackless snow, they found their way. In summer the pathless forest had no terrors for them. They were warriors and explorers as well as trackers and traders. Lawless and brave, they were looked upon as

outlaws, and sometimes in battles they might be seen fighting for Indians, sometimes for the French.

'Give me freedom, give me space,
Give me the open air and sky,
With the clean wind in my face
Where the quiet mountains lie.

I am sick of roofs and floors,
Naught will heal me but to roam;
Open me the forest doors,
Let the green world take me home.

I am sick of streets and noise,
Narrow ways and cramping creeds;
Give me back the simpler joys;
Nothing else my spirit needs.

For the road goes up and the road goes down,
And the years go over and by,
And soon will the longest day be past,
Soon I must lay me down.'

When these wanderers of the woods came to the towns to sell their furs, they brought with them many

wonderful stories of the sights they had seen far in the unknown wilds. Among other things, they talked of a 'great water' of which the Indians told wonderful tales. They called it the Mississippi or Father of Waters. Then men began to ask what this great water was. Was it perhaps the fabled passage to the Indies, which many a brave sailor had given his life to find? If it could be found, would it lead at last to the Vermilion Sea, to China, to the spice lands, and the glories of the East?

Many people set out to find this great water, and at last a priest named Marquette and an explorer named Joliet discovered the Mississippi. They sailed far down it, past where the yellow, angry waters of the Missouri join it. On and on southward they went, until at length they became sure that the great river did not flow across America and fall into the Pacific Ocean as they had thought, but southward into the Gulf of Mexico. Having made sure of this they turned home again with the news of their great discovery.

Among the many French adventurers was a man named Réné Robert Cavelier, Sieur de la Salle. He is generally called La Salle, and is one of the best known of the Canadian explorers.

Like others, La Salle had heard of the great water and was eager to follow it all the way to its mouth. So with a friend called Tonty he gathered a company, and went to explore.

Tonty, like La Salle, was brave and fearless, and he was much dreaded by the Indians. He had only one hand, the other having been shot off while he was fighting once in Europe. So he had an iron hand made to replace the one he had lost, and he always wore a glove over it. Once or twice when the Red Men had been unruly he had brought them to order by knocking them down with this hand. Not knowing that it was of iron, they wondered at his power and strength, and called him a 'medicine man' and feared him greatly.

La Salle was one of the most unlucky of men, and now he had many and terrible difficulties to fight. He had enemies who did their best to hinder and ruin him. His own men even were not true to him, besides which he had to fight with storms, and cold and heat, hunger and thirst, and not least, with savage Indians. But he was so brave and determined that nothing made him give in.

Before La Salle began his exploration, he built a ship which he called the *Griffin*. In it he sailed up Lake Erie and Lake Michigan. It was the first time that a sailing-boat had ever been seen on these great inland seas, and the Indians came to wonder and stare at it in astonishment.

La Salle had not much money, so from Lake Michigan he sent the *Griffin* back to Montreal with a load of furs, giving the captain orders to sell them and return with goods needful for the expedition, as soon as possible.

When the *Griffin* had sailed. La Salle journeyed on with the rest of his men to the head of Lake Michigan, and there he awaited the return of his ship.

But the *Griffin* never came again. In vain La Salle waited and watched for a white sail. No white sail ever appeared. What became of the *Griffin* will never be known. Somewhere upon the great lakes it was lost, with all the men on board. Not one returned to tell the fate of the others.

While La Salle waited and watched in vain for the return of the *Griffin*, the good days were passing, winter was coming. At length he gave up hope of seeing his ship again, and made up his mind to go on without the fresh supplies he had sent for. So, through many trials and dangers, suffering from cold and hunger, the little band pushed on. For La Salle, perhaps, the hardest trial of all was that his men did not believe in him. Nearly all were discontented, and many were afraid of the difficulties and dangers of the way. Two, indeed, were so afraid that they ran away.

At length La Salle made up his mind to rest for the winter on the banks of the river Illinois. Here he built a fort which he called Fort Créve-Cœur, or Heart-Break. But in spite of the sad name he gave his fort, La Salle showed that he had not quite lost heart, for he began to build another ship to take the place of the *Griffin*.

But soon La Salle found that he had not many things which were needed for the ship. To get them, some one must return to Montreal, and La Salle resolved to go himself.

Taking with him one Indian and four other Frenchmen, La Salle set out on his terrible walk of a thousand miles. Tonty with the rest—some sixteen men—remained behind to guard the fort and work at the ship until their leader's return.

This journey of La Salle was tiresome beyond belief. With the first days of spring the snow began to thaw, and thawing it turned the prairies into wide and endless marshes, in which the travellers sank to their knees, or sometimes even to their waists. They could not walk upon the rivers, for the melting ice was not strong enough to bear them. Neither could they sail down them, for the broken ice would have smashed their frail canoes to pieces. So they scrambled along the banks, sometimes forcing their way through forests so dense, that their clothes were torn to rags and their faces so scratched and bleeding that they hardly knew each other.

They had to suffer both from cold and heat. The sun at midday blazed upon them, at night the frost was bitter. During the day they were often drenched with rain or half-melted snow, at night their soaking clothes would freeze. At night, wet and weary, they lay down to sleep around

their camp fire, in the morning they awoke to find themselves encased in frosted armour.

Worn out with the terrible hardships of the journey, one after another the men fell ill. But at length, after more than two months crowded with pain and toil and danger, they reached Fort Frontenac, and found rest and shelter.

Chapter 13
The Adventures of La Salle Continued

La Salle's troubles were not ended. At Fort Frontenac he was greeted with the news that a ship from France, laden with goods for him, had been wrecked. This was indeed bad news. But La Salle was not to be daunted. He at once set to work to gather fresh supplies, and made ready to start back to Fort Heart-Break, there to join his friends.

Then the worst news of all came. A letter from Tonty arrived to tell La Salle that soon after he had left, nearly all his men had mutinied. They had destroyed the fort, robbed the storehouse, and what they could not carry away they had thrown into the river. They had gone, leaving Tonty and four or five faithful men helpless and alone in the wilderness.

La Salle had been eager to set out. Now that he heard this evil news he was more eager still. He felt that there was no time to lose, and that he must find and help his friend at once.

But when, after a long and difficult journey, La Salle reached Fort Heart-Break again, there was no sign of any human being. The fort was ruined and deserted, and only the great staring ribs of the unfinished ship were left to show that white men had been there. No sign of Tonty or his faithful few was to be seen.

Never for a moment, however, did La Salle give in. He spent the winter in making friends with the Indians, and in trying in every way to hear news of Tonty, and at last, when spring came again, the two friends met. They had much to tell each other. But it was a tale of sorrow and failure on both sides. Yet La Salle was not beaten, and once more he set out with Tonty on his travels. But now he gave up the idea of building a ship, and the expedition started down the river in canoes.

It was the middle of winter before everything was ready. The river was frozen over, so the men made sledges, put their canoes upon them, and in this way dragged them over the ice. As they went southward it became warmer, spring came, and the ice began to melt. The sledges were of no more use, and for a time neither were the canoes, for the river soon became full of broken floating ice, through which it was impossible to paddle. But at length the ice was nearly all melted; they reached a clear and open stream, and, launching the canoes, they sailed swiftly onward.

Every day as they sailed they left winter further and further behind. The sun shone pleasantly; spring flowers nodded to them from the banks; the drooping trees put on a beautiful soft green. It seemed as if their troubles were over. On and on they floated easily down stream, through the smiling spring land, which no white man had ever before beheld. At last they reached their journey's end, and stood upon the shores of the Gulf of Mexico.

On that lonely shore these few white men raised a pillar. Upon it they carved the arms of France and the words, 'Louis the Great, King of France and Navarre, reigns, 9th April 1682.' The white flag of France, with its golden *fleur-de-lis,* floated out upon the breeze, and the silence was broken for the first time by the sound of guns and the shouts of 'God save the King.'

When the sound of the shouting died away, the men raised their voices once again. This time they sang a hymn of praise to God. Then with drawn sword La Salle stood beside the pillar. 'In the name of the most high, mighty, invincible, and victorious Prince, Louis the Great, by the Grace of God, King of France and of Navarre,' he cried, 'I do now take possession of this country of Louisiana, the seas, harbours, ports, bays, and all the nations, peoples, cities, towns, villages, mines, fisheries, streams, and rivers, within the said Louisiana from the mouth of the great river Ohio along the river Mississippi, and all the rivers which flow into it from its source to its mouth at the sea.'

Then a cross was raised beside the pillar. Once more the guns rang out, once more shouts of 'God save the King' awoke the silent echoes of the forest, and men's voices raised a Latin hymn of praise. To France a new kingdom had been added.

If you will look on the map you will see what a great region La Salle had claimed. He himself had no idea how great it was. You will see that the British colonies lay like a

narrow strip between the Alleghanies and the sea, while the French had claimed all that lay behind; that is, all the country which is now the United States, as well as the whole of Canada.

It was a vast kingdom, and could not be held by France through the mere planting of a pillar. This La Salle well knew, though he himself did not guess how large a tract of land he had claimed. Now he formed a plan by which this kingdom might be held. His plan was to build a town at the mouth of the Mississippi, and forts all along its banks at certain distances. These forts would be resting-places for traders, and would form a barrier against the British, shutting them more than ever out from the unknown west. All the trade of Canada could then be borne down the Mississippi to the town at its mouth, which would thus grow into a great seaport. From there white-winged vessels would glide out to all parts of the world, and so great wealth and glory would be added to the crown of France.

Such was La Salle's dream. But meanwhile he had to battle his way up stream, back through savage wilderness to the dwellings of white men. And it was not until he had passed through many more adventures and dangers that he reached Quebec once more. From there he set sail for France, eager to tell the king of all that he had done, and of all that he hoped still to do.

King Louis received La Salle kindly, and gave him the help he asked. Soon four ships set sail from France filled with soldiers, workmen, and colonists, bringing with them all things needful to found a city.

La Salle sailed for the Gulf of Mexico, and meant to land at the mouth of the Mississippi, which he had reached before by paddling down the river. But coming to it from the sea was very different from coming to it from the land. La Salle could not find the place, and sailed more than a hundred miles beyond it. When at last they landed, the colonists were already disheartened. They had lost two ships: one had run upon rocks, the other had been taken by the Spaniards, who claimed the Gulf of Mexico as their own, threatening with death any who dared to enter it. On the way out, La Salle had quarrelled with his officers. Things from first to last went ill, and so it was with little spirit in the task that the colonists set about building their wooden houses.

Two years of struggle, toil, and misery followed the landing. 'This pleasant land seemed to us an abode of weariness and an eternal prison,' wrote one of the company. Sickness and death thinned their numbers, till at the end of these two years, of the two hundred men and women who had set sail, scarcely forty remained. And these were but a ragged and forlorn band. Their clothes were in such tatters that they were glad to make coats of sail cloth; their food was near an end. Gladly would they have left their prison, but they knew not how. In vain they

strained their eyes seawards, hoping for the sight of a friendly, fearing to see a Spanish, sail. Sadly they thought of their beloved France, which they had left with such light hearts. They longed to return, but no ship came. They were alone, forsaken, and lost in that far land.

At length La Salle made up his mind to try to find his way back to Canada by land, and bring help from there to the forlorn colony. So one morning there was a sad scene within the walls of the little fort, as those who went said farewell to those who stayed. Many tears were shed as last handshakes were given, last goodbyes said. Then the little band set out on the long and terrible journey northward.

They were a quaint and ragged party. Some wore the clothes they had brought from France, now much patched and darned; some wore coats of sailcloth; some the skins of wild animals. They were but ill prepared for their long and perilous journey through prairie and forest, by stream and lake. Yet in the brave, unyielding heart of La Salle, there was still hope.

La Salle was brave and strong, and his friends loved him well. But these friends were few. To most people he was cold and haughty, and he made many enemies. Now bitter hate and discontent filled the hearts of some of his men. As the difficulties and hardships of the way grew greater, their hatred grew deeper, and at last one morning they shot their leader dead. 'There thou liest, there thou liest, great Bashaw,' cried one, rejoicing as he saw his

enemy lie dead upon the ground. The mutineers then stripped the body of all its clothes and left it naked and unburied, a prey to the wild beasts. So he who would have founded a kingdom and made France great among the nations, lies in a nameless, unknown grave. Of what became of his murderers little is known. By man, at least, they went unpunished.

No help ever came to the little colony La Salle had left behind him. It was attacked by Indians; nearly all the colonists were killed, the rest scattered. La Salle's brilliant dream ended in nothingness, but he had shown his countrymen the way. Other great men followed him who were more successful, and it seemed for a time as if France would indeed hold the great possessions claimed for her in the New World.

Chapter 14
Count Frontenac

While La Salle was struggling down the Mississippi, Frontenac, the great Onontio, was having his troubles too. The Indians who had been at peace for so long were growing restless. It needed all Frontenac's cleverness to keep them quiet. And though he kept peace with the Red Man, he could not do so with his white brother. He quarrelled with the Intendant and he quarrelled with the Bishop. At last the quarrels became so bad, that King Louis in anger called both Frontenac and the Intendant home.

Frontenac was followed by a governor who could not manage the Indians at all. They grew insolent, he grew frightened. Then King Louis, more angry than ever, ordered him to come home.

Again, under the next governor, the troubles with the Indians grew no better but rather worse, till the Iroquois prowled about like wolves, and no white man's life was safe. The French plotted, and the Indians plotted. Treachery was met by treachery, blood was wiped out in blood. The Iroquois' hatred of the French, which for a time they seemed to have forgotten, burst out again with wilder fury than before.

One stormy August night, amid the lashing of hail and the scream of the wind, the Indian war-whoop was heard

by the sleeping settlers of Fort La Chine, not far from Montreal. Leaping from their beds they made ready to defend themselves. From all sides yelling, painted warriors poured in upon them. Muskets flashed and roared, tomahawk and hatchet gleamed and fell. Many fled in the darkness, but few escaped the awful vengeance of the Indian. When the sun rose it shone upon the ruined, deserted village in the ashes of which lay the dead bodies of two hundred men, women, and children. More than a hundred others were led away captive, many of them to be done to death with horrible tortures in the Indian encampment.

The people of Montreal were filled with horror, the governor was helpless with fear. For two months the Indians prowled about, ravaging and destroying at will. Then they went off to their own country, carrying their prisoners with them. Before they went they gathered around Montreal, filling the air with hideous yells—giving a yell for every prisoner they had taken, and thus showing their scorn of the governor.

Besides this fearful Indian warfare, quarrels between the British and the French colonies were every day becoming more bitter. For many years, while the French north of the St. Lawrence had been founding scattered colonies and trying to make the heathen people Christian, the British colonies south of the St. Lawrence had been growing stronger and stronger. The British had not claimed so much land as the French, but there were far

more people in the small part that they had claimed, and they held it with far firmer hands.

Now there began a struggle between the British and the French for the fur trade, for the possession of the waterways by the rivers and great lakes, and for the friendship of the Indians. The Indians had already found out that the British gave them more for their furs than the French. So even those who were friendly with the French were not unwilling to trade with the British. There is no room in this little book to tell of all the quarrels and of the exciting fights which took place when white men fought against each other, and side by side, with yelling savages whose faces were painted red and green, or spotted with black and white. They were indeed often painted all over, and naked except for tails of wild beasts hanging down their backs. Upon their heads they wore horns, in their noses and ears iron ornaments, and round their necks chains of beads. They were somewhat terrible friends to have, and very fearful enemies.

The Iroquois had nearly wrecked the colonies of New France, when the news came that Frontenac, the great Onontio, was coming back. He was now seventy years old, he was old and grey, but he had not forgotten how to rule. His coming struck terror to the Indian heart. With them he would have made peace, but with the British he waged war. For he believed that they had been to blame for many of the quarrels, and that they had stirred the Iroquois to fight.

So against the British Frontenac sent three armies of French and Indians. It was dead of winter when they set out. Shod with snow-shoes, wrapped in fringed blankets, daubed with paint and decked with feathers, French and Indian alike sped over the snow fields.

The British were not prepared for war. At one fort the gates were open, the doors unbarred. And so secure did they think themselves that, instead of sentinels, there stood by the gateway two snow men. But in the dead of night, over the silent snow, French and Indian stole. With fierce war-whoops they fell upon the sleeping men. The slaughter was awful, and soon the village was a smoking ruin.

All three armies were alike successful, if armies they might be called, for they were rather wild marauders. The Indians began again to respect the French and were no longer so insolent. But the British now gathered in strength to repay the blow. Sir William Phips sailed out from New England, attacked and took Port Royal, and once more claimed Acadie for the British.

Then the New Englanders decided to take Quebec. And one October morning a fleet of thirty-four British ships, big and little, sailed up the St. Lawrence and anchored before Quebec.

A little boat, flying a white flag, put off and made for the shore. In it was an officer carrying a letter to Count Frontenac. As he came to shore the Frenchmen met him,

and before he was allowed to land they blindfolded him. Then with a soldier on either side he was led through the streets to the governor.

Up and down steep and stony pathways he was dragged, followed by a jeering crowd of women and children who laughed aloud as he stumbled over rough places, telling him it was but a game of blind man's buff.

At length, bewildered and out of breath, the young officer was led into a room, and the bandage was taken from his eyes. Then he found that he was standing before the governor and his officers. For a moment, dazzled by the sudden light, he gazed in confusion at the crowd of Frenchmen in their gay uniforms, glittering with gold and silver lace. Then recovering himself, he gave the letter which he had brought to Frontenac.

This letter, in very proud words, demanded the surrender of Quebec, in the name of William and Mary, King and Queen of England, Scotland, France and Ireland. It gave Frontenac one hour in which to return an answer.

The letter was read aloud, and when the reading was at an end the British officer pulled out his watch. 'It is ten o'clock,' he said, showing it to the governor; 'I require your answer by eleven.'

'By heaven!' thundered Frontenac, 'I will not keep you waiting so long! Tell your commander that I do not recognise King William, and that the Prince of Orange,

who calls himself so, is a usurper. I know no king of Britain but King James. I will answer your general with the mouths of my cannon. Let him do his best, I will do mine.'

With the French commander's proud answer ringing in his ears, blindfolded once more, the British officer was led stumbling down the steep streets to his boat.

So the siege began. But although Phips was brave, he was leading men little used to war. They had courage enough, but little discipline. They were farmers and fishermen rather than soldiers. They threw away their lives, they wasted their shot against the solid wall of stone upon which Quebec is perched, while the Frenchmen riddled their ships with shot and shell.

At last, with splintered masts and torn rigging, the British sailed away. Yet, had they but known it, Quebec had almost been within their grasp. For although there were men enough and powder and shot enough within the walls, food was scarce, and the horror of famine stared the defenders in the face.

Chapter 15
The Story of Madeleine de Vèrcheres

War still went on—war between French and British, between French and Iroquois. The houses in the country were deserted, the fields lay untilled, the people crowded to the towns for safety. Here and there the people of a village would gather and work all together. But while they worked, sentinels were on the watch to give warning at the first sign of danger. Everywhere the red terror lurked. No man was safe, no life was sure. The trader paddling downstream with his store of furs, the trapper returning from the woods, each knew that he held his life in his hands. 'The enemy is upon us by land and sea,' wrote Frontenac; 'send us more men if you want the colony to be saved.'

Many stories are told of brave deeds done at this time. But one of the most famous is that of Madeleine de Vèrcheres, a girl of fourteen, who held her father's fort against the Indians for a whole week.

It was autumn, and all the settlers at Vèrcheres had gone to work in the fields some miles from the fort. Two soldiers only had been left on guard. Besides them there was an old man of eighty, some women and children, and Madeleine with her two little brothers of ten and twelve.

All seemed peaceful and quiet. But through the thick forest, which already glowed gold and red beneath the autumn sun, Indians were stealing. Thinking that all was

safe, Madeleine had gone down to the river which flowed not far from the fort. Suddenly, through the still air, was heard the sound of gun-shots. Hardly had the sound died away when there came a cry from the fort. 'Run, miss, run!' shouted the old man; 'the Indians are upon us!'

Madeleine turned. There, not a pistol-shot behind her, was a band of forty-five or fifty Indians.

How Madeleine ran! Fear seemed to give her wings. But oh, the way was long! As she ran, she prayed in her heart, 'Holy Virgin, Mother of God, save me!' The bullets of forty-five muskets sang and whistled round her as she fled. Would she never reach the fort? Oh, how far off it seemed! 'To arms, to arms!' she shouted, hoping that some one would come out and help her. No one came. At last she reached the gate and fled within. With trembling hands she closed and barred it.

For the moment she was saved. But it was only for the moment. Wasting no time, Madeleine ran round the fort to see that all was safe. Here and there logs had fallen out on the palisades, leaving holes through which the enemy might get in. These she ordered to be replaced, herself helping to carry the logs. As soon as that was done she went to the guardroom where the gunpowder and shot were kept. Here she found the two so-called soldiers hiding in abject terror. One had a lighted match in his hand. 'What are you going to do with that?' she asked quickly.

'I am going to set the powder on fire and blow us all up,' he answered.

'You coward!' cried Madeleine, 'go!'

She was only a girl of fourteen, but she spoke so sternly that the soldier was ashamed. He blew out his match and left the room.

Madeleine now threw off the white muslin bonnet which women used to wear in those days. Putting on a steel cap, and taking a gun in her hand, she turned to her two brothers, 'Boys,' she said, 'let us fight to the death. Remember what father has taught you, that gentlemen must be ready to die for their God and their king.'

The boys were as brave as their sister, and, taking their guns, they went to the loopholes and began to fire upon the Indians who were now close round the house.

Although Madeleine was so calm and brave, the women of the fort were much frightened. They cried pitifully, and so did the little children. Madeleine comforted them as well as she could, and told them that they must not cry, for if the Indians without heard, they would learn how hopeless the state of the fort was, and would attack more fiercely.

All day long the fight lasted, and with the darkness of night came a terrible storm. The wind howled round the walls, snow and hail beat against the windows. It was a fearful night, and Madeleine anxiously watching the movements of the Indians, became sure that they were

making ready to attack the fort under cover of the darkness and the storm.

So Madeleine gathered her little garrison and made a speech to them. 'God has saved us to-day from the hands of our enemies,' she said. 'But we must watch to-night lest we fall into their snares.' Then to each she gave his orders, posting her few men as well as she could round the walls. So all night long the Indians heard the steady tread of sentinels on duty. Every hour from fort and block-house came the cry, 'All's well.' The wily Indians were completely deceived, and thinking that the fort was strongly garrisoned they dared not attack.

Towards morning there was an alarm. The sentry nearest the gate suddenly called out, 'Lady, I hear something.'

Hurrying towards him, Madeleine peered anxiously through the loophole. Yes, there, against the whiteness of the new-fallen snow, black moving figures could be seen coming close round the house. For a few moments Madeleine watched anxiously. Then soft lowing and snuffling was heard. Madeleine gave a sigh of relief. These were no Indians, but some cattle belonging to the fort which had found their way through the snow to the gate. There were only a few, for the Indians had captured nearly all the herd.

'We must open the gate and let them in,' said some one.

'God forbid,' replied Madeleine, 'you do not know the wiles of these Indians. Very likely they are behind the cattle, wrapped in skins and ready to rush in the moment we are silly enough to open the gate.'

But after some talk it was decided to risk it. For if they were long besieged they might be glad of the cattle to keep them from starving.

Calling her two brothers, Madeleine placed them one on each side of the gate, with their fingers on the triggers of their guns ready to fire. Then the gate was carefully opened. One by one the cattle came in, and the gate was again closed in safety.

At last the long night ended. And as the sun rose and the darkness fled, the fears and terrors of the night fled too.

The day passed, and another, and another. The Indians still prowled without, the brave little garrison still kept watch within. Hour by hour Madeleine marched round the posts, always smiling, always speaking cheering words, however heavy her heart might be. For the first two days and nights she hardly slept, never laying down her gun or taking off her clothes.

And so a week went by.

Upon the seventh night Madeleine sat in the guardroom. She was very weary. With her gun lying across her arms, and her head resting upon the table, she fell asleep. Suddenly she started wide awake to hear the tramp

of men around the house. Springing up, she seized her gun. 'Who goes there?' she called out into the darkness.

'French,' came the reply; 'it is La Monnerie come to help you.'

Ah, that was good news! Running to the gate, Madeleine threw it open. But even now she did not forget to be careful. Posting a sentinel, she marched out to meet the Frenchmen.

'Sir, you are welcome,' she said, giving La Monnerie, the leader, a military salute. 'I render you my arms.'

'Lady,' replied the captain, bowing low before her, 'they are in good hands.'

'Better than you know, perhaps,' replied Madeleine proudly.

La Monnerie and his soldiers marched into the fort. Wonderingly he made a tour of the posts and found all in good order, each 'man' at his post. It was perhaps the strangest, bravest garrison he had ever seen. Among them were an old man of eighty, and a boy of ten, and their leader was a girl of fourteen.

'Sir,' said Madeleine, a little wearily but with a joyful pride, 'relieve my men. We have not been off duty for eight days.'

'And this is my little garrison, my brothers Louis and Paul;

With soldiers two, and a cripple. May the Virgin
pray for us all.
But we've powder and guns in plenty, and we'll fight
to the latest breath,
And if need be, for God and country, die a brave
soldier's death.

'Load all the carabines quickly, and whenever you
sight the foe,
Fire from the upper turret and loopholes down
below,
Keep up the fire, brave soldiers, though the fight
may be fierce and long,
And they'll think our little garrison is more than a
hundred strong.'

So spake the maiden Madeleine, and she roused the
Norman blood
That seemed for a moment sleeping, and sent it like
a flood
Through every heart around her, and they fought
the red Iroquois
As fought in the old-time battles the soldiers of
Carignan.

And six days followed each other, and feeble her
limbs became,

Yet the maid never sought her pillow, and the flash
of the carabine's flame
Illumined the powder-smoked faces, ay, even when
hope seemed gone,
And she only smiled at her comrades and told them
to fight, fight on.

And she blew a blast on her bugle, and lo, from the
forest black
Merrily, merrily ringing, an answer came pealing
back.
Oh, pleasant and sweet it sounded, borne on the
morning air,
For it heralded fifty soldiers, with gallant De la
Monniere.

And when he beheld the maiden, the soldier of
Carignan,
And looked on the little garrison that fought the
red Iroquois
And held their own in the battle, for six long weary
days,
He stood for a moment speechless, and marvelled
at woman's ways.

Then he beckoned the men behind him, and
steadily they advance,

And with carabines uplifted the veterans of France
Saluted the brave young captain so timidly
standing there,
And they fired a volley in honour of Madeleine
Vèrcheres.

W. H. Drummond.

Chapter 16

The War of the Boundary Line

There is no room here to tell of all the struggles of Britain and France in America. But you have read enough to see how these two great powers had laid hold of the mighty continent, and how, in spite of all the thousands of miles of prairie and forest, of lake and stream, there was not room for both. One must go. But which? Was it to be the stolid, dogged race, who had painfully felled the trees and ploughed the land, reclaiming it bit by bit from the vast forest, building there, homes and churches and clustering towns? Or was it to be the gay adventurers and earnest black-robed priests, who reared crosses upon the borders of desolation, and claimed with the roar of cannon and singing of hymns, unexplored and unknown countries and peoples, for God and their king?

'Do you not know the difference between the King of France and the King of Britain?' a Frenchman once asked the Indians. 'Go, look at the forts which our king has built. You will see that you can still hunt under their very walls. They have been built for your good, in places where you go. The British, on the other hand, are no sooner in possession of a place than they drive the game away. The trees fall before them, the earth is laid bare so that you can scarcely find a few branches with which to make a shelter for the night.'

It was true. The British turned the wild forest into meadow-land and corn-fields. The French claimed the forest, and left it forest still, still the Red Man's hunting-ground.

The King of France was a despot at home. He was just as much a despot in his colonies. Everything the French settler did, was done by the French king's orders. In the French colonies there was no more freedom for the people than there was at home. In the British colonies it was very different. British settlers sailed to the New World because they were unhappy at home, because they could not worship God as they wished, or because they could not have the king they wanted. They sought freedom and they found it. At home the people rose against their king. They cut off his head and said they would have no more kings. But after a little they grew tired of having no king, and they asked Charles II to come to rule over them. Later, the people rebelled again, and a new race of kings came to the throne. But all these changes did not make much difference to the colonies. The colonists remained British subjects whether King or Protector ruled the British Isles, this, too, although they received little help or attention from home.

So by degrees thirteen colonies were founded in America. Little by little they grew strong and prosperous, and at length the king and people at home began to see what a great state had grown up beyond the seas.

Yet although these thirteen colonies were all British, there was very little union amongst them. It was a long time before they learned that if they did not wish to be crushed out by the French, they must join together and help each other.

Years rolled on. There was no peace—there could be no peace between the two peoples. Even when France and Britain were not fighting at home, there was almost always fighting in America. And if the roar of cannon was quiet, and the white man's sword in sheath, the Red Man's tomahawk gleamed and his war-cry made the darkness terrible.

At last the great struggle in America began. It has been called the War of the Boundary Line.

Slowly, as the British colonies grew, they pressed westward. The country where Pittsburg now stands came to be called the Gate of the West. Both French and British wished to possess that gate, and both claimed the land. Here the French built a fort which they called Fort Le Bœuf.

When the Governor of Virginia heard of this, he sent a young man called George Washington to tell the French commander of the fort that he was upon British ground, and that he must leave at once.

After a long and difficult journey Washington reached the French camp one evening just as the officers were sitting down to dinner. They received him most

courteously, but they told him that they meant to take and keep possession of the valley of the Ohio. 'You Britishers are two to our one,' they said, 'but you are so slow, you cannot prevent us doing what we want.'

The commander himself was grave and polite. 'I will send the British governor's letter to Canada,' he said, 'but in the meantime my men and I will stay where we are. I have been commanded to take possession of the country, and I mean to do it as best I can.'

With this answer Washington had to go back to his governor. But in the spring, he returned with about three hundred men. He was not able, however, to dislodge the French, and, after some fighting, he was forced to march away again.

All this time France and Britain were supposed to be at peace. War had not been proclaimed, but now a thousand men were sent out from home to help the colonists. When the French heard this, they too sent men. Yet the King of France and the King of Great Britain kept on being polite to each other, and pretending that nothing was meant.

But at sea the French and British vessels met. Up went a red flag to the masthead of the British flagship. 'Is this peace or war?' asked the French captain.

'I don't know,' replied the British, 'but you had better prepare for war.' And quick to point his words came the roar of cannon. The Frenchmen made good show of fight,

but the British were the stronger, and soon the French struck their colours.

So, without being declared, war began.

But at first things went ill with the British in Canada. The home troops were sent out under the command of Major-General Edward Braddock. He was brave, but obstinate and old-fashioned. He had a contempt for the colonial soldiers, and a still greater contempt for their Indian friends. He was so rude to these that the haughty savages, instead of helping the British, stalked away offended, and took no part in the fight. 'He looks upon us as dogs,' they said.

Before setting out to attack the French, Braddock spent many weeks in making preparations, in gathering men, stores, and wagons. At last all was ready, and the long train of men and horses started for Fort Duquesne.

Braddock was used to fighting in Europe. He knew nothing of fighting in the wilds of America. Never before had he had to face the difficulty of taking an army, with all its train of baggage and ammunition, through pathless forest. Three hundred men with axes led the way, cutting down the trees to clear a path. Slowly behind them, now jolting over stumps and stones, now sinking axle deep in dust or mud, followed the wagons and cannon. So great were the difficulties of the road that the army crawled along at the rate of scarcely three miles a day, and so narrow was the path that the line of march was over four

miles in length. But with British doggedness they toiled on; the red coats of the soldiers and the white-covered wagons lighting up the dark forest; the sound of trumpet-calls and the clash of arms awakening the silence.

On this slow and painful march many of the men fell ill. So Braddock resolved to divide his army. Leaving the heaviest baggage, the sick men and some of his soldiers behind, under another officer called Dunbar, he pressed on with about twelve hundred men. But even thus lightened the march was not very fast, and the colonists were disgusted to find that their ideas of what a rough road meant, and those of the British, were quite different. The British, they said, 'halted to level every molehill and build bridges over every brook.'

News of the march soon reached the French at Fort Duquesne. And when they heard how great the numbers were, they were much afraid, and almost decided to leave the fort and march away before the British arrived. But a brave officer named Beaujeu, said, 'No, let us rather gather some of the Indians and go out to meet them.' Then council fires were lit, and Beaujeu, dressed like an Indian brave, flung the war-hatchet down and talked to the Red Men until they were athirst for blood and ready to join the fight. So the war-dance was danced. Then daubed with paint and decked with feathers, six hundred red warriors and two hundred and fifty Frenchmen marched out to meet the British. They were led by Beaujeu, who looked

almost like an Indian, wearing a fringed shirt as they did, under his steel breastplate.

The summer sun was shining, the sky was blue and clear, as the British force wound slowly across the river Monongahela. The men were in good spirits, for their journey was nearly at an end, Fort Duquesne being only nine miles off. Of victory they had no doubt, so to the sound of drum and trumpet they marched gaily along. Then suddenly, from the dark and silent forest, dashed a crowd of Indian warriors, uttering piercing, hideous war-cries. At the same moment a hail of bullets mowed down the British soldiers. Quickly they returned the fire, and shouting, 'God save the King,' they rushed at the foe.

But the Indians scattered through the forest. Hiding behind trees and bushes they shot in safety at the British, whose red coats made them an easy mark. Gallantly the British fought. But it was like fighting against puffs of smoke. They could not see the foe; they were guided only by the smoke; their bullets tore through the bushes and were buried in the tree trunks, doing little harm, while from every side death rained upon the redcoats.

The British were unused to this savage warfare. Had they scattered like the Indians, and fired from behind shelter as they did, there might have been some hope. The American colonists, who were with the army under George Washington, knowing the ways of the Indians, fought them in their own manner. But to Braddock, that

seemed unsoldierly and cowardly. If his men tried to scatter, he drove them together again, so they stood a brilliant target in the sunshine to be mown down by the murderous fire of savages.

Braddock himself fought and shouted like a madman. Horse after horse was shot under him, and at last he fell, sorely wounded.

For two hours or more the slaughter lasted. Then the troops could stand no more. They fled, leaving more than half their number dead or dying upon the field. All night they fled, pursued by the savage foe. Day came, still on they fled until they reached Dunbar's camp. Even here their panic did not cease. Dunbar and his men were seized with terror too. But it was not possible to flee with such baggage as they had. So stores were destroyed, barrels of gunpowder were thrown into the river, wagons were burned, lest they should fall into the hands of the enemy. Then the whole army marched back the way it had come. The rout was complete.

But meanwhile, swept along with the fleeing host, Braddock was dying. His life was ending in the darkness of defeat and disaster. Gloomy and silent he lay in his litter. 'Who would have thought it?' was all he said. Then, as if with some returning hope, he murmured: 'We shall know better how to do it another time.' Then he died. For him, there was to be no 'other time.'

Chapter 17

The Path of Glory

'Quebec, the grey old city on the hill,
Lies with a golden glory on her head,
Dreaming throughout this hour so fair, so still,
Of other days and all her mighty dead.
The white doves perch upon the cannons grim,
The flowers bloom where once did run a tide
Of crimson, when the moon was pale and dim
Above the battlefield so grim and wide.
Methinks within her wakes a mighty glow
Of pride, of tenderness—her stirring past—
The strife, the valour, of the long ago
Feels at her heart-strings. Strong, and tall, and vast,
She lies, touched with the sunset's golden grace,
A wondrous softness on her grey old face.'

B. Bishop.

The story of the first years of the great struggle in America is a story of mistakes, defeat, disaster, ill-luck, and bad management. 'I dread to hear from America,' wrote Pitt the great Commoner. 'We are undone both at home and abroad. We are no longer a nation,' sighed another gloomily. These were dark and perilous days for Britain

and her colonies. There was war, there was disaster abroad; there was discord at home.

Then Pitt came into power. He was very certain of himself. 'I am sure that I can save the country,' he said, 'and that no one else can.' Then he set himself to the task. Pitt cared not one jot whether people had great names or fine friends. He looked only for men—men fit for the work to which they were sent. So he recalled the blunderers, and sent in their places men whom he could trust.

Soon the tide began to turn. Soon, in place of news of disaster and defeat, came news of victory. Louisburg, the strongest fortress possessed by the French, fell. Frontenac was taken, so, too, was Fort Duquesne, and the memory of Braddock's defeat was wiped out. The name of the fort was changed to Pittsburg in honour of the great statesman. It bears that name still.

But while the outposts of Canada were falling, while British officers were drinking to 'British colours on every French fort, port, and garrison, in America,' Quebec, perched high upon its frowning rock, guarded the St. Lawrence. It was the key of Canada. So with eight thousand men at his back, Major-General Wolfe was sent to take it.

Up the St. Lawrence sailed the British warships making their way safely through the rocks and sandbanks of the treacherous passage, passing where the French

would hardly have dared risk small merchant vessels. 'Ay, ay, my dear,' laughed one brave old salt, 'I'll convince you that an Englishman shall go where a Frenchman dare not show his nose.'

Wolfe made his camp upon the Island of Orleans, just below Quebec, and the siege began. But the days and weeks went past, and in spite of all that he could do, Quebec seemed no nearer being taken. The country round about was a desert. The houses of Quebec were shattered and ruined by the British guns, but safe within the walls the brave and wary French general, Montcalm, waited and watched. He waited the coming of winter, when the mighty St. Lawrence would be one frozen mass. For before then, he knew that the British ships must sail away, or be crushed like matchwood in the hungry jaws of the ice king.

'You may ruin the town,' said one Frenchman, 'but you will never get inside.'

'I will have Quebec if I stay here till the end of November,' replied Wolfe.

Day by day the British army was weakened by disease and death. Wolfe, himself, who had never been strong, became so ill that he could no longer go among his soldiers cheering them with brave words and smiles. He lay in bed, helpless and in pain, downcast, and almost in despair.

But as he lay there he resolved to make one more effort to gain the town. Up the steep cliffs there led a little pathway, so narrow that only one man could go at a time, so dangerous that it was but carelessly watched. Up this pathway Wolfe determined to lead his men. It was a plan daring almost to madness. Had it failed, it would have been called madness. It did not fail.

When Wolfe had once made up his mind, no danger made him afraid. Soon his plans were ready. Yet he had little hope of success. Before he made the attempt he wrote home to Pitt a letter showing how sad he was, 'despairing as much as heroes can despair,' it was said of him.

The night chosen for the adventure was dark and clear. There was no moon, but thousands of stars glittered and twinkled, as silently Wolfe's men stepped into the boats, and were carried across to the point where they were to land.

No one spoke, the gentle dip of muffled oars was the only sound. Wolfe, pale and thin, feeble of body, but eager of spirit, sat among his officers. As the boats moved slowly along, he repeated softly a poem called 'An Elegy in a Country Churchyard,' which had been written not long before by the poet Gray. 'Gentlemen,' said Wolfe, as he finished, 'I would rather have written that poem than take Quebec.'

Slowly the boats drifted on through the silent darkness. Suddenly a voice rang out through the night. 'Who goes there?' cried a French sentry from the shore.

'France,' replied a Highland officer, who was in one of the first boats, and who could speak French well.

'What regiment?' asked the sentinel.

'"The Queen's,"' replied the officer. Fortunately he knew that the French were expecting some boats with food to come down the river, and that 'The Queen's' regiment would be guarding them.

The sentinel was satisfied. 'Pass,' he said, and the boats passed on with their loads of anxious, eager men.

But the danger was not over. Again they were challenged. Again the Highland officer replied. He spoke softly, fearing to speak too clearly lest his accent should betray him. But the sentinel was suspicious. 'Why don't you speak louder?' he asked.

'Hush!' said the Highlander, 'we are boats with food. Don't make a noise, the British will hear us.'

Once more the sentinel was deceived, and in safety the boats at length reached the landing-place.

Wolfe was among the first to spring to shore. Quickly the men followed. For a moment their leader stood looking up at the rugged, frowning cliff which rose two hundred feet sheer above him. It was far more steep than

even he had thought. 'You can try it,' he said calmly to an officer near him, 'but I don't think you will get up.'

Not get up! With such a leader! The climb began. Hot and panting, clinging to roots of trees, branches, bushes, slipping and stumbling, the men went on.

As they neared the top, the rustling of the bushes caught the ear of the sentinel above. 'Who goes there?'

'France,' replied the same Highland officer who had already saved the boats from discovery.

But this time the sentinel was not deceived. A few shots were fired at random into the darkness. It was too late. The first man had gained the top. In a few minutes Highlanders swarmed over the edge of the cliff. The French guard was overpowered and silenced, and when the sun rose it shone upon four thousand red coats drawn up in battle array upon the Heights of Abraham, as the place was called.

Breathless, panic-stricken messengers hurried with the news to the brave French commander. With white set face, and eyes hard and fixed, Montcalm looked across the plain to where the silent army stood. The long, red line showed clear against the dark wood and heavy sky, and where the sun broke through the clouds it caught the glitter of steel.

'We must crush them,' said Montcalm.

Not till ten o'clock did the battle begin. Then Montcalm's men advanced. Indians terrible in war-paint and scalps, gay French soldiers, daring reckless Canadians, on they came. In quivering silence the British awaited them. Then the order to charge was given. The air was rent with British cheers, and the defiant scream of the bagpipes mingled with the Indian war-cry.

The fight was short and deadly. Everywhere amid the havoc strode Wolfe, pale and calm. A shot struck him in the wrist. Hastily tying his handkerchief round it, he went on. Again he was struck. Still he kept on. A third shot sent him staggering to the ground.

Quickly his officers carried him out of the fight. 'It is all over with me,' he said, as they laid him gently down. Then he lay still.

Suddenly one of the officers who stood beside him cried out, 'They run! they run!'

'Who run?' asked Wolfe, raising himself.

'The enemy, sir,' replied the officer; 'they give way everywhere.'

'Now, God be praised!' cried Wolfe, 'I die in peace!' Then he turned on his side and spoke no more.

Carried along by the rush of fleeing soldiers, Montcalm, sorely wounded, was borne back to Quebec. Streaming with blood, reeling in pain, he still sat upon his horse, and so was hurried within the gate. There all was

terror and confusion. 'Alas! Alas!' cried a woman in the crowd, as she saw the general's stricken face and blood-stained coat, 'Alas! alas! the Marquess is killed!'

'It is nothing, it is nothing,' he replied. 'Do not trouble about me, my good friends.' But even as he spoke he fell from his horse.

Montcalm too, like his gallant foe, was dying. 'So much the better for me,' he sighed; 'I shall not live to see Quebec surrender.' So he died, and with him died the hope of France in America.

Montcalm was buried in a convent within the walls of Quebec in a coffin hastily made, in a grave more hastily dug. Years later a British governor placed a marble slab over the spot. Upon it were the words, 'Honour to Montcalm. Fate robbing him of victory gave him a glorious death.'

When the great news of the taking of Quebec reached England there was much rejoicing. But it was a sort of mournful triumph, and although bonfires blazed and bells rang, hearts were sad for the loss of the brave young leader.

In one village there was no rejoicing. No bonfire was lit, no bell was rung, no cheer was heard in the street, for there, in a darkened house, a widowed mother mourned her boy. And the villagers, who had known and loved him too, felt her loss greater than a nation's triumph.

Upon the Heights of Abraham there stands a monument. It was placed there in memory of the heroes

of the siege of Quebec. Upon the one side is carved 'Montcalm,' upon the other, 'Wolfe.'

'The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansions call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of Death?'

These are a few verses of the poem which Wolfe repeated as he crossed the St. Lawrence. Perhaps no more beautiful words could be found in which to mourn a hero's death.

Chapter 18

For the Empire

'There where the Loyalists came,
And the houses of men were few,
Little was all their wealth,
And great were the hardships they knew.

But greater the hardy faith
They kept unflinching and fine,
And chose to be naught in the world
For the pride of a loyal line.'

Buss Carman.

After the taking of Quebec the war dragged on for another year. Then Montreal fell, and on 8th September 1760, the Marquess of Vaudreuil, the French Governor, gave up Canada to the British. In 1768, the Peace of Paris was signed, and by it, all Canada, and all the land east of the Mississippi, became British Possession.

'With a handful of men,' said Pitt, 'General Wolfe has added a Kingdom to British rule.' By the Peace of Paris the story of New France was ended, and the story of British Canada began.

Britain is a Protestant country. It is also a free country, where no man is made to suffer for his religion. But at this time, the Roman Catholics were harshly treated. They were not allowed to hold any public office. They could not be members of parliament, or officers in the army or navy. In no way were they allowed to serve their country. King George wanted to make these same rules for Canada. But nearly all the people in Canada were Roman Catholic, and many saw how unfair this would be. So in 1774 the Quebec Act was passed. Among other things, this Act did away with the differences between Protestant and Catholic, and gave the Canadians many of their old French laws again. Thus their religion was left to the people of Canada, and in many other ways they had far more freedom than ever before.

This pleased the Canadians, but it made many of the old British Protestant colonists angry. They declared that the French rebels were treated better than they were. They grew angry about other things too, and at last they rose in rebellion against the mother country. Then the great war began which ended in the loss of all the British colonies in America except Canada. For Canada, which had been so lately won, not only refused to join the rebellion, but fought against the United States, as these lost colonies are now called. Once again Quebec was besieged. This time it did not fall. The Americans were driven away, and Canada became more surely a British possession.

But although the Americans had rebelled against their king, there were many among them who were still loyal, that, too, in face of scorn and persecution. After peace was made, these loyalists would not remain in the United States. They would not be ruled by a rebel President. To prove their loyalty to king and country, they chose rather to leave land, houses, money, friends, and all that they had. Some went home to England, but most journeyed across the boundary line and found a refuge in Canada.

Many a weary mile they trudged on foot, carrying their children and the few things they had been able to save on horseback. Houseless and tentless they slept at night under the open sky. They suffered from cold, hunger and weariness, often having to beg their bread, glad to accept kindness from the Indians on the way. But no hardship made them turn back.

The British were, and are, proud of these Loyalists. Parliament voted a large sum of money to help them in their troubles, and they were allowed to put the letters U.E. after their names. These letters mean United Empire.

The money sent from Britain was spent on food, clothes, and tools for the United Empire Loyalists. To each was given a hoe, spade, and axe. A plough and a cow were given between each two families, and many other things to help them to begin life over again were divided amongst them. Each one, too, received two hundred acres

of land in Canada. But in spite of all that was done, the first few years were very hard for the Loyalists.

A great part of the west of Canada was still unknown. It was wild prairie-land or dark and tangled forest. But there, most of the United Empire Loyalists found a home. But at first it was a life of hardship. Many of them had left rich and beautiful homes where they had been accustomed to every comfort. Now before they could find a shelter for their heads, they had to fell the trees and build their houses. They had to clear the ground and sow and reap, before they could get corn for bread. They had to hunt and trap wild animals for food, often in the end having scarce enough to eat. One year the harvest failed, and things were so bad that it was called the Famine Year. That year, many of the Loyalists had to live on roots, wild berries, and nuts. But, through all the suffering and the struggle, none wished to go back to America. And we may be proud to remember that it is from such brave and loyal men and women, that many of the Canadians of today are descended.

Some of the Loyalists scattered through Canada, some went to what is now Nova Scotia, but most went to the west. That part became known as Upper Canada, and the part along the St. Lawrence already settled by the French, Lower Canada. So it came about that Canada was really divided into two. Upper Canada was peopled by British Protestants, Lower Canada by French Catholics. Each part had its own Legislative Council and Assembly, that is,

a kind of parliament. In the one there was British law, in the other, for the most part, French law. One would think that there was no union, or likelihood of union, between the two. But they had one bond of union—loyalty to their king. And out of these widely different peoples came the United Canada of today, and the French Canadians, through every storm and trouble, have proved themselves as staunch and true as any Briton born.

Chapter 19

The Story of Laura Secord

At home the great Napoleon was fighting Britain. He was fighting her on many a bloody battlefield; he was fighting her in other ways, doing his best to ruin British trade and shipping. He forbade any country to trade with Britain, and his ships watched the seas, ready to attack any ship carrying goods to Britain.

King George replied by forbidding any nation to trade with France, and threatening to seize all ships carrying goods to French ports. Here was a state of things likely to ruin the trade of many lands. The United States did much trade with France, and the Americans were very angry with King George for his Orders in Council, as his decree was called. They quite forgot that Napoleon had begun the quarrel by forbidding people to trade with Britain.

Great Britain, being an island, needs a large navy to watch her shores. At this time it was difficult to find enough sailors to man her ships, and sometimes, too, the sailors would run away. So the British claimed the right to search all ships belonging to neutral lands (that is, all lands taking neither one side or the other, in the quarrel), in order to find runaway sailors. Countries at war have always had this right, but it made the Americans angry, and on 18th June 1812 they declared war against Britain once more.

But the Americans of course did not sail over to Britain to fight there. They had no thought of that. But they longed to possess another and much nearer land. They marched into Canada and fought there. The Canadians had really nothing to do with the quarrel, and it was hard that they had to suffer. The Americans thought, too, that Canada having been so lately conquered, would not want to fight for Britain. They were much mistaken.

If you look on the map, you will see that all across the continent of America the United States and Canada lie side by side. The line where one country touches another is called a frontier. Canada had seventeen thousand miles of frontier to defend, and not six thousand men with which to do it. And Great Britain fighting at home against Napoleon had few soldiers to spare.

But the people of Canada, both French and British, gathered to defend their homes. Many Indians too, well pleased with British rule, joined them, and the Americans found they had no easy task in front of them.

One of the great heroes of this war is Major-General Sir Isaac Brock. He was not a Canadian born, for he had been only about ten years in the country. But he was a true Canadian at heart. He was a gallant soldier and a wise general, and his men loved him, and were ready to follow him anywhere. Again and again he led his soldiers to victory, beating armies twice or three times more numerous than his own. But at last at the battle of

Queenston Heights on the Niagara he was killed. 'Don't mind me!' he cried, as he fell, 'push on, boys!' And with a cry of 'Revenge the general!' his men rushed on, scattering the enemy in flight. Swearing, cheering, sobbing, they pursued the fleeing foe till night fell. It was a victory indeed, but one dearly bought with the life of their brave commander.

There were many other men who in this struggle won for themselves great and honourable names. But it was difficult to find another commander as brave and as clever as Brock. So back and forth the fortune of war swayed, now one side winning, now another. Many battles were fought, many brave deeds done, but I must tell of how a woman once saved the British from defeat. A British officer named Fitzgibbon had been sent to hold a post called Beaver Dams, about twelve miles from Niagara. He had only sixty men, half of whom were Red Indians. The post was important, and the Americans made up their minds to seize it. With great secrecy they made their preparations in order to take the post by surprise, for a few miles off, at a place called Twelve Mile Creek, lay another force of two hundred men. But the Americans hoped to surprise Fitzgibbon, so that he should have no time to get help.

The secret, however, leaked out. A Canadian named James Secord overheard their talk and learned their plans. But he was lying ill. He had fought with Brock at

Queenston where he had been badly wounded, and he was still unable to move.

With five hundred men, fifty horse and two cannons, the Americans were marching upon the handful of men at Beaver Dams. Secord knew it, but could do nothing. To the helpless sick man the knowledge was torture. Only twenty miles away, his fellow-countrymen were awaiting certain death, and there was no means of warning them. There was no man he could send, for all the country was watched by American sentries. Even if any man had been willing to risk his life, Secord knew of none he could trust—none but his wife. And to her he whispered the thought that tormented him. 'They must all die,' he said, 'for lack of a word of warning,'

'But that shall not be,' said Laura Secord, 'I will go.'

So as the sun rose on a still June morning, Laura Secord started on her long and dangerous walk. There was no sign of haste, nothing to show that she was setting out upon a journey. Slowly driving a cow before her, as if she were taking it home to be milked, she passed the American sentries. Slowly down the country road she passed. The birds were singing in the dawn, the air was sweet with the scent of wild flowers, and as Laura walked, her dress brushed the dew from the grass. But no eyes had she, or ears, for the beauty of the day. With beating heart, and breath that came and went sharply, she strolled along. At last the edge of the forest was reached. Under the shadow

of the great trees passed the woman and the cow. Soon they were deep in the forest, shut from all eyes. Then there was no more need of pretence. Leaving her cow to find its way home as best it might, Laura ran. On and on she went, panting, breathless, gasping, now stopping a moment to rest, now hurrying on again, startled by a rustle in the bushes, trembling at the howl of some wild animal.

A walk of twenty miles along a level, well-made road may not seem a great task for a strong woman used to a country life. But to go twenty miles through pathless forest, over bridgeless streams, through mire and swamp, haunted every moment by the fear of discovery, needed all the strength and all the courage of a right brave woman.

Hour by hour Laura walked, and ran, and scrambled onward. The sun rose high, and sank again, and the moon shone out ere she reached her journey's end. Then, just as she thought that her labour was over, Red Men rushed out upon her from behind a tree, and barred her path. For a moment it seemed to Laura that her pain and toil had been of no use, and that a death of torture was to be her fate. Then joyfully she saw that the Indians were friendly. In a few minutes she was led before Fitzgibbon.

Quickly Laura's story was told, and as the soldier listened, he bowed in reverence before the brave lady. Then with glowing words of thanks and praise ringing in her ears, Laura was led away to a farmhouse near to rest.

Quickly Fitzgibbon made his plans. First he sent a messenger hurrying towards Twelve Mile Creek to ask for help. Then he ordered his Indians to scatter through the wood, and watch for the approach of the enemy.

The night passed quietly, but as the day dawned, the gleam of steel was seen, the tramp of men heard. As the Americans came on, the Indians, yelling horribly, fired upon them from all sides. They made so much noise, they fired with such deadly sureness, keeping out of sight all the time, that the Americans believed that there were hundreds against them. For two hours the fight against an unseen foe lasted. Then the Americans began to waver. Their leader was uncertain what to do. Believing himself surrounded, he hesitated whether to go on or to go back. At this moment Fitzgibbon, at the head of his thirty redcoats, appeared bearing a flag of truce. The firing ceased, and after a few minutes' parley the American commander gave in.

Fitzgibbon had hardly expected to succeed so easily. Now he scarcely knew what to do. How could thirty soldiers and a few savages guard five hundred prisoners? But soon two hundred men arrived from Twelve Mile Creek, and his difficulties were at an end.

Canada did not forget Laura Secord and her brave deed. Nor did Britain forget her. Years later, when King Edward, then Prince of Wales, visited Canada, he found time, in the midst of balls and parties, to go to see an old

woman, and hear from her own lips how, when she was young, she had carried a message through wood and wilderness to save her country from defeat.

Chapter 20

Red River Settlement

For two years the war of 1812, as it was called, went on. From beginning to end it was a wicked, useless war, thrust upon an unwilling people. And when at last peace came, neither side seemed to have gained anything. The boundary lines were hardly changed, and in the treaty of peace, the pretended causes of the war were not even mentioned.

But Canada did really gain something. The population of Canada was now very mixed. There were French Canadians, United Empire Loyalists, English, Scottish and Irish settlers, and they had often been jealous of each other, and had misunderstood each other. Now that a common danger had drawn them together, they had all joined in fighting for their country, and Canada had shown, as she has shown ever since, that she was ' for the Empire.' Strange to say, too, when the heat of battle was past, the bitterness which had been between America and Canada began to pass away, for each nation had learned to respect his neighbour beyond the frontier.

But while the war was going on, a struggle of another kind was taking place in the Great NorthWest.

You remember how the Hudson Bay Company had been founded, and how, in spite of fearful difficulties it had grown and prospered. Soon after the Conquest (that is the

conquest of Canada from the French), another fur company was formed called the NorthWest Company, and later still there was a third called the X. Y. Company. Soon all these three companies began to quarrel, and whenever their men or officers met, there was sure to be fighting. They stole each other's furs whenever they could, and often the skins passed through the hands of all three before reaching the market.

Things were in this state when a Scottish nobleman, the Earl of Selkirk, began to take a great interest in the fur trade and in the Hudson Bay Company. From the Company he got a grant of a large piece of land near Lake Winnipeg, and began to form a settlement there.

Lord Selkirk brought his settlers from the Highlands of Scotland. They were men and women used to a rough climate and a hard life. But hard as their life had been, they came to a much harder. On the way out they suffered from fever and hunger on board ship. When they arrived they had to pass a winter on the icy shores of Hudson Bay in clothes warm enough perhaps for Scotland, but not half warm enough for the icy north.

At last, however, the bitter cold winter passed, spring came, and the settlers journeyed to Red River, where they were to build their new homes, and begin life afresh.

But the Nor'-Westers were the sworn enemies of the Hudson Bay Company, they were the enemies too of these new settlers. They wanted to keep the NorthWest to

themselves, and they vowed to root out these 'gardeners' and shepherds who came to turn their hunting-grounds into wheat-field and pasture. Besides the Nor'-Westers, Lord Selkirk had another enemy in the Métis or Bois-Brulés. These were a race half French, half Indian, the children of the roving Coureurs de Bois. They loved the wild wastes and solitudes. Their home was the rolling prairie, their roof the sky. They wanted no towns and churches, no herds and wheat-fields, and as more and more land was settled by farmers, as trees were felled, and the earth furrowed by the plough, the Métis retreated to the wilds. Now they gladly joined the Nor'-Westers in ousting the new comers, who wanted to turn yet more of their beloved wilderness into ploughed land.

So scarcely had the Scottish settlers arrived when there swooped down upon them an armed company of Nor'-West men, fierce in Indian war-paint, and very terrible to the eyes of these simple Highlanders.

The Nor'-Westers succeeded in what they had set out to do. The little band of settlers were so terrified that they fled for refuge to the Hudson Bay Company's fort at Pembina, leaving all their scanty wealth in the hands of the enemy.

But Highlanders are not easily beaten. They bided their time, and the next year they returned to Red River, built their houses, ploughed and sowed their land, and settled down in peace.

But the peace was not for long. Once again the Nor'-Westers swooped down upon the new colonists. Again, they were scattered, and, where their homes had been, lay a heap of black and smoking ruins.

But the struggle was not over. More men came from Scotland, many of the scattered colonists returned, and once more Red River rose from its ashes.

Then followed months of hardship and struggle, a fight with cold and hunger, with difficulties and dangers of all kinds. Even to these sturdy Highlanders, bred to hardship and toil, the life proved too dreadful. Many of them gave up the struggle, and fought their way back through wilderness and forest to Canada, or died on the way. Others, false to their friends, took the easier way, and joined their enemies, the Nor'-Westers.

But the Nor'-Westers were not content. They had sworn the utter destruction of the colony, and they meant to keep their word. So one June day, three hundred half-breeds, fearfully bedaubed with paint, gay in savage splendour, rode down upon the settlement. The governor and about thirty men went out to meet them. They were quickly surrounded, and he and about twenty of his men were shot dead.

Those who were left fled back to the fort, where soon all was terror and confusion. Children cried out in fear, women wept for their dead, or, stricken and white, awaited they knew not what fate.

Two days later, robbed of all they possessed, the remaining colonists left their homes to the flames and the destroyer, and wandered forth again houseless and penniless.

But while the Nor'-Westers drank and sang, and rejoiced at the utter downfall of Red River, Lord Selkirk was on his way to avenge his people. With about a hundred men he arrived at Fort William, the chief post of the Nor'-Westers. Forcing the gate he took possession of the town, and the murderers were soon made prisoner and sent to Montreal to be tried.

Again the colonists returned to their ruined, forsaken homes, but the summer was gone, and the harvest poor. Famine stared them in the face, and after fearful sufferings and long endurance, they once more took refuge at Pembina.

In the spring, however, they came back again. This time all seemed to go well. In peace the fields were ploughed and sown. In peace the corn sprang up, grew and ripened. Then one summer afternoon the sky was darkened. The air was filled with the hum and buzz of insects, and a flight of locusts settled on the land.

They covered the trees and the fields, they swarmed in the houses. At night the earth was smiling and green. In the morning it was a grey wilderness.

Once again ruin and famine stared the settlers in the face. The onslaught of wild half-breeds had been easier to

bear than this. They at least could be fought. But against this new enemy the stoutest arm, the bravest heart, was helpless. Stricken with despair, many a strong man bowed his head and sobbed as if his heart would break.

Once more, with weary feet, the colonists trudged the well-known way to Pembina, there to spend the winter on the charity of the Hudson Bay Company.

The next year it was found to be useless to plough or sow, for the locusts still swarmed everywhere, killing each green blade as it sprang to life, and poisoning both air and water with their dying millions. But the colonists lit great fires which attracted the locusts; they fell into the fires in thousands, and at last the plague was burned out. The land was sown once more, and after eight years of struggle and disaster Red River Settlement began to prosper. Then tired of fighting, the Hudson Bay Company and the North-West Company joined together and shared the fur trade between them. So there was peace.

But the struggles of the Red River colonists were by no means over. For many a year their life was full of hardship, but bit by bit they won success. And today the great corn prairies of Manitoba stretch mile upon mile. The golden grain ripens in the summer sun, falls beneath the sharp knives of the reaping-machine, and is carried far and wide to give food to the world and bring wealth to Canada. And we look back, and remember with pride, the Scotsman who first saw that these lands were good for corn-growing,

and the brave colonists who would not be beaten, and who returned again and yet again with unconquered courage, until at last they won the battle against misfortune.

Chapter 21

Louis Riel

During the war of 1812 Upper and Lower Canada had been drawn together, French and British forgot their differences and jealousies. But when peace had once more come these differences and jealousies were felt again, and the French especially thought that they had not enough voice in the ruling of the land. Many of them were still very ignorant, being able neither to read nor write. These scarcely knowing what they wanted, but easily led by a handful of clever and discontented men, rose in rebellion.

This Rebellion they called the Patriot War. There was never any real reason for it, and it was soon over. But it made wise people see that something must be done to prevent such discontent in the future. So it came about that Canada, which, in 1791, had been divided into British Canada and French Canada, was, in 1841, united again. It was decided that there should be only one Parliament, to which both French and British should come in equal numbers. It was also decided that the colony should have 'responsible government.' Responsible government means government by those who are responsible, or answerable to, the greater number. They may continue to rule only so long as the greater number of the people wish them to do so. When they can no longer get the greater number to vote for them they must cease to rule. Then

there is a 'General election,' and people choose again those whom they wish to have power.

The Assembly of Upper Canada had met at Toronto, that of Lower Canada at Quebec. The new parliament now met at Kingston, on Lake Ontario, which was between the two, and beautiful romantic Quebec was left lonely on its rock.

For the next few years parliament was moved from place to place, no one being able to fix which was best. At last Queen Victoria was asked to settle the question. She chose a little village on the river Ottawa. And there at Ottawa fine new buildings were built, and there the Parliament of the Dominion of Canada has sat ever since.

But this union of Upper and Lower Canada did not mean the whole of Canada as we see it marked on our maps today. It meant only the two states of Ontario and Quebec. Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and all the great land known as the NorthWest Territory were still separate provinces. But gradually these lands joined the union, and now the Dominion of Canada stretches all across the north of America from sea to sea. Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Manitoba, British Columbia, and Prince Edward Island, are the names of the provinces which make up the great Dominion. Newfoundland alone has a separate government.

As time went on and Canada grew into a united whole it was no longer thought well that any province should be

ruled by a company, and all the lands belonging to the Hudson Bay Company were brought under the direct rule of the Canadian Government.

Since the days of Lord Selkirk Red River had prospered. Bit by bit the wild prairie had been reclaimed. It had been ploughed and sown, and now corn-fields waved where lately the bison had roamed. Houses, schools, and churches stood where pine and hemlock tree had towered their dark heads for ages. The wild Métis had forgotten their hate, and side by side thrifty Scottish settlers and adventurous French half-breeds lived in peace, the one careful and saving, the other careless, passionate and spendthrift.

But most of these half-breeds knew, and cared, nothing for Canada. To them the Company was everything, and they were content to live beneath its rule. But when they heard that Canada, not the Company, was to rule in future, they thought that they were being given over to some foreign power.

The Métis were very ignorant, and it was a pity that no one was sent to explain to these simple people what was really happening; it might have saved the shedding of much blood and many tears. No one was sent, and so they rose in rebellion, led by a man called Louis Riel.

Louis Riel, himself a Méti, was a clever, but half-educated man. He thought himself a patriot, and soon had an army of six or seven hundred men behind him. They

took possession of Fort Garry, one of the strongest of the Hudson Bay Company's forts. They made many of the settlers prisoners, and proclaimed a new government, of which Riel was president.

Backed by his army the new president did as he liked, taking prisoner and banishing whom he chose. One of the worst things he did was to condemn a young man named Scott to death, because he had spoken scornfully of his government. After a mere mockery of a trial, Scott was led out and shot mercilessly by some half-drunk Métis.

The news of this murder rang like a war-cry through all Canada. It roused to indignation every fair-minded Canadian, and Colonel Garnet Wolseley, a young British officer then in Canada, was sent to Fort Garry to put down the rebellion. But when Riel heard of his coming he ran away to the United States, and the rebellion was at an end.

This disturbed part of the dominion was now made into the province of Manitoba, and many of the things for which Riel had fought were granted by the Manitoba Act.

But fifteen years later Riel came again, and there was another and far more serious rebellion. It is difficult to explain all the causes for this rebellion. The Métis thought that they were being badly treated by the Government. They thought that their land was being taken from them, and that they had not enough power in Parliament. They could get no one to listen to their grievances, so at length they sent to Riel, and asked him to come to help them.

Riel came, but this time he seemed more like a madman than a patriot. He called himself 'The Liberator,' and said that he was the bearer of a message from God. He lived in a curious fashion, eating chiefly blood boiled in milk, and did many things to try to make people think that he was truly the messenger from God that he said he was.

But in spite of his mad antics, or perhaps because of them, Riel had soon a large army of Métis at his back. And not only Métis, but Red Men followed him. Tribe after tribe smeared their faces with war-paint, danced the war-dance, and set out to join the rebels. The NorthWest was full of the nameless horror and terror of the Red Man, as Canada had been long years before. Great and terrible as their names, were some of the chiefs who took part in the war—Big Bear, Wandering Spirit, Yellow Mud, Bare Neck, and Man-Who-Wins were some of them—and there were many more with as strange and high-sounding names.

As soon as the rebellion began, the news of it flashed like wild-fire over Canada, and from all sides volunteers came, eager to fight for their country. For weeks and months the rattle of firearms and the terrible Indian war-cry was heard in the North-West, and all the land was filled with blood and tears. But in the end the rebels were beaten. Riel was taken prisoner, tried, and condemned to death for high treason, for he 'did maliciously and treacherously levy and make war against our Lady, the Queen.'

With Riel were hanged eight Indians, and a few others were imprisoned. So ended what is known as the Saskatchewan rebellion.

With this rebellion, war in Canada came to an end, so that since then the country has found time and strength to grow great. And thus we leave a united and peaceful Canada. From that June day, hundreds of years ago, on which John Cabot landed to plant the red cross of St. George upon 'the new isle,' it has grown step by step until it is a mighty Dominion, stretching from sea to sea. It is a nation within a nation, strong and prosperous in itself, and yet a part of our great Empire.