

The World's Story

U.S. History-Independence, England Part I

VOLUME THREE

EVA MARCH TAPPAN

The World's Story

A History of the World in Story, Song and Art

Volume 3
U.S. History - Independence
England Part I

Edited by Eva March Tappan

Libraries of Hope

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A History of the World
In Story, Song and Art

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CONTENTS

UNITED STATES

I. THE STRUGGLE FOR THE WEST

WHY FRANCE CLAIMED THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY *James A. Garfield* 3

WASHINGTON'S FIRST COMMISSION . *George Bancroft* 8
From "History of the United States."

BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT . . . . . *John Fiske* 12
From "New France and New England."

WHEN ISRAEL PUTNAM WAS CAPTURED BY THE INDIANS
From "Israel Putnam." *Oliver W. B. Peabody* 20

THE CONSPIRACY OF PONTIAC *Mary Hartwell Catherwood* 28
From "Heroes of the Middle West."

THE PRISONER OF MACHILIMACKINAC . *Alexander Henry* 43
From "Travels and Adventures in Canada and the Indian Territories."

II. ON THE EVE OF THE REVOLUTION

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BEFORE THE HOUSE OF COMMONS
From "Life and Times of Benjamin Franklin." *James Parton* 57

THE BOSTON MASSACRE . . *Nathaniel Hawthorne* 68
From "Grandfather's Chair."

THE BOSTON TEA-PARTY . . . . *John Fiske* 73
From "The American Revolution."

"GIVE ME LIBERTY, OR GIVE ME DEATH!" . . *Patrick Henry* 86

III. FROM LEXINGTON TO SARATOGA

THE FIRST DAY OF THE REVOLUTION . . *Edward Everett Hale* 93
From "The Story of Massachusetts."

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY OF BUNKER-HILL BATTLE
Oliver Wendell Holmes 107

WHEN WASHINGTON TOOK COMMAND . . *Henry Cabot Lodge* 117
From "George Washington."

HOW FORT MOULTRIE WAS HELD FOR THE COLONIES
From "History of the United States." *George Bancroft* 126

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE
Thomas Wentworth Higginson 135
From "Young Folks' History of the United States."

CONTENTS

NATHAN HALE . . . . . *Francis Miles Finch* 140

HOW LAFAYETTE CAME TO AMERICA . . . . *Edward Everett* 143
From a Speech delivered in Faneuil Hall, September 6, 1834.

WHY CORNWALLIS FAILED TO "BAG THE OLD FOX"
From "The American Revolution." *John Fiske* 152

THE MARCHING SONG OF STARK'S MEN *Edward Everett Hale* 156

BURGOYNE'S SURRENDER . . . . . *John Fiske* 158
From "The American Revolution."

IV. WAR IN THE WEST AND ON THE OCEAN

HOW DANIEL BOONE SAVED BOONESBOROUGH
Charles C. B. Seymour 171
From "Self-made Men."

A CAMPAIGN THROUGH THE WATER . *George Rogers Clark* 181

HOW THE WOMEN BROUGHT WATER TO BRYAN'S STATION
Cyrus Townsend Brady 192
From "Border Fights and Fighters."

THE FIRST SALUTE TO THE FLAG *Sarah Orne Jewett* 200
From "The Tory Lover."

JOHN PAUL JONES IN THE REVOLUTION . *Joel Tyler Headley* 204
From "Washington and his Generals."

ENGLAND

I. STORIES OF THE ANCIENT BRITONS

THE BUILDING OF STONEHENGE . . . . . *G. F. Scott Elliot* 231
From "The Romance of Early British Life."

KING LEIR AND HIS DAUGHTERS: A TRADITION OF EARLY BRITAIN
From "The History of Britain." *John Milton* 237

THE CITY IN THE LAKE . . . . *G. F. Scott Elliot* 241
From "The Romance of Early British Life."

JULIUS CÆSAR'S TWO VISITS TO BRITAIN . *Anthony Trollope* 259
From "The Commentaries of Cæsar."

A MESSENGER FROM ROME *William Shakespeare* 271
From "Cymbeline."

BOADICEA . . . . . *William Cowper* 274

HOW THE ROMANS LIVED IN BRITAIN *G. F. Scott Elliot* 276
From "The Romance of Early British Life."

CONTENTS

II. THE ANGLO-SAXON INVASION

STORIES OF KING ARTHUR AND HIS COURT.

King Arthur receives the Round Table . . *Thomas Malory* 293

Galahad and the Quest of the Sangreal . *Thomas Malory* 297

From "King Arthur Stories," edited by Lillian O. Stevens and Edward Frank Allen.

The Passing of Arthur . . . . *Alfred, Lord Tennyson* 305

From "Idylls of the King."

THE STOLEN BOYS . . . . . *Sir Clements R. Markham* 309

From "The Paladins of Edwin the Great."

HOW KING EDWIN OF NORTHUMBRIA BECAME A CHRISTIAN *Mrs. Elizabeth Rundle Charles* 320

From "The Early Dawn."

III. THE COMING OF THE SEA-ROVERS

THE FALL OF THE MONASTERY AT CROYLAND *Eva March Tappan* 333

From "In the Days of Alfred the Great."

KING EDMUND AND THE WOLF . *Abbot Ælfric* 343

From "Lives of the Saints."

WHAT THE BOY ALFRED SAW IN LONDON *Eva March Tappan* 347

From "In the Days of Alfred the Great."

KING ALFRED ON ATHELNEY . . . . *Thomas Hughes* 353

From "Alfred the Great."

"ONE RULE FOR ANGLE AND FOR DANE" *Ottilie A. Liljencrantz* 364

From "The Ward of King Canute."

THE LAST DANISH INVASION *Edward Bulwer Lytton* 373

From "Harold."

IV. THE NORMAN CONQUEST

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS . . *Robert Wace* 389

From "The Conquest of England."

HOW THE DOOMSDAY BOOK WAS MADE *Edwin Lester Arnold* 403

From "The Wonderful Adventures of Phra the Phœnician." WHAT THE ENGLISH THOUGHT OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR *From the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* 409

THE RESCUE OF THE PRINCESS OF CORNWALL *Charles Kingsley* 412

From "Hereward the Wake."

UNITED STATES
I
THE STRUGGLE FOR THE WEST

HISTORICAL NOTE

WHEN the middle of the eighteenth century had come, the colonies of England were scattered along the Atlantic Coast; while those of France were in Canada and Nova Scotia. France also claimed all the region to the westward of the English colonies, and in order to hold on to it, built forts and established trading-posts. Young George Washington was sent by the Governor of Virginia to the French commander on the Ohio River to remonstrate; but the French continued to build forts. The English attempted to do the same thing, and soon there was war on the Ohio. English regulars, under General Braddock, were sent against the French and were driven back with great loss. The struggle continued until the capture of Quebec by the English under General Wolfe, in 1759, practically settled the question who should rule in America.

Of the struggle between the French and the English for supremacy on the North American continent, John Fiske says, "On the one hand, there was the steadily advancing front of the self-governing and greatly thriving agricultural community; on the other hand, there was the little group of French noblemen and priests governing a mere handful of settlers, and striving to keep back the advancing English by means of diplomatic control over barbarous Indians. It was a struggle which could really have but one issue. It was a struggle, moreover, that was conducted without pity or mercy, with scarcely a pretense of regard for the amenities of civilized warfare. From that day to this English writers have held up their hands in holy horror at the atrocious conduct of the French in sending savages to burn villages and massacre women and children on the English border. Yet was it not an English Governor of New York who in 1689 launched the Iroquois thunderbolt against Canada, one of the most frightful Indian incursions known to history? It does not appear that the conscience of either Puritan or Catholic was in the slightest degree disturbed by these horrors. Each felt sure that he was fighting the Devil, and thought it quite proper to fight him with his own weapons."

WHY FRANCE CLAIMED THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY

BY JAMES A. GARFIELD

WHILE England was more leisurely exploring the bays and rivers of the Atlantic Coast, and searching for gold and peltry, the chevaliers and priests of France were chasing their dreams in the North, and telling the mystery of the Cross to the Indian tribes of the Far West. Coasting northward, her bold navigators discovered the mouth of the St. Lawrence; and in 1525 Cartier sailed up its broad current to the rocky heights of Quebec, and to the rapids above Montreal, which were afterward named La Chine, in derision of the belief that the adventurers were about to find China.

In 1609 Champlain pushed above the rapids, and discovered the beautiful lake that bears his name. In 1615 Priest La Caron pushed northward and westward through the wilderness, and discovered Lake Huron.

In 1635 the Jesuit missionaries founded the Mission St. Mary. In 1654 another priest had entered the wilderness of northern New York, and found the salt springs of Onondaga. In 1659–60 French traders and priests passed the winter on Lake Superior, and established missions along its shores.

Among the earlier discoverers, no name shines out with more brilliancy than that of the Chevalier La Salle. The story of his explorations can scarcely be equaled in romantic interest by any of the stirring tales

of the crusaders. Born of a proud and wealthy family in the north of France, he was destined for the service of the Church and of the Jesuit Order. But his restless spirit, fired with the love of adventure, broke away from the ecclesiastical restraints to confront the dangers of the New World, and to extend the empire of Louis XIV. From the best evidence accessible, it appears that he was the first white man that saw the Ohio River. At twenty-six years of age, we find him with a small party, near the western extremity of Lake Ontario, boldly entering the domain of the dreaded Iroquois, traveling southward and westward through the wintry wilderness until he reached a branch of the Ohio, probably the Allegheny. He followed it to the main stream, and descended that, until in the winter of 1669 and 1670 he reached the Falls of the Ohio, near the present site of Louisville. His companions refusing to go farther, he returned to Quebec, and prepared for still greater undertakings.

In the mean time the Jesuit missionaries had been pushing their discoveries on the Northern Lakes. In 1673 Joliet and Marquette started from Green Bay, dragging their canoes up the rapids of Fox River; crossed Lake Winnebago; found Indian guides to conduct them to the waters of the Wisconsin; descended that stream to the westward, and on the 16th of June reached the Mississippi near the spot where now stands the city of Prairie du Chien. One hundred and thirty-two years before that time De Soto had seen the same river more than a thousand miles below; but during that interval it is not known that any white man had looked upon its waters.

Turning southward, these brave priests descended the great river, amid the awful solitudes. The stories of demons and monsters of the wilderness which abounded among the Indian tribes did not deter them from pushing their discoveries. They continued their journey southward to the mouth of the Arkansas River, telling as best they could the story of the Cross to the wild tribes along the shores. Returning from the Kaskaskias and traveling thence to Lake Michigan, they reached Green Bay at the end of September, 1673, having on their journey paddled their canoes more than twenty-five hundred miles. Marquette remained to establish missions among the Indians, and to die, three years later, on the western shore of Lake Michigan, while Joliet returned to Quebec to report his discoveries.

In the mean time Count Frontenac, a noble of France, had been made Governor of Canada, and found in La Salle a fit counselor and assistant in his vast schemes of discovery. La Salle was sent to France, to enlist the court and the ministers of Louis; and in 1677–78 returned to Canada, with full power under Frontenac to carry forward his grand enterprises. He had developed three great purposes: first, to realize the old plan of Champlain, the finding of a pathway to China across the American Continent; second, to occupy and develop the regions of the Northern Lakes; and, third, to descend the Mississippi and establish a fortified post at its mouth, thus securing an outlet for the trade of the interior and checking the progress of Spain on the Gulf of Mexico.

In pursuance of this plan, we find La Salle and his companions, in January, 1679, dragging their cannon and materials for shipbuilding around the Falls of

Niagara, and laying the keel of a vessel two leagues above the cataract, at the mouth of Cayuga Creek. She was a schooner of forty-five tons' burden, and was named the Griffin. On the 7th of August, 1679, with an armament of five cannon, and a crew and company of thirty-four men, she started on her voyage up Lake Erie, the first sail ever spread over the waters of our lake. On the fourth day she entered Detroit River; and, after encountering a terrible storm on Lake Huron, passed the straits and reached Green Bay early in September. A few weeks later she started back for Niagara, laden with furs, and was never heard from.

While awaiting the supplies which the Griffin was expected to bring, La Salle explored Lake Michigan to its southern extremity, ascended the St. Joseph, crossed the portage to the Kankakee, descended the Illinois, and, landing at an Indian village on the site of the present village of Utica, Illinois, celebrated mass on New Year's Day, 1680. Before the winter was ended he became certain that the Griffin was lost. But undaunted by his disasters, on the 3d of March, with five companions, he began the incredible feat of making the journey to Quebec on foot, in the dead of winter. This he accomplished. He reorganized his expedition, conquered every difficulty, and on the 21st of December, 1681, with a party of fifty-four Frenchmen and friendly Indians, set out for the present site of Chicago, and by way of the Illinois River reached the Mississippi February 6, 1682. He descended its stream, and on the 9th of April, 1682, standing on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, solemnly proclaimed to his companions and to the wilderness that, in the name of Louis the Great, he took possession of the

Great Valley watered by the Mississippi River. He set up a column, and inscribed upon it the arms of France, and named the country Louisiana. Upon this act rested the claim of France to the vast region stretching from the Alleghany to the Rocky Mountains, from the Rio Grande and the Gulf to the farthest springs of the Missouri.

I will not follow further the career of the great explorers. Enough has been said to exhibit the spirit and character of their work. I would I were able to inspire the young men of this country with a desire to read the history of these stirring days of discovery that opened up to Europe the mysteries of this New World.

As Irving has well said of their work: "It was poetry put into action; it was the knight-errantry of the Old World carried into the depths of the American wilderness. The personal adventures; the feats of individual prowess; the picturesque descriptions of steel-clad cavaliers, with lance and helm and prancing steed, glittering through the wilderness of Florida, Georgia, Alabama, and the prairies of the Far West, — would seem to us mere fictions of romance, did they not come to us in the matter-of-fact narratives of those who were eye-witnesses, and who recorded minute memoranda of every incident."

WASHINGTON'S FIRST COMMISSION

[1753–54]

BY GEORGE BANCROFT

SANCTIONED by the orders from the king, Dinwiddie, of Virginia, resolved to send "a person of distinction to the commander of the French forces on the Ohio River, to know his reasons for invading the British dominions, while a solid peace subsisted." The envoy whom he selected was George Washington. The young man, then just twenty-one, a pupil of the wilderness, and as heroic as La Salle, entered with alacrity on the perilous winter's journey from Williamsburg to the streams of Lake Erie.

In the middle of November, with an interpreter and four attendants, and Christopher Gist as a guide, he left Will's Creek, and following the Indian trail through forest solitudes, gloomy with the fallen leaves and solemn sadness of late autumn, across mountains, rocky ravines, and streams, through sleet and snows, he rode in nine days to the fork of the Ohio. How lonely was the spot, where, so long unheeded of men, the rapid Allegheny met nearly at right angles "the deep and still" water of the Monongahela! At once Washington foresaw the destiny of the place. "I spent some time," said he, "in viewing the rivers"; "the land in the Fork has the absolute command of both." "The flat, well-timbered land all around the point lies very convenient for building." After creating in imagination a fortress and a

city, he and his party swam their horses across the Allegheny, and wrapped their blankets around them for the night, on its northwest bank.

From the Fork the chief of the Delawares conducted Washington through rich alluvial fields to the pleasing valley at Logstown. There deserters from Louisiana discoursed of the route from New Orleans to Quebec, by way of the Wabash and the Maumee, and of a detachment from the lower province on its way to meet the French troop from Lake Erie, while Washington held close colloquy with the Half-King; the one anxious to gain the West as a part of the territory of the Ancient Dominion, the other to preserve it for the red men. "We are brothers," said the Half-King in council; "we are one people; I will send back the French speech-belt, and will make the Shawnees and the Delawares do the same."

On the night of the 29th of November, the council-fire was kindled; an aged orator was selected to address the French; the speech which he was to deliver was debated and rehearsed; it was agreed that, unless the French would heed this third warning to quit the land, the Delawares also would be their enemies; and a very large string of black and white wampum was sent to the Six Nations as a prayer for aid.

After these preparations the party of Washington, attended by the Half-King, and envoys of the Delaware, moved onwards to the post of the French at Venango. The officers there avowed the purpose of taking possession of the Ohio; and they mingled the praises of La Salle with boasts of their forts at Le Bœuf and Erie, at Niagara, Toronto, and Frontenac. "The English," said they, "can raise two men to our one; but they are too

dilatory to prevent any enterprise of ours." The Delawares were intimidated or debauched; but the Half-King clung to Washington like a brother, and delivered up his belt as he had promised.

The rains of December had swollen the creeks. The messengers could pass them only by felling trees for bridges. Thus they proceeded, now killing a buck and now a bear, delayed by excessive rains and snows, by mire and swamps, while Washington's quick eye discerned all the richness of the meadows.

At Waterford, the limit of his journey, he found Fort Le Bœuf defended by cannon. Around it stood the barracks of the soldiers, rude log cabins, roofed with bark. Fifty birch-bark canoes, and one hundred and seventy boats of pine were already prepared for the descent of the river, and materials were collected for building more. The commander, Gardeur de Saint-Pierre, an officer of integrity and experience, and, for his dauntless courage, both feared and beloved by the red men, refused to discuss questions of right. "I am here," said he, "by the orders of my general, to which I shall conform with exactness and resolution." And he avowed his purpose of seizing every Englishman within the Ohio Valley. France was resolved on possessing the great territory which her missionaries and travelers had revealed to the world.

Breaking away from courtesies, Washington hastened homewards to Virginia. The rapid current of French Creek dashed his party against rocks; in shallow places they waded, the water congealing on their clothes; where the ice had lodged in the bend of the rivers, they carried their canoe across the neck. At Venango, they

found their horses, but so weak the travelers went still on foot, heedless of the storm. The cold increased very fast; the paths grew "worse by a deep snow continually freezing." Impatient to get back with his dispatches, the young envoy, wrapping himself in an Indian dress, with gun in hand and pack on his back, the day after Christmas quitted the usual path, and, with Gist for his sole companion, by aid of the compass, steered the nearest way across the country for the Fork. An Indian, who had lain in wait for him, fired at him from not fifteen steps' distance, but, missing him, became his prisoner. "I would have killed him," wrote Gist, "but Washington forbade." Dismissing their captive at night, they walked about half a mile, then kindled a fire, fixed their course by the compass, and continued traveling all night, and all the next day, till quite dark. Not till then did the weary wanderers "think themselves safe enough to sleep," and then encamped, with no shelter but the leafless forest tree.

On reaching the Allegheny, with one poor hatchet and a whole day's work, a raft was constructed and launched. But before they were half over the river, they were caught in the running ice, expecting every moment to be crushed, unable to reach either shore. Putting out the setting-pole to stop the raft, Washington was jerked into the deep water, and saved himself only by grasping at the raft-logs. They were obliged to make for an island. There lay Washington, imprisoned by the elements; but the late December night was intensely cold, and in the morning he found the river frozen. Not till he reached Gist's Settlement, in January, 1754, were his toils lightened.

BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT

[1755]

BY JOHN FISKE

It was in February, 1755, that General Braddock arrived at Governor Dinwiddie's house at Williamsburg. The spring was spent in preparations for the campaign that was to wrest Fort Duquesne from the enemy and recover the Gateway of the West. The figure of Braddock has long been well known to all Americans, — a British bulldog, brave, obstinate, and honest, but more than ordinarily dull in appreciating an enemy's methods, or in freeing himself from the precise traditions in which he had been educated. His first and gravest mistake, however, — that of underrating his Indian foe, — is one that has been shared by many commanders, to their confusion, and by many writers. The fighting qualities of the red man have often been ill appreciated, and in particular he has been ignorantly accused of cowardice because of his stealthy methods and unwillingness to fight in the open. In point of fact, his method of fighting was closely adapted to the physical conditions of the American wilderness, and it was just what was produced by survival of the fittest during thousands of years of warfare under such conditions. When white men came to America, they were at first able to wreak wholesale destruction upon the natives without regard to numbers or conditions. Such was the case when the Pequots, the Stamford Indians, and the Narragansetts

were swept out of existence. This was largely because of the European superiority in arms, but in later days, when this disparity had been done away with, white men were apt to find Indians quite as formidable enemies as they cared to deal with; and in order to achieve success it was found necessary to adopt the Indian methods, abandoning solid columns and lines of battle, so as to fight in loose order and behind trees or earthworks. It is interesting to see that in these later days when the increase in the power and precision of death-dealing weapons has greatly increased the dangerousness of the battle-field, there has been a tendency to recur to Indian methods in so far as concerns looseness of order and the use of various kinds of cover. In the eighteenth century there was nobody so ill fitted to fight with Indians as a European regular, trained in European manuals of war and inured to European discipline. Braddock's fatuity was well illustrated in his reply to Dr. Franklin, when the latter informed him that the Indians, as antagonists, were by no means to be despised: "These savages may, indeed," said Braddock, "be a formidable enemy to your raw American militia, but upon the king's regular and disciplined troops, sir, it is impossible that they should make any impression."

Many stories of Braddock's arrogance and ill-temper have come down to us, but if we consider the obstacles that were thrown in the way of military promptness, by which zealous men like Shirley and Dinwiddie were so often goaded to anger, we need not wonder that Braddock's temper was sometimes not altogether at its best. He scolded a good deal about the legislatures, and sometimes let fall exasperating remarks about the lack of zeal

and rectitude in public servants. For such insinuations there was sometimes apparent ground, especially when the member of a legislature showed himself more intent upon annoying the governor than upon attacking the enemy.

The energetic Shirley made a visit to Braddock's camp at Alexandria, in the course of which a comprehensive plan of procedure was agreed upon, which involved operations on the Niagara River and Lake Champlain and the northeastern frontier as well as in the Alleghany Mountains. For the present we will confine our story to the latter.

At the outset a mistake was made in the choice of a route. For a force like Braddock's, wagons were indispensable, and wagons were far more common in Pennsylvania than in Virginia. A route corresponding with the general direction of the Pennsylvania Railroad would not only have been much shorter than the route through Virginia, but it would have been, at least in its earlier stages, a route through a population which could furnish wagons. By adopting this route Braddock would have made the Pennsylvanians feel some personal interest in the acquisition of Fort Duquesne; whereas, when he decided to march through Virginia, it only tended to confirm Pennsylvanians in the impression that Fort Duquesne, if conquered, was to pass into Virginian hands. After a while Benjamin Franklin went about among the farmers, and by pledging his own personal credit obtained a fair supply of horses and wagons.

Braddock's force at length set out in detachments and marched along the banks of the Potomac River to the old trading station of the Ohio Company known as Will's

Creek. It had lately been fortified, and received the name of Fort Cumberland. This was the rendezvous of the army. The two regiments from England had been increased by further enlistments in Virginia of nine companies of militia of fifty men each to a total of fourteen hundred men. Braddock despised these militia, and had small respect either for partisan guerrilla forces or for Indian auxiliaries. The services of the chief Scarroyaddy, or of the noted frontiersman Black Jack, were at his disposal at the cost of a few civil words only, but he treated these worthies so superciliously that they went off on business of their own.

In spite of these instances of indiscretion, however, it is not correct to say, as has often been said, that Braddock neglected all precaution and was drawn into an ambuscade. Such statements are samples of the kind of exaggeration that is apt to grow up about events that create great public excitement. Braddock made mistakes enough, but he was not absolutely a fool. During the whole of the march flanking parties were kept out on each side of the creeping column, while scouts in all directions ranged through the depths of the woods. The column, which consisted of about twenty-two hundred men, sometimes extended for four miles along a road hardly fit to be called a bridle-path, on the average scarcely four yards in width. The march began on June 10, and eight days later the force had advanced only thirty miles from Fort Cumberland. By that time the rear of the column was so heavily encumbered with sick men that its power of marching had almost come to an end. It was therefore decided to leave with the rear column of about one thousand men, most of the heavier

wagons and other impedimenta, and to proceed somewhat more quickly toward Fort Duquesne with an advance guard of twelve hundred. But in spite of this diminution of labor, the difficulties of the road were such that the 7th of July had arrived when the advance column approached Turtle Creek, a stream that flows into the Monongahela about eight miles south of Fort Duquesne. Meanwhile, its progress had been detected and watched, as was to have been expected, by French and Indian scouts. At the fortress Contrecœur still governed, with Beaujeu second in command. The force consisted of five or six hundred Frenchmen, partly regulars and partly Canadian militia, with eight hundred Indians, some of them baptized converts from the northeast, some of them wild Ojibways led by Charles de Langlade, the conqueror of the Demoiselle, and the rest, Ottawas under their renowned chieftain, the long-headed and ferocious Pontiac. When the approach of Braddock's column to the mouth of Turtle Creek was announced at the French fortress, Captain Beaujeu volunteered to go out with a strong party and lay an ambuscade for the English. With this end in view he took some two hundred and fifty Frenchmen and over six hundred Indians and stole through the woods between the fortress and Turtle Creek, but he never succeeded in preparing the desired ambuscade, nor did Braddock's force march into an ambuscade, in any proper sense of the word. So sensible was Braddock of the great danger of the road between Turtle Creek and Fort Duquesne, on the right bank of the Monongahela, that he forded the latter stream and proceeded down the opposite bank for five or six miles, when he again crossed the river and brought his column

on to a rising ground along which the narrow road ran toward the fortress. His column was then in its usual condition: a few Virginian guides in front, then the advance under Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Gage, among whose men were two lieutenants destined in later days to play inglorious parts, — Horatio Gates and Charles Lee. Behind Gage came Sir John St. Clair with the working party, followed by a couple of cannon, and these, in turn, by the wagons with powder and tools. Behind these came the principal part of the column, while both flanks and rear were very strongly guarded with flanking parties. The situation would not have been particularly dangerous if the British regulars had known how to separate and fight under cover. It was owing to this internal faultiness, and not to any ambush, that Braddock's column came to grief.

When the opposing forces met, it was simply the meeting of the two heads of columns in a narrow woodland road. Who can ever forget that moment when Gage's light horsemen quickly fled back and those behind could catch a glimpse through the trees of a young Frenchman wearing a brilliant red gorget and bounding lightly along the road, till, on seeing his enemy, he turned and waved his hand? That brief glimpse of Captain Beaujeu at the moment of his death will forever live in history. At the third volley he dropped dead. Gage's men delivered fire with admirable coolness, but its effect was slight, for the enemy, in two bifurcating columns, passed to right and to left of the English, all the time pouring in a galling fire from behind trees and bushes. Never were the conditions of a battle more simple. The English were torn to pieces because they stood in solid line

where they could be seen; and if anything were needed to make it impossible to miss them, it was their bright scarlet coats. On the other hand, no matter how diligently the British loaded and fired, they could see nothing to aim at. One officer who had been in the thickest of the fight, literally wedged in among falling bodies, said after the battle that he had not caught sight of an Indian during the whole of the battle. They were fighting simply against puffs of smoke which seemed to come from all points of the compass. For a time the cannon were diligently plied and split many tree-trunks. Many of the regulars fired wildly and hit their own comrades. The Virginians, who scattered and fought in Indian fashion, suffered but little and did more than their share of execution. Some of the regulars tried to imitate these tactics, but wherever Braddock saw anything of the sort going on he would strike them with the flat of his sword and force them back into the ranks. As for the general himself, he performed prodigies of valor, and was forever in the most exposed places, while he had four horses shot under him and at last fell from the fifth with one of his lungs badly torn by a bullet. Washington's fighting was equally desperate. Two horses were killed under him and his clothes were partly torn from his back by bullets. He seemed to bear a charmed life. It is needless to enlarge further upon such a scene. Let it suffice to say, that out of a total force of thirteen hundred and seventy-three all but four hundred and fifty-nine were killed or wounded; and in addition to these, out of eighty-six officers only twenty-three escaped unhurt. The whole affair was as thickly fraught with horror as anything that is likely to happen in modern

warfare. The utter fatuity of the affair, the hopeless feeling of brave men drawn up for slaughter without understanding the means of defense, has in it something peculiarly intolerable. The gallant Braddock, as he lay half-dazed upon his death-bed, was heard to murmur, "Who would ever have thought it?" and again, after an interval, "We shall know better how to do it next time."

The skillful retreat from this field of blood added much to the credit of the youthful Washington, and marked him out as an officer likely to have a brilliant future. As for the rear column, which had been left under command of Colonel Dunbar, it retreated to Fort Cumberland, and presently abandoned the campaign, a most ill-judged and reprehensible proceeding which threw open the frontier to all the horrors of Indian invasion. The events of the past twelve months had done all that twelve months could do in destroying the influence of the English among the Ohio tribes. Washington's disaster at Great Meadows had gone far toward undermining their allegiance, Braddock's insolence had seasoned their contempt with a spice of anger, and now at last this headlong overthrow of an English army had convinced the red men that good medicine was all on the side of the Great White Father on the St. Lawrence.

Thus inauspiciously for the English began the mighty war that was to put an end to the dominion of Frenchmen in America, yet it must be remembered that no declaration of war had as yet been made public. These deeds of blood were the deeds of a time of so-called peace.

WHEN ISRAEL PUTNAM WAS CAPTURED BY THE INDIANS

AN INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR

[1758]

BY OLIVER W. B. PEABODY

In the month of August, Major Putnam was deserted by the fortune which had hitherto attended him, and encountered some of the most remarkable of those perils, which give a character of romance to his personal history. A corps of five hundred men, under the command of Major Rogers and himself, was detached to watch the enemy in the neighborhood of Ticonderoga. When the party reached South Bay, it was separated into two divisions, which were stationed at a considerable distance from each other; but being discovered by the enemy, it was deemed expedient to reunite them, and to return without delay to headquarters at Fort Edward.

They were arranged for this purpose in three divisions. Rogers headed the right, Putnam the left, and the central one was led by Captain Dalzell. At the close of the first day's march, they halted on the borders of Clear River. Early the next morning, Major Rogers, with a strange disregard of those precautions to which the Rangers were so often indebted for security, amused himself by a trial of skill with a British officer in firing at a mark; and this signal act of imprudence was followed by the loss of many lives.

Molang, the French partisan, had been sent out with five hundred men to intercept the party, and was at this moment lying scarce a mile from their encampment. The sound of the firing guided him at once to their position; and he posted his men in ambush along the outskirts of the forest, near the paths through which they were to pass. Soon after sunrise the Americans resumed their march through a thicket of shrubs and brushwood, over land from which the timber had been partially cleared some years before; and, owing to the difficulty of forcing their way through these obstructions, they moved in close columns, Putnam leading the way, Dalzell being stationed in the center, and Rogers in the rear. Just as they had traversed the thicket and were about to penetrate the forest, they were furiously attacked by the French and savages.

The assault, however unexpected, was sustained with gallantry and coolness; Putnam ordered his men to halt, returned the fire, and called upon Dalzell and Rogers to support him. Dalzell came immediately up; but Rogers, instead of advancing to the aid of his associates, stationed his men between the combatants and Wood Creek, in order, as he affirmed, to guard against an attack in the rear; or, as was suspected by others, to relieve himself from the necessity of making one in an opposite direction. The action began to assume a desperate character. Putnam was determined to maintain his ground; his soldiers, as occasion required, fought in ranks in the open spaces of the forest, or fired from behind the shelter of the trees. But his own fusee chanced to miss fire, while he held its muzzle against the breast of an athletic savage; thus defenseless, he was

compelled to surrender; and his antagonist, having bound him securely to a tree, returned to the battle.

Captain Dalzell, who now commanded, maintained the fight with signal intrepidity; but the Provincials were compelled to retreat for a little distance, closely followed by the savages, exulting in their fancied triumph, and rushing forward with shouts of victory. The Provincials rallied and drove them back beyond their former position, and the battle here grew warmer than before. The tree to which Putnam was secured was thus brought midway between the combatants, in the center of the hottest fire of both; and he stood, wholly unable to move his body, or even to incline his head, in the midst of a shower of balls, of which many lodged in the tree above him, and several passed through the sleeves and skirts of his coat.

In this position, than which it would be difficult for the imagination to conceive one more appalling, he remained for more than an hour; each of the parties meanwhile giving ground several times in succession, but not so far as to place him beyond the field of contest. Once, when the Provincials had retired a little and the savages were near him, a young Indian amused himself by throwing his tomahawk at the tree, apparently to ascertain how nearly he could cast it to the body of the prisoner without striking him; and the weapon more than once lodged in the tree, within a hair's breadth of the mark. When this barbarian grew weary of his sport, a French subaltern drew near, and leveled his musket at Putnam's breast. Fortunately it missed fire. It was in vain that the latter claimed the treatment due to him as a prisoner of war. The Frenchman,

instead of desisting, pushed him violently with his musket, and after dealing him a severe blow upon the cheek with the butt-end of his piece, left him to his fate.

After a long and gallant contest, the Provincials remained in possession of the field; the enemy were routed with the loss of ninety of their number, and retired, taking with them their prisoner, who was destined to undergo still greater suffering.

When the Indians had retreated to a considerable distance from the field of the battle, they deprived Major Putnam of his coat, vest, stockings, and shoes, bound his hands tightly together, and piled the packs of a number of the wounded on his back. In this wretched condition, exhausted by fatigue, and severely suffering from the injuries he had received, he was forced to march for many miles through a mountainous and rugged tract; until the party, overcome with weariness, at length halted to rest themselves. Meantime, the tightness of the cords around his wrists had caused his hands to swell, and made them exquisitely painful; the blood was flowing from his torn and naked feet; the weight of his burden became intolerable to his exhausted frame; and he entreated the savages to loose his hands or to release him from his sufferings by death.

A French officer interposed, removed the ligatures, and relieved him of a portion of his burden; the Indian who had made him captive and who had remained behind to attend to the wounded, also came up, provided him with moccasins, and expressed much indignation at the treatment which he had received; but soon went back, without taking measures to secure him against its repetition.

A spot for the evening's encampment was selected, and the Indians, taking with them Major Putnam, went thither in advance of the rest of the party. On the way he experienced fresh outrages, and was deeply wounded on the cheek by a blow from a tomahawk. He had been thus far spared for a darker purpose; it had been resolved that he should perish at the stake, with all those refinements of torture by which the savages know how to enhance the bitterness of death. The depths of the forest were chosen as the scene of sacrifice. The victim was bound entirely naked to a tree, large piles of fuel were laid in a circle around him; and, while these fearful preparations were in progress, they were rendered more appalling by the wild songs and exultations of the Indians.

When all was ready and their victim was awaiting the hour of death with the fortitude which never failed him, the fire was set to the fuel about him; but a sudden shower extinguished the flames. After repeated efforts, the blaze began to rise from every portion of the circle. Putnam's hands were closely bound, but he was still able to move his body; and his convulsive writhing to avoid the flame gave infinite diversion to his tormentors, who accompanied their orgies with songs and dances, and their usual terrific expressions of delight.

All hope of relief was now at an end, and nature was beginning to yield to the excess of suffering, when a French officer rushed through the throng, dashed aside the blazing brands, and cut the cords of the prisoner. A savage, touched by some sudden impulse of humanity, had hurried to inform Molang of the proceedings of his fellows, and it was this brave partisan himself, who had

thus, at the last extremity, redeemed from the most horrible of deaths a gallant foe. After sternly reprimanding the Indians for their cruelty, he took Putnam under his protection, until he could restore him to his savage master.

The kindness of this master (for so the Indian who captured Putnam was considered) bore some resemblance to the tender mercies of the wicked. He appeared to feel for the sufferings of his prisoner; and, finding that he was unable to eat the hard bread set before him, in consequence of the injury inflicted by the Frenchman, moistened it with water for his relief. Apprehensive, however, that Putnam might take advantage of the darkness to escape, he removed his moccasins, and tied them to his wrists; then placed him on the ground upon his back, and, extending his arms as far asunder as possible, secured them to two young trees. His legs were next secured in the same ingenious manner. Several long and slender poles were next cut, and laid, together with bushes, transversely across Putnam's body; on the extremities of these lay several Indians, in such a manner that the slightest effort to escape must awaken them.

Having completed this singular cage, the Indians were content with the provision they had made for his safe-keeping; and in this particularly inconvenient prison Putnam spent the dreary night that followed his release from death. He was accustomed to relate that, even while thus reposing, he could not refrain from smiling as he thought of the odd subject for the canvas which was presented by the group, of which he constituted the most prominent figure; but his merriment was probably of short duration.

Next morning he was released from durance and provided with a blanket; some bear's meat was given him to allay his hunger, and he was permitted to resume his march without a burden. Some vexation was occasionally shown by the savages, by menacing signs and gestures, on account of the loss of their expected entertainment; but they were no longer suffered to molest him, and he reached Ticonderoga the same night, without experiencing further violence. On his arrival there he was placed in the custody of a French guard.

After having been examined by Montcalm, Major Putnam was transferred to Montreal. He was conducted thither by a French officer, from whom he received a courtesy and kindness which were the more welcome from the indignities he had so lately suffered. Several American prisoners were in that city at the time; among the number was Colonel Peter Schuyler. When he heard of the arrival of Putnam, Colonel Schuyler hastened to ascertain the place of his abode. The Provincial major had been suffered to remain without a coat, vest, or stockings; the remnant of his clothing was miserably tattered, and his body exhibited serious marks of the violence he had endured. Colonel Schuyler, when he came into his presence, was so affected by the sight that he could hardly, in the language of Humphreys, "contain his speech within limit consistent with the prudence of a prisoner, and the meekness of a Christian."

He immediately supplied his countryman with all that his necessities required; and, after securing to him, by the most active intercession, the treatment to which his rank entitled him, found means to render him a more important service. The capture of Frontenac by the

British occasioned an exchange of prisoners, of which Putnam reaped the benefit by a stratagem of Colonel Schuyler. There were several officers among the prisoners, whose claim to be exchanged was superior to his; and Schuyler, fearing that the opportunity might be lost if the character of the prisoner should be known, prevailed upon the Governor to permit him to name an officer to be included in the cartel. He then assured His Excellency that he should name an old Provincial major, who was of no service there or elsewhere, but was very anxious to return to his wife and family, in preference to the young men, who had no families to care for.

THE CONSPIRACY OF PONTIAC

[1763–1765]

BY MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD

THE sound of the Indian drum was heard on the Detroit River, and the humid May night air carried it a league or more to the fort. All the Pottawatomies and Wyandots were gathered from their own villages on opposite shores to the Ottawas on the south bank, facing Isle Cochon. Their women and children squatted about huge fires to see the war dance. The river strait, so limpidly and transparently blue in daytime, that dipping a pailful of it was like dipping a pailful of the sky, scarcely glinted betwixt darkened woods.

In the center of an open space, which the camp-fires were built to illuminate, a painted post was driven into the ground, and the warriors formed a large ring around it. Their moccasined feet kept time to the booming of the drums. With a flourish of his hatchet around his head, a chief leaped into the ring and began to chase an imaginary foe, chanting his own deeds and those of his forefathers. He was a muscular rather than a tall Indian, with high, striking features. His dark skin was colored by war paint, and he had stripped himself of everything but ornaments. Ottawa Indians usually wore brilliant blankets, while Wyandots of Sandusky and Detroit paraded in painted shirts, their heads crowned with little bells. The Ojibwas, or Chippewas, of the north carried quivers slung on their backs, holding their arrows.

The dancer in the ring was the Ottawa chief, Pontiac, a man at that time fifty years old, who had brought eighteen savage nations under his dominion, so that they obeyed his slightest word. With majestic sweep of the limbs he whirled through the pantomime of capturing and scalping an enemy, struck the painted post with his tomahawk, and raised the awful war whoop. His young braves stamped and yelled with him. Another leaped into the ring, sung his deeds, and struck the painted post, warrior after warrior following, until a wild maze of sinewy figures swam and shrieked around it. Blazing pine knots stuck in the ground helped to show this maddened whirl, the very opposite of the peaceful, floating calumet dance. Boy papooses, watching it, yelled also, their black eyes kindling with full desire to shed blood.

Perhaps no Indian there, except Pontiac, understood what was beginning with the war dance on that May night of the year 1763. He had been laying his plans all winter, and sending huge black and purple wampum belts of war, and hatchets dipped in red, to rouse every native tribe. All the Algonquin stock and the Senecas of the Iroquois were united with him. From the small oven-shaped hut on Isle Cochon, where he lived with his squaws and children, to Machilimackinac, from Machilimackinac to the lower Mississippi, and from the eastern end of Lake Erie down to the Ohio, the messengers of this self-made emperor had secretly carried and unfolded his plan, which was to rise and attack all the English forts on the same day, and then to destroy all the English settlers, sparing no white people but the French.

Two years before, an English army had come over to

Canada and conquered it. That was a deathblow to French settlements in the Middle West. They dared no longer resist English colonists pushing on them from the east. All that chain of forts stretching from Lake Erie down to the Ohio — Presqu' Isle, Le Bœuf, Venango, Ligonier, — had been given up to the English, as well as western posts — Detroit, Fort Miami, Ouatanon on the Wabash, and Machilimackinac. The settlements on the Mississippi, however, still displayed the white flag of France. So large was the dominion in the New World which England now had the right to claim, that she was unable to grasp it all at once.

The Indians did not like the English, who treated them with contempt, would not offer them presents, and put them in danger of starvation by holding back the guns and ammunition, on which they had learned to depend instead of their bows and arrows. For two years they had borne the rapid spread of English settlements on land which they still regarded as their own. These intruders were not like the French, who cared nothing about claiming land, and were always ready to hunt or dance with their red brethren.

All the tribes were, therefore, eager to rise against the English, whom they wanted to drive back into the sea. Pontiac himself knew this could not be done; but he thought it possible, by striking the English forts all at once, to restore the French power and so get the French to help him in fighting back their common foe from spreading into the west.

Pontiac was the only Indian who ever seemed to realize all the dangers which threatened his race, or to have the military skill for organizing against them. His

work had been secret, and he had taken pains to appear very friendly to the garrison of Detroit, who were used to the noise of Indian yelling and dancing. This fort was the central point of his operations, and he intended to take it next morning by surprise.

Though La Motte Cadillac was the founder of a permanent settlement on the west shore of Detroit River, it is said that Greysolon de Lhut set up the first palisades there. About a hundred houses stood crowded together within the wooden wall of these tall log pickets, which were twenty-five feet high. The houses were roofed with bark or thatched with straw. The streets were mere paths, but a wide road went all around the town next to the palisades. Detroit was almost square in shape, with a bastion, or fortified projection, at each corner, and a blockhouse built over each gate. The river almost washed the front palisades, and two schooners usually anchored near to protect the fort and give it communication with other points. Besides the homes of settlers, it contained barracks for soldiers, a council-house, and a little church.

About a hundred and twenty soldiers, besides fur traders and Canadian settlers, were in this inclosure, which was called the fort, to distinguish it from the village of French houses up and down the shore. Dwellers outside had their own gardens and orchards, also surrounded by pickets. These French people, who tried to live comfortably among the English, whom they liked no better than the Indians did, raised fine pears and apples and made wine of the wild grapes.

The river, emptying the water of the upper lakes into Lake Erie, was about half a mile wide. Sunlight next

morning showed this blue strait sparkling from the palisades to the other shore, and trees and gardens moist with that dewy breath which seems to exhale from fresh-water seas. Indians swarmed early around the fort, pretending that the young men were that day going to play a game of ball in the fields, while Pontiac and sixty old chiefs came to hold a council with the English. More than a thousand of them lounged about, ready for action. The braves were blanketed, each carrying a gun with its barrel filed off short enough to be concealed under his blanket.

About ten o'clock Pontiac and his chiefs crossed the river in birch canoes and stalked in Indian file, every man stepping in the tracks of the man before him, to the fort gates. The gates on the water side usually stood open until evening, for the English, contemptuously careless of savages, let squaws and warriors come and go at pleasure. They did not that morning open until Pontiac entered. He found himself and his chiefs walking betwixt files of armed soldiers. The gates were shut behind him.

Pontiac was startled as if by a sting. He saw that some one had betrayed his plan to the officers. Even fur traders were standing under arms. To this day it is not known who secretly warned the fort of Pontiac's conspiracy; but the most reliable tradition declares it to have been a young squaw named Catherine, who could not endure to see friends whom she loved put to death.

It flashed through Pontiac's mind that he and his followers were now really prisoners. The captain of Detroit was afterwards blamed for not holding the chief when he had him. The tribes could not rush through

the closed gates at Pontiac's signal, which was to be the lifting of a wampum belt upside down, with all its figures reversed. But the cunning savage put on a look of innocence and inquired: —

"My father," using the Indian term of respect, "why are so many of your young men standing in the street with their guns?"

"They have been ordered out for exercise and discipline," answered the officer.

A slight clash of arms and the rolling of drums were heard by the surprised tribes waiting in suspense around the palisades. They did not know whether they would ever see their leader appear again. But he came out, after going through the form of a council, mortified by his failure to seize the fort, and sulkily crossed the river to his lodge. All his plans to bring warriors inside the palisades were treated with contempt by the captain of Detroit. Pontiac wanted his braves to smoke the calumet with his English father.

"You may come in yourself," said the officer, "but the crowd you have with you must remain outside."

"I want all my young men," argued Pontiac, "to enjoy the fragrance of the friendly calumet."

"I will have none of your rabble in the fort," said the officer.

Raging like a wild beast Pontiac then led his people in assault. He threw off every pretense of friendliness, and from all directions the tribes closed around Detroit in a general attack. Though it had wooden walls, it was well defended. The Indians, after their first fierce onset, fighting in their own way, behind trees and sheltered by buildings outside the fort, were able to besiege the place

indefinitely with comparatively small loss to themselves; while the garrison, shut in almost without warning, looked forward to scarcity of provisions.

All English people caught beyond the walls were instantly murdered. But the French settlers were allowed to go about their usual affairs unhurt. Queer traditions have come down from them of the pious burial they gave to English victims of the Indians. One old man stuck his hands out of his grave. The French covered them with earth. But next time they passed that way they saw the stiff, entreating hands, like pale fungi, again thrust into view. At this the horrified French settlers hurried to their priest, who said the neglected burial service over the grave, and so put the poor Englishman to rest, for his hands protruded no more.

One of the absent schooners kept for the use of the fort had gone down river with letters and dispatches. Her crew knew nothing of the siege, and she narrowly escaped capture. A convoy of boats, bringing the usual spring supplies, was taken, leaving Detroit to face famine. Yet it refused to surrender, and, in spite of Pontiac's rage and his continual investment of the place, the red flag of England floated over that fortress all summer.

Other posts were not so fortunate in resisting Pontiac's conspiracy. Fort Sandusky, at the west end of Lake Erie; Fort Ouatanon, on the Wabash, a little south of where Lafayette, in the state of Indiana, now stands; Fort Miami, Presqu' Isle, Le Bœuf, Venango, on the eastern border, and Machilimackinac, on the straits, were all taken by the Indians.

At Presqu' Isle the twenty-seven soldiers went into the blockhouse of the fort and prepared to hold it, lining and making it bullet-proof.

A blockhouse was built of logs, or very thick timber, and had no windows, and but one door in the lower story. The upper story projected several feet all around, and had loopholes in the overhanging floor, through which the men could shoot down. Loopholes were also fixed in the upper walls, wide within, but closing to narrow slits on the outside. A sentry box or lookout was sometimes put at the top of the roof. With the door barred by iron or great beams of wood, and food and ammunition stored in the lower room, men could ascend a ladder to the second story of a blockhouse and hold it against great odds, if the besiegers did not succeed in burning them out.

Presqu' Isle was at the edge of Lake Erie, and the soldiers brought in all the water they could store. But the attacking Indians made breastworks of logs, and shot burning arrows on the shingle roof. All the water barrels were emptied putting out fires. While some men defended the loopholes, others dug under the floor of the blockhouse and mined a way below ground to the well in the fort where Indians swarmed. Buildings in the inclosure were set on fire, but the defenders of the blockhouse kept it from catching the flames by tearing off shingles from the roof when they began to burn. The mining party reached the well, and buckets of water were drawn up and passed through the tunnel to the blockhouse. Greatly exhausted, the soldiers held out until next day, when, having surrendered honorably, they were all taken prisoners as they left the scorched

and battered log tower, for savages were such capricious and cruel victors that they could rarely be depended upon to keep faith. Pontiac himself was superior to his people in such matters. If he had been at Presqu' Isle, the garrison would not have been seized after surrendering on honorable terms. However, these soldiers were not instantly massacred, as other prisoners had been in war betwixt French and English, when savage allies could not be restrained.

Next to Detroit the most important post was Machilimackinac.

This was not the island in the straits bearing that name, but a stockaded fort on the south shore of Michigan, directly across the strait from St. Ignace. To this day, searching along a beach of deep, yielding sand, so different from the rocky strands of the islands, you may find at the forest edge a cellar where the powder house stood, and fruit trees and gooseberry bushes from gardens planted there more than two hundred years ago.

Machilimackinac, succeeding St. Ignace, had grown in importance, and was now a stockaded fort, having French houses both within and outside it, like Detroit. After Father Marquette's old mission had been abandoned and the buildings burned, another small mission was begun at L'Arbre Croche, not far west of Fort Machilimackinac, such of his Ottawas as were not scattered being gathered here. The region around also was full of Chippewas or Ojibwas.

All these Indians hated the English. Some came to the fort and said to a young English trader named Alexander Henry, who arrived after the white flag was

hauled down and the red one was hoisted: "Englishmen, although you have conquered the French, you have not conquered us. We are not your slaves. These lakes, these woods and mountains were left to us by our ancestors. They are our inheritance, and we will part with them to none!"

Though these Ottawas and Chippewas were independent of those about Detroit, they had eagerly taken hold of Pontiac's war belt. The missionary priest was able for a while to restrain the Ottawas. The Chippewas, gathered in from their winter's hunting, determined to strike the first blow.

On the 4th day of June, which was the English king's birthday, they came and invited the garrison to look at a game of ball, or baggattaway, which they were going to play on the long sandy beach, against some Sac Indians. The fortress gates stood open. The day was very warm and discipline was relaxed. Nobody noticed that squaws, flocking inside the fort, had tomahawks and scalping-knives hidden under their blankets, though a few Englishmen afterwards remembered that the squaws were strangely huddled in wrappings on a day hot for that climate.

The young English trader, Alexander Henry, has left a careful account of the massacre at Fort Machilimackinac. He did not go out to see the ball game, because he had important letters to write and send by a canoe just starting to Canada. Officers and men, believing the red tribes friendly, lounged about unarmed. Whitewashed French houses shone in the sun, and the surge of the straits sounded peacefully on the beach. Nobody could dream that when the shouting Indians drove the ball

back from the farthest stake, their cries would suddenly change to war whoops. . . .

[The capture of Machilimackinac is described in the next selection.]

The Indians were not guilty of all the cruelties practiced in this war. Bounties were offered for savage scalps. One renegade Englishman, named David Owen, came back from adoption and marriage into a tribe, bringing the scalps of his squaw wife and her friends.

Through the entire summer Pontiac was successful in everything except the taking of Detroit. He besieged it from May until October. With autumn his hopes began to dwindle. He had asked the French to help him, and refused to believe that their king had made a treaty at Paris; giving up to the English all French claims in the New World east of the Mississippi. His cause was lost. He could band unstable warriors together for a common good, but he could not control politics in Europe, nor defend a people given up by their sovereign, against the solidly advancing English race.

But he was unwilling to own himself defeated while the French flag waved over a foot of American ground. This clever Indian, needing supplies to carry on his war, used civilized methods to get them on credit.

He gave promissory notes written on birch bark, signed with his own totem, or tribe-mark — a picture of the otter. These notes were faithfully paid.

When he saw his struggle becoming hopeless eastward, he drew off to the Illinois settlements to fight back the English from taking possession of Fort Chartres, the last French post. They might come up

the Mississippi from New Orleans, or they might come down the Ohio. The Iroquois had always called the Mississippi the Ohio, considering that river which rose near their own country the great river, and the northern branch merely a tributary.

Pontiac ordered the Illinois Indians to take up arms and stand by him.

"Hesitate not," he said, "or I will destroy you as fire does the prairie grass! These are the words of Pontiac."

They obeyed him. He sent more messengers down as far as New Orleans, keeping the tribes stirred against the English. He camped with his forces around Fort Chartres, cherishing it and urging the last French commandant, Saint-Ange de Bellerive, to take up arms with him, until that poor captain, tormented by the savage mob, and only holding the place until its English owners received it, was ready to march out with his few soldiers and abandon it.

It is told that while Pontiac was leading his forlorn hope, he made his conquerors ridiculous. Major Loftus with a detachment of troops came up the Mississippi to take possession according to treaty. Pontiac turned him back. Captain Pittman came up the river. Pontiac turned him back. Captain Morris started from Detroit, and Pontiac squatted defiantly in his way. Lieutenant Frazer descended the Ohio. Pontiac caught him and shipped him to New Orleans by canoe. Captain Croghan was also stopped near Detroit. Both French and Spanish people roared with laughter at the many failures of the coming race to seize what had so easily been obtained by treaty.

Two years and a half passed between Pontiac's

attack on Detroit and the formal surrender of Fort Chartres. The great war chief's heart, with a gradual breaking, finally yielded before the steadily advancing and all-conquering people that were to dominate this continent.

The second day of winter, late in the afternoon, Pontiac went into the fort unattended by any warrior, and without a word sat down near Saint-Ange de Bellerive in the officer's quarters. Both veteran soldier and old chief knew that Major Farmar, with a large body of troops, was almost in sight of Fort Chartres, coming from New Orleans. Perhaps before the low winter sun was out of sight, cannon mounted on one of the bastions would have to salute the new commandant. Sentinels on the mound of Fort Chartres could see a frosty valley, reaching to the Mississippi, glinting in the distance. That alluvial stretch was, in the course of years, to be eaten away by the river even to the bastions. The fort itself, built at such expense, would soon be abandoned by its conquerors, to sink, piecemeal, a noble and massive ruin. The dome-shaped powder house and stone quarters would be put to ignoble uses, and forest trees, spreading the spice of walnut fragrance, or the dense shadow of oaks, would grow through the very room where Saint-Ange and Pontiac sat. Indians, passing by, would camp in the old place, forgetting how the last hope of their race had clung to it.

The Frenchman partly foresaw these changes, and it was a bitter hour to him. He wanted to have it over and to cross the Mississippi, to a town recently founded northward on the west shore, where many French settlers had collected, called St. Louis. This was then con-

sidered Spanish ground. But if the French king deserted his American colonies, why should not his American colonies desert him?

"Father," spoke out Pontiac, with the usual Indian term of respect, "I have always loved the French. We have often smoked the calumet together, and we have fought battles together against misguided Indians and the English dogs."

Saint-Ange de Bellerive looked at the dejected chief and thought of Le Moyne de Bienville, now an old man living in France, who was said to have wept and implored King Louis on his knees not to give up to the English that rich western domain which Marquette and Joliet and La Salle and Tonty and many another Frenchman had suffered to gain, and to secure which he himself had given his best years.

"The chief must now bury the hatchet," he answered quietly.

"I have buried it," said Pontiac. "I shall lift it no more."

"The English are willing to make peace with him, if he recalls all his wampum belts of war."

Pontiac grinned. "The belts are more than one man can carry."

"Where does the chief intend to go when he leaves this post?"

Pontiac lifted his hand and pointed east, west, north, south. He would have no settled abode. It was a sign that he relinquished the inheritance of his fathers to an invader he hated. His race could not live under the civilization of the Anglo-Saxon. He would have struck out to the remotest wilderness had he foreseen to what a

burial-place his continual clinging to the French would bring him. For Pontiac was assassinated by an Illinois Indian, whom an English trader had bribed, and his body lies somewhere to-day under the pavement of St. Louis, English-speaking men treading constantly over him. But if the dead chief's ears could hear, he would catch also the sound of the beloved French tongue lingering there.

A cannon thundered from one of the bastions. Saint-Ange stood up, and Pontiac stood up with him.

"The English are in sight," said Saint-Ange de Bellerive. "That salute is the signal for the flag of France to be lowered on Fort Chartres."

THE PRISONER OF MACHILIMACKINAC

[1763]

BY ALEXANDER HENRY

[A YOUNG English trader, Alexander Henry, escaped from the general massacre at Fort Machilimackinac. The following is his own account of his adventures until he was rescued because of his previous adoption by one of the Indians as a brother. He finally made his way to Montreal.

The Editor.]

I HEARD an Indian war cry and a noise of general confusion. Going instantly to my window, I saw a crowd of Indians within the fort, furiously cutting down and scalping every Englishman they found. I had in the room in which I was a fowling-piece loaded with swan-shot. This I immediately seized, and held it for a few minutes, waiting to hear the drum beat to arms. In this dreadful interval, I saw several of my countrymen fall, and more than one struggling between the knees of an Indian, who, holding him in this manner, scalped him, while yet living.

At length, disappointed in the hope of seeing resistance made to the enemy, and sensible, of course, that no effort of my own unassisted arm could avail against four hundred Indians, I thought only of seeking shelter. Amid the slaughter which was raging, I observed many of the Canadian inhabitants of the fort, calmly looking on, neither opposing the Indians nor suffering injury; and from this circumstance, I conceived a hope of finding security in their houses.

Between the yard door of my own house and that of M. Langlade, my next neighbor, there was only a low fence, over which I easily climbed. At my entrance, I found the whole family at the windows, gazing at the scene of blood before them. I addressed myself immediately to M. Langlade, begging that he would put me into some place of safety until the heat of the affair should be over; an act of charity by which he might perhaps preserve me from the general massacre; but, while I uttered my petition, M. Langlade, who had looked for a moment at me, turned again to the window, shrugging his shoulders, and intimating that he could do nothing for me; — "*Que voudriez-vous que j'en ferais?*" [1]

This was a moment for despair; but the next, a Pani [2] woman, a slave of M. Langlade's, beckoned to me to follow her. She brought me to a door, which she opened, desiring me to enter, and telling me that it led to the garret, where I must go and conceal myself. I joyfully obeyed her directions; and she, having followed me up to the garret door, locked it after me, and with great presence of mind took away the key.

This shelter obtained, if shelter I could hope to find it, I was naturally anxious to know what might be passing without. Through an aperture which afforded me a view of the area of the fort I beheld, in shapes the foulest and most terrible, the ferocious triumphs of barbarian conquerors. The dead were scalped and mangled; the dying were writhing and shrieking, under the unsatiated knife and tomahawk; and from the bodies of some ripped open, their butchers were drinking the blood, scooped up in the hollow of joined hands, and quaffed amid shouts

[1] What do you want me to do about it? [2] Pawnee.

of rage and victory. I was shaken, not only with horror but with fear. The sufferings which I witnessed, I seemed on the point of experiencing. No long time elapsed before every one being destroyed who could be found, there was a general cry of "All is finished!" At the same instant, I heard some of the Indians enter the house in which I was.

The garret was separated from the room below only by a layer of single boards, at once the flooring of the one and the ceiling of the other. I could, therefore, hear everything that passed; and the Indians were no sooner in than they inquired whether or not any Englishman were in the house. M. Langlade replied that he could not say — he did not know of any; answers in which he did not exceed the truth; for the Pani woman had not only hidden me by stealth, but kept my secret and her own. M. Langlade was, therefore, as I presume, as far from a wish to destroy me as he was careless about saving me when he added to these answers that they might examine for themselves, and would soon be satisfied as to the object of their question. Saying this, he brought them to the garret door.

The state of my mind will be imagined. Arrived at the door, some delay was occasioned by the absence of the key, and a few moments were thus allowed me in which to look around for a hiding-place. In one corner of the garret was a heap of those vessels of birch bark, used in maple-sugar making. The door was unlocked and opening and the Indians ascending the stairs before I had completely crept into a small opening, which presented itself at one end of the heap. An instant after, four Indians entered the room, all armed with toma-

hawks and all besmeared with blood, upon every part of their body.

The die appeared to be cast. I could scarcely breathe; but I thought that the throbbing of my heart occasioned a noise loud enough to betray me. The Indians walked in every direction about the garret, and one of them approached me so closely that at a particular moment had he put out his hand he must have touched me. Still I remained undiscovered; a circumstance to which the dark color of my clothes and the want of light, in a room which had no window, and in the corner in which I was, must have contributed. In a word, after taking several turns in the room, during which they told M. Langlade how many they had killed and how many scalps they had taken, they returned downstairs, and I, with sensations not to be expressed, heard the door, which was the barrier between me and my fate, locked for the second time.

There was a feather bed on the floor; and on this, exhausted as I was by the agitation of my mind, I threw myself down and fell asleep. In this state I remained till the dusk of the evening, when I was awakened by a second opening of the door. The person that now entered was M. Langlade's wife, who was much surprised at finding me, but advised me not to be uneasy, observing that the Indians had killed most of the English, but that she hoped I might myself escape. A shower of rain having begun to fall, she had come to stop a hole in the roof. On her going away, I begged her to send me a little water to drink, which she did.

As night was now advancing, I continued to lie on the bed, ruminating on my condition, but unable to discover

a resource from which I could hope for life. A flight to Detroit had no probable chance of success. The distance from Machilimackinac was four hundred miles; I was without provisions; and the whole length of the road lay through Indian countries, countries of an enemy in arms, where the first man whom I should meet would kill me. To stay where I was threatened nearly the same issue. As before, fatigue of mind, and not tranquillity, suspended my cares and procured me further sleep.

The respite which sleep afforded me during the night was put an end to by the return of morning. I was again on the rack of apprehension. At sunrise I heard the family stirring, and, presently after, Indian voices, informing M. Langlade that they had not found my hapless self among the dead, and that they supposed me to be somewhere concealed. M. Langlade appeared from what followed to be by this time acquainted with the place of my retreat, of which no doubt he had been informed by his wife. The poor woman, as soon as the Indians mentioned me, declared to her husband, in the French tongue, that he should no longer keep me in his house but deliver me up to my pursuers, giving as a reason for this measure that should the Indians discover his instrumentality in my concealment, they might revenge it on her children, and that it was better that I should die than they. M. Langlade resisted at first this sentence of his wife's; but soon suffered her to prevail, informing the Indians that he had been told I was in his house, that I had come there without his knowledge, and that he would put me into their hands. This was no sooner expressed than be began to ascend the stairs, the Indians following upon his heels. I now resigned myself

to the fate with which I was menaced; and regarding every attempt at concealment as vain, I arose from the bed and presented myself full in view to the Indians who were entering the room. They were all in a state of intoxication, and entirely naked, except about the middle. One of them, named Wenniway, whom I had previously known, and who was upward of six feet in height, had his entire face and body covered with charcoal and grease, only that a white spot, of two inches in diameter, encircled either eye. This man walking up to me, seized me with one hand by the collar of the coat, while in the other he held a large carving-knife, as if to plunge it into my breast; his eyes, meanwhile, were fixed steadfastly on mine. At length, after some seconds of the most anxious suspense, he dropped his arm, saying, "I won't kill you!" To this he added that he had been frequently engaged in wars against the English, and had brought away many scalps; that on a certain occasion he had lost a brother, whose name was Musinigon, and that I should be called after him.

A reprieve upon any terms placed me among the living, and gave me back the sustaining voice of hope; but Wenniway ordered me downstairs, and there informing me that I was to be taken to his cabin, where, and indeed everywhere else, the Indians were all mad with liquor, death again was threatened, and not as possible only, but as certain. I mentioned my fears on this subject to M. Langlade, begging him to represent the danger to my master. M. Langlade, in this instance, did not withhold his compassion, and Wenniway immediately consented that I should remain where I was until he found another opportunity to take me away.

Thus far secure, I re-ascended my garret stairs, in order to place myself the farthest possible out of the reach of insult from drunken Indians; but I had not remained there more than an hour when I was called to the room below, in which was an Indian who said that I must go with him out of the fort, Wenniway having sent him to fetch me. This man, as well as Wenniway himself, I had seen before. In the preceding year, I had allowed him to take goods on credit, for which he was still in my debt; and some short time previous to the surprise of the fort he had said, upon my upbraiding him with want of honesty, that he would pay me "before long." This speech now came fresh into my memory, and led me to suspect that the fellow had formed a design against my life. I communicated the suspicion to M. Langlade; but he gave for answer that I was not now my own master and must do as I was ordered.

The Indian, on his part, directed that before I left the house I should undress myself, declaring that my coat and shirt would become him better than they did me. His pleasure, in this respect, being complied with, no other alternative was left me than either to go out naked, or to put on the clothes of the Indian, which he freely gave me in exchange. His motive for thus stripping me of my own apparel was no other, as I afterward learned, than this, that it might not be stained with blood when he should kill me.

I was now told to proceed; and my driver followed me close until I had passed the gate of the fort, when I turned toward the spot where I knew the Indians to be encamped. This, however, did not suit the purpose of my enemy, who seized me by the arm, and drew me vio-

lently in the opposite direction to the distance of fifty yards above the fort. Here, finding that I was approaching the bushes and sand-hills, I determined to proceed no farther, but told the Indian that I believed he meant to murder me, and that if so he might as well strike where I was as at any greater distance. He replied with coolness that my suspicions were just, and that he meant to pay me in this manner for my goods. At the same time he produced a knife, and held me in a position to receive the intended blow. Both this and that which followed were necessarily the affair of a moment. By some effort, too sudden and too little dependent on thought to be explained or remembered, I was enabled to arrest his arm, and give him a sudden push, by which I turned him from me, and released myself from his grasp. This was no sooner done than I ran toward the fort with all the swiftness in my power, the Indian following me, and I expecting every moment to feel his knife.

I succeeded in my flight, and on entering the fort I saw Wenniway standing in the midst of the area, and to him I hastened for protection. Wenniway desired the Indian to desist; but the latter pursued me round him, making several strokes at me with his knife, and foaming at the mouth with rage at the repeated failure of his purpose. At length, Wenniway drew near to M. Langlade's house, and, the door being open, I ran into it. The Indian followed me, but on my entering the house, he voluntarily abandoned the pursuit.

[Henry and several other prisoners were put into canoes and taken to one of the Beaver Islands, in Lake Michigan. Here, after considerable discussion between the Chippewas and the Ottawas, they were given to the former.]

The Ottawas, who now gave us into the hands of the Chippewas, had themselves declared that the latter designed no other than to kill us and "make broth" of us. The Chippewas, as soon as we were restored to them, marched us to a village of their own, situate on the point which is below the fort, and put us into a lodge, already the prison of fourteen soldiers, tied two and two, with each a rope about his neck, and made fast to a pole which might be called the supporter of the building. I was left untied, but I passed a night sleepless and full of wretchedness. My bed was the bare ground, and I was again reduced to an old shirt as my entire apparel. I was, besides, in want of food, having for two days eaten nothing. I confess that in the canoe with the Chippewas I was offered bread — but bread with what accompaniment! They had a loaf which they cut with the same knives that they had employed in the massacre — knives still covered with blood. The blood they moistened with spittle, and rubbing it on the bread, offered this for food to their prisoners, telling them to eat the blood of their countrymen.

Such was my situation, on the morning of the seventh of June, in the year one thousand seven hundred and sixty-three; but a few hours produced an event which gave still a new color to my lot.

Toward noon, when the great war-chief, in company with Wenniway, was seated at the opposite end of the lodge, my friend and brother, Wawatam, suddenly came in. During the four days preceding, I had often wondered what had become of him. In passing by he gave me his hand, but went immediately toward the great chief, by the side of whom and Wenniway, he sat him-

self down. The most uninterrupted silence prevailed; each smoked his pipe, and this done, Wawatam arose and left the lodge, saying to me as he passed, "Take courage!"

An hour elapsed, during which several chiefs entered, and preparations appeared to be making for a council. At length, Wawatam reëntered the lodge, followed by his wife, and both loaded with merchandise, which they carried up to the chiefs and laid in a heap before them. Some moments of silence followed, at the end of which Wawatam pronounced a speech, every word of which, to me, was of extraordinary interest.

"Friends and relations," he began, "what is it that I shall say? You know what I feel. You all have friends and brothers and children, whom as yourselves you love; and you — what would you experience, did you, like me, behold your dearest friend — your brother — in the condition of a slave; a slave, exposed every moment to insult, and to menaces of death? This case, as you all know, is mine. See there (*pointing to myself*) my friend and brother among slaves — himself a slave!

"You all well know that long before the war began I adopted him as my brother. From that moment, he became one of my family, so that no change of circumstances could break the cord which fastened us together.

"He is my brother, and, because I am your relation, he is therefore your relation too: — and how, being your relation, can he be your slave?

"On the day on which the war began, you were fearful lest, on this very account, I should reveal your secret. You requested, therefore, that I would leave the fort, and even cross the lake. I did so; but I did it with reluc-

tance, notwithstanding that you, Menehwehna, who had the command in this enterprise, gave me your promise that you would protect my friend, delivering him from all danger and giving him safely to me.

"The performance of this promise I come now to claim. I come not with empty hands to ask it. You, Menehwehna, best know whether or not, as it respects yourself, you have kept your word, but I bring these goods, to buy off every claim which any man among you all may have on my brother as his prisoner."

Wawatam having ceased, the pipes were again filled; and after they were finished, a further period of silence followed. At the end of this, Menehwehna arose and gave his reply:—

"My relation and brother," said he, "what you have spoken is the truth. We were acquainted with the friendship which subsisted between yourself and the Englishman, in whose behalf you have now addressed us. We knew the danger of having our secret discovered, and the consequences which must follow; and you say truly that we requested you to leave the fort. This we did out of regard for you and your family; for, if a discovery of our design had been made, you would have been blamed, whether guilty or not; and you would thus have been involved in difficulties from which you could not have extricated yourself.

"It is also true that I promised you to take care of your friend; and this promise I performed, by desiring my son, at the moment of assault, to seek him out and bring him to my lodge. He went accordingly, but could not find him. The day after, I sent him to Langlade's, when he was informed that your friend was safe; and

had it not been that the Indians were then drinking the rum which had been found in the fort, he would have brought him home with him according to my orders.

"I am very glad to find that your friend has escaped. We accept your present; and you may take him home with you."

Wawatam thanked the assembled chiefs, and taking me by the hand, led me to his lodge, which was at the distance of a few yards only from the prison-lodge. My entrance appeared to give joy to the whole family; food was immediately prepared for me; and I now ate the first hearty meal which I had made since my capture. I found myself one of the family; and but that I had still my fears as to the other Indians, I felt as happy as the situation could allow.

II
ON THE EVE OF THE REVOLUTION

HISTORICAL NOTE

In the eighteenth century, the general feeling in European countries was that colonies were established for the benefit of the mother country. Few people had dreamed of the possibility of religious freedom, and just as few, perhaps, had thought of a colony being established and ruled for the benefit of the colonists. England, like other mother countries, governed her American colonies for the benefit of the Englishmen who remained at home. For instance, she forbade the colonists to settle too far from the coast; for if they were crowded together, it was thought that they would buy greater quantities of British manufactures.

To defend the colonies from the Indians, England planned to send over soldiers, who were to be paid in part by the colonists; and to raise this money, the colonists were to pay taxes. But the colonists declared that they were not represented in Parliament, and therefore should not be taxed, and they refused to buy British goods. A wail rose from the manufacturers and merchants, and the law was repealed. Next year, however, another law was passed, taxing a few things; and finally tea alone was taxed The result of this was the Boston Tea-Party and the destruction of tea by other colonies. In March, 1775, a convention was held at Richmond, where Patrick Henry made his famous speech ending with the words, "Give me liberty, or give me death!"

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BEFORE THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

[1766]

BY JAMES PARTON

[IN 1766 Franklin was in England as the leading representative for the colonies. In this capacity he was called before the House of Commons for an examination on the condition of the colonies and colonists. Burke said that this scene always reminded him of "a master examined by a parcel of schoolboys."

The Editor.]

THIS celebrated examination was by no means the impromptu affair which it seemed to be. Among the Liberal members of Parliament Dr. Franklin had a large number of friends, with whom, as we know, he had many times conversed upon all the subjects in dispute between the colonies and the ministry. These gentlemen, knowing precisely what Franklin had to offer on every topic, kept proposing to him the very questions which they were aware would bring him out in his greatest force. All their leading questions, moreover, he expected, and was prepared for. The questions are, therefore, to be divided into two classes, those put by the opponents of the Stamp Act, and those proposed by its advocates. The object of one party was to give the American philosopher the best opportunity to serve his cause; the object of the other, to puzzle, entrap, and con-

found him. One set of questions enabled him to display his knowledge, and the other set, his acuteness.

The first thirteen questions, all proposed by two of Dr. Franklin's friends, were designed to elicit certain facts, generally unknown in England, which being known the whole argument for the Stamp Act was untenable. These facts were, first, that the colonies were then struggling under a load of debt and taxation caused by the very war which it was alleged Britain had waged solely for their defense and aggrandizement; and, secondly, that the enforcement of the Stamp Act, owing to the vast extent of the country, the thinness of the population, and the poverty of the frontier inhabitants, was impossible. "A man in the back country," said Franklin, "who happened to want a stamp for a deed or a receipt, would have to take a month's journey to get it, spending perhaps three or four pounds that the Crown might get sixpence."

When these points had been brought out with the utmost clearness (Franklin citing his knowledge of the country gained by his connection with the post-office), the concerted game between himself and his friends was stopped for a moment by three questions from an adversary. "Are not the colonies *able* to pay the stamp duty?" asked this gentleman. Their mere ability could not be denied, and the question was, therefore, answered thus: "In my opinion, there is not gold and silver enough in the colonies to pay the stamp duty for one year." This ingenious evasion did not throw the enemy off the scent. "Don't you know," continued the member, "that all the money arising from the stamps is to be laid out in America?" "True," replied the witness, "but it

is to be spent in the *conquered* colonies, in Canada, where the soldiers are, not in the colonies that pay it." The member then asked if there was not a balance of trade against Canada that would bring the money back to the old colonies. Franklin thought not. "The money," he said, "would go to England for goods, as colonial money was only too apt to do."

At this point the enemy desisted, and a friend of Dr. Franklin succeeded in getting in nine questions, which drew from the witness a statement of the population and resources of the colonies, designed to show the folly of estranging them. He told Parliament that North America contained three hundred thousand men capable of taking the field, and that the colonies imported every year from Great Britain five hundred thousand pounds' worth of goods. This information was brought out with great force.

The friendly questioner then tried to get Dr. Franklin to repeat before the High Court of Parliament a little joke with which he had amused a Tory member a few days before. They were talking over the various plans that had been suggested for making the Stamp Act palatable to the Americans. The Tory, who was a most strenuous advocate of the Stamp Act, told Dr. Franklin that if he would but assist the ministry a little, the Act could easily be amended so as to make it, at least, tolerable to the colonists. "I must confess," the doctor gravely replied, "I have thought of one amendment. If you will make it, the Act may remain, and yet the Americans will be quieted. It is a very small amendment, too; it is only the change of a single word." The Tory was all attention. "It is in that clause," continued Franklin,

"where it is said that 'from and after the first day of November, one thousand seven hundred and sixty-five, there shall be paid, etc.' The amendment I would propose is for *one*, read *two*, and then all the rest of the Act may stand as it does." The examining member endeavored to bring out this piece of nonsense by asking the witness whether he could not propose "a small amendment" that would make the Act acceptable. The witness, however, evaded the question, and explained afterwards that he thought the answer expected of him "too light and ludicrous for the House."

Mr. George Grenville, the proposer of the Stamp Act, now recurred to his fixed idea. "Do you think it right," he asked, "that America should be protected by this country and pay no part of the expense?" To this Franklin replied that the colonies during the last war had raised, clothed, and sent to the field twenty-five thousand men, and spent millions of pounds. "Were you not reimbursed by Parliament?" asked Grenville. Franklin explained that the colonies were reimbursed only to the amount which Parliament thought they had exceeded their just proportion of the expense! Pennsylvania, for instance, had expended five hundred thousand pounds, and received back sixty thousand.

The advocates of the Act continued the examination. One asked if the Americans would pay the Stamp Act if the rate of duty was reduced. "No," replied the American, "*never*, unless compelled by force of arms." Another asked: "Does not the Assembly of Pennsylvania, the majority of whom are landowners, lay the taxes so as to impose the heaviest burdens upon trade, and spare the land?" Franklin's reply to this was very

ingenious and Adam-Smithian: "If unequal burdens are laid on trade, the tradesman puts an additional price on his goods; and the consumers, who are chiefly landowners, finally pay the greatest part, if not the whole." Besides this, he denied that the Assembly did impose unequal burdens. The enemy plied him with a dozen questions more, but extracted small comfort from him.

Then his friends had an inning, and gave him several opportunities, which he improved in the most telling manner. Nothing that he said produced such an impression, either in the House or out of doors, as his next few replies. "What," asked a friendly member, "was the temper of America towards Great Britain before the year 1763?" "The best in the world," said the witness. "They submitted willingly to the government of the Crown, and paid in their courts obedience to acts of Parliament. Numerous as the people are in the old provinces, they cost you nothing in forts, citadels, garrisons, or armies, to keep them in subjection. They were governed by this country at the expense only of a little pen, ink, and paper: they were led by a thread. They had not only a respect, but an affection for Great Britain; for its laws, its customs, and manners; and even a fondness for its fashions, that greatly increased the commerce. Natives of Britain were always treated with particular regard; to be an Old England man was, of itself, a character of some respect, and gave a kind of rank among us."

"What is their temper now?" asked the same friend. "Oh, very much altered," was the reply. "In what light," continued the friendly member, "did the people of America use to consider the Parliament of Great

Britain?" Franklin replied: "They considered the Parliament as the great bulwark and security of their liberties and privileges, and always spoke of it with the utmost respect and veneration. Arbitrary ministers, they thought, might possibly, at times, attempt to oppress them; but they relied on it that the Parliament, on application, would always give redress." He added, in reply to another question, that this feeling was greatly lessened by the recent measures.

The Stamp Act men then asked several questions, which were intended to draw forth an admission that the colonies were abundantly able to pay an additional tax. One question was, why the people in America increased faster than the English at home. "Because they marry younger, and because more of them marry," replied this unrelenting political economist. "Why so?" "Because any young couple, if they are industrious, can get land and support a family." "Then are not the lower ranks of people more at their ease in America than in England?" "They may be so if they are sober and diligent, as they are better paid for their labor." "How would the Americans receive a future tax, imposed on the same principle as the Stamp Act?" "Just as they do the Stamp Act; *they would not pay it.*"

The friends of the Act then tried to corner the acute American, by asking him whether, in case an Assembly should refuse to vote the supplies necessary to the support of colonial government, Parliament would not be justified in taxing the people. He thought not; for, "if an Assembly could possibly be so absurd, the disorders that would arise in the province would soon bring them to reason." "But," persisted the questioner, "suppose

they should not, ought there not to be a remedy in the power of the Home Government?" Franklin said he would not object to the interference of Parliament in such a case, provided its interference was merely for the good of the people. "But who is the judge of that, Britain or the colony?" This was rather a home thrust. The witness parried it thus: "Those who feel can best judge."

The Tory members affected to be incapable of perceiving any difference in principle between the duties laid upon imports from foreign countries, which the colonists paid without a murmur, and the Stamp Act, which with one voice they resisted. "The difference is very great," said Dr. Franklin; "the duty is added to the first cost and other charges on the commodity, and when it is offered for sale, makes a part of the price. If the people do not like it at that price, they refuse it; they are not obliged to pay it. But an *internal* tax is forced from the people without their consent, if not laid by their own representatives." "But," asked a member, "supposing the external tax to be laid on the necessaries of life?" Franklin astonished Parliament by replying that the colonists imported no article which they could not dispense with or supply the place of. "Cloth?" asked one. "Yes, they could make all their cloth." "But would it not take long to establish the manufacture?" "Before their old clothes are worn out, they will have new ones of their own making." "But is there wool enough in America?" "The people have taken measures to increase their supply of wool. They combined to eat no lamb last year, and very few lambs were killed. In three years we shall have wool in abundance." "But is

not the American wool very inferior in quality, a kind of hair merely?" "No; it is very fine and good."

A Liberal member asked whether anything less than a military force could carry the Stamp Act into execution. Franklin said that a military force could not do it. "Suppose," said he, "a military force sent into America; they will find nobody in arms; what are they then to do? They cannot force a man to take stamps who chooses to do without them. They will not find a rebellion: they may, indeed, make one." "If the Act is not repealed," asked one of Dr. Franklin's particular friends, "what do you think will be the consequence?" He replied: "A total loss of the respect and affection the people of America bear to this country, and of all the commerce that depends on that respect and affection." "How can the commerce be affected?" "The goods," said Franklin, "which the Americans take from Britain are either necessaries, mere conveniences, or superfluities. The first, as cloth, with a little industry they can make at home; the second, they can do without till they are able to provide them among themselves; and the last, which are much the greatest part, they will strike off immediately. They are mere articles of fashion, purchased and consumed because the fashion in a respected country; but will now be detested and rejected. The people have already struck off, by general agreement, the use of all goods fashionable in mournings, and many thousand pounds' worth are sent back as unsalable."

Mr. Grenville returned to the charge. He asked whether postage, to which the Americans did not object, was not a tax. "No," replied the deputy postmaster-general; "it is payment for service rendered; nor is it

even compulsory, since no man is obliged by law to employ the post-office." Having thus displayed his incapacity, Mr. Grenville next proceeded to exhibit his ignorance. "Do not the Americans," he asked, "consider the regulations of the post-office, by the Act of last year, as a tax?" Franklin informed him that the Act of last year *reduced* the rate of postage thirty per cent throughout America; which abatement, he added, the Americans certainly did not regard in the light of a tax. Mr. Grenville was silent for a while.

In reply to other Tory questioners, Dr. Franklin gave another point of difference between an external and an internal tax. "The sea is yours," he said; "you maintain, by your fleets, the safety of navigation in it, and keep it clear of pirates: you may have, therefore, a natural and equitable right to some toll or duty on merchandise carried through that part of your dominions, towards defraying the expense you are at in ships to maintain the safety of that carriage." To the questions of friends he gave answer after answer, demonstrating the impossibility of enforcing the odious Act in America. When asked if the colonists would prefer to forego the collection of debts by legal process rather than use stamped paper, he replied: "I can only judge what other people will think and how they will act by what I feel within myself. I have a great many debts due to me in America, and I had rather they should remain unrecoverable by any law than submit to the Stamp Act. They will be debts of honor."

The leading advocates of the Stamp Act tried by a variety of questions to extort from Dr. Franklin an intimation that, in case the Act were repealed, the colo-

nists would not object to pay a small internal tax, imposed merely to assert the right to tax. The Tory members would not understand that the opposition to the Stamp Act was an opposition to the principle involved in it. They kept insinuating that it was merely a mean begrudging of the sixpence. They supposed that, if the amount of the tax were reduced, the warmth of the opposition would be abated. To one of the questions founded upon this opinion, Dr. Franklin made a reply that was long enough for a speech. Reviewing the history of the two French wars, he showed that the colonists, so far from being parsimonious, had lavished both men and treasure in aiding the Home Government to execute its projects. They had done far more than their part. They had involved themselves so deeply that twenty years of peace and prosperity would be necessary to set them free from debt. He quoted from a King's Speech in which the zeal and liberality of the colonists had been handsomely acknowledged. He reminded Parliament that the wars, of which the colonies had borne the burden and suffered the calamities, had not been waged chiefly for their own sake; it was for the honor and advancement of the British Empire that they had spent their substance and shed their blood. And all they had done for their country, they had done with eager willingness, and asked no reward but the approbation of their king and of that House.

When he had finished this long harangue, a friend asked him whether the colonies would help the mother country in a war purely European. This question gave him an opportunity to expatiate further on the same theme. He answered that they would do so beyond ques-

tion. They considered themselves part of the British Empire. Its honor was their honor; its welfare their welfare. He took occasion, also, to show that such expeditions as that of General Braddock were not a benefit to the colonies; for it was not until Braddock had been defeated that the Indians had been troublesome. To show the willingness of the colonies to grant money to the Crown, he said he had been specially instructed to assure the ministry that they were ready to vote all the aid they could afford whenever their aid was solicited in a constitutional manner.

The Stamp Act members appeared still to find great difficulty in discerning the difference between an external and an internal tax, and seemed to think that, to be consistent, the Americans ought to object equally to both. Dr. Franklin gave an exquisite reply to one who insinuated such an opinion. "Many arguments," said he, "have been used to show the Americans that there is no difference between an internal and an external tax. At present, they do not reason so; but in time, they may possibly be convinced by these arguments."

A rattling fire of short questions and answers brought to a conclusion this long examination. A friend asked at length, "What used to be the pride of the Americans?" "To indulge," said the witness, "in the fashions and manufactures of Great Britain." "What is now their pride?" "To wear their old clothes over again, till they can make new ones."

Dr. Franklin withdrew, and the committee rose.

THE BOSTON MASSACRE

[1770]

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

IT was now the 3d of March, 1770. The sunset music of the British regiments was heard as usual throughout the town. The shrill fife and rattling drum awoke the echoes in King Street, while the last ray of sunshine was lingering on the cupola of the Town House. And now all the sentinels were posted. One of them marched up and down before the Custom House, treading a short path through the snow, and longing for the time when he would be dismissed to the warm fireside of the guard-room. Meanwhile Captain Preston was, perhaps, sitting in our great chair before the hearth of the British Coffee-House. In the course of the evening there were two or three slight commotions, which seemed to indicate that trouble was at hand. Small parties of young men stood at the corners of the streets or walked along the narrow pavements. Squads of soldiers who were dismissed from duty passed by them, shoulder to shoulder, with the regular step which they had learned at the drill. Whenever these encounters took place, it appeared to be the object of the young men to treat the soldiers with as much incivility as possible.

"Turn out, you lobsterbacks!" one would say. "Crowd them off the sidewalks!" another would cry. "A redcoat has no right in Boston streets!"

"O, you rebel rascals!" perhaps the soldiers would

reply, glaring fiercely at the young men. "Some day or other we 'll make our way through Boston streets at the point of the bayonet!"

Once or twice such disputes as these brought on a scuffle; which passed off, however, without attracting much notice. About eight o'clock, for some unknown cause, an alarm bell rang loudly and hurriedly.

At the sound many people ran out of their houses, supposing it to be an alarm of fire. But there were no flames to be seen, nor was there any smell of smoke in the clear, frosty air; so that most of the townsmen went back to their own firesides, and sat talking with their wives and children about the calamities of the times. Others who were younger and less prudent remained in the streets; for there seems to have been a presentiment that some strange event was on the eve of taking place.

Later in the evening, not far from nine o'clock, several young men passed by the Town House and walked down King Street. The sentinel was still on his post in front of the Custom House, pacing to and fro; while, as he turned, a gleam of light from some neighboring window glittered on the barrel of his musket. At no great distance were the barracks and the guardhouse, where his comrades were probably telling stories of battle and bloodshed.

Down towards the Custom House, as I told you, came a party of wild young men. When they drew near the sentinel he halted on his post, and took his musket from his shoulder, ready to present the bayonet at their breasts.

"Who goes there?" he cried, in the gruff, peremptory tones of a soldier's challenge.

The young men, being Boston boys, felt as if they had a right to walk their own streets without being accountable to a British redcoat, even though he challenged them in King George's name. They made some rude answer to the sentinel. There was a dispute, or perhaps a scuffle. Other soldiers heard the noise, and ran hastily from the barracks to assist their comrades. At the same time many of the townspeople rushed into King Street by various avenues, and gathered in a crowd round about the Custom House. It seemed wonderful how such a multitude had started up all of a sudden.

The wrongs and insults which the people had been suffering for many months now kindled them into a rage. They threw snowballs and lumps of ice at the soldiers. As the tumult grew louder it reached the ears of Captain Preston, the officer of the day. He immediately ordered eight soldiers of the main guard to take their muskets and follow him. They marched across the street, forcing their way roughly through the crowd, and pricking the townspeople with their bayonets.

A gentleman (it was Henry Knox, afterwards general of the American artillery) caught Captain Preston's arm.

"For Heaven's sake, sir," exclaimed he, "take heed what you do, or there will be bloodshed."

"Stand aside!" answered Captain Preston haughtily. "Do not interfere, sir. Leave me to manage the affair."

Arriving at the sentinel's post, Captain Preston drew up his men in a semicircle, with their faces to the crowd and their rear to the Custom House. When the people saw the officer and beheld the threatening attitude with which the soldiers confronted them, their rage became almost uncontrollable.

"Fire, you lobsterbacks!" bellowed some.

"You dare not fire, you cowardly redcoats!" cried others.

"Rush upon them!" shouted many voices. "Drive the rascals to their barracks! Down with them! Down with them! Let them fire if they dare!"

Amid the uproar, the soldiers stood gazing at the people with the fierceness of men whose trade was to shed blood.

Oh, what a crisis had now arrived! Up to this very moment, the angry feelings between England and America might have been pacified. England had but to stretch out the hand of reconciliation, and acknowledge that she had hitherto mistaken her rights, but would do so no more. Then the ancient bonds of brotherhood would again have been knit together as firmly as in old times. The habit of loyalty, which had grown as strong as instinct, was not utterly overcome. The perils shared, the victories won, in the old French War, when the soldiers of the colonies fought side by side with their comrades from beyond the sea, were not forgotten yet. England was still that beloved country which the colonists called their home. King George, though he had frowned upon America, was still reverenced as a father.

But should the king's soldiers shed one drop of American blood, then it was a quarrel to the death. Never, never would America rest satisfied until she had torn down the royal authority and trampled it in the dust.

"Fire, if you dare, villains!" hoarsely shouted the people, while the muzzles of the muskets were turned upon them. "You dare not fire!"

They appeared ready to rush upon the leveled bayo-

nets. Captain Preston waved his sword, and uttered a command which could not be distinctly heard amid the uproar of shouts that issued from a hundred throats. But his soldiers deemed that he had spoken the fatal mandate, "Fire!" The flash of their muskets lighted up the streets, and the report rang loudly between the edifices. It was said, too, that the figure of a man, with a cloth hanging down over his face, was seen to step into the balcony of the Custom House and discharge a musket at the crowd.

A gush of smoke had overspread the scene. It rose heavily, as if it were loath to reveal the dreadful spectacle beneath it. Eleven of the sons of New England lay stretched upon the street. Some, sorely wounded, were struggling to rise again. Others stirred not nor groaned; for they were past all pain. Blood was streaming upon the snow; and that purple stain in the midst of King Street, though it melted away in the next day's sun, was never forgotten nor forgiven by the people.

[To this account Hawthorne adds the following: "The town drums beat to arms, the alarm bells rang, and an immense multitude rushed into King Street. Many of them had weapons in their hands. The British prepared to defend themselves. A whole regiment was drawn up in the street, expecting an attack; for the townsmen appeared ready to throw themselves upon the bayonets. Governor Hutchinson hurried to the spot, and besought the people to have patience, promising that strict justice should be done. A day or two afterward the British troops were withdrawn from town and stationed at Castle William. Captain Preston and the eight soldiers were tried for murder. But none of them were found guilty. The judges told the jury that the insults and violence which had been offered to the soldiers justified them in firing at the mob."]

THE BOSTON TEA-PARTY

[1773]

BY JOHN FISKE

THE duty on tea had been retained simply as a matter of principle. It did not bring three hundred pounds a year into the British exchequer. But the king thought this a favorable time for asserting the obnoxious principle which the tax involved.

Thus, as in Mrs. Gamp's case, a teapot became the cause or occasion of a division between friends. The measures now taken by the Government brought matters at once to a crisis. None of the colonies would take tea on its terms. Lord Hillsborough had lately been superseded as Colonial Secretary by Lord Dartmouth, an amiable man like the Prime Minister, but like him wholly under the influence of the king. Lord Dartmouth's appointment was made the occasion of introducing a series of new measures. The affairs of the East India Company were in a bad condition, and it was thought that the trouble was partly due to the loss of the American trade in tea. The Americans would not buy tea shipped from England, but they smuggled it freely from Holland, and the smuggling could not be stopped by mere force. The best way to obviate the difficulty, it was thought, would be to make English tea cheaper in America than foreign tea, while still retaining the duty of threepence on a pound. If this could be achieved, it was supposed that the Americans would be

sure to buy English tea by reason of its cheapness, and would thus be ensnared into admitting the principle involved in the duty. This ingenious scheme shows how unable the king and his ministers were to imagine that the Americans could take a higher view of the matter than that of pounds, shillings, and pence. In order to enable the East India Company to sell its tea cheap in America, a drawback was allowed of all the duties which such tea had been wont to pay on entering England on its way from China. In this way, the Americans would now find it actually cheaper to buy the English tea with the duty on it than to smuggle their tea from Holland. To this scheme, Lord North said, it was of no use for any one to offer objections, for the king would have it so. "The king meant to try the question with America." In accordance with this policy, several ships loaded with tea set sail in the autumn of 1773 for the four principal ports, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston. Agents or consignees of the East India Company were appointed by letter to receive the tea in these four towns.

As soon as the details of this scheme were known in America, the whole country was in a blaze, from Maine to Georgia. Nevertheless, only legal measures of resistance were contemplated. In Philadelphia, a great meeting was held in October at the State House, and it was voted that whosoever should lend countenance to the receiving or unloading of the tea would be regarded as an enemy to his country. The consignees were then requested to resign their commissions, and did so. In New York and Charleston, also, the consignees threw up their commissions. In Boston, a similar demand was

made, but the consignees doggedly refused to resign; and thus the eyes of the whole country were directed toward Boston as the battle-field on which the great issue was to be tried.

During the month of November many town meetings were held in Faneuil Hall. On the 17th, authentic intelligence was brought that the tea-ships would soon arrive. The next day, a committee, headed by Samuel Adams, waited upon the consignees, and again asked them to resign. Upon their refusal, the town meeting instantly dissolved itself, without a word of comment or debate; and at this ominous silence the consignees and the governor were filled with a vague sense of alarm, as if some storm were brewing whereof none could foresee the results. All felt that the decision now rested with the Committees of Correspondence. Four days afterward, the Committees of Cambridge, Brookline, Roxbury, and Dorchester met the Boston Committee at Faneuil Hall, and it was unanimously resolved that on no account should the tea be landed. The five towns also sent a letter to all the other towns in the colony, saying, "Brethren, we are reduced to this dilemma: either to sit down quiet under this and every other burden that our enemies shall see fit to lay upon us, or to rise up and resist this and every plan laid for our destruction, as becomes wise freemen. In this extremity we earnestly request your advice." There was nothing weak or doubtful in the response. From Petersham and Lenox, perched on their lofty hilltops, from the valleys of the Connecticut and the Merrimack, from Chatham on the bleak peninsula of Cape Cod, there came but one message, — to give up life and all that makes life dear,

rather than submit like slaves to this great wrong. Similar words of encouragement came from other colonies. In Philadelphia, at the news of the bold stand Massachusetts was about to take, the church bells were rung, and there was general rejoicing about the streets. A letter from the men of Philadelphia to the men of Boston said, "Our only fear is lest you may shrink. May God give you virtue enough to save the liberties of your country."

On Sunday, the 28th, the Dartmouth, first of the tea-ships, arrived in the harbor. The urgency of the business in hand overcame the sabbatarian scruples of the people. The Committee of Correspondence met at once, and obtained from Francis Rotch, the owner of the vessel, a promise that the ship should not be entered before Tuesday. Samuel Adams then invited the committees of the five towns, to which Charlestown was now added, to hold a mass meeting the next morning at Faneuil Hall. More than five thousand people assembled, but as the Cradle of Liberty could not hold so many, the meeting was adjourned to the Old South Meeting-House. It was voted, without a single dissenting voice, that the tea should be sent back to England in the ship which had brought it. Rotch was forbidden to enter the ship at the custom house, and Captain Hall, the ship's master, was notified that "it was at his peril if he suffered any of the tea brought by him to be landed." A night-watch of twenty-five citizens was set to guard the vessel, and so the meeting adjourned till next day, when it was understood that the consignees would be ready to make some proposals in the matter. Next day, the message was brought from the consignees

that it was out of their power to send back the tea; but if it should be landed, they declared themselves willing to store it, and not expose any of it for sale until word could be had from England. Before action could be taken upon this message, the sheriff of Suffolk County entered the church and read a proclamation from the governor, warning the people to disperse and "surcease all further unlawful proceedings at their utmost peril." A storm of hisses was the only reply, and the business of the meeting went on. The proposal of the consignees was rejected, and Rotch and Hall, being present, were made to promise that the tea should go back to England in the Dartmouth, without being landed or paying duty. Resolutions were then passed, forbidding all owners or masters of ships to bring any tea from Great Britain to any part of Massachusetts, so long as the act imposing a duty on it remained unrepealed. Whoever should disregard this injunction would be treated as an enemy to his country, his ships would be prevented from landing, — by force if necessary, — and his tea would be sent back to the place whence it came. It was further voted that the citizens of Boston and the other towns here assembled would see that these resolutions were carried into effect, "at the risk of their lives and property." Notice of these resolutions was sent to the owners of the other ships, now daily expected. And, to crown all, a committee, of which Adams was chairman, was appointed to send a printed copy of these proceedings to New York and Philadelphia, to every seaport in Massachusetts, and to the British Government.

Two or three days after this meeting, the other two ships arrived, and, under orders from the Committee of

Correspondence, were anchored by the side of the Dartmouth, at Griffin's Wharf, near the foot of Pearl Street. A military watch was kept at the wharf day and night, sentinels were placed in the church belfries, chosen post-riders, with horses saddled and bridled, were ready to alarm the neighboring towns, beacon-fires were piled all ready for lighting upon every hilltop, and any attempt to land the tea forcibly would have been the signal for an instant uprising throughout at least four counties. Now, in accordance with the laws providing for the entry and clearance of shipping at custom houses, it was necessary that every ship should land its cargo within twenty days from its arrival. In case this was not done, the revenue officers were authorized to seize the ship and land its cargo themselves. In the case of the Dartmouth, the captain had promised to take her back to England without unloading; but still, before she could legally start, she must obtain a clearance from the collector of customs, or, in default of this, a pass from the governor. At sunrise of Friday, the 17th of December, the twenty days would have expired.

On Saturday, the 11th, Rotch was summoned before the Committee of Correspondence, and Samuel Adams asked him why he had not kept his promise, and started his ship off for England. He sought to excuse himself on the ground that he had not the power to do so, whereupon he was told that he must apply to the collector for a clearance. Hearing of these things, the governor gave strict orders at the Castle to fire upon any vessel trying to get out to sea without a proper permit; and two ships from Montagu's fleet, which had been laid up for the winter, were stationed at the entrance of the harbor,

to make sure against the Dartmouth's going out. Tuesday came, and Rotch, having done nothing, was summoned before the town meeting, and peremptorily ordered to apply for a clearance. Samuel Adams and nine other gentlemen accompanied him to the custom house to witness the proceedings, but the collector refused to give an answer until the next day. The meeting then adjourned till Thursday, the last of the twenty days. On Wednesday morning, Rotch was again escorted to the custom house, and the collector refused to give a clearance unless the tea should first be landed.

On the morning of Thursday, December 16, the assembly which was gathered in the Old South Meeting-House, and in the streets about it, numbered more than seven thousand people. It was to be one of the most momentous days in the history of the world. The clearance having been refused, nothing now remained but to order Rotch to request a pass for his ship from the governor. But the wary Hutchinson, well knowing what was about to be required of him, had gone out to his country house at Milton, so as to foil the proceedings by his absence. But the meeting was not so to be trifled with. Rotch was enjoined, on his peril, to repair to the governor at Milton, and ask for his pass; and while he was gone, the meeting considered what was to be done in case of a refusal. Without a pass it would be impossible for the ship to clear the harbor under the guns of the Castle; and by sunrise, next morning, the revenue officers would be empowered to seize the ship, and save by a violent assault upon them it would be impossible to prevent the landing of the tea. "Who knows," said John Rowe, "how tea will mingle with salt water?"

And great applause followed the suggestion. Yet the plan which was to serve as a last resort had unquestionably been adopted in secret committee long before this. It appears to have been worked out in detail in a little back room at the office of the "Boston Gazette," and there is no doubt that Samuel Adams, with some others of the popular leaders, had a share in devising it. But among the thousands present at the town meeting, it is probable that very few knew just what it was designed to do. At five in the afternoon, it was unanimously voted that, come what would, the tea should not be landed. It had now grown dark, and the church was dimly lighted with candles. Determined not to act until the last legal method of relief should have been tried and found wanting, the great assembly was still waiting quietly in and about the church when, an hour after nightfall, Rotch returned from Milton with the governor's refusal. Then, amid profound stillness, Samuel Adams arose and said, quietly but distinctly, "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country." It was the declaration of war; the law had shown itself unequal to the occasion, and nothing now remained but a direct appeal to force. Scarcely had the watchword left his mouth when a war whoop answered from outside the door, and fifty men in the guise of Mohawk Indians passed quickly by the entrance, and hastened to Griffin's Wharf. Before the nine o'clock bell rang, the three hundred and forty-two chests of tea laden upon the three ships had been cut open, and their contents emptied into the sea. Not a person was harmed; no other property was injured; and the vast crowd, looking upon the scene from the wharf in the clear frosty moon-

light, was so still that the click of the hatchets could be distinctly heard. Next morning, the salted tea, as driven by wind and wave, lay in long rows on Dorchester beach, while Paul Revere, booted and spurred, was riding post-haste to Philadelphia, with the glorious news that Boston had at last thrown down the gauntlet for the King of England to pick up.

This heroic action of Boston was greeted with public rejoicing throughout all the thirteen colonies, and the other principal seaports were not slow to follow the example. A ship laden with two hundred and fifty-seven chests of tea had arrived at Charleston on the 2d of December; but the consignees had resigned, and after twenty days the ship's cargo was seized and landed; and so, as there was no one to receive it, or pay the duty, it was thrown into a damp cellar, where it spoiled. In Philadelphia, on the 25th, a ship arrived with tea; but a meeting of five thousand men forced the consignees to resign, and the captain straightway set sail for England, the ship having been stopped before it had come within the jurisdiction of the custom house.

In Massachusetts, the exultation knew no bounds. "This," said John Adams, "is the most magnificent movement of all. There is a dignity, a majesty, a sublimity, in this last effort of the patriots that I greatly admire." Indeed, often as it has been cited and described, the Boston Tea-Party was an event so great that even American historians have generally failed to do it justice. This supreme assertion by a New England town meeting of the most fundamental principle of political freedom has been curiously misunderstood by British writers, of whatever party. The most recent

Tory historian, Mr. Lecky, speaks of "the Tea-Riot at Boston," and characterizes it as an "outrage." The most recent Liberal historian, Mr. Green, alludes to it as "a trivial riot." Such expressions betray most profound misapprehension alike of the significance of this noble scene and of the political conditions in which it originated. There is no difficulty in defining a riot. The pages of history teem with accounts of popular tumults, wherein passion breaks loose and wreaks its fell purpose, unguided and unrestrained by reason. No definition could be further from describing the colossal event which occurred in Boston on the 16th of December, 1773. Here passion was guided and curbed by sound reason at every step, down to the last moment, in the dim candle-light of the old church, when the noble Puritan statesman quietly told his hearers that the moment for using force had at last, and through no fault of theirs, arrived. They had reached a point where the written law had failed them; and in their effort to defend the eternal principles of natural justice, they were now most reluctantly compelled to fall back upon the paramount law of self-preservation. It was the one supreme moment in a controversy supremely important to mankind, and in which the common sense of the world has since acknowledged that they were wholly in the right. It was the one moment of all that troubled time in which no compromise was possible. "Had the tea been landed," says the contemporary historian, William Gordon, "the union of the colonies in opposing the ministerial scheme would have been dissolved; and it would have been extremely difficult ever after to have restored it." In view of the stupendous issues at stake, the patience of the men of

THE BOSTON TEA-PARTY

Boston was far more remarkable than their boldness. For the quiet sublimity of reasonable but dauntless moral purpose, the heroic annals of Greece and Rome can show us no greater scene than that which the Old South Meeting-House witnessed on the day when the tea was destroyed.



Patrick Henry Delivering His
Celebrated Oration

PATRICK HENRY DELIVERING HIS CELEBRATED ORATION

BY PETER FREDERICK ROTHERMEL

(*American artist*, 1817–1895)

"THE place of meeting was the old church in Richmond. The proceedings of the Continental Congress were approved, and the delegates of the colony in Congress were applauded with perfect unanimity . . . and the convention of the Old Dominion renewed their assurances, 'that it was the most ardent wish of their colony and of the whole continent of North America to see a speedy return of those halcyon days when they lived a free and happy people.'

"To Patrick Henry this language seemed likely to lull the public mind into confidence, at a time when the interruption of the sessions of the General Assembly left them 'no opportunity, in their legislative capacity, of making any provision to secure their rights from the further violations with which they were threatened.' He therefore proposed 'that this colony be immediately put into a posture of defense, and that a committee prepare a plan for the embodying, arming, and disciplining such a number of men, as may be sufficient for that purpose.' The resolution was opposed by Bland, Harrison, and Pendleton, three of the delegates of Virginia in Congress, and by Nicholas, who had been among the most resolute in the preceding May. The thought of an actual conflict in arms with England was new; they counted on the influence of the friends of liberty in the parent country, the interposition of the manufacturing interests, or the relenting of the sovereign himself. 'Are we ready for war?' they asked; 'are we a military people? Where are our stores, our soldiers, our generals, our money? We are defenseless; yet we talk of war against one of the most formidable nations in the world. It will be time enough to resort to measures of despair when every well-founded hope has vanished.'" Then it was that Patrick Henry made the speech which follows.

"GIVE ME LIBERTY, OR GIVE ME DEATH!"

[1775]

BY PATRICK HENRY

It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is it the part of wise men, engaged in the great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes see not, and having ears hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir! it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land.

Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling

to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation, the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other motive for it?

Has Great Britain any other enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministers have been so long forging.

And what have we to oppose them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer on the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated, we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne.

They tell us, sir, that we are weak — unable to cope

with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us.

The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the active, the vigilant, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election! If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat — but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable; — and let it come! I repeat it, sir; let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry Peace! peace! — but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What

would they have? Is life so dead, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Heaven! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

III
FROM LEXINGTON TO SARATOGA

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE people of Massachusetts had begun to prepare for armed resistance, and had stored powder in Concord. British soldiers were sent to seize this; but were opposed by little bands of the colonists at Lexington and Concord, and were forced to retreat. This was the beginning of the war. It was followed in June by the battle of Bunker Hill, a defeat, but yet a victory; for the colonists found that they, untrained as they were, were only kept from repulsing the famous British regulars by the lack of powder. Washington had been appointed commander-in-chief, and was already on his way to take command of the army in Boston.

The British sent a fleet to attack Charleston, South Carolina; but their balls were met by two rows of palmetto logs with sand between, and did little damage. On July 2, 1776, Congress passed a resolution "That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States." To adopt the famous Declaration of Independence two days later was easy, but to force Great Britain to admit their independence was another matter.

In August, New York was occupied by the British, and Washington retreated into Pennsylvania. The British thought that resistance was at an end, but on December 26, Washington crossed the Delaware, captured a large force of Hessians at Trenton, and defeated the British in the battle of Princeton. But in spite of these successes and of the arrival of the Marquis de Lafayette and other noble volunteers, affairs at the close of 1776 looked black for the colonists.

The following year saw a change of fortune. The British planned to cut off New England by sending an expedition under Burgoyne from Canada down to Albany, where it would be met by an army from New York. The Americans had no available force strong enough to oppose Burgoyne, but by delaying his advance and cutting off his detachments, they wore down his force until at Saratoga he was obliged on October 17, to surrender his entire army.

THE FIRST DAY OF THE REVOLUTION

[1775]

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE

"On the nineteenth day of April, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-five, a day to be remembered by all Americans of the present generation, and which ought and doubtless will be, handed down to ages yet unborn, the troops of Britain, unprovoked, shed the blood of sundry of the loyal American subjects of the British king in the field of Lexington."

These words are the prophetic introduction of the "Narrative of the Excursion of the King's Troops under the Command of General Gage," which the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts sent to England. With infinite care the Congress drew up depositions, which were sworn to before "His Majesty's justices of the peace," that, with all legal form, they might show to all the world who were the aggressors, now that the crisis had come. Then they entrusted the precious volume of these depositions to Richard Derby of Salem, who sent John Derby with them to England. The vessel made a good run, arriving on the 29th of May with these official papers, and the "Essex Gazette," which had the published accounts. The Sukey, Captain Brown, with the government accounts forwarded by General Gage, did not arrive till eleven days after. Meanwhile Arthur Lee and all the friends of America in London were steadily publishing the news of the "ministerial" attack on the people, and the people's repulse of the army. The public

charged the Government with concealing the news. Thus was it that, when

> "the embattled farmers stood,
> And fired the shot heard round the world,"

they told their own story.

All parties had fair notice that the crisis was coming, and they had a good chance to guess how it was coming. On the 30th of March, by way of seeing how people would bear the presence of an army, and how the army would march after a winter's rest and rust, Earl Percy with five regiments marched out over Boston Neck, into the country. Boston people can trace him by walking out on Washington Street, where the sea-water then flowed on both sides, up the hill at Roxbury, on the right of the church, and heeding Governor Dudley's parting-stone which still stands, let them take Center Street, "to Dedham and Rhode Island." Along that road to Jamaica Plain, Earl Percy marched, his drums and fifes playing "Yankee Doodle." The spring was very early. Some soldiers straggled, and trampled down gardens and fields that had been planted, perhaps the fall before. From Jamaica Plain, Earl Percy led them across to Dorchester; and by the Dorchester Road they came home. Very indignant was the Provincial Congress and the Committee of Safety at this first "invasion" of the country; and all people guessed that Concord would be the point of the next "excursion," because at Concord was one of the largest deposits of stores which the Province of Massachusetts had collected in its preparation against the British Empire.

As early as February 9, the Provincial Congress had intimated their intention of stopping such "excursions."

They had appointed the celebrated "Committee of Safety," with the express purpose of checking them. Of this committee: —

"The business and duty it shall be, most carefully and diligently to inspect and observe all and every such person or persons as shall at any time attempt to carry into execution, by force, an act of the British parliament, entitled 'An Act for the better Regulating the Government of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, in New England' . . . which said committee, or any five of them, provided always that not more than one of the said five shall be an inhabitant of the town of Boston, shall have power, and they are hereby empowered and directed, when they shall judge that such attempt or attempts are made, to alarm, muster, and cause to be assembled with the utmost expedition, and completely armed, accoutered, and supplied with provisions sufficient for their support in their march to the place of rendezvous, such and so many of the militia of this Province as they shall judge necessary for the end and purpose of opposing such attempt or attempts, and at such place or places as they shall judge proper, and them to discharge as the safety of the Province shall permit."

This, it will be observed, was full preparation for war, only the Provincial Congress meant that General Gage should strike the first blow.

Meanwhile, Ensign Berniere of the 10th Royal Infantry, with a companion, Captain Brown, was sent to see what there was at Concord. They left their journal behind them, when, the next year, the English army evacuated Boston; and so we are able to trace their march to-day.

And so it happened that late in the evening of the 18th of April, when it was supposed most of the Boston people were in bed, about eight hundred soldiers — grenadiers, light-infantry and marines — were embarked in the boats of the navy, very near the place where the old Providence Station stood, where then the tide rose and fell. Remember that there was no bridge at that time from Boston to any side. The little army was ferried across to Lechmere's Point, not far from the Court House to-day; it lost two hours in going so far, and then took up its silent line of march through Cambridge, by what is still remembered as Milk Row. At the tavern in Menotomy, now West Cambridge, the rebel Committee of Safety had been in session the day before. Dear Old General Heath, till then only "our colonel," whose memoirs come in the most entertaining reading of the time, had been there. But he had gone home to Roxbury.

Here, in the garrulous old eighteenth-century style, is his account of what happened to those who stayed: —

"On the nineteenth, at daybreak, our general was awoke, called from his bed, and informed that a detachment of the British army were out, that they had crossed from Boston to Phipp's Farm in boats, and had gone towards Concord, as was supposed, with intent to destroy the public stores. They probably had notice that the committees had met the preceding day at Wetherby's Tavern, at Menotomy; for, when they came opposite the house, they halted. Several of the gentlemen slept there during the night. Among them were Colonel Orne, Colonel Lee, and Mr. Gerry. One of them awoke and informed the others that a body of the British were

before the house. They immediately made their escape, without time to dress themselves, at the back door, receiving some injury from obstacles in the way, in their undressed state. They made their way into the fields."

Heath had met on his way home officers who tried to keep the news of the "excursion" from reaching Concord; but the country was alarmed, and Colonel Smith sent back to Boston for a reinforcement. General Gage had expected the request, and had ordered the first brigade under arms at four that morning. These orders were carried to the first brigade-major's. He was not at home; and when he came home, his servant forgot to tell of the letter. At four o'clock no brigade appeared. At five o'clock Colonel Smith's express came, asking the reinforcement. On inquiry, it proved that no orders were given; and it was not till six that a part of the brigade paraded. They waited till seven for the marines. Is not all this like a village muster to-day? At seven, there being still no marines, it proved that the order for them had been addressed to Major Pitcairn, who was by this time far away, and had indeed begun the war already, without knowing it, by firing his pistol on Lexington Common. So the half of the brigade waited, and waited, till the marines could be got ready, and when they were ready at nine o'clock, started over Boston Neck; for now they had no boats: so that they must e'en go six miles round by land, as every Bostonian will see, for there were then no bridges. So they came to Dudley's parting-stone playing "Yankee Doodle" again; but when they reached the stone this time, they took the right-hand road "to Cambridge and Watertown." A Roxbury boy who sat on a stone wall to see them pass

prophesied thus to Percy, referring to the history of his noble house: "You go out by 'Yankee Doodle'; but you will come back by 'Chevy Chase.'"

While the half-brigade was waiting for the marines on what is now Tremont Street, its line crossing the head of Beacon Street, a little boy nine years old, named Harrison Gray Otis, was on his way to the old school in School Street, where Parker's Hotel stands to-day. Here is his account of it. It is, so far as I know, the only glimpse we have of Boston life on that memorable morning: —

"On the nineteenth of April, 1775, I went to school for the last time. In the morning, about seven, Percy's brigade was drawn up, extending from Scollay's buildings, through Tremont Street, and nearly to the bottom of the mall, preparing to take up their march for Lexington. A corporal came up to me as I was going to school, and turned me off to pass down Court Street; which I did, and came up School Street to the schoolhouse. It may well be imagined that great agitation prevailed, the British line being drawn up a few yards only from the schoolhouse-door. As I entered school, I heard the announcement of '*deponite libros*,' and ran home for fear of the regulars. Here ended my connection with Mr. Lovell's administration of the school. Soon afterwards I left town, and did not return until after the evacuation by the British, in March, 1776."

Colonel Smith and his eight hundred had pressed on meanwhile. The alarm had been so thoroughly given in Lexington that at two o'clock the militia had assembled (one hundred and thirty in number); and John Parker their captain had ordered them to load with powder and ball. This John is the grandfather of one Theodore, who

will appear two generations afterwards. No sign of any troops; and the men were dismissed with orders to assemble again at the beat of drum. Most of them thought that the whole was a false alarm. But Gage's officers in the advance of the English column, came back to it on its march, and reported that five hundred men were in arms. Major Pitcairn of the marines had command of six companies of light infantry in advance. He caught all of Parker's scouts except Thaddeus Bowman, who galloped back to Lexington Common and gave to Parker tidings of the approach of the column.

Parker ordered the drum to beat; and his men began to collect. He ordered Sergeant William Munroe to form them in two ranks, a few rods north of the meeting-house. The English officers hearing the drum, halted their troops, bade them prime and load, and then marched forward at double-quick. Sixty or seventy of the militia had assembled. The tradition is, that Parker had bidden the men not to fire till they were fired upon, but added, "If they mean to have a war, let it begin here." Double-quick on one side; on the other, Sergeant Munroe forming his men as well as he can. Major Pitcairn is in the advance. "Ye villains, ye rebels, disperse! Lay down your arms! Why don't ye lay down your arms?" He saw a gun flash in the pan. The men did not disperse. Pitcairn declared, till the day he died at Bunker Hill, that he gave no order to fire, that he commanded not to fire; and it seems to be admitted that he struck his staff or sword downward, as a signal to forbear firing. But some men in his party fired irregularly, and hurt no one. Then came a general discharge from the English line, and many men were killed or

wounded. The militia returned the fire — some before leaving their line, some after — and the war was begun. Here is Captain John Parker's account of the fight, one of the papers which Captain Derby carried to London:—

"I, John Parker, of lawful age, and commander of the militia at Lexington, do testify and declare, that on the nineteenth instant, in the morning, about one of the clock, being informed that there were a number of the regular officers riding up and down the road, stopping and insulting people as they passed the road, and also informed that a number of the regular troops were on their march from Boston, in order to take the Province stores at Concord, I ordered our militia to meet on the common in said Lexington, to consult what to do; and concluded not to be discovered, nor meddle, nor make with said regular troops, if they should approach, unless they should insult or molest us; and, upon their sudden approach, I immediately ordered our militia to disperse, and not to fire. Immediately said troops made their appearance, and rushing furiously on, fired upon and killed eight of our party, without receiving any provocation therefor from us."

MIDDLESEX, ss., April 25, 1775.

"The above-named John Parker personally appeared, and, after being duly cautioned to tell the whole truth, made solemn oath to the truth of the above deposition by him subscribed before us.

"WILLIAM REED,
"JOSHUA JOHNSON,
"WILLIAM STICKNEY,
"Justices of the Peace."

That is the way those people went to war. They fought one day; and then they made depositions to secure the truth of history. Henry Clay was greatly amused when Dr. Palfrey, our New England historian, told him of these depositions. He heard the story in some detail, and then said, "Tell me that again."

But they did not stop for depositions then. The militia retired: some here, some there. The English troops fired a volley on the Common, and gave three cheers. Colonel Smith came up with the main party; and they all pressed on to Concord. Two of their party had been wounded. Major Pitcairn's horse was struck by a ball; and, after the column left Lexington, six of the regulars were taken prisoners. The musket of one of them is in the State House to-day.

Meanwhile the Concord militia had the alarm, and had formed. The minute-men and some of the militia from Lincoln, the next town, had joined them. Some of the companies marched down the Lexington road till they saw the approaching column. They saw they were outnumbered; and they fell back to a hill about eighty rods' distance back of the town, where they formed. Colonel Barrett, their commander, joined them here. He had been at work that day executing such commands as these, given by the Committee of Safety the day before. They are worth looking back upon as illustrations of the preparations of these days: —

"April 18, 1775.

"*Voted*, That part of the provisions be removed from Concord; viz., fifty barrels of beef from thence to Sudbury, with Deacon Plympton, a hundred barrels of

flour (of which what is in the malt-house in Concord be part) twenty casks of rice, fifteen hogsheads of molasses, ten hogsheads of rum, five hundred candles.

"*Voted*, That the musket-balls under the care of Colonel Barrett be buried under ground in some safe place; that he be desired to do it, and to let the commissary only be informed thereof."

Still finding himself outnumbered, Colonel Barrett then withdrew his force over the North Bridge to the other side of Concord River; and the little English army marched into the town.

Three of their companies were stationed at the bridge: three companies were sent to Colonel Barrett's house, two miles distant, to destroy the magazine. Did they find the musket bullets? No. Another party was sent to the South Bridge. In the center of the town they broke off the trunnions of three new cannon, destroyed what stores they could find, among others some wooden spoons and trenchers, which appear quite conspicuously in all the accounts. But from all such work all parties were called by firing at the North Bridge.

All this time, minute-men from all parts of Middlesex County had been pouring in on the high grounds where Colonel Barrett had formed his men. They saw at last that the troops had fired the town, in one place and another. The court-house was on fire. Captain William Smith, of Lincoln, volunteered to take his company and dislodge the guard at the bridge. Isaac Davis, of the Acton company, made the remark, which has become a proverb, "There is not a man of my company that is

afraid to go." Colonel Barrett ordered the attack, bade the column pass the bridge, but not to fire unless they were fired upon. Again the passion for law appeared: "It is the king's highway, and we have a right to march upon it, if we march to Boston. Forward, march!" They marched to the air of the "White Cockade," the quickest step their fifes could play.

Laurie, in command of the English party, crossed back on the bridge, and began to take up the planks. Major Buttrick, who commanded the attacking party, hurried his men. When they were within a few rods, the English fired, in three several discharges. Mr. Emerson, the minister of Concord (the grandfather of Ralph Waldo Emerson), watched the scene, and made his record on that day. Three several discharges were made by the English; and Mr. Emerson "was very uneasy till the fire was returned." Isaac Davis, the Acton captain, and Abner Hosmer were killed; and then Major Buttrick gave the order to fire. The English retired. The Provincials crossed the bridge and part of them ascended the bold hill, which visitors to Concord remember behind the meeting-house on the right of the town. The English party under Parsons returned from Barrett's, and crossed the bridge again; but they were left to join the main body without offense.

One English soldier had been killed and several wounded. Colonel Smith delayed his return till he could find carriages for his wounded; and it was noon before he began his return. Meanwhile, north, south, east, and west, couriers had been speeding, announcing that the Lexington militia had been fired on. The minute-men, the county through, had started on their march. They

did not know what point to strike. They did not know what they were to do when they came there. But they marched: they were determined to be in time; and in time they were. The populous country between Boston and Concord was in arms. The men knew every inch of ground, and, after they had had their shot at the regulars in one place, ran across country and tried them in another. "They are trained to protect themselves behind stone walls," wrote General Gage to the ministry. "They seemed to drop from the clouds," says an English soldier. Poor Smith and his party, after thirty miles of tramping, came back to Lexington Common, in no mood for giving three huzzas there. They made quick marching of it, and were there by two in the afternoon. They left Concord at noon.

"A number of our officers were wounded," says Berniere; "so that we began to run rather than retreat in order. The whole behaved with amazing bravery, but little order."

Here Percy met them with his late reinforcement; here they rested, and then resumed the retreat, to receive just the same treatment in every defile. At West Cambridge, the Danvers company, the flank company of the Essex regiment, had come up. Fifteen miles they had marched in four hours, across Essex County. It was sunset before the head of such of the column as was left crossed Charlestown Neck. All Boston was on Beacon Hill, watching for their return. Through the gathering twilight, men could see from the hill the flashes of the muskets on Milk Row; and Percy had to unlimber his field-pieces, and bring them into use again. It was at West Cambridge that Dr. Warren so exposed himself

that a pin was struck out of the hair of his earlock. General Heath was by this time exercising some sort of command. Late in the afternoon, when the head of the English column had arrived at Bunker Hill, an aide of Pickering's rode up to Heath, to announce that the Essex regiment was close behind him. Danvers had gone across country: the rest of the regiment had marched direct to Boston. Heath judged that it was too late for any further attack. The English, on their side, planted sentries at the Neck. Heath planted them on the other side, and ordered the militia to lie on their arms at Cambridge.

But, long before this, the news of the march had traveled north and west and south. The memory of the rider "on the white horse" is still told in tradition, reminding one, as Governor Washburn has said, of the white horse in the Revelation. The march and retreat were on Wednesday. On Sunday morning they had a rumor of it in New York; and on Tuesday they had a second express from New England with quite a connected story. This story was so definite that they ventured to send it south by express as they received it from New Haven. To Elizabethtown, to Woodbridge, to New Brunswick, to Princeton, it flew as fast as horses could carry it. The indorsements by the different committees show their eager haste. It was in Baltimore on the 27th. It was in Georgetown, South Carolina, on the 10th of May.

It told how the king's troops were besieged on Winter Hill; how Lord Percy was killed, and another general officer of the English, on the first fire. "To counterbalance this good news, the story is, that our first man in

command (who he is, I know not) is also killed." No man has since known who "our first man in command" was. There was no commander all day long.

The dispatch was all untrue. But it told of war, and it fired the whole country. On the 20th of April an army was around Boston, and the siege had begun.

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY OF BUNKER-HILL BATTLE

[1775]

AS SHE SAW IT FROM THE BELFRY

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

'T is like stirring living embers when, at eighty, one remembers
All the achings and the quakings of "the times that tried men's souls;"
When I talk of *Whig* and *Tory*, when I tell the *Rebel* story,
To you the words are ashes, but to me they're burning coals.

I had heard the muskets' rattle of the April running battle;
Lord Percy's hunted soldiers, I can see their red coats still;
But a deadly chill comes o'er me, as the day looms up before me,
When a thousand men lay bleeding on the slopes of Bunker's Hill.

'T was a peaceful summer's morning, when the first thing gave us warning
Was the booming of the cannon from the river and the shore:
"Child," says grandma, "what 's the matter, what is all this noise and clatter?
Have those scalping Indian devils come to murder us once more?"

Poor old soul! my sides were shaking in the midst of all my quaking,
To hear her talk of Indians when the guns began to roar:
She had seen the burning village, and the slaughter and the pillage,
When the Mohawks killed her father with their bullets through his door.

Then I said, "Now, dear old granny, don't you fret and worry any,
For I'll soon come back and tell you whether this is work or play;
There can't be mischief in it, so I won't be gone a minute" —
For a minute then I started. I was gone the livelong day.

No time for bodice-lacing or for looking-glass grimacing;
Down my hair went as I hurried, tumbling half-way to my heels;
God forbid your ever knowing, when there 's blood around her flowing,
How the lonely, helpless daughtėr of a quiet household feels!

In the street I heard a thumping; and I knew it was the stumping
Of the Corporal, our old neighbor, on that wooden leg he wore,
With a knot of women round him, — it was lucky I had found him,
So I followed with the others, and the Corporal marched before.

They were making for the steeple, — the old soldier and his people;
The pigeons circled round us as we climbed the creaking stair,
Just across the narrow river — O, so close it made me shiver! —
Stood a fortress on the hilltop that but yesterday was bare.

Not slow our eyes to find it; well we knew who stood behind it,
Though the earthwork hid them from us, and the stubborn walls were dumb:
Here were sister, wife, and mother, looking wild upon each other,
And their lips were white with terror as they said, THE HOUR HAS COME!

The morning slowly wasted, not a morsel had we tasted,
And our heads were almost splitting with the cannons' deafening thrill,
When a figure tall and stately round the rampart strode sedately;
It was PRESCOTT, one since told me; he commanded on the hill.

Every woman's heart grew bigger when we saw his manly figure,
With the banyan buckled round it, standing up so straight and tall;
Like a gentleman of leisure who is strolling out for pleasure,
Through the storm of shells and cannon-shot he walked around the wall.

At eleven the streets were swarming, for the red-coats' ranks were forming;
At noon in marching order they were moving to the piers;
How the bayonets gleamed and glistened, as we looked far down, and listened
To the trampling and the drum-beat of the belted grenadiers!

At length the men have started, with a cheer (it seèmed faint-hearted),
In their scarlet regimentals, with their knapsacks on their backs,
And the reddening, rippling water, as after a sea-fight's slaughter,
Round the barges gliding onward blushed like blood along their tracks.

So they crossed to the other border, and again they formed in order;
And the boats came back for soldiers, came for soldiers, soldiers still:
The time seemed everlasting to us women faint and fasting, —
At last they're moving, marching, marching proudly up the hill.

We can see the bright steel glancing all along the lines advancing —
Now the front rank fires a volley — they have thrown away their shot;
For behind their earthwork lying, all the balls above them flying,
Our people need not hurry; so they wait and answer not.

Then the Corporal, our old cripple (he would swear
sometimes and tipple), —
He had heard the bullets whistle (in the old French war)
before, —
Calls out in words of jeering, just as if they all were
hearing, —
And his wooden leg thumps fiercely on the dusty belfry
floor: —

"O! fire away, ye villains, and earn King George's
shillin's,
But ye 'll waste a ton of powder afore a 'rebel' falls;
You may bang the dirt and welcome, they're as safe as
Dan'l Malcolm
Ten foot beneath the gravestone that you've splintered
with your balls!"

In the hush of expectation, in the awe and trepidation
Of the dread approaching moment, we are wellnigh
breathless all;
Though the rotten bars are failing on the rickety belfry
railing,
We are crowding up against them like the waves against
a wall.

Just a glimpse (the air is clearer), they are nearer, —
nearer, — nearer,
When a flash — a curling smoke wreath — then a
crash — the steeple shakes —
The deadly truce is ended; the tempest's shroud is
rended;
Like a morning mist it gathered, like a thunder-cloud it
breaks!

O the sight our eyes discover as the blue-black smoke
blows over!
The red-coats stretched in windrows as a mower rakes
his hay;
Here a scarlet heap is lying, there a headlong crowd is flying
Like a billow that has broken and is shivered into spray.

Then we cried, "The troops are routed! they are beat —
it can't be doubted!
God be thanked, the fight is over!" — Ah! the grim old
soldier's smile!
"Tell us, tell us why you look so?" (we could hardly
speak, we shook so), —
"Are they beaten? *Are* they beaten? ARE they
beaten?" — "Wait a while."

O the trembling and the terror! for too soon we saw our
error;
They are baffled, not defeated; we have driven them
back in vain;
And the columns that were scattered, round the colors
that were tattered,
Toward the sullen silent fortress turn their belted
breasts again.

All at once, as we are gazing, lo, the roofs of Charlestown
blazing!
They have fired the harmless village; in an hour it will be
down!
The Lord in heaven confound them, rain his fire and
brimstone round them, —
The robbing, murdering red-coats, that would burn a
peaceful town!

They are marching, stern and solemn! we can see each
massive column
As they near the naked earth-mound with the slanting
walls so steep.
Have our soldiers got faint-hearted, and in noiseless
haste departed?
Are they panic-struck and helpless? Are they palsied or
asleep?

Now! the walls they're almost under! scarce a rod the
foes asunder!
Not a firelock flashed against them! up the earthwork
they will swarm!
But the words have scarce been spoken, when the omi-
nous calm is broken,
And a bellowing crash has emptied all the vengeance of
the storm!

So again, with murderous slaughter, pelted backwards to
the water,
Fly Pigot's running heroes and the frightened braves of
Howe;
And we shout, "At last they're done for, it's their
barges they have run for:
They are beaten, beaten, beaten; and the battle's over
now!"

And we looked, poor timid creatures, on the rough old
soldier's features,
Our lips afraid to question, but he knew what we would
ask:

"Not sure," he said; "keep quiet, — once more, I guess, they'll try it —
Here's damnation to the cut-throats!" — then he handed me his flask,

Saying, "Gal, you're looking shaky; have a drop of old Jamaiky;
I'm afeard there'll be more trouble afore the job is done;"
So I took one scorching swallow; dreadful faint I felt and hollow,
Standing there from early morning when the firing was begun.

All through those hours of trial I had watched a calm clock dial,
As the hands kept creeping, creeping, — they were creeping round to four,
When the old man said, "They 're forming with their bagonets fixed for storming:
It's the death-grip that's a coming, — they will try the works once more."

With brazen trumpets blaring, the flames behind them glaring,
The deadly wall before them, in close array they come;
Still onward, upward toiling, like a dragon's fold uncoiling, —
Like the rattlesnake's shrill warning the reverberating drum!

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY OF BUNKER HILL

Over heaps all torn and gory — shall I tell the fearful
story,
How they surged above the breastwork, as a sea breaks
over a deck;
How, driven, yet scarce defeated, our worn-out men
retreated,
With their powder-horns all emptied, like the swimmers
from a wreck?

It has all been told and painted; as for me, they say I
fainted,
And the wooden-legged old Corporal stumped with me
down the stair:
When I woke from dreams affrighted the evening lamps
were lighted, —
On the floor a youth was lying; his bleeding breast was
bare.

And I heard through all the flurry, "Send for WARREN!
hurry! hurry!
Tell him here's a soldier bleeding, and he'll come and
dress his wound!"
Ah, we knew not till the morrow told its tale of death
and sorrow,
How the starlight found him stiffened on the dark and
bloody ground.

Who the youth was, what his name was, where the place
from which he came was,
Who had brought him from the battle and had left him
at our door,

He could not speak to tell us; but 't was one of our brave fellows,
As the homespun plainly showed us which the dying soldier wore.

For they all thought he was dying, as they gathered round him crying, —
And they said, "O how they'll miss him!" and, "What *will* his mother do?"
Then, his eyelids just unclosing like a child's that has been dozing,
He faintly murmured, "Mother!" — and — I saw his eyes were blue.

— "Why, grandma, how you're winking!" — Ah, my child, it sets me thinking
Of a story not like this one. Well, he somehow lived along;
So we came to know each other, and I nursed him like a — mother,
Till at last he stood before me, tall, and rosy-cheeked, and strong.

And we sometimes walked together in the pleasant summer weather;
— "Please to tell us what his name was?" — Just your own, my little dear, —
There's his picture Copley painted: we became so well acquainted,
That — in short, that's why I'm grandma, and you children all are here!

WHEN WASHINGTON TOOK COMMAND

[1775]

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE

["WITHOUT any serious opposition, in the name of the 'United Colonies,' the Congress adopted the army of New England men besieging Boston as the 'Continental Army,' and proceeded to appoint a commander-in-chief to direct its operations. Practically, this was the most important step taken in the whole course of the War of Independence. Nothing less than the whole issue of the struggle, for ultimate defeat or for ultimate victory, turned upon the selection to be made at this crisis. . . . The choice of Washington for commander-in-chief was suggested and strongly urged by John Adams, and when, on the 15th of June, the nomination was formally made by Thomas Johnson, of Maryland, it was unanimously confirmed. Then Washington, rising, said with great earnestness: 'Since the Congress desire, I will enter upon the momentous duty, and exert every power I possess in their service and for the support of the glorious cause. But I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in the room that I this day declare, with the utmost sincerity, I do not think myself equal to the command I am honored with.' He refused to take any pay for his services, but said he would keep an accurate account of his personal expenses, which Congress might reimburse, should it see fit, after the close of the war."

John Fiske.]

ON June 21, he set forth accompanied by Lee and Schuyler, and with a brilliant escort. He had ridden but twenty miles when he was met by the news of Bunker Hill. "Did the militia fight?" was the immediate and

characteristic question; and being told that they did fight, he exclaimed, "Then the liberties of the country are safe." Given the fighting spirit, Washington felt he could do anything. Full of this important intelligence, he pressed forward to Newark, where he was received by a committee of the Provincial Congress, sent to conduct the commander-in-chief to New York. There he tarried long enough to appoint Schuyler to the charge of the military affairs in that colony, having mastered on the the journey its complicated social and political conditions. Pushing on through Connecticut he reached Watertown, where he was received by the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, on July 2, with every expression of attachment and confidence. Lingering less than an hour for this ceremony, he rode on to the headquarters at Cambridge, and when he came within the lines the shouts of the soldiers and the booming of cannon announced his arrival to the English in Boston.

The next day he rode forth in the presence of a great multitude, and the troops having been drawn up before him, he drew his sword beneath the historical elm tree, and took command of the first American army. "His Excellency," wrote Dr. Thatcher in his journal, "was on horseback in company with several military gentlemen. It was not difficult to distinguish him from all others. He is tall and well-proportioned, and his personal appearance truly noble and majestic." "He is tall and of easy and agreeable address," the Loyalist Curwen had remarked a few weeks before; while Mrs. John Adams, warm-hearted and clever, wrote to her husband after the general's arrival: "Dignity, ease, and complacency, the gentleman and the soldier, look agreeably

blended in him. Modesty marks every line and feature of his face. Those lines of Dryden instantly occurred to me, —

> 'Mark his majestic fabric! He's a temple
> Sacred by birth, and built by hands divine;
> His soul's the deity that lodges there;
> Nor is the pile unworthy of the God.'"

Lady, lawyer, and surgeon, patriot, and Tory, all speak alike, and as they wrote so New England felt. A slave-owner, an aristocrat, and a Churchman, Washington came to Cambridge to pass over the heads of native generals to the command of a New England army, among a democratic people, hard-working and simple in their lives, and dissenters to the backbone, who regarded Episcopacy as something little short of Papistry and quite equivalent to Toryism. Yet the shout that went up from soldiers and people in Cambridge Common on that pleasant July morning came from the heart and had no jarring note. A few of the political chiefs growled a little in later days at Washington, but the soldiers and the people, high and low, rich and poor, gave him an unstinted loyalty. On the fields of battle and throughout eight years of political strife the men of New England stood by the great Virginian with a devotion and truth in which was no shadow of turning. Here again we see exhibited most conspicuously the powerful personality of the man who was able thus to command immediately the allegiance of this naturally cold and reserved people. What was it that they saw that inspired them at once with so much confidence? They looked upon a tall, handsome man, dressed in plain uniform, wearing across his breast a broad blue

band of silk, which some may have noticed as the badge and symbol of a certain solemn league and covenant once very momentous in the English-speaking world. They saw his calm, high bearing, and in every line of face and figure they beheld the signs of force and courage. Yet there must have been something more to call forth the confidence then so quickly given, and which no one ever long withheld. All felt dimly, but none the less surely, that here was a strong, able man, capable of rising to the emergency, whatever it might be, capable of continued growth and development, clear of head and warm of heart; and so the New England people gave to him instinctively their sympathy and their faith, and never took them back.

The shouts and cheers died away, and then Washington returned to his temporary quarters in the Wadsworth House, to master the task before him. The first great test of his courage and ability had come, and he faced it quietly as the excitement caused by his arrival passed by. He saw before him, to use his own words, "a mixed multitude of people, under very little discipline, order, or government." In the language of one of his aides: "The entire army, if it deserved the name, was but an assemblage of brave, enthusiastic, undisciplined, country lads; the officers in general quite as ignorant of military life as the troops, excepting a few elderly men, who had seen some irregular service among the Provincials under Lord Amherst." With this force, ill-posted and very insecurely fortified, Washington was to drive the British from Boston. His first step was to count his men, and it took eight days to get the necessary returns which in an ordinary army would have been

furnished in an hour. When he had them, he found that instead of twenty thousand, as had been represented, but fourteen thousand soldiers were actually present for duty. In a short time, however, Mr. Emerson, the chaplain, noted in his diary that it was surprising how much had been done, and that the lines had been so extended, and the works so shrewdly built, that it was morally impossible for the enemy to get out except in one place purposely left open. A little later the same observer remarked: "There is a great overturning in the camp as to order and regularity; new lords, new laws. The Generals Washington and Lee are upon the lines every day. The strictest government is taking place, and great distinction is made between officers and soldiers." Bodies of troops scattered here and there by chance were replaced by well-distributed forces, posted wisely and effectively in strong intrenchments. It is little wonder that the worthy chaplain was impressed, and now, seeing it all from every side, we too can watch order come out of chaos and mark the growth of an army under the guidance of a master-mind and the steady pressure of an unbending will.

Then too there was no discipline, for the army was composed of raw militia, who elected their officers and carried on war as they pleased. In a passage suppressed by Mr. Sparks, Washington said: "There is no such thing as getting officers of this stamp to carry orders into execution — to curry favor with the men (by whom they were chosen, and on whose smile they may possibly think that they may again rely) seems to be one of the principal objects of their attention. I have made a pretty good slam amongst such kind of officers as the

Massachusetts Government abounds in, since I came into this camp, having broke one colonel and two captains for cowardly behavior in the action on Bunker Hill, two captains for drawing more pay and provisions than they had men in their company, and one for being absent from his post when the enemy appeared there and burnt a house just by it. Besides these I have at this time one colonel, one major, one captain, and two subalterns under arrest for trial. In short, I spare none, and yet fear it will not all do, as these people seem to be too attentive to everything but their own interests." This may be plain and homely in phrase, but it is not stilted, and the quick energy of the words shows how the New England farmers and fishermen were being rapidly brought to discipline. Bringing the army into order, however, was but a small part of his duties. It is necessary to run over all his difficulties, great and small, at this time, and count them up, in order to gain a just idea of the force and capacity of the man who overcame them.

Washington, moreover, was obliged to deal not only with his army, but with the General Congress and the Congress of the Province. He had to teach them, utterly ignorant as they were of the needs and details of war, how to organize and supply their armies. There was no commissary department, there were no uniforms, no arrangements for ammunition, no small arms, no cannon, no resources to draw upon for all these necessaries of war. Little by little he taught Congress to provide after a fashion for these things, little by little he developed what he needed, and by his own ingenuity, and by seizing alertly every suggestion from others, he

supplied for better or worse one deficiency after another. He had to deal with various governors and various colonies, each with its prejudices, jealousies, and shortcomings. He had to arrange for new levies from a people unused to war, and to settle with infinite anxiety and much wear and tear of mind and body, the conflict as to rank among officers to whom he could apply no test but his own insight. He had to organize and stimulate the arming of privateers, which, by preying on British commerce, were destined to exercise such a powerful influence on the fate of the war. It was neither showy nor attractive, such work as this, but it was very vital, and it was done.



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The Defense of Fort Moutlrie

THE DEFENSE OF FORT MOULTRIE

BY E. PERCY MORAN

(*American artist*, 1862)

In the autumn of 1775, King George himself set to work to plan a campaign, which Sir Henry Clinton was to carry out. It seemed very easy — on paper. General Clinton was to issue a proclamation pardoning all but the leaders of the rebels, provided they did not "refuse to give satisfactory tests of their obedience." He was to go from North Carolina to either South Carolina or Virginia, conquering as he went. He heard that the colonists were putting up some fortifications on Sullivan's Island, and he decided to attack these. It was written in the king's plan that the British land forces were to aid him; but they failed utterly, and the fleet was shattered. The defense of the fort was steady and brilliant, and the fort stood.

The story of the illustration, the exploit of Sergeant William Jasper, is told in the following selection.

The value to the colonists of this repulse of the British was very great. As Bancroft says: "It kept seven regiments away from New York for two months; it gave security to Georgia, and three years' peace to Carolina; it dispelled throughout the South the dread of British superiority; it drove the loyalists into shameful obscurity. It was an announcement to the other colonies of the existence of South Carolina as a self-directing republic; a message of brotherhood and union."

HOW FORT MOULTRIE WAS HELD FOR THE COLONIES

[1776]

BY GEORGE BANCROFT

On the morning of the 28th [of June, 1776] a gentle sea-breeze prognosticated the attack. Lee, from Charleston, for the tenth or eleventh time, charged Moultrie to finish the bridge for his retreat, promised him reinforcements, which were never sent, and still meditated removing him from his command; while Moultrie, whose faculties, under the outward show of imperturbable and even indolent calm, were strained to their utmost tension, rode to visit his advanced guard on the east. Here the commander, William Thomson, of Orangeburg, of Irish descent, a native of Pennsylvania, but from childhood a citizen of South Carolina, a man of rare worth in private life, brave and intelligent as an officer, had, at the extreme point, posted fifty of the militia behind sand-hills and myrtle bushes. A few hundred yards in the rear breastworks had been thrown up, which he guarded with three hundred riflemen of his own regiment from Orangeburg and its neighborhood, with two hundred of Clark's North Carolina [regiment] under Horry; and the raccoon company of riflemen. On his left he was protected by a morass; on his right by one eighteen-pounder and one brass six-pounder, which overlooked the spot where Clinton would wish to land.

Seeing the enemy's boats already in motion on the

beach of Long Island, and the men-of-war loosing their topsails, Moultrie hurried back to his fort at full speed. He ordered the long roll to beat, and officers and men to their posts. His whole number, including himself and officers, was four hundred and thirty-five; of whom twenty-two were of the artillery, the rest of his own regiment; men who were bound to each other, to their officers, and to him, by personal affection and confidence. Next to him in command was Isaac Motte; his major was the fearless and faultless Francis Marion. The fort was a square, with a bastion at each angle; built of palmetto logs, dove-tailed and bolted together, and laid in parallel rows sixteen feet asunder, with sand filled in between the rows. On the eastern and northern sides the palmetto wall was only seven feet high, but it was surmounted by thick plank, so as to be tenable against a scaling party; a traverse of sand extended from east to west. The southern and western curtains were finished with their platforms, on which cannon were mounted. The standard which was advanced to the southeast bastion, displayed a flag of blue with a white crescent, on which was emblazoned LIBERTY. The whole number of cannon in the fort, the bastions, and the two cavaliers, was but thirty-one, of which no more than twenty-one could at the same time be brought into use; of ammunition there were but twenty-eight rounds for twenty-six cannon. At Haddrell's Point across the bay Armstrong had about fifteen hundred men. The first regular South Carolina regiment, under Christopher Gadsden, occupied Fort Johnson, which stood on the most northerly part of James Island, about three miles from Charleston, and within point-blank shot of the

channel. Charleston was protected by more than two thousand men.

Half an hour after nine in the morning, the commodore gave signal to Clinton that he should go on the attack. An hour later the ships-of-war were under way. Gadsden, Cotesworth Pinckney, and the rest at Fort Johnson watched all their movements; in Charleston the wharfs and waterside along the bay were crowded with troops under arms and lookers-on. Their adversary must be foiled, or their city may perish; their houses be sacked and burned; and the savages on the frontier start from their lurking-places. No grievous oppressions weighed down the industry of South Carolina; she came forth to the struggle from generous sympathy; and now the battle is to be fought for her chief city and the province.

The Thunderbomb, covered by the Friendship, began the action by throwing shells, which it continued, till more than sixty were discharged; of these some burst in the air; one lighted on the magazine without doing injury; the rest sank in the morass, or were buried in the sand within the fort. At about a quarter to eleven, the Active, of twenty-eight guns, disregarding four or five shots fired at her while under sail; the Bristol, with fifty guns, having on board Sir Peter Parker and Lord William Campbell, the governor; the Experiment, also of fifty guns; and the Solebay, of twenty-eight, brought up within about three hundred and fifty yards of the fort, let go their anchors with springs upon their cables, and began a most furious cannonade. Every sailor expected that two broadsides would end the strife; but the soft, fibrous, spongy wood of the palmetto withstood

the rapid fire, and neither split, nor splintered, nor started; and the parapet was high enough to protect the men on the platforms. When broadsides from three or four of the men-of-war struck the logs at the same instant, the shock gave the merlons a tremor, but the pile remained uninjured. Moultrie had but one tenth as many guns as were brought to bear on him, and was moreover obliged to stint the use of powder. His guns accordingly were fired very slowly, the officers taking aim, and waiting always for the smoke to clear away, that they might point with more precision. "Mind the commodore, mind the fifty-gun ships," were the words that passed along the platform from officers and men.

"Shall I send for more powder?" asked Moultrie of Motte.

"To be sure," said Motte.

And Moultrie wrote to Lee: "I believe we shall want more powder. At the rate we go on, I think we shall; but you can see that. Pray send us more, if you think proper."

More vessels were seen coming up, and cannon were heard from the northeast. Clinton had promised support; not knowing what else to do, he directed the batteries on Long Island to open a cannonade; and several shells were thrown into Thomson's intrenchments, doing no damage beyond wounding one soldier. The firing was returned by Thomson with his one eighteen-pounder; but, from the distance, with little effect.

At twelve o'clock the light infantry, grenadiers, and the Fifteenth Regiment embarked in boats, while floating batteries and armed craft got under way to cover the landing; but the troops never so much as once

attempted to land. The detachments had hardly left Long Island before it was ordered to disembark, for it was seen that "the landing was impracticable, and would have been the destruction of many brave men without the least probability of success." The American defenses were so well constructed, the approach so difficult, Thomson so vigilant, his men such skillful sharpshooters, that had the British landed, they would have been cut to pieces. "It was impossible," says Clinton, "to decide positively upon any plan"; and he did nothing.

An attack on Haddrell's Point would have been still more desperate; though the commodore, at Clinton's request, sent three frigates to coöperate with him in that design. The people of Charleston, as they looked from the battery with senses quickened by the nearness of danger, beheld the Sphinx, the Acteon, and the Syren, each of twenty-eight guns, sailing as if to get between Haddrell's Point and the fort, so as to enfilade the works, and when the rebels should be driven from them, to cut off their retreat. It was a moment of danger, for the fort on that side was unfinished; but the pilots kept too far to the south, so that they ran all the three upon a bank of sand, known as the Lower Middle Ground. Gladdened by seeing the frigates thus entangled, the beholders in the town were swayed alternately by fears and hopes; the armed inhabitants stood every one at his post, uncertain but that they might be called to immediate action, hardly daring to believe that Moultrie's small and ill-furnished garrison could beat off the squadron, when behold! his flag disappears from their eyes. Fearing that his colors had been struck, they prepared to

meet the invaders at the water's edge, trusting in Providence and preferring death to slavery.

In the fort, William Jasper, a sergeant, perceived that the flag had been cut down by a ball from the enemy, and had fallen over the ramparts.

"Colonel," said he to Moultrie, "don't let us fight without a flag."

"What can you do?" asked Moultrie; "the staff is broken off."

"Then," said Jasper, "I'll fix it on a halberd, and place it on the merlon of the bastion next the enemy." And leaping through an embrasure, and braving the thickest fire from the ship, he took up the flag, returned with it safely and planted it, as he had promised, on the summit of the merlon.

The calm sea gleamed with light; the almost vertical sun of midsummer glared from a cloudless sky; and the intense heat was increased by the blaze from the cannon on the platform. All of the garrison threw off their coats during the action, and some were nearly naked. Moultrie and several of the officers smoked their pipes as they gave their orders. The defense was conducted within sight of those whose watchfulness was to them the most animating: they knew that their movements were observed from the house-tops of Charleston; by the veteran Armstrong, and the little army at Haddrell's Point; by Gadsden at Fort Johnson, who was almost near enough to take part in the engagement, and was chafing with discontent at not being himself in the center of danger. Exposed to an incessant cannonade, which seemed sufficient to daunt the bravest veterans, they stuck to their guns with the greatest constancy.

Hit by a ball which entered through an embrasure, Macdaniel cried out to his brother soldiers: "I am dying, but don't let the cause of liberty expire with me this day."

The slow, intermittent fire which was skillfully directed against the commodore and the brave seamen on board the Bristol, shattered that ship and carried wounds and death. Never had a British squadron "experienced so rude an encounter." Neither the tide nor the wind suffered them to retire. Once the springs on the cables of the Bristol were swept away; as she swung round with her stern toward the fort, she drew upon herself the fire of all the guns that could be brought to bear upon her. The slaughter was dreadful; of all who in the beginning of the action were stationed on her quarter-deck, not one escaped being killed or wounded. At one moment, it is said, the commodore stood there alone, an example of unsurpassed intrepidity and firmness. Morris, his captain, having his forearm shattered by a chainshot, and also receiving a wound in his neck, was taken into the cockpit; but after submitting to amputation, he insisted on being carried on the quarter-deck once more, where he resumed the command, and continued it, till he was shot through the body, when, feeling dissolution near, he commended his family to the providence of God, and the generosity of his country. Meanwhile the eyes of the commodore and of all on board his fleet were "frequently and impatiently" and vainly turned toward the army. If the troops would but coöperate, he was sure of gaining the island; for at about one o'clock he believed that he had silenced the guns of the rebels, and that the fort was on the point of being evacuated. "If this were so," Clinton afterward asked

him, "why did you not take possession of the fort, with the seamen and marines whom you practiced for the purpose?" And Parker's rejoinder was, that he had no prospect of speedy support from Clinton. But the pause was owing to the scarcity of powder, of which the little that remained to Moultrie was reserved for the musketry as a defense against an expected attack from the land forces. Lee should have replenished his stock; but in the heat of the action Moultrie received from him this letter: "If you should unfortunately expend your ammunition without beating off the enemy or driving them on ground, spike your guns and retreat."

A little later, a better gift and a better message came from Rutledge, now at Charleston: "I send you five hundred pounds of powder. You know our collection is not very great. Honor and victory to you and our worthy countrymen with you. Do not make too free with your cannon. Be cool and do mischief." These five hundred pounds of powder, with two hundred pounds from a schooner lying at the back of the fort, were all the supplies that Moultrie received. At three in the afternoon, Lee, on a report from his aide-de-camp Byrd, sent Muhlenberg's Virginia riflemen to reinforce Thomson. A little before five, Moultrie was able to renew his fire. At about five, the marines in the ships' tops, seeing a lieutenant with eight or ten men remove the heavy barricade from the gateway to the fort, thought that Moultrie and his party were about to retreat; but the gateway was unbarred to receive a visit from Lee. The officers half-naked, and begrimed with the day's work, respectfully laid down their pipes as he drew near. The general himself pointed two or three

guns, after which he said to Moultrie, "Colonel, I see you are doing very well here, you have no occasion for me, I will go up to town again." And thus he left the fort.

When at a few minutes past seven the sun went down in a blaze of light, the battle was still raging, though the British showed signs of weariness. The inhabitants of Charleston, whom the evening sea-breeze collected on the battery, could behold the flag of crescent liberty still proudly waving; and they continued gazing anxiously, till the short twilight was suddenly merged in the deep darkness of a Southern night, when nothing was seen but continued flashes, followed by peals as it were of thunder coming out from a heavy cloud. Many thousand shot were fired from the shipping, and hardly a hut or a tree on the island remained unhurt; but the works were very little damaged, and only one gun was silenced. The firing from the fort continued slowly; and the few shot they were able to send were heard to strike against the ships' timbers. Just after nine o'clock, a great part of his ammunition being expended in a cannonade of about ten hours, his people fatigued, the Bristol and the Experiment nearly wrecks, the tide of ebb almost done, with no prospect of help from the army at the eastward, and no possibility of being of any further service, Sir Peter Parker resolved to withdraw. At half-past nine his ships slipped their cables, and dropped down with the tide to their previous moorings.

Of the four hundred and thirty-five Americans in the fort, who took part in this action, all but eleven remained alive, and of these but twenty-six were wounded. At so small a cost of life had Charleston been defended and a province saved.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

[1776]

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

WHEN the patriots in Congress looked back upon the few battles that had yet taken place, they could feel that the Americans had begun well. Dr. Franklin, who was always cheerful and hopeful, described their situation in this way, in a letter to a friend in England: "Britain, at the expense of three millions, has killed a hundred and fifty Yankees in this campaign, which is twenty thousand pounds a head; and at Bunker Hill she gained a mile of ground, half of which she lost again by our taking post on Ploughed Hill. During the same time, sixty thousand children have been born in America. From these *data*, Dr. Price's mathematical head will easily calculate the time and expense necessary to kill us all, and conquer our whole territory." This remark was printed in all the American papers, and was very encouraging. But Dr. Franklin and all the wise men knew in their hearts that the Americans were unaccustomed to military discipline, that there was great jealousy between the different colonies, and that many of the richest and most influential men were entirely opposed to separating from the mother-country. Washington himself said, "When I first took command of the army, I abhorred the idea of independence; but I am fully convinced that nothing else will save us." That was the feeling with which the Continental

Congress came together to consider whether independence should be declared. And the people at large were becoming gradually prepared to support such a declaration, especially those who had read a book called "Common Sense," by Thomas Paine, which had been circulated very widely through the country, and undoubtedly did more than any other book toward convincing the Americans that the time for separation had come.

The leading colony at that time was Virginia; while Massachusetts and Pennsylvania came next in order. So it was thought best that the first proposal of independence should come from Virginia, and that it should be seconded from Massachusetts. On the 7th of June, 1776, Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, moved these resolutions: —

"That these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown; and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is and ought to be totally dissolved.

"That it is expedient forthwith to take the most effectual measures for forming foreign alliances.

"That a plan of confederation be prepared, and transmitted to the respective colonies for their consideration and approbation."

They were seconded by John Adams, of Massachusetts. The first discussion of them showed that though the members generally were in favor of independence, yet there were some who thought the nation not ready for it. So it was decided to postpone further discussion to the 1st of July.In the mean while, it was thought, the

people of the colonies would show whether they were ready for independence or not. And show it very clearly they did. Before the end of that month, the people of every colony but one had either held meetings, and voted that they wished for independence, or else had instructed their delegates to vote for it; and, when the subject came up on the appointed day, New York was the only colony that did not vote to declare independence; and even New York did not vote against it.

During this time of delay, a committee had been appointed to draw up a Declaration of Independence, to be used, if necessary. This committee consisted of Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia, John Adams, of Massachusetts, Benjamin Franklin, of Pennsylvania, Roger Sherman, of Connecticut, and Robert R. Livingston, of New York. The Declaration was written by Thomas Jefferson; though a very few verbal changes were made by Adams and Franklin, which may still be seen, in their handwriting, on the original document. There was a long discussion in the Congress; and the Declaration was debated and criticized, word by word, and sometimes very severely attacked. During this attack, John Adams was its chief defender; while Jefferson, who had written it, did not say a word. He says in his journal, "During the debate I was sitting by Dr. Franklin, who observed that I was writhing a little under the acrimonious criticism of some of its parts; and it was on that occasion, that, by way of comfort, he told me the story of John Thompson the hatter, and his new sign." This was a story — told, also, by Dr. Franklin in his "Autobiography" — in regard to a man who was about opening a shop for hats, and who proposed to have a

sign-board with a hat painted on it, and the inscription, "John Thompson, hatter, makes and sells hats." But almost every word of this inscription met with objection from somebody, as being unnecessary; and at last it was reduced to "John Thompson," with the figure of a hat. It was thus that Franklin amused Jefferson during the anxious hours when this most important measure was under discussion.

The Declaration of Independence was adopted July 4, 1776, though it was not signed until some weeks later. When the members of Congress came up to sign, Dr. Franklin was still ready with his cheerful wit. John Hancock, who headed it, said to the others, "We must be unanimous: there must be no pulling different ways: we must all hang together." — "Yes," said Franklin, "we must all hang together, or else we shall all hang separately." We can imagine how they all may have laughed at this. But it was really a dangerous responsibility that they were taking; and no doubt there were some anxious hearts even among those who laughed.

But at last the great Declaration was adopted, without being much altered. The principal change was in striking out a passage which condemned the King of England for his support of the slave trade more severely than some of the Southern members approved. In its final form it was adopted by twelve colonies; New York still declining to vote. It had been privately resolved, that, when it was passed, the bell of the old State House should be rung. This was a bell which had been put up some twenty years before, and which bore the inscription, "Proclaim liberty throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof." So the old bell-ringer placed his

little boy at the hall door to await the signal of the doorkeeper; and, when independence was declared at last, the doorkeeper gave the signal, and the boy ran out, exclaiming, "Ring, ring, ring!" Then the bell rang out joyfully, proclaiming liberty to all the land. There were rejoicings everywhere; and the Declaration was read to each brigade in the army. This is the way the "Pennsylvania Journal" described the excitement: —

"This afternoon [July 10] the Declaration of Independence was read at the head of each brigade of the Continental Army posted at and in the vicinity of New York. It was received everywhere with loud huzzas, and the utmost demonstrations of joy; and to-night the equestrian statue of George III, which Tory pride and folly raised in the year 1770, has, by the Sons of Freedom, been laid prostrate in the dirt, — the just desert of an ungrateful tyrant."

This was the courageous feeling with which the Declaration of Independence was received. Yet at this very time the enterprise seemed so daring and the condition of the American army was so poor, that Adjutant-General Reed, who, from his position, knew the state of military affairs better than any one else, had written this a few days before, "Every man, from the general to the private, acquainted with our true situation, is exceedingly discouraged. Had I known the true position of affairs, no consideration would have tempted me to take an active part in this scene."

NATHAN HALE

[1776]

BY FRANCIS MILES FINCH

[In September, 1776, the British forces were encamped near Brooklyn, and it was of the utmost importance to Washington to get information about their numbers and the arrangement of their camp. Captain Nathan Hale, a young man of twenty-one, volunteered to enter their lines. He disguised himself as a Loyalist schoolmaster and got the information; but when about to return, he was captured and hanged under circumstances of peculiar cruelty. His last words were, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

The Editor.]

To drum-beat and heart-beat,
  A soldier marches by;
There is color in his cheek,
  There is courage in his eye,
Yet to drum-beat and heart-beat
  In a moment he must die.

By the starlight and moonlight,
  He seeks the Briton's camp;
He hears the rustling flag
  And the armèd sentry's tramp;
And the starlight and moonlight
  His silent wanderings lamp.

With slow tread and still tread,
  He scans the tented line;

And he counts the battery guns,
By the gaunt and shadowy pine;
And his slow tread and still tread
Gives no warning sign.

The dark wave, the plumed wave,
It meets his eager glance;
And it sparkles 'neath the stars,
Like the glimmer of a lance —
A dark wave, a plumed wave,
On an emerald expanse.

A sharp clang, a still clang,
And terror in the sound!
For the sentry, falcon-eyed,
In the camp a spy hath found;
With a sharp clang, a steel clang,
The patriot is bound.

With calm brow and steady brow,
He listens to his doom;
In his look there is no fear,
Nor a shadow-trace of gloom;
But with calm brow and steady brow,
He robes him for the tomb.

In the long night, the still night,
He kneels upon the sod;
And the brutal guards withhold
E'en the solemn word of God!
In the long night, the still night,
He walks where Christ hath trod.

THE UNITED STATES

'Neath the blue morn, the sunny morn,
  He dies upon the tree;
And he mourns that he can lose
  But one life for Liberty;
And in the blue morn, the sunny morn,
  His spirit wings are free.

But his last words, his message-words
  They burn, lest friendly eye
Should read how proud and calm
  A patriot could die,
With his last words, his dying words,
  A soldier's battle-cry.

From Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf,
  From monument and urn,
The sad of earth, the glad of heaven,
  His tragic fate shall learn;
But on Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf
  The name of HALE shall burn!

HOW LAFAYETTE CAME TO AMERICA

[1777]

BY EDWARD EVERETT

In the summer of 1776, and just after the American Declaration of Independence, Lafayette was stationed at Metz, a garrisoned town on the road from Paris to the German frontier, with the regiment to which he was attached, as a captain of dragoons, not then nineteen years of age. The Duke of Gloucester, the brother of the King of England, happened to be on a visit to Metz, and a dinner was given to him by the commandant of the garrison. Lafayette was invited, with other officers, to the entertainment. Dispatches had just been received by the Duke from England, relating to American affairs, — the resistance of the colonists, and the strong measures adopted by the ministers to crush the rebellion. Among the details stated by the Duke of Gloucester was the extraordinary fact, that these remote, scattered, and unprotected settlers of the wilderness *had solemnly declared themselves an Independent People.* That word decided the fortunes of the enthusiastic listener; and not more distinctly was the great Declaration a charter of political liberty to the rising states, than it was a commission to their youthful champion to devote his life to the sacred cause.

The details which he heard were new to him. The American contest was known to him before, but as a rebellion, — a tumultuary affair in a remote trans-

atlantic colony. He now, with a promptness of perception, which, even at this distance of time, strikes us as little less than miraculous, addressed a multitude of inquiries to the Duke of Gloucester on the subject of the contest. His imagination was kindled at the idea of a civilized people struggling for political liberty. His heart was warmed with the possibility of drawing his sword in a good cause. Before he left the table, his course was mentally resolved on; and the brother of the King of England (unconsciously, no doubt), had the singular fortune to enlist, from the French court and the French army, this gallant and fortunate champion in the then unpromising cause of the Colonial Congress.

He immediately repaired to Paris, to make further inquiries and arrangements toward the execution of his great plan. He confided it to two young friends, officers like himself, the Count Ségur and Viscount de Noailles, and proposed to them to join him. They shared his enthusiasm and determined to accompany him, but on consulting their families, they were refused permission. But they faithfully kept Lafayette's secret. Happily, shall I say, he was an orphan — independent of control, and master of his own fortune, amounting to near forty thousand dollars per annum.

He next opened his heart to Count de Broglie, a marshal in the French army. To the experienced warrior, accustomed to the regular campaigns of European service, the project seemed rash and quixotic, and one which he could not countenance. Lafayette begged the count at least not to betray him; — as he was resolved (notwithstanding his disapproval of the project) — to go to America. This the count promised, adding, however,

"I saw your uncle fall in Italy, and I witnessed your father's death, at the battle of Minden, and I will not be accessory to the ruin of the only remaining branch of the family." He then used all the powers of argument which his age and experience suggested to him to dissuade Lafayette from the enterprise, but in vain. Finding his determination unalterable, he made him acquainted with the Baron de Kalb, who — the count knew — was about to embark for America, — an officer of experience and merit, who, as is well known, fell at the battle of Camden.

The Baron de Kalb introduced Lafayette to Silas Deane, then agent of the United States in France, who explained to him the state of affairs in America, and encouraged him in his project. Deane was but imperfectly acquainted with the French language, and of manners somewhat repulsive. A less enthusiastic temper than that of Lafayette might have been somewhat chilled by the style of his intercourse. He had as yet not been acknowledged in any public capacity; and was beset by the spies of the British Ambassador. For these reasons, it was judged expedient that the visit of Lafayette should not be repeated, and their further negotiations were conducted through the intervention of Mr. Carmichael, an American gentleman, at that time in Paris. The arrangement was at length concluded, in virtue of which Deane took upon himself, without authority, but by a happy exercise of discretion, to engage Lafayette to enter the American service, with the rank of major-general. A vessel was about to be dispatched with arms, and other supplies for the American army, and in this vessel it was settled that he should take passage.

At this juncture the news reached France of the evacuation of New York, the loss of Fort Washington, the calamitous retreat through New Jersey, and the other disasters of the campaign of 1776. The friends of America in France were in despair. The tidings, bad in themselves, were greatly exaggerated in the British gazettes. The plan of sending an armed vessel with munitions was abandoned. The cause, always doubtful, was now pronounced desperate; and Lafayette was urged by all who were privy to his project to give up an enterprise so wild and hopeless. Even our commissioners (for Deane had been joined by Dr. Franklin and Arthur Lee) told him they could not in conscience urge him to proceed. His answer was, "My zeal and love of liberty have perhaps hitherto been the prevailing motive with me, but now I see a chance of usefulness which I had not anticipated. These supplies I know are greatly wanted by Congress. I have money; I will purchase a vessel to convey them to America, and in this vessel my companions and myself will take passage."

Yes, fellow citizens, that I may repeat an exclamation, uttered ten years ago by him who has now the honor to address you, in the presence of an immense multitude, who welcomed "the Nation's Guest" to the academic shades of Harvard, and by them received with acclamations of approval and tears of gratitude; — when he was told by our commissioners, — "that they did not possess the means nor the credit of procuring a single vessel in all the ports of France, then exclaimed the gallant and generous youth, "I will provide my own"; and it is a literal fact, that when our beloved country was too poor to offer him so much as a passage

to her shores, he left, in his tender youth, the bosom of home, of happiness, of wealth, and of rank, to plunge in the dust and blood of our inauspicious struggle.

In pursuance of the generous purpose thus conceived, the secretary of the Count de Broglie was employed by Lafayette, to purchase and fit out a vessel at Bordeaux; and while these preparations were in train, with a view of averting suspicion from his movements, and passing the tedious interval of delay, he made a visit with a relative, to his kinsman, the Marquis de Noailles, then the French Ambassador in London. During their stay in Great Britain, they were treated with kindness by the king and persons of rank; but having, after a lapse of three weeks, learned that his vessel was ready at Bordeaux, Lafayette suddenly returned to France. This visit was of service to the youthful adventurer, in furnishing him an opportunity to improve himself in the English language; but beyond this, a nice sense of honor forbade him from making use of the opportunity, which it afforded, for obtaining military information that could be of utility to the American army. So far did he carry this scruple that he declined visiting the naval establishment at Portsmouth.

On his return to France, he did not even visit Paris; but after three days passed at Passy, the residence of Dr. Franklin, he hastened to Bordeaux. Arrived at this place, he found that his vessel was not yet ready; and had the still greater mortification to learn, that the spies of the British Ambassador had penetrated his designs, and made them known to the family of Lafayette, and to the king, from whom an order for his arrest was daily expected. Unprepared as his ship was, he instantly sailed

in her to Passage, the nearest port in Spain, where he proposed to wait for the vessel's papers. Scarcely had he arrived in that harbor, when he was encountered by two officers, with letters from his family, and from the ministers, and a royal order directing him to join his father-in-law at Marseilles. The ministers' letters reprimanded him for violating his oath of allegiance and failing in his duty to his king. Lafayette, in some of his letters to his friends about court, replied to this remark that the ministers might chide him with failing in his duty to the king when they learned to discharge theirs to the people. His family censured him for his desertion of his domestic duties; — but his heroic wife, instead of joining in the reproach, shared his enthusiasm and encouraged his enterprise. He was obliged to return with the officers to Bordeaux, and report himself to the commandant. While there, and engaged in communicating with his family and the court, in explanation and defense of his conduct, he learned from a friend at Paris that a positive prohibition of his departure might be expected from the king. No further time was to be lost, and no middle course pursued. He feigned a willingness to yield to the wishes of his family, and started as for Marseilles with one of the officers who was to accompany him to America. Scarcely had they left the city of Bordeaux when he assumed the dress of a courier, mounted a horse, and rode forward to procure relays. They soon quitted the road to Marseilles, and struck into that which leads to Spain. On reaching Bayonne, they were detained two or three hours. While the companion of Lafayette was employed in some important commission in the city, he himself lay on the straw in the stable. At Saint-Jean de

Luz he was recognized by the daughter of the person who kept the post-house; — she had observed him a few days before, as he passed from Spain to Bordeaux. Perceiving that he was discovered, and not daring to speak to her, he made her a signal to keep silence. She complied with the intimation; and when, shortly after he had passed on, his pursuers came up, she gave them an answer which baffled their penetration, and enabled Lafayette to escape into Spain. He was instantly on board his ship and at sea, with eleven officers in his train.

It would take one beyond the limits of the occasion, to repeat the various casualties and exposures of his passage, which lasted sixty days. His vessel had cleared out for the West Indies, but Lafayette directed the captain to steer for the United States, which, especially as he had a large pecuniary adventure of his own on board, he declined doing. By threats to remove him from his command and promises to indemnify him for the loss of his property, should they be captured, Lafayette prevailed upon the captain to steer his course for the American coast, where at last they happily arrived, having narrowly escaped two British vessels of war, which were cruising in that quarter. They made the coast near Georgetown, South Carolina. It was late in the day before they could approach so near land as to leave the vessel. Anxious to tread the American soil, Lafayette, with some of his fellow-officers, entered the ship's boat and was rowed at nightfall to shore. A distant light guided them in their landing and advance into the country. Arriving near the house from which the light proceeded, an alarm was given by the watchdogs, and they were mistaken by those within for a marauding party

from the enemy's vessels hovering on the coast. The Baron de Kalb, however, had a good knowledge of the English language, acquired on a previous visit to America, and was soon able to make known who they were and what was their errand. On this they were of course readily admitted and cordially welcomed. The house in which they found themselves was that of Major Huger, a citizen of worth, hospitality, and patriotism, by whom every good office was performed to the adventurous strangers. He provided the next day the means of conveying Lafayette and his companions to Charleston, where they were received with enthusiasm by the magistrates and the people.

As soon as possible, they proceeded by land to Philadelphia. On his arrival there, with the eagerness of a youth anxious to be employed upon his errand, he sent his letters to our townsman, Mr. Lovell, chairman of the committee of foreign relations. He called the next day at the hall of Congress, and asked to see this gentleman. Mr. Lovell came out to him, — stated that so many foreigners offered themselves for employment in the American army that Congress was greatly embarrassed to find them commands, — that the finances of the country required the most rigid economy; and that he feared, in the present case, there was little hope of success. Lafayette perceived that the worthy chairman had made up his report without looking at the papers; — he explained to him that his application, if granted, would lay no burden upon the finances of Congress, and addressed a letter to the President, in which he expressed a wish to enter the American army, on the condition of serving without pay or emolument and on the footing of

a volunteer. These conditions removed the chief obstacles alluded to in reference to the appointment of foreign officers;— the letters brought by Lafayette made known to Congress his high connections and his large means of usefulness, and without an hour's delay he received from them a commission of major-general in the American army, a month before he was twenty years of age.

WHY CORNWALLIS FAILED TO "BAG THE OLD FOX"

[1777]

BY JOHN FISKE

[In December, 1776, Cornwallis thought the war was practically over, and had packed his baggage ready to sail for England when he learned that Washington — who always made the move that no one expected — had crossed the Delaware River in the midst of floating ice and had captured a thousand Hessian soldiers at Trenton.

The Editor.]

Cornwallis rode post-haste to Princeton, where he found Donop throwing up earthworks. On the morning of January 2, Cornwallis advanced, with eight thousand men, upon Trenton, but his march was slow and painful. He was exposed during most of the day to a galling fire from parties of riflemen hidden in the woods by the roadside, and Greene, with a force of six hundred men and two field-pieces, contrived so to harass and delay him that he did not reach Trenton till late in the afternoon. By that time Washington had withdrawn his whole force beyond the Assunpink, a small river which flows into the Delaware just south of Trenton, and had guarded the bridge and the fords by batteries admirably placed. The British made several attempts to cross, but were repulsed with some slaughter; and as their day's work had sorely fatigued them, Cornwallis thought best to wait until to-morrow, while he sent his messenger

post-haste back to Princeton to bring up a force of nearly two thousand men which he had left behind there. With this added strength he felt sure that he could force the passage of the stream above the American position, when by turning Washington's right flank he could fold him back against the Delaware, and thus compel him to surrender. Cornwallis accordingly went to bed in high spirits. "At last we have run down the old fox," said he, "and we will bag him in the morning."

The situation was, indeed, a very dangerous one; but when the British general called his antagonist an old fox, he did him no more than justice. In its union of slyness with audacity, the movement which Washington now executed strongly reminds one of "Stonewall" Jackson. He understood perfectly well what Cornwallis intended to do; but he knew at the same time that detachments of the British army must have been left behind at Princeton and New Brunswick to guard the stores. From the size of the army before him he rightly judged that these rear detachments must be too small to withstand his own force. By overwhelming one or both of them, he could compel Cornwallis to retreat upon New York, while he himself might take up an impregnable position on the heights about Morristown, from which he might threaten the British line and hold their whole army in check, — a most brilliant and daring scheme for a commander to entertain while in such a perilous position as Washington was that night! But the manner in which he began by extricating himself was not the least brilliant part of the maneuver. All night long the American camp fires were kept burning brightly, and small parties were busily engaged in throwing up intrench-

ments so near the Assunpink that the British sentinels could plainly hear the murmur of their voices and the thud of the spade and pickaxe. While this was going on, the whole American army marched swiftly up the south bank of the little stream, passed around Cornwallis's left wing to his rear, and gained the road to Princeton. Toward sunrise, as the British detachment was coming down the road from Princeton to Trenton, in obedience to Cornwallis's order, its van, under Colonel Mawhood, met the foremost column of Americans approaching, under General Mercer. As he caught sight of the Americans, Mawhood thought that they must be a party of fugitives, and hastened to intercept them; but he was soon undeceived. The Americans attacked with vigor, and a sharp fight was sustained, with varying fortunes, until Mercer was pierced by a bayonet, and his men began to fall back in some confusion. Just at this critical moment Washington came galloping upon the field and rallied the troops, and as the entire forces on both sides had now come up the fight became general. In a few minutes the British were routed and their line was cut in two; one half fleeing toward Trenton, the other half toward New Brunswick. There was little slaughter, as the whole fight did not occupy more than twenty minutes. The British lost about two hundred in killed and wounded, with three hundred prisoners and their cannon; the American loss was less than one hundred.

Shortly before sunrise, the men who had been left in the camp on the Assunpink to feed the fires and make a noise beat a hasty retreat, and found their way to Princeton by circuitous paths. When Cornwallis got up, he could hardly believe his eyes. Here was nothing before

him but an empty camp: the American army had vanished, and whither it had gone he could not imagine. But his perplexity was soon relieved by the booming of distant cannon on the Princeton road, and the game which the "old fox" had played him all at once became apparent. Nothing was to be done but to retreat upon New Brunswick with all possible haste, and save the stores there. His road led back through Princeton, and from Mawhood's fugitives he soon heard the story of the morning's disaster. His march was hindered by various impediments. A thaw had set in, so that the little streams had swelled into roaring torrents, difficult to ford, and the American army, which had passed over the road before daybreak, had not forgotten to destroy the bridges. By the time that Cornwallis and his men reached Princeton, wet and weary, the Americans had already left it, but they had not gone on to New Brunswick. Washington had hoped to seize the stores there, but the distance was eighteen miles, his men were wretchedly shod and too tired to march rapidly, and it would not be prudent to risk a general engagement when his main purpose could be secured without one. For these reasons, Washington turned northward to the heights of Morristown, while Cornwallis continued his retreat to New Brunswick.

[Frederick the Great felt a hearty admiration for Washington's maneuvers in New Jersey, and three years later sent his own portrait to the American soldier with the inscription, "From the oldest general in Europe to the greatest general on earth."]

THE MARCHING SONG OF STARK'S MEN

[1777]

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE

[In August, 1777, Burgoyne's advance from the North was stopped for want of horses and provisions. Hearing that the Provincials had collected supplies at the little village of Bennington, Vermont, Burgoyne sent out a strong detachment of Germans to seize them. When Colonel Stark, a veteran of the Seven Years' War, heard of their advance, he hastily collected a body of farmers and backwoodsmen and by forced marches caught and engaged the enemy at Bennington. Of the German force of one thousand men, less than a hundred escaped to tell their comrades of their disastrous encounter with the Yankee farmers.

The Editor.]

March! March! March! from sunrise till it's dark,
And let no man straggle on the way!
March! March! March! as we follow old John Stark,
For the old man needs us all to-day.

Load! Load! Load! Three buckshot and a ball,
With a hymn-tune for a wad to make them stay!
But let no man dare to fire till he gives the word to all,
Let no man let the buckshot go astray.

Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire all along the line,
When we meet those bloody Hessians in array!
They shall have every grain from this powder-horn of mine,
Unless the cowards turn and run away.

THE MARCHING SONG OF STARK'S MEN

Home! Home! Home! When the fight is fought and won,
To the home where the women watch and pray!
To tell them how John Stark finished what he had begun
And to hear them thank our God for the day.

BURGOYNE'S SURRENDER

[1777]

BY JOHN FISKE

On the morning of October 7, leaving the rest of his army in camp, Burgoyne advanced with fifteen hundred picked men to turn the American left. Small as the force was, its quality was superb, and with it were the best commanders, — Phillips, Riedesel, Fraser, Balcarras, and Ackland. Such a compact force, so ably led, might maneuver quickly. If, on sounding the American position on the left, they should find it too strong to be forced, they might swiftly retreat. At all events, the movement would cover a foraging party which Burgoyne had sent out, — and this was no small matter. Arnold, too, the fighting general, it was reported, held no command; and Gates was known to be a sluggard. Such thoughts may have helped to shape the conduct of the British commander on this critical morning. But the scheme was swiftly overturned. As the British came on, their right was suddenly attacked by Morgan, while the New England regulars with three thousand New York militia assailed them in front. After a short, sharp fight against overwhelming numbers, their whole line was broken, and Fraser sought to form a second line a little farther back, on the west border of Freeman's Farm, though the ranks were badly disordered and all their cannon were lost. At this moment, Arnold, who had been watching from the heights, saw that a well-

directed blow might not only ruin this retreating column, but also shatter the whole British army. Quick as thought he sprang upon his horse, and galloped to the scene of action. He was greeted with deafening hurrahs, and the men, leaping with exultation at sight of their beloved commander, rushed upon Fraser's half-formed line. At the same moment, while Morgan was still pressing on the British right, one of his marksmen shot General Fraser, who fell, mortally wounded, just as Arnold charged with mad fury upon his line. The British, thus assailed in front and flank, were soon pushed off the field. Arnold next attacked Lord Balcarras, who had retired behind intrenchments at the north of Freeman's Farm; but finding the resistance here too strong, he swept by, and charged upon the Canadian auxiliaries, who occupied a position just north of Balcarras, and covered the left wing of Breymann's forces at the extreme right of the British camp. The Canadians soon fled, leaving Breymann uncovered; and Arnold forthwith rushed against Breymann on the left, just as Morgan, who had prolonged his flanking march, assailed him on the right. Breymann was slain and his force routed; the British right wing was crushed, and their whole position taken in reverse and made untenable. Just at this moment, a wounded German soldier, lying on the ground, took aim at Arnold, and slew his horse, while the ball passed through the general's left leg, that had been wounded at Quebec, and fractured the bone a little above the knee. As Arnold fell, one of his men rushed up to bayonet the wounded soldier who had shot him, when the prostrate general cried, "For God's sake, don't hurt him; he's a fine fellow!" The

poor German was saved, and this was the hour when Benedict Arnold should have died. His fall and the gathering twilight stopped the progress of the battle, but the American victory was complete and decisive. Nothing was left for Burgoyne but to get the wreck of his army out of the way as quickly as possible, and the next day he did so, making a slow retreat upon Saratoga, in the course of which his soldiers burned General Schuyler's princely country-house, with its barns and granaries.

As the British retreated, General Gates steadily closed in upon them with his overwhelming forces, which now numbered twenty thousand. Gates — to give him due credit — knew how to be active after the victory, although, when fighting was going on, he was a general of sedentary habits. When Arnold rushed down, at the critical moment, to complete the victory of Saratoga, Gates sent out Major Armstrong to stop him. "Call back that fellow," said Gates, "or he will be doing something rash!" But the eager Arnold had outgalloped the messenger, and came back only when his leg was broken and the victory won. In the mean time Gates sat at his headquarters, forgetful of the battle that was raging below, while he argued the merits of the American Revolution with a wounded British officer, Sir Francis Clerke, who had been brought in and laid upon the commander's bed to die. And this seems to have been all that the commanding general contributed to the crowning victory of Saratoga.

When Burgoyne reached the place where he had crossed the Hudson, he found a force of three thousand Americans, with several batteries of cannon occupying

the hills on the other side, so that it was now impossible to cross. A council of war decided to abandon all the artillery and baggage, push through the woods by night, and effect a crossing higher up, by Fort Edward, where the great river begins to be fordable. But no sooner had this plan been made than word was brought that the Americans were guarding all the fords, and had also planted detachments in a strong position to the northward, between Fort Edward and Fort George. The British army, in short, was surrounded. A brisk cannonade was opened upon it from the east and south, while Morgan's sharpshooters kept up a galling fire in the rear. Some of the women and wounded men were sent for safety to a large house in the neighborhood, where they took refuge in the cellar; and there the Baroness Riedesel tells us how she passed six dismal nights and days, crouching in a corner near the doorway, with her three little children clinging about her, while every now and then, with hideous crashing, a heavy cannon-ball passed through the room overhead. The cellar became crowded with crippled and dying men. But little food could be obtained, and the suffering from thirst was dreadful. It was only a few steps to the river, but every man who ventured out with a bucket was shot dead by Virginia rifles that never missed their aim. At last the brave wife of a British soldier volunteered to go; and thus the water was brought again and again, for the Americans would not fire at a woman.

And now, while Burgoyne's last ray of hope was dying, and while the veteran Phillips declared himself heartbroken at the misery which he could not relieve, where was Sir Henry Clinton? He had not thought it

prudent to leave New York until after the arrival of three thousand soldiers whom he expected from England. These men arrived on the 29th of September, but six days more elapsed before Sir Henry had taken them up the river and landed them near Putnam's headquarters at Peekskill. In a campaign of three days he outwitted that general, carried two of the forts after obstinate resistance, and compelled the Americans to abandon the others; and thus laid open the river so that British ships might go up to Albany. On the 8th of October, Sir Henry wrote to Burgoyne from Fort Montgomery: "*Nous y voici*, and nothing between us and Gates. I sincerely hope this little success of ours will facilitate your operations." This dispatch was written on a scrap of very thin paper, and encased in an oval silver bullet, which opened with a tiny screw in the middle. Sir Henry then sent General Vaughan, with several frigates and the greater part of his force, to make all haste for Albany. As they passed up the river, the next day, they could not resist the temptation to land and set fire to the pretty village of Kingston, then the seat of the state legislature. George Clinton, governor of the State, just retreating from his able defense of the captured forts, hastened to protect the village, but came up only in time to see it in flames from one end to the other. Just then Sir Henry's messenger, as he skulked by the roadside, was caught and taken to the governor. He had been seen swallowing something, so they gave him an emetic, and obtained the silver bullet. The dispatch was read; the bearer was hanged to an apple tree; and Burgoyne, weary with waiting for the news that never came, at last sent a flag of truce to General

Gates, inquiring what terms of surrender would be accepted.

Gates first demanded an unconditional surrender, but on Burgoyne's indignant refusal he consented to make terms, and the more readily, no doubt, since he knew what had just happened in the Highlands, though his adversary did not. After three days of discussion the terms of surrender were agreed upon. Just as Burgoyne was about to sign the articles, a Tory made his way into camp with hearsay news that part of Clinton's army was approaching Albany. The subject was then anxiously reconsidered by the British officers, and an interesting discussion ensued as to whether they had so far pledged their faith to the surrender that they could not in honor draw back. The majority of the council decided that their faith was irrevocably pledged, and Burgoyne yielded to this opinion, though he did not share it, for he did not feel quite clear that the rumored advance of Clinton could now avail to save him in any case. In this he was undoubtedly right. The American army, with its daily accretions of militia, had now grown to more than twenty thousand, and armed yeomanry were still pouring in by the hundred. A diversion threatened by less than three thousand men, who were still more than fifty miles distant, could hardly have averted the doom of the British army. The only effect which it did produce was, perhaps, to work upon the timid Gates, and induce him to offer easy terms in order to hasten the surrender. On the 17th of October, accordingly, the articles were signed, exchanged, and put in execution. It was agreed that the British army should march out of camp with the honors of war, and pile

their arms at an appointed place; they should then march through Massachusetts to Boston, from which port they might sail for Europe, it being understood that none of them should serve again in America during the war; all the officers might retain their small arms, and no one's private luggage should be searched or molested. At Burgoyne's earnest solicitation the American general consented that these proceedings should be styled a "convention," instead of a surrender, in imitation of the famous Convention of Kloster-Seven, by which the Duke of Cumberland, twenty years before, had sought to save his feelings while losing his army, beleaguered by the French in Hanover. The soothing phrase has been well remembered by British historians, who to this day continue to speak of Burgoyne's surrender as the "Convention of Saratoga."

In carrying out the terms of the convention both Gates and his soldiers showed praiseworthy delicacy. As the British marched off to a meadow by the riverside and laid down their arms, the Americans remained within their lines, refusing to add to the humiliation of a gallant enemy by standing and looking on. As the disarmed soldiers then passed by the American lines, says Lieutenant Anbury, one of the captured officers, "I did not observe the least disrespect or even a taunting look, but all was mute astonishment and pity." Burgoyne stepped up and handed his sword to Gates, simply saying, "The fortune of war, General Gates, has made me your prisoner." The American general instantly returned the sword, replying, "I shall always be ready to testify that it has not been through any fault of Your Excellency." When Baron Riedesel had been presented

to Gates and the other generals, he sent for his wife and children. Set free at last from the dreadful cellar, the baroness came with some trepidation into the enemy's camp; but the only look she saw upon any face was one of sympathy. "As I approached the tents," she says, "a noble-looking gentleman came toward me, and took the children out of the wagon; embraced and kissed them; and then, with tears in his eyes, helped me also to alight. . . . Presently he said, 'It may be embarrassing to you to dine with so many gentlemen. If you will come with your children to my tent, I will give you a frugal meal, but one that will at least be seasoned with good wishes.' 'Oh, sir,' I cried, 'you must surely be a husband and a father, since you show me so much kindness!' I then learned that it was General Schuyler."

Schuyler had indeed come, with unruffled soul, to look on while the fruit which he had sown, with the gallant aid of Stark and Herkimer, Arnold and Morgan, was plucked by an unworthy rival. He now met Burgoyne, who was naturally pained and embarrassed at the recollection of the beautiful house which his men had burned a few days before. In a speech in the House of Commons, some months later, Burgoyne told how Schuyler received him. "I expressed to General Schuyler," says Burgoyne, "my regret at the event which had happened, and the reasons which had occasioned it. He desired me to think no more of it, saying that the occasion justified it, according to the rules of war. . . . He did more: he sent an aide-de-camp to conduct me to Albany, in order, as he expressed it, to procure me better quarters than a stranger might be able to find. This gentleman conducted me to a very elegant

house, and, to my great surprise, presented me to Mrs. Schuyler and her family; and in this general's house I remained during my whole stay at Albany, with a table of more than twenty covers for me and my friends, and every other possible demonstration of hospitality." Madame Riedesel was also invited to stay with the Schuylers; and when first she arrived in the house, one of her little girls exclaimed, "Oh, mamma! Is this the palace that papa was to have when he came to America?" As the Schuylers understood German, the baroness colored, but all laughed pleasantly, and put her at ease.

The captured army was never sent home. The officers were treated as prisoners of war, and from time to time were exchanged. Burgoyne was allowed to go to England in the spring, and while still a prisoner on parole he took his seat in Parliament, and became conspicuous among the defenders of the American cause. The troops were detained in the neighborhood of Boston until the autumn of 1778, when they were all transferred to Charlottesville in Virginia. Here a rude village was built on the brow of a pleasant ridge of hills, and gardens were laid out and planted. Much kind assistance was rendered in all this work by Thomas Jefferson, who was then living close by, on his estate at Monticello, and did everything in his power to make things comfortable for soldiers and officers. Two years afterward, when Virginia became the seat of war, some of them were removed to Winchester in the Shenandoah Valley, to Frederick in Maryland, and to Lancaster in Pennsylvania. Those who wished to return to Europe were

exchanged or allowed to escape. The greater number, especially of the Germans, preferred to stay in this country and become American citizens. Before the end of 1783 they had dispersed in all directions.

Such was the strange sequel of a campaign which, whether we consider the picturesqueness of its incidents or the magnitude of its results, was one of the most memorable in the history of mankind. Its varied scenes, framed in landscapes of grand and stirring beauty, had brought together such types of manhood as the feathered Mohawk sachem, the helmeted Brunswick dragoon, and the blue-frocked yeoman of New England, — types of ancient barbarism, of the militancy bequeathed from the Middle Ages, and of the industrial democracy that is to possess and control the future of the world. These men had mingled in a deadly struggle for the strategic center of the Atlantic Coast of North America, and now the fight had ended in the complete and overwhelming defeat of the forces of George III. Four years, indeed, — four years of sore distress and hope deferred, — were yet to pass before the fruits of this great victory could be gathered. The independence of the United States was not yet won; but the triumph at Saratoga set in motion a train of events from which the winning of independence was destined surely to follow.

IV
WAR IN THE WEST AND ON THE OCEAN

HISTORICAL NOTE

DURING the Revolution the border warfare in the West was constant and pitiless, and from Kentucky to the Great Lakes the outlying settlements were devastated by the Tories and their Indian allies. In 1778 the border villages of New York and Pennsylvania were so cruelly harried by Chief Brant and Colonel Butler that in the following year General Sullivan led an army into the country of the Six Nations, the most powerful of the Indian tribes, and avenged the massacres so sternly that this great tribe never recovered its former position.

In 1778 the British planned to unite the Indian tribes and destroy the little settlements in what was then the "Far West," or what is now Indiana and Illinois. This might well have come to pass if, through the efforts of a young Virginian surveyor named George Rogers Clark, they had not been driven back and Vincennes and other places captured. This one man saved the vast expanse of country between the Ohio and the Great Lakes, and as far west as the Mississippi.

At the time of the Revolution the colonies had, of course, no navy of their own, and in consequence the coast was practically at the mercy of the English. Congress felt this handicap early in the war, but little was done except the equipment of privateers and cruisers for the destruction of British commerce. During the first half of the war more than six hundred British vessels were taken by these privateers, but during the same period nine hundred American vessels were captured by British cruisers, and the fisheries and coasting trade of New England were almost destroyed.

There was one captain who, more than all others, terrorized British shipping and spread the fame of American seamen throughout Europe — John Paul Jones, a Scotch sailor who had settled in Virginia shortly before the outbreak of hostilities. As commander of the Ranger in 1778 and the Bon Homme Richard in 1779, he wrought havoc along the British coast, burned the shipping in British ports, and finally captured the man-of-war Serapis after one of the most desperate sea-fights in history.

HOW DANIEL BOONE SAVED BOONESBOROUGH

[1775]

BY CHARLES C. B. SEYMOUR

In the spring of the year 1775, Boone was employed by a company of land speculators (who imagined they had secured a valid title to the land in Kentucky by virtue of a deed of purchase from the Cherokees) to survey and lay out roads in Kentucky. He was placed at the head of a body of well-armed men, and proceeded to his work with great willingness. The party had arrived within fifteen miles of Boonesborough, when they were fired on by Indians, and suffered a loss of two killed and two wounded. Three days later they were again attacked, and had two killed and three wounded. Boone was not the sort of man to be deterred by a calamity even of this severe kind. He pressed forward, and on a favorable site erected a fort (called Boonesborough), sufficiently strong and large to afford protection against any further attack. He was so well satisfied with its security, that, shortly afterward, he returned to Clinch River for his wife and family. They arrived safely, his "wife and daughters being the first white women that ever stood on the banks of the Kentucky River." A number of families followed their example, and the little place soon became cheerful and populated.

The Indians did not venture to attack the settlers so long as they remained within sight of the fort, but it was

very well known that they hovered about the outskirts, ready for a descent on any unhappy wight who might expose himself unguardedly to their vengeance. The men were suspicious and careful and never went out without their rifles. In spite of these precautions, a most thrilling and tragic incident occurred. On the 14th of July, 1776, three young girls belonging to the fort (one of them was Boone's daughter) heedlessly crossed the river in a canoe late in the afternoon. When they got to the other side they commenced playing and splashing with the paddles, as gay young girls, unconscious of danger, might naturally do, until the canoe, floating with the current, drifted close to the shore, which at this part was thickly covered with trees and shrubs. Concealed in this natural ambuscade lay three savage Indians. They had been watching every motion of the girls, and were prepared now to seize their opportunity. One of the coppery rascals dropped stealthily into the stream, caught hold of the rope that hung from the bow of the canoe, and drew it out of view of the fort. The girls, aroused to a sense of their danger, screamed as loud as they could, and were heard at the fort; but, before assistance could come, their captors hurried them on shore and bore them to the interior.

"Next morning by daylight," says Colonel Floyd, who was one of the actors in what he describes, "we were on the track, but found they had totally prevented our following them by walking some distance apart through the thickest canes they could find. We observed their course, and on which side they had left their sign, and traveled upward of thirty miles. We then imagined that they would be less cautious in traveling, and made

a turn in order to cross their trace, and had gone but a few miles before we found their tracks in a buffalo path; pursued and overtook them on going about ten miles, just as they were kindling a fire to cook. Our study had been more to get the prisoners, without giving the Indians time to murder them, after they discovered us, than to kill them.

"We discovered each other nearly at the same time. Four of us fired, and all rushed on them, which prevented them from carrying away anything except one shotgun without ammunition. Mr. Boone and myself had a pretty fair shot just as they began to move off. I am well convinced I shot one through, and the one he shot dropped his gun; mine had none. The place was very thick with canes, and being so much elated on recovering the three little broken-hearted girls prevented our making further search. We sent them off without their moccasins, and not one of them with so much as a knife or a tomahawk."

The simplicity of this narrative exceeds its clearness, but, with all its involutions, is it not graphic, and does it not convey an excellent idea of the rough indifference to danger so characteristic of true pioneer life?

After this it was necessary to be doubly watchful, for the Indians became more aggressive, and apprehensions were felt that a general attack would be made on the fortified stations. These fears appeared to be so well founded, that it was only the oldest and bravest of the pioneers who could withstand their influence. The land speculators and other adventurers, to the number of nearly three hundred, left the country, and newcomers, although prepared for danger, were with difficulty pre-

vailed upon to remain. The year 1777 passed in this gloomy way, marked only by frequent attacks on the various stations by the Indians. Two attempts were made on the fort, but each time the besiegers were beaten off. The brave little garrison lost two men killed and five wounded. With all means of transit cut off by their wary foes, great privations were necessarily suffered by the little band. The immediate necessaries of life they could of course procure, but some articles which were essential to the preservation of health they were without. This was especially the case with regard to salt. Boone, while in the wilderness, could do without this article of luxury, but the families in the fort sorely felt its need, and all kinds of efforts were made to obtain a supply. At length it was determined to fit out an expedition, consisting of thirty men, with Boone at its head, to effect this desirable object. It was necessary to proceed to the Lower Blue Licks, on Licking River, and there manufacture the article, which, in due course, was to be forwarded by pack-horses to the fort.

The enterprise, which seemed at first to promise success, cost Boone and his companions their liberty. One day, while hunting a short distance from his comrades, he was surprised by a party of Indians, one hundred and two in number. He attempted to escape, but their swiftest runners were put on his trail, and he soon abandoned all idea of doing so. The sagacity and presence of mind of the old hunter had now to be exercised. He parleyed with the Indians, professed all sorts of friendship for them, succeeded in gaining their confidence, and finally made honorable terms for the surrender of his men, who became prisoners of war. Boone

has been blamed for not offering resistance, but a moment's reflection will demonstrate that the course he pursued was the wisest and safest. Had he offered resistance, his little band would have been overpowered, and the next point of attack would have been the fort, which, from the absence of the garrison, would have been entirely at the mercy of the savages. To avert a certain massacre, he surrendered his men, after having made excellent conditions for the safety of their lives. "The generous usage the Indians had promised before, in my capitulation," says Boone, "was afterward fully complied with, and we proceeded with them as prisoners to Old Chillicothe, the principal Indian town on Little Miami, where we arrived, after an uncomfortable journey in very severe weather, on the 18th of February, and received as good treatment as prisoners could expect from savages. On the 10th day of March following, I and ten of my men were conducted by forty Indians to Detroit, where we arrived on the 30th day, and were treated by Governor Hamilton, the British commander at that post, with great humanity." The governor endeavored to obtain Boone's liberation by purchase, but his captors were not willing to part with him. He had so ingratiated himself in their good graces that they were determined to have him for a chief, and insisted on carrying him back to their town for the purpose of adoption. He bade farewell to his friends in Detroit, and under the friendly escort of his pertinacious admirers, returned to Chillicothe, where he was adopted by an illustrious individual of the name of Blackfish, to supply the place of a deceased son and warrior. He was treated with great kindness, and in a short time became

universally popular. He was careful to avoid all cause for suspicion, and to appear constantly happy, although, of course, he was forever dreaming of his wife and family, and praying for the happy day that should enable him to escape to them.

Early in the following June he was taken to the Salt Springs, on the Scioto, to assist in making salt. On his return, he was alarmed to see a fearful array of four hundred and fifty warriors, and still more so when he discovered that they were bound on an expedition against Boonesborough. He determined to effect his escape, and, on the following morning, the 16th of June, 1778, he arose and went forth as usual without exciting suspicion. He never returned, and Blackfish had to adopt another son. Boone succeeded in reaching the fort in safety. His sudden appearance greatly astonished the people there, for they had given him up, and his wife, with some of the children, had actually departed for North Carolina. Not a moment was to be lost in making the necessary preparations for the defense of the settlement. The fort, which had fallen into a very rickety condition, was put in thorough repair, and the garrison mustered and drilled so as to be in perfect readiness. The Indians, however, changed their minds. Alarmed, probably, at the escape of Boone, they postponed their expedition for three weeks, but, in the mean time, they made some additions to their strength in the shape of French and Canadian officers.

On the 7th of September, the Indian army, numbering four hundred and forty-four, with Captain Duquesne and eleven other Canadians, appeared before Boonesborough. The Indians were commanded by Boone's

would-be adopted father, Mr. Blackfish, and the Canadians by Captain Duquesne. When this alarming foe had assembled before the unhappy little fort, a summons was issued to "surrender, in the name of His Britannic Majesty." The garrison consisted of between sixty and seventy men, and a large number of women and children. If they *had* surrendered, it would have been nothing remarkable, but they did not even think of doing such a thing. Boone expected reinforcements from Holston, and it became necessary, therefore, to procure as much delay as possible. For this purpose, he desired that he might have two days to consider the proposition of His Britannic Majesty. Strange as it may appear, this proposition was acceded to. About five minutes were sufficient for the garrison to arrive at a determination, and this was that they would fight it out to the last. All the cows and horses were collected within the fort, and every vessel filled with water from the spring, the latter task being performed by the ladies. When the hour arrived for giving an answer to bold Captain Duquesne, it was done in this wise by Boone: "We laugh at your formidable preparations, but thank you for giving notice and time to prepare for defense." Captain Duquesne was not incensed at this reply, but still insisted on a capitulation. He declared his orders from Colonel Hamilton were to take the garrison captives, to treat them as prisoners of war, and not to injure, much less to murder them; and that they had horses to take the women and children, and all others who could not bear the fatigue of traveling on foot. He then proposed that, if the garrison would depute nine persons to come out of the fort and hold a treaty, the

terms should be liberal. It is impossible at this time, after the demise of every person concerned in the affair, to account for the singular course of Captain Duquesne and his Indian allies.

Although Duquesne's affectionate course savored of treachery, Boone thought it desirable to accede to his proposition, as it would at least secure a little more delay. Nine commissioners were selected for the purpose of discussing the treaty, Boone being one of the number. A plot of ground in front of the fort was selected for the conference, all parties to go unarmed. Before leaving for this hazardous interview, Boone took the precaution to place a number of experienced riflemen in advantageous positions, so that, if the commissioners retreated hastily, they might be protected. The parties met, and the treaty proposed was of the most liberal kind. It simply demanded that the residents and garrison of the fort should acknowledge the British authorities, and take the oath of allegiance to the king; in return for which they were to remain unmolested. After these points had been settled, the Indians proposed that, as a commemoration of the joyous occasion, they should revive an ancient custom of their tribe, which consisted of two Indians shaking hands with one white man at the same moment. Boone and his companions knew exactly what this meant, but they did not betray any uneasiness. Eighteen stalwart, muscular Indians now advanced, and, in the way prescribed by the very ancient custom before mentioned, endeavored to drag off the white men. But the iron frames of the pioneers were braced for a struggle. Being without weapons, they appealed to their Anglo-Saxon knowledge of fisticuffs,

and in a very little while had tumbled the red villains in the dust. In the excitement which followed they made good their retreat to the fort, and the riflemen immediately opened a murderous fire to keep off the pursuers. Hostilities now commenced on both sides. The Indians kept up a brisk fire at the fort, but owing to its favorable situation, could not effect much mischief. The garrison, on the contrary, never fired a charge without an especial object. A regular siege, conducted in the usual Indian style, was kept up for nine days, but with no result. The Kentuckians never flinched for a moment. Even the women assisted in the defense, for they loaded the rifles, moulded bullets, and supplied refreshments. On one occasion the fort was fired by the enemy, but a heroic young man extinguished the flames, in spite of a shower of bullets which greeted his appearance with the buckets on the roof. Foiled in this, the Indians, under the direction of the Canadians, commenced digging a mine; but Boone was equal to this emergency. He began a counter-mine, and threw all the dirt into their works, so that they had the pleasure of shoveling it away before they could make the slightest progress. On the 20th of September they raised the siege and took their departure, after having suffered a loss of thirty-seven killed and many more wounded. The loss on the pioneer side was two killed and four wounded: it would not have been so great but for the desertion of a vagabond negro who went over to the enemy, carrying with him an excellent rifle. During the siege, this rascal placed himself in a tree on the other side of the river, and was able, owing to the excellence of his weapon, to fire into the fort. He had killed one and wounded another, when

Boone caught a glimpse of his woolly head. It was sufficient; the next moment Sambo rolled from the tree. After the retreat his body was found, and in the center of the forehead an explanatory hole told the story of his death. The old hunter brought him down at a distance of one hundred and seventy-five yards.

A CAMPAIGN THROUGH THE WATER

[1778]

BY GEORGE ROGERS CLARK

[By means of the two bold campaigns of George Rogers Clark, the United States was, at the close of the Revolution, in possession of the land west of the Ohio, and so was able to secure the Mississippi instead of the Ohio as a western boundary.

The Editor.]

Everything being ready, on the 5th of February, after receiving a lecture and absolution from the priest, we crossed the Kaskaskia River with one hundred and seventy men, marched about three miles and encamped, where we lay until the 7th, and set out. The weather wet (but fortunately not cold for the season) and a great part of the plains under water several inches deep. It was difficult and very fatiguing marching. My object was now to keep the men in spirits. I suffered them to shoot game on all occasions, and feast on it like Indian war-dancers, each company by turns inviting the others to their feasts, which was the case every night, as the company that was to give the feast was always supplied with horses to lay up a sufficient store of wild meat in the course of the day, myself and principal officers putting on the woodsmen, shouting now and then, and running as much through the mud and water as any of them. Thus, insensibly, without a murmur, were those men led on to the banks of the Little Wabash, which we

reached on the 13th, through incredible difficulties, far surpassing anything that any of us had ever experienced. Frequently the diversions of the night wore off the thoughts of the preceding day. We formed a camp on a height which we found on the bank of the river, and suffered our troops to amuse themselves. I viewed this sheet of water for some time with distrust; but, accusing myself of doubting, I immediately set to work, without holding any consultation about it, or suffering anybody else to do so in my presence; ordered a pirogue to be built immediately, and acted as though crossing the water would be only a piece of diversion. As but few could work at the pirogue at a time, pains were taken to find diversion for the rest to keep them in high spirits. . . . In the evening of the 14th, our vessel was finished, manned, and sent to explore the drowned lands on the opposite side of the Little Wabash, with private instructions what report to make, and, if possible, to find some spot of dry land. They found about half an acre, and marked the trees from thence back to the camp, and made a very favorable report.

Fortunately, the 15th happened to be a warm, moist day for the season. The channel of the river where we lay was about thirty yards wide. A scaffold was built on the opposite shore (which was about three feet under water), and our baggage ferried across, and put on it. Our horses swam across, and received their loads at the scaffold, by which time the troops were also brought across, and we began our march through the water. . . .

By evening we found ourselves encamped on a pretty height, in high spirits, each party laughing at the other, in consequence of something that had happened in the

course of this ferrying business, as they called it. A little antic drummer afforded them great diversion by floating on his drum, etc. All this was greatly encouraged; and they really began to think themselves superior to other men, and that neither the rivers nor the seasons could stop their progress. Their whole conversation now was concerning what they would do when they got about the enemy. They now began to view the main Wabash as a creek, and made no doubt but such men as they were could find a way to cross it. They wound themselves up to such a pitch that they soon took Post Vincennes, divided the spoil, and before bedtime were far advanced on their route to Detroit. All this was, no doubt, pleasing to those of us who had more serious thoughts. . . . We were now convinced that the whole of the low country on the Wabash was drowned, and that the enemy could easily get to us, if they discovered us, and wished to risk an action; if they did not, we made no doubt of crossing the river by some means or other. Even if Captain Rogers, with our galley, did not get to his station agreeable to his appointment, we flattered ourselves that all would be well, and marched on in high spirits. . . .

The last day's march through the water was far superior to anything the Frenchmen had an idea of. They were backward in speaking; said that the nearest land to us was a small league called the Sugar Camp on the bank of the river. A canoe was sent off, and returned without finding that we could pass. I went in her myself, and sounded the water; found it deep as to my neck. I returned with a design to have the men transported on board the canoes to the Sugar Camp, which I knew

would spend the whole day and ensuing night, as the vessels would pass slowly through the bushes. The loss of so much time, to men half-starved, was a matter of consequence. I would have given now a great deal for a day's provision or for one of our horses. I returned but slowly to the troops, giving myself time to think. On our arrival, all ran to hear what was the report. Every eye was fixed on me. I unfortunately spoke in a serious manner to one of the officers. The whole were alarmed without knowing what I said. I viewed their confusion for about one minute, whispered to those near me to do as I did: immediately put some water in my hand, poured on powder, blackened my face, gave the war whoop, and marched into the water without saying a word. The party gazed, and fell in, one after another, without saying a word, like a flock of sheep. I ordered those near me to begin a favorite song of theirs. It soon passed through the line, and the whole went on cheerfully. I now intended to have them transported across the deepest part of the water; but, when about waist deep, one of the men informed me that he thought he felt a path. We examined and found it so, and concluded that it kept on the highest ground, which it did; and, by taking pains to follow it, we got to the Sugar Camp without the least difficulty, where there was about half an acre of dry ground, at least not under water, where we took up our lodging. The Frenchmen that we had taken on the river appeared to be uneasy at our situation. They begged that they might be permitted to go in the two canoes to town in the night. They said that they would bring from their own houses provisions, without a possibility of any persons knowing it; that some of our

men should go with them as a surety of their good conduct; that it was impossible we could march from that place till the water fell, for the plain was too deep to march. Some of the officers believed that it might be done. I would not suffer it. I never could well account for this piece of obstinacy, and give satisfactory reasons to myself or anybody else why I denied a proposition apparently so easy to execute and of so much advantage; but something seemed to tell me that it should not be done, and it was not done.

The most of the weather that we had on this march was moist and warm for the season. This was the coldest night we had. The ice, in the morning, was from one half to three quarters of an inch thick near the shores and in still water. The morning was the finest we had on our march. A little after sunrise I lectured the whole. What I said to them I forget, but it may easily be imagined by a person that could possess my affections for them at that time. I concluded by informing them that passing the plain that was then in full view and reaching the opposite woods would put an end to their fatigue, that in a few hours they would have a sight of their long-wished-for object, and immediately stepped into the water without waiting for any reply. A huzza took place. As we generally marched through the water in a line, before the third entered I halted, and called to Major Bowman, ordering him to fall to the rear with twenty-five men, and put to death any man who refused to march, as we wished to have no such person among us. The whole gave a cry of approbation, and on we went. This was the most trying of all the difficulties we had experienced. I generally kept fifteen or twenty of the strongest men

next myself, and judged from my own feelings what must be that of others. Getting about the middle of the plain, the water about mid-deep, I found myself sensibly failing; and, as there were no trees nor bushes for the men to support themselves by, I feared that many of the most weak would be drowned. I ordered the canoes to make the land, discharge their loading, and play backward and forward with all diligence, and pick up the men; and, to encourage the party, sent some of the strongest men forward, with orders, when they got to a certain distance, to pass the word back that the water was getting shallow, and when getting near the woods to cry out, "Land!" This stratagem had its desired effect. The men, encouraged by it, exerted themselves almost beyond their abilities; the weak holding by the stronger. . . . The water never got shallower, but continued deepening. Getting to the woods, where the men expected land, the water was up to my shoulders; but gaining the woods was of great consequence. All the low men and the weakly hung to the trees, and floated on the old logs until they were taken off by the canoes. The strong and tall got ashore and built fires. Many would reach the shore, and fall with their bodies half in the water, not being able to support themselves without it.

This was a delightful dry spot of ground of about ten acres. We soon found that the fires answered no purpose, but that two strong men taking a weaker one by the arms was the only way to recover him; and, being a delightful day, it soon did. But, fortunately, as if designed by Providence, a canoe of Indian squaws and children was coming up to town, and took through part of this plain as a nigh way. It was discovered by our

canoes as they were out after the men. They gave chase, and took the Indian canoe, on board of which was near half a quarter of a buffalo, some corn, tallow, kettles, etc. This was a grand prize, and was invaluable. Broth was immediately made, and served out to the most weakly with great care. Most of the whole got a little; but a great many gave their part to the weakly, jocosely saying something cheering to their comrades. This little refreshment and fine weather by the afternoon gave new life to the whole. Crossing a narrow deep lake in the canoes, and marching some distance, we came to a copse of timber called the Warrior's Island. We were now in full view of the fort and town, not a shrub between us, at about two miles' distance. Every man now feasted his eyes, and forgot that he had suffered anything, saying, that all that had passed was owing to good policy and nothing but what a man could bear; and that a soldier had no right to think, etc., — passing from one extreme to another, which is common in such cases. It was now we had to display our abilities. The plain between us and the town was not a perfect level. The sunken grounds were covered with water full of ducks. We observed several men out on horseback, shooting them, within a half mile of us, and sent out as many of our active young Frenchmen to decoy and take one of these men prisoner in such a manner as not to alarm the others, which they did. The information we got from this person was similar to that which we got from those we took on the river, except that of the British having that evening completed the wall of the fort, and that there were a good many Indians in town.

Our situation was now truly critical, — no possibility

of retreating in case of defeat, and in full view of a town that had, at this time, upward of six hundred men in it. — troops, inhabitants, and Indians. The crew of the galley, though not fifty men, would have been now a reenforcement of immense magnitude to our little army (if I may so call it), but we would not think of them. We were now in the situation that I had labored to get ourselves in. The idea of being made prisoner was foreign to almost every man, as they expected nothing but torture from the savages, if they fell into their hands. Our fate was now to be determined, probably in a few hours. We knew that nothing but the most daring conduct would insure success. I knew that a number of the inhabitants wished us well, that many were lukewarm to the interest of either, and I also learned that the grand chief, the Tobacco's son, had but a few days before openly declared, in council with the British, that he was a brother and friend to the Big Knives. These were favorable circumstances; and, as there was but little probability of our remaining until dark undiscovered, I determined to begin the career immediately, and wrote the following placard to the inhabitants: —

To the Inhabitants of Fort Vincennes:

Gentlemen, — Being now within two miles of your village, with my army, determined to take your fort this night, and not being willing to surprise you, I take this method to request such of you as are true citizens and willing to enjoy the liberty I bring you to remain still in your houses; and those, if any there be, that are friends to the king will instantly repair to the fort, and join the hair-buyer general,[1] and fight like men. And if any such

[1] Hamilton offered rewards for American scalps.

as do not go to the fort shall be discovered afterward, they may depend on severe punishment. On the contrary, those who are true friends to liberty may depend on being well treated; and I once more request them to keep out of the streets. For every one I find in arms on my arrival I shall treat him as an enemy.

(Signed)

G. R. CLARK.

I had various ideas on the supposed result of this letter. I knew that it would do us no damage, but that it would cause the lukewarm to be decided, encourage our friends, and astonish our enemies. . . . We anxiously viewed this messenger until he entered the town, and in a few minutes could discover by our glasses some stir in every street that we could penetrate into, and great numbers running or riding out into the commons, we supposed, to view us, which was the case. But what surprised us was that nothing had yet happened that had the appearance of the garrison being alarmed, — no drum nor gun. We began to suppose that the information we got from our prisoners was false, and that the enemy already knew of us, and were prepared. . . . A little before sunset we moved, and displayed ourselves in full view of the town, crowds gazing at us. We were plunging ourselves into certain destruction or success. There was no midway thought of. We had but little to say to our men, except inculcating an idea of the necessity of obedience, etc. We knew they did not want encouraging, and that anything might be attempted with them that was possible for such a number, — perfectly cool, under proper subordination, pleased with the pros-

pect before them, and much attached to their officers. They all declared that they were convinced that an implicit obedience to orders was the only thing that would insure success, and hoped that no mercy would be shown the person that should violate them. Such language as this from soldiers to persons in our station must have been exceedingly agreeable. We moved on slowly in full view of the town; but, as it was a point of some consequence to us to make ourselves appear as formidable, we in leaving the covert that we were in, marched and countermarched in such a manner that we appeared numerous. In raising volunteers in the Illinois, every person that set about the business had a set of colors given him, which they brought with them to the amount of ten or twelve pairs. These were displayed to the best advantage; and, as the low plain we marched through was not a perfect level, but had frequent risings in it seven or eight feet higher than the common level (which was covered with water), and as these risings generally ran in an oblique direction to the town, we took the advantage of one of them, marching through the water under it, which completely prevented our being numbered. But our colors showed considerably above the heights, as they were fixed on long poles procured for the purpose, and at a distance made no despicable appearance; and, as our young Frenchmen had, while we lay on the Warrior's Island, decoyed and taken several fowlers with their horses, officers were mounted on these horses, and rode about, more completely to deceive the enemy. In this manner we moved, and directed our march in such a way as to suffer it to be dark before we had advanced more than half-way to the town. We then

suddenly altered our direction, and crossed ponds where they could not have suspected us, and about eight o'clock gained the heights back of the town. As there was yet no hostile appearance, we were impatient to have the cause unriddled. Lieutenant Bayley was ordered, with fourteen men, to march and fire on the fort. The main body moved in a different direction, and took possession of the strongest part of the town.

[The attack upon the town continued for some thirty-six hours. Then the audacious young leader sent a demand for surrender. It was promptly refused; nevertheless, the surrender took place before the close of the day.]

HOW THE WOMEN BROUGHT WATER TO BRYAN'S STATION

[1782]

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

THERE had been terrible doings on the frontier during the spring and summer of 1782. The British and Indians had made raid after raid through the land. Two years before a certain Colonel William Byrd of Westover, Virginia, a Tory, who seems to have been a gentleman and a soldier, led some eight hundred Indians with a detachment of soldiers and some artillery into Kentucky. None of the forts was proof against artillery, nor was there any in the territory except that in the possession of George Rogers Clark, which was not available. Two stations, Martin's and Ruddle's, were attacked in succession and easily captured. Their garrisons and inhabitants were murdered and tortured with shocking barbarity. It is to the eternal credit of Colonel Byrd, that, finding himself unable to control the Indians, he abandoned his expedition and withdrew, otherwise the whole land would have been desolated. The bulk of the invading Indians were Wyandots, who were easily first among the savages of the northwest for ferocious valor and military skill. The opposing forces being exactly equal, a detachment of them defeated a certain Captain Estill by a series of brilliant military maneuvers which would have done credit to a great captain, being indeed upon a

small scale Napoleonic in their conception and execution.

Two years after Byrd had withdrawn, William Campbell and Alexander McKee, notorious renegades, with the infamous Simon Girty, whose name has been a hissing and a byword ever since he lived, led a formidable war party consisting of a few Canadians and four hundred Indians into Kentucky. The first place they attacked was Bryan's Station. Another place called Hoy's Station was menaced by a different party of Indians, and express messengers had ridden to Bryan's Station to seek aid, which the settlers were ready to grant.

The American party was being made up to go to Hoy's Station early in the morning of the 16th of August, 1782, when as they approached the gate to ride out of it, a party of Indians was discovered on the edge of the woods in full view. The party was small in number, comparatively speaking, yet its members exposed themselves, out of rifle range, of course, with such careless indifference to consequences or to a possible attack, as inevitably to suggest to the mind of Captain John Craig, who commanded the fort at the time, that they were desirous of attracting the attention of the garrison in the hope that their small numbers might induce the men of the station to leave the fort and pursue them.

Craig was an old Indian fighter who had been trained in Daniel Boone's own school. He was suspicious of any maneuver of that kind. Checking the departure of the relief party, he called his brother and the principal men of the station into a council and they concluded at once that the demonstration in the front of the fort was a

mere feint, that the Indians were anxious to be pursued and that the main attack would come from the other direction.

The surmise was correct. With cunning adroitness Campbell had massed the main body of his forces in the woods back of the fort with strict instructions for them to remain concealed and not show themselves on any account until they heard the fire coming from the front of the station, which would convince them that their ruse had succeeded. Then they were to break from cover and rush for the back wall of the fort, which they supposed would be undefended, scale it, and have the little garrison at their mercy. It so happened that the spring, from which the fort got its water supply, lay within a short distance of the main body concealed in the thick woods which surrounded the clearing with the fort in the center. The situation was perfectly plain to Craig and his men. They determined to meet ruse with ruse and if possible to defeat the Indians at their own game.

Before they could do anything, however, they must have a supply of water. On that hot August day life in that stockade, especially when engaged in furious battle, would become unsupportable without water. Only the ordinary amount sufficient for the night had been brought in the day before. The receptacles were now empty. After swift deliberations the commandant turned to the women and children crowded around the officers, and explained the situation plainly to them. He proposed that the women, and children who were large enough to carry water, should go down to the spring with every vessel they could carry and bring back

the water upon which their lives depended. He also explained to them that the spring was probably covered by concealed masses of the enemy who were waiting for the success of the demonstration in front of the fort to begin the attack.

He said further that it was the opinion of those in command, that if the women would go to the spring as they did under ordinary circumstances, as was their custom every morning that is, the Indians would not molest them, not being desirous of breaking up the plan by which they hoped to take the fort and have everything at their mercy. The men in the fort would cover the women with their rifles so far as they could. It would be impossible for them to go and get water; as it was not the habit of the men to do that, the unusual proceeding would awaken the suspicions of the Indians, and the men would be shot down, and the fort and all its inmates would be at the mercy of the savages.

Every woman there was able to see the situation. The theory upon which they were proceeding might be all wrong. The Indians might be satisfied with the certainty of capturing the women thus presented, and the women and children might be taken away under the very eyes of the helpless men. On the other hand, it was probable, though by no means certain, that Craig's reasoning was correct and that the Indians would not discover themselves, and the women and children would be allowed to return unmolested. Still nobody could tell what the Indians would do and the situation was a terrible one. Capture at the very best meant death by torture. The women in the fort had not lived on the frontier in vain. They realized the dilemma instantly. A

shudder of terror and apprehension went through the crowd. What would they do? They must have the water; the men could not get it, the women did!

Mrs. Jemima Suggett Johnson, the wife of an intrepid pioneer and the daughter and sister of others, instantly volunteered for the task. She was the mother of five little children and her husband happened to be away in Virginia at the time. Leaving her two little boys and her daughter Sally to look after the baby in his dug-out cradle, she offered to go for the water. This baby was that Richard Mentor Johnson, who afterward became so celebrated at the battle of the Thames where Tecumseh was killed, and who was subsequently Vice-President of the United States.

Taking her little daughter Betsy, aged ten, her eldest child, by the hand, the fearless woman headed a little band of twelve women and sixteen children, who had agreed to follow where she led; among them were the wives and children of the Craig brothers. The little ones carried wooden piggins, and the women noggins and buckets. The piggin was a small bucket with one upright stave for a handle — a large wooden dipper as it were — while the larger noggin had two upright staves for handles.

Carefully avoiding any suspicious demonstration of force on the part of his men, Captain Craig opened the gate and the women marched out. Chatting and laughing in spite of the fact that they were nearly perishing from apprehension and terror, they tramped down the hill to the spring near the creek some sixty yards away, with as much coolness and indifference as they could muster. It was indeed a fearful moment for the women,

and no wonder that some of the younger ones and the older children found it difficult to control their agitation; but the composed manner of those valiant and heroic matrons like Mrs. Johnson somewhat reassured the others and completely deluded the Indians. Probably the younger children did not realize their frightful danger, and their unconsciousness helped to deceive the foes in ambush.

It took some time to fill the various receptacles from the small spring, but, by the direction of Mrs. Johnson, no one left the vicinity until all were ready to return. This little party then marched deliberately back to the fort as they had come. Not a shot was fired. The Indians concealed within a stone's throw in the underbrush had looked at them with covetous eyes, but such was the unwonted discipline in which they were held that they refrained from betraying themselves, in the hope of afterward carrying out their stratagem. As they neared the gate some of the younger ones broke into a run crowding into the door of the stockade which never looked so hospitable as on that sunny summer morning, and some of the precious water was spilled, but most of it was carried safe into the inclosure.

With what feelings of relief the fifty-odd men in the station saw their wives and children come back again can scarcely be imagined. Dispatching two daring men on horseback to break through the besiegers and rouse the country, Craig immediately laid a trap for the Indians. Selecting a small body he sent them out to the front of the fort to engage the Indians there, instructing them to make as much noise and confusion as possible. Then he posted the main body of his men at the loop-

holes back of the fort, instructing them not to make a move, nor fire a gun, until he gave the order.

The ruse was completely successful. Deceived by the hullabaloo in front, the Indians in the rear, imagining that their plan had succeeded, broke from cover and instantly dashed up to the stockade, shouting their war cries, and expecting an easy victory. What was their surprise to find it suddenly bristling with rifles as Craig and his men poured a steady withering fire into the mass crowded before them, fairly decimating them. They ran back instantly, and concealment being at an end, returned the fire ineffectually. Immediately thereafter from every side a furious fire from four hundred rifles burst upon the defenders. All day long the siege was maintained. Once in a while a bullet ploughing through a crevice in the stockade struck down one of the brave garrison, but the casualties in the station were very few.

On the other hand, when an Indian exposed himself he was sure to be killed by a shot from some unerring rifle. One or two Indians climbed a tree seeking to command the fort therefrom, but they were quickly detected and shot before they had time to descend. At last they attempted to burn the fort by shooting flaming arrows up in the air to fall perpendicularly upon the buildings. The children, the little boys, that is, and some of the older girls, were lifted up on the inclined roofs, where they were safe from direct rifle fire, though in imminent danger of being pierced by the dropping arrows, with instructions to put out the fires as fast as the arrows kindled them, which they succeeded in doing. Meanwhile, the women were busy moulding bullets and load-

ing rifles for the men, and many of them took their places on the walls and aided in the defense.

"The mothers of our forest land,
Their bosoms pillowed men;
And proud were they by such to stand
In hammock, fort, or glen;
To load the sure old rifle,
To run the leaden ball,
To watch a battling husband's place,
And fill it should he fall."

Finding their efforts unavailing, the Indians ravaged the surrounding country. They killed all the cattle belonging to the pioneers, burned and destroyed the fields of grain, and turned the environment into a bloody desert. In the afternoon a succoring party from Boone's Station appeared, but without Boone, for he was absent at the time, and succeeded in entering the fort.

THE FIRST SALUTE TO THE FLAG

[1778]

BY SARAH ORNE JEWETT

In midwinter something happened that lifted every true heart on board. There had been dull and dreary weeks on board the Ranger, with plots for desertion among the crew, and a general look of surliness and reproach on all faces. The captain was eagerly impatient in sending his messengers to Nantes when the Paris post might be expected, and was ever disappointed at their return. The discipline of the ship became more strict than before, now that there was little else to command or insist upon. The officers grew tired of one another's company, and kept to their own quarters, or passed each other without speaking. It was easy, indeed, to be displeased with such a situation, and to fret at such an apparently needless loss of time, even if there were nothing else to fret about.

At last there was some comfort in leaving Nantes, and making even so short a voyage as to the neighboring port of L'Orient, where the Ranger was overhauled and refitted for sea; yet even here the men grumbled at their temporary discomforts, and above all regretted Nantes, where they could amuse themselves better ashore. It was a hard, stormy winter, but there were plenty of rich English ships almost within hand's reach. Nobody could well understand why they had done nothing, while such easy prey came and went in those waters, from

Bordeaux and the coast of Spain, even from Nantes itself.

On a certain Friday orders were given to set sail, and the Ranger made her way along the coast to Quiberon, and anchored there at sunset, before the bay's entrance, facing the great curve of the shores. She had much shipping for company: farther in there lay a fine show of French frigates with a convoy, and four ships of the line. The captain scanned these through his glass, and welcomed a great opportunity: he had come upon a division of the French navy, and one of the frigates flew the flag of a rear admiral, La Motte Piqué.

The wind had not fallen at sundown. All night the Ranger tossed about and tugged at her anchor chains, as if she were impatient to continue her adventures, like the men between her sides. All the next day she rode uneasily, and clapped her sailcloth and thrummed her rigging in the squally winter blast, until the sea grew quieter toward sundown. Then Captain Paul Jones sent a boat to the king's fleet to carry a letter.

The boat was long gone. The distance was little, but difficult in such a sea, yet some of the boats of the country came out in hope of trading with the Ranger's men. The poor peasants would venture anything, and a strange-looking, swarthy little man who got aboard nobody knew how, suddenly approached the captain where he stood, ablaze with impatience, on the quarter. At his first word Paul Jones burst with startling readiness into Spanish invective, and then, with a look of pity at the man's poverty of dress in that icy weather, took a bit of gold from his pocket. "Barcelona?" said he. "I have had good days in Barcelona, myself," and bade

the Spaniard begone. Then he called him back and asked a few questions, and, summoning a quartermaster, gave orders that he should take the sailor's poor gear, and give him a warm coat and cap from the slop chests.

"He has lost his ship, and got stranded here," said the captain, with compassion, and then turned again to watch for the boat. "You may roll the coat and cap into a bundle; they are quaint-fashioned things," he added carelessly, as the quartermaster went away.

The bay was now alive with small Breton traders, and at a short distance away there was a droll little potato fleet making hopefully for the Ranger. The headmost boat, however, was the Ranger's own, with an answer to the captain's letter. He gave an anxious sigh and laid down his glass. He had sent to say frankly to the rear admiral that he flew the new American flag, and that no foreign power had yet saluted it, and to ask if his own salute to the Royal Navy of France would be properly returned. It was already in the last fluster of the February wind, and the sea was going down; there was no time to be lost. He broke the great seal of his answer with a trembling hand, and at the first glance pressed the letter to his breast.

The French frigates were a little apart from their convoy, and rolled sullenly in a solemn company, their tall masts swaying like time-keepers against the pale winter sky. The low land lay behind them, its line broken here and there by strange mounds, and by ancient altars of the druids, like clumsy, heavy-legged beasts standing against the winter sunset. The captain gave orders to hoist the anchor, nobody knew why, and to spread the sails,when it was no time to put to sea.

He stood like a king until all was done, and then passed the word for his gunners to be ready, and steered straight in toward the French fleet.

They all understood now. The little Ranger ran slowly between the frowning ships, looking as warlike as they; her men swarmed like bees into the rigging; her colors ran up to salute the flag of his most Christian Majesty of France, and she fired one by one her salute of thirteen guns.

There was a moment of suspense. The wind was very light now; the powder smoke drifted away, and the flapping sails sounded loud overhead. Would the admiral answer, or would he treat this bold challenge like a handkerchief waved at him from a pleasure boat? Some of the officers on the Ranger looked incredulous, but Paul Jones still held his letter in his hand. There was a puff of white smoke, and the great guns of the French flagship began to shake the air, — one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, *nine;* and then were still, save for their echoes from the low hills about Carnac and the great druid mount of St. Michael.

"Gardner, you may tell the men that this was the salute of the King of France to our Republic, and the first high honor to our colors," said the captain proudly to his steersman. But they were all huzzaing now along the Ranger's decks, — that little ship whose name shall never be forgotten while her country lives.

"We hardly know what this day means, gentlemen," he said soberly to his officers, who came about him. "I believe that we are at the christening of the greatest nation that was ever born into the world."

He lifted his hat, and stood looking up at the flag.

JOHN PAUL JONES IN THE REVOLUTION

[1775–1781]

BY JOEL TYLER HEADLEY

In 1775, when the American Revolution broke out, the young Scotchman commenced his brilliant career. His offer to Congress, to serve in the navy, was accepted, and he was appointed first lieutenant in the Alfred. As the commander-in-chief of the squadron came on board, Jones unfurled the national flag — the first time its folds were ever given to the breeze. What that flag was, strange as it may seem, no record or tradition can certainly tell. It was not the stars and the stripes, for they were not generally adopted till two years after. The generally received opinion is that it was a pine tree, with a rattlesnake coiled at the roots, as if about to spring, and underneath, the motto, "Don't tread on me." At all events, it unrolled to the breeze, and waved over as gallant a young officer as ever trod a quarter-deck. If the flag bore such a symbol, it was most appropriate to Jones, for no serpent was ever more ready to strike than he. Fairly afloat — twenty-nine years of age — healthy — well knit, though of light and slender frame, — a commissioned officer in the American navy — the young gardener saw, with joy, the shores receding as the fleet steered for the Bahama Isles. A skillful seaman — at home on the deck, and a bold and daring man — he could not but distinguish himself, in whatever circumstances he might be placed. The result of this expedition

was the capture of New Providence, with a hundred cannon, and an abundance of military stores. It came near failing, through the bungling management of the commander-in-chief, and would have done so but for the perseverance and daring of Paul Jones.

As the fleet was returning home, he had an opportunity to try himself in battle. The Glasgow, an English ship, was chased by the whole squadron, yet escaped. During the running fight, Jones commanded the lower battery of the Alfred, and exhibited that coolness and daring which afterwards so characterized him.

Soon after, he was transferred to the sloop Providence, and ordered to put to sea on a six weeks' cruise. It required no ordinary skill or boldness to keep this little sloop hovering amid the enemy's cruisers, and yet avoid capture. Indeed, his short career seemed about to end, for he found himself one day chased by the English frigate Solebay; and despite of every exertion overhauled, so that at the end of four hours his vessel was brought within musket-shot of the enemy, whose heavy cannon kept thundering against him. Gallantly returning the fire with his light guns, Jones, though there seemed no chance of escape, still kept his flag flying, and saved himself by his extraordinary seamanship. Finding himself lost in the course he was pursuing, he gradually worked his little vessel off till he got the Solebay on his weather quarter, when he suddenly exclaimed, "Up helm," to the steersman, and setting every sail that would draw, stood dead before the wind, bearing straight down on the English frigate, and passing within pistol-shot of her. Before the enemy could recover his surprise at this bold and unexpected maneuver, or

bring his ship into the same position, Jones was showing him a clean pair of heels. His little sloop could outsail the frigate before the wind, and he bore proudly away.

He soon after had another encounter with the English frigate Milford. He was lying to near the Isle of Sable, fishing, when the Milford hove in sight. Immediately putting his ship in trim, he tried the relative speed of the two vessels, and finding that he could outsail his antagonist, let him approach. The Englishman kept rounding to as he advanced, and pouring his broadsides on the sloop, but at such a distance that not a shot told. Thus Jones kept irritating his more powerful enemy, keeping him at just such a distance as to make his firing ridiculous. Still it was a hazardous experiment, for a single chance shot, crashing through his rigging, might have reduced his speed so much as to prevent his escape. But to provoke the Englishman still more, Jones, as he walked quietly away, ordered one of his men to return each of the enemy's broadsides with a single musket-shot. This insulting treatment made a perfect farce of the whole chase, and must have enraged the commander of the Milford beyond measure.

He continued cruising about, and at the end of forty-seven days sailed into Newport with sixteen prizes. He next planned an expedition against Cape Breton, to break up the fisheries; and, though he did not wholly succeed, he returned to Boston in about a month, with four prizes and a hundred and fifty prisoners. The clothing on its way to the Canada troops, which he captured, came very opportunely for the destitute soldiers of the American army. During this expedition, Jones had command of the Alfred, but was superseded on his return,

and put on board his old sloop, the Providence. This was the commencement of a series of unjust acts on the part of our Government towards him, which as yet could not break away from English example, and make brave deeds the only road to rank. It insisted, according to the old Continental rule, with which Bonaparte made such wild work, on giving the places of trust to the sons of distinguished gentlemen. Jones remonstrated against this injustice, and pressed the Government so closely with his importunities and complaints, that, to get rid of him, it sent him to Boston to select and fit out a ship for himself. In the mean time, he recommended measures to the Government, respecting the organizing and strengthening of the navy, which show him to have been the most enlightened naval officer in our service, and that his sound and comprehensive views were equal to his bravery. Most of his suggestions were adopted, and the foundation of the American navy laid.

Soon after (June, 1777), he was given command of the Ranger, and informed in his commission that the flag of the United States was to be thirteen stripes, and the union thirteen stars on a blue field, representing a new constellation in the heavens. With joy he hoisted this new flag and put to sea in his badly equipped vessel — steering for France, where he was, by order of his Government, to take charge of a large vessel, there to be purchased for him by the American Commissioners. Failing in this enterprise, he again set sail in the Ranger, and steered for Quiberon Bay. Here, passing through the French fleet with his brig, he obtained a national salute, the first ever given our colors. Having had the honor first to hoist our flag on the water, and the first to

hear the guns of a powerful nation thunder forth their recognition of it, he again put to sea, and boldly entered the Irish Channel, capturing several prizes.

Steering for the Isle of Man, he planned an expedition which illustrates the boldness and daring that characterized him. He determined to burn the shipping in Whitehaven, in retaliation for the injuries inflicted on our coast by English ships. More than three hundred vessels lay in this port, protected by two batteries, composed of thirty pieces of artillery, while eighty rods distant was a strong fort. To enter a port so protected and filled with shipping, with a single brig, and apply the torch, under the very muzzles of the cannon, was an act unrivaled in daring. But Jones seemed to delight in these reckless deeds — there appeared to be a sort of witchery about danger to him, and the greater it was, the more enticing it became. Once, when Government was making arrangements to furnish him with a ship, he urged the necessity of giving him a good one, "for," said he, "*I intend to go in harm's way.*" This was true, and he generally managed to carry out his intentions.

It was about midnight, on the 22d of April, 1778, when Jones stood boldly in to the port of Whitehaven. Having got sufficiently near, he took two boats and thirty-one men, and rowed noiselessly away from his gallant little ship. He commanded one boat in person, and took upon himself the task of securing the batteries. With a mere handful of men he scaled the breastwork, seized the sentinel on duty before he could give the alarm, and rushing forward took the astonished soldiers prisoners and spiked the cannon. Then leaving Lieutenant Wallingsford to fire the shipping, he hastened for-

ward with *only one man* to take the fort. All was silent as he approached, and boldly entering, he spiked every cannon, and then hurried back to his little band. He was surprised, as he approached, not to see the shipping in a blaze; and demanded of his lieutenant why he had not fulfilled his orders. The latter replied that his light had gone out; but he evidently did not like his mission, and purposely neglected to obey orders. Everything had been managed badly, and to his mortification he saw the day beginning to dawn, and his whole plan, at the moment when it promised complete success, overturned. The people, rousing from their slumbers, saw with alarm a band of men with half-burnt candles in their hands standing on the pier — and assembled in crowds. Jones, however, refused to depart, and indignant at the failure of the expedition, entered alone a large ship, and coolly sat down and kindled a fire in the steerage. He then hunted about for a barrel of tar, which having found, he poured it over the flames. The blaze shot up around the lofty spars, and wreathed the rigging in their spiral folds, casting a baleful light over the town. The terrified inhabitants, seeing the flames shoot heavenward, rushed toward the wharves; but Jones posted himself by the entrance to the ship, with a cocked pistol in his hand, threatening to shoot the first who should approach. They hesitated a moment and then turned and fled. Gazing a moment on the burning ship and the panic-struck multitude, he entered his boat, and leisurely rowed back to the Ranger, that sat like a sea gull on the water. The bright sun had now risen, and was bathing the land and sea in its light, revealing to the inhabitants the little craft that had so boldly entered

their waters; and they hastened to their fort to open their cannon upon it. To their astonishment they found them spiked. They, however, got possession of two guns, which they began to fire; but the shot fell so wide of the mark, that the sailors, in contempt, fired back their pistols.

The expedition had failed through the inefficiency of his men, and especially one deserter, who remained behind to be called the "savior of Whitehaven"; but it showed to England that her own coast was not safe from the hands of the spoiler; and that the torch she carried into our ports might be hurled into hers also. In carrying it out, Jones exhibited a daring and coolness never surpassed by any man. The only drawback to it was, that it occurred in the neighborhood of his birthplace, and amid the hallowed associations of his childhood. One would think that the familiar hilltops and mountain ranges, and the thronging memories they would bring back on the bold rover, would have sent him to other portions of the coast to inflict distress. It speaks badly for the man's sensibilities, though so well for his courage.

He next entered Kirkcudbright Bay in a single boat, for the purpose of taking Lord Selkirk prisoner. The absence of the nobleman alone prevented his success.

The next day, as he was off Carrickfergus, he saw the Drake, an English ship of war, working slowly out of harbor to go in pursuit of his vessel, that was sending such consternation along the Scottish coast. Five small vessels, filled with citizens, accompanied her part of the way. A heavy tide was setting landward, and the vessel made feeble headway; but at length she made her last

tack, and stretched boldly out into the channel. The Ranger, when she first saw the Drake coming out of the harbor, ran down to meet her, and then lay to till the latter had cleared the port. She then filled away, and stood out into the center of the channel. The Drake had, in volunteers and all, a crew of a hundred and sixty men, besides carrying two guns more than the Ranger. She also belonged to the regular British navy, while Jones had a crew imperfectly organized, and but partially used to the discipline of a vessel of war. He, however, saw with delight his formidable enemy approach, and when the latter hailed him, asking what ship it was, he replied: "The American Continental ship Ranger! We are waiting for you — come on!"

Alarm fires were burning along both shores, and the hilltops were covered with spectators, witnessing the meeting of these two ships. The sun was only an hour high, and as the blazing fire-ball stooped to the western wave, Jones commenced the attack. Steering directly across the enemy's bow, he poured in a deadly broadside, which was promptly returned; the two ships moved gallantly away, side by side, while broadside after broadside thundered over the deep. Within close musket-shot they continued to sweep slowly and sternly onward for an hour, wreathed in smoke, while the incessant crash of timbers on board the Drake told how terrible was the American's fire. First, her fore- and maintopsails were carried away — then the yards began to tumble, one after another; until at length her ensign, fallen also, draggled in the water. Jones kept pouring in his destructive broadsides, which the Drake answered, but with less effect; while the topmen of the Ranger

made fearful havoc amid the dense crew of the enemy. As the last sunlight was leaving its farewell on the distant mountain-tops, the commander of the Drake fell, shot through the head with a musket-ball, and the British flag was lowered to the Stripes and Stars — a ceremony which, in after years, became quite common.

Jones returned with his prizes to Paris, and offered his services to France. In hopes of getting command of a larger vessel he gave up the Ranger, but soon had cause to regret it, for he was left for a long time without employment. He had been promised the Indian; and the Prince of Nassau, pleased by the daring of Jones, had promised to accompany him as a volunteer. But this fell through, together with many other projects, and but for the firm friendship of Franklin, he would have fared but poorly in the French capital. After a long series of annoyances and disappointments, he at length obtained command of a vessel, which, out of respect to Franklin, he named the Bon Homme Richard, the "Poor Richard." With seven ships in all — a snug little squadron for Jones, had the different commanders been subordinate — he set sail from France, and steered for the coast of Ireland. The want of proper subordination was soon made manifest, for in a week's time the vessels, one after another, parted company, to cruise by themselves, till Jones had with him but the Alliance, Pallas, and Vengeance. In a tremendous storm he bore away, and after several days of gales and heavy seas, approached the shore of Scotland. Taking several prizes near the Firth of Forth, he ascertained that a twenty-four-gun ship, and two cutters were in the roads. These he determined

to cut out, and, landing at Leith, lay the town under contribution. The inhabitants supposed his little fleet to be English vessels in pursuit of Paul Jones; and a member of Parliament, a wealthy man in the place, sent off a boat, requesting powder and balls to defend himself, as he said, against the "pirate Paul Jones." Jones very politely sent back the bearer with a barrel of powder, expressing his regrets that he had no shot to spare. Soon after, in his pompous, inflated manner, he summoned the town to surrender; but the wind blowing steadily off the land, he could not approach with his vessel.

At length, however, the wind changed, and the Richard stood boldly in for the shore. The inhabitants, as they saw her bearing steadily up towards the place, were filled with terror, and ran hither and thither in affright; but the good minister, Rev. Mr. Shirra, assembled his flock on the beach, to pray the Lord to deliver them from their enemies. He was an eccentric man, one of the quaintest of the quaint Scotch divines, so that his prayers, even in those days, were often quoted for their oddity and even roughness.

Whether the following prayer is literally true or not, it is difficult to tell, but there is little doubt that the invocation of the excited, eccentric old man was sufficiently odd. It is said that, having gathered his congregation on the beach in full sight of the vessel, which, under a press of canvas, was making a long tack that brought her close to the town, he knelt down on the sand, and thus began: "Now, dear Lord, dinna ye think it a shame for ye to send this vile pirate to rob our folk o' Kirkaldy; for ye ken they're puir enow already, and hae naething to spare. The way the wind blaws he'll

be here in a jiffy, and wha kens what he may do; he's nae too good for onything. Mickle 's the mischief he has done already. He'll burn their houses, tak their very claes, and tirl them to the sark. And waes me! wha kens but the bluidy villain might take their lives! The puir weemen are maist frightened out o' their wits, and the bairns skirling after them. I canna think of it! I canna think of it! I hae been long a faithful servant to ye, Lord; but gin ye dinna turn the wind about, and blaw the scoundrel out of our gate, I'll nae stir a foot: but will just sit here till the tide comes. Sae tak ye'r will o't." To the no little astonishment of the good people, a fierce gale at that moment began to blow, which sent one of Jones's prizes ashore, and forced him to stand out to sea. This fixed forever the reputation of good Mr. Shirra; and he did not himself wholly deny that he believed his intercessions brought on the gale, for whenever his parishioners spoke of it to him, he always replied, "I prayed, but the Lord sent the wind."

Stretching from thence along the English coast, Jones cruised about for a while, and at length fell in with the Alliance, which had parted company with him a short time previous. With this vessel, the Pallas and Vengeance, — making, with the Richard, four ships, — he stood to the north; when, on the afternoon of September 23d, 1779, he saw a fleet of forty-one sail hugging the coast. This was the Baltic fleet, under the convoy of the Serapis, of forty-one guns, and the Countess of Scarborough, of twenty guns. Jones immediately issued his orders to form line of battle, while with his ship he gave chase. The convoy scattered like wild pigeons, and ran for the shore, to place themselves under the protec-

tion of a fort, but the two warships advanced to the conflict.

It was a beautiful day, the wind was light, so that not a wave broke the smooth surface of the sea — and all was smiling and tranquil on land, as the hostile forces slowly approached each other. The piers of Scarborough were crowded with spectators, and the old promontory of Flamborough, over three miles distant, was black with the multitude assembled to witness the engagement. The breeze was so light that the vessels approached each other slowly, as if reluctant to come to the mortal struggle, and mar that placid scene and that beautiful evening with the sound of battle. It was a thrilling spectacle, those bold ships with their sails all set, moving sternly up to each other. At length the cloudless sun sank behind the hills, and twilight deepened over the waters. The next moment the full round moon pushed its broad disk over the tranquil waters, bathing in her soft beams the white sails that now seemed like gentle moving clouds on the deep.

The Pallas stood for the Countess of Scarborough, while the Alliance, after having also come within range, withdrew and took up a position where she could safely contemplate the fight. Paul Jones, now in his element, paced the deck to and fro, impatient for the contest; and at length approached within pistol-shot of the Serapis. The latter was a new ship, with an excellent crew, and throwing, with every broadside, seventy-five pounds more than the Richard. Jones, however, rated this lightly, and with his old, half-worn-out merchantman, closed fearlessly with his powerful antagonist. As he approached the latter, Captain Pearson hailed

him with "What ship is that?" "I can't hear what you say," was the reply. "What ship is that?" rang back. "Answer immediately, or I shall fire into you." A shot from the Richard was the significant answer, and immediately both vessels opened their broadsides. Two of the three old eighteen-pounders of the Richard burst at the first fire, and Jones was compelled to close the lower deck ports, which were not opened again during the action. This was an ominous beginning, for it reduced the force of the Richard to one third below that of the Serapis. The broadsides now became more rapid, presenting a strange spectacle to the people on shore, the flashes of the guns amid the cloud of smoke, followed by the roar that shook the coast, the dim moonlight, serving to but half-reveal the struggling vessels, conspired to render it one of terror and of dread. The two vessels kept moving alongside, constantly crossing each other's track; now passing each other's bow, and now the stern; pouring in such terrific broadsides as made both friend and foe stagger. Thus fighting and maneuvering, they swept onward, until at length the Richard got foul of the Serapis, and Jones gave the orders to board. His men were repulsed, and Captain Pearson hailed him to know if he had struck. "I have not yet begun to fight," was the short and stern reply of Jones; and backing his topsails, while the Serapis kept full, the vessels parted, and again came alongside, and broadside answered broadside with fearful effect. But Jones soon saw that this mode of fighting would not answer. The superiority in weight of metal gave them great advantage in this heavy cannonading; especially as his vessel was old and rotten, while every timber in that of his antagonist was new

and stanch; and so he determined to throw himself aboard of the enemy. In doing this, he fell farther than he intended, and his vessel catching a moment by the jib boom of the Serapis, carried it away, and the two ships swung close alongside of each other, head and stern, the muzzles of the guns touching. Jones immediately ordered them to be lashed together; and in his eagerness to secure them, helped with his own hands to tie the lashings. Captain Pearson did not like this close fighting, for it destroyed all the advantage his superior sailing and heavier guns gave him, and so let drop an anchor to swing his ship apart. But the two vessels were firmly clenched in the embrace of death; for, added to all the lashings, a spare anchor of the Serapis had hooked the quarter of the Richard, so that when the former obeyed her cable, and swung round to the tide, the latter swung also. Finding that he could not unlock the desperate embrace in which his foe had clasped him, the Englishman again opened his broadsides. The action then became terrific; the guns touched muzzles, and the gunners, in ramming home their cartridges, were compelled frequently to thrust their ramrods into the enemy's ports. Never before had an English commander met such a foeman nor fought such a battle. The timbers rent at every explosion; and huge gaps opened in the sides of each vessel, while they trembled at each discharge as if in the mouth of a volcano. With his heaviest guns burst, and part of his deck blown up, Jones still kept up this unequal fight, with a bravery unparalleled in naval warfare. He, with his own hands, helped to work the guns; and blackened with powder and smoke, moved about among his men with the stern expression

never to yield, written on his delicate features in lines not to be mistaken. To compensate for the superiority of the enemy's guns, he had to discharge his own with greater rapidity, so that after a short time they became so hot that they bounded like mad creatures in their fastenings; and at every discharge the gallant ship trembled like a smitten ox, from kelson to crosstrees, and heeled over till her yardarms almost swept the water. In the mean time his topmen did terrible execution. Hanging amid the rigging, they dropped hand grenades on the enemy's decks with fatal precision. One daring fellow walked out on the end of the yard with a bucket full of these missiles in his hand, and hurling them below, finally set fire to a heap of cartridges. The blaze and explosion which followed were terrific — arms and legs went heavenward together, and nearly sixty men were killed or wounded by this sudden blow. They succeeded at length in driving most of the enemy below decks. The battle then presented a singular aspect — Jones made the upper deck of the Serapis too hot for her crew, while the latter tore his lower decks so dreadfully with her broadsides that his men could not remain there a moment. Thus they fought, one above and the other beneath, the blood in the mean time flowing in rills over the decks of both. Ten times was the Serapis on fire, and as often were the flames extinguished. Never did a man struggle braver than the English commander, but a still braver heart opposed him. At this juncture the Alliance came up, and instead of pouring her broadsides into the Serapis, hurled them against the Poor Richard! — now poor, indeed! Jones was in a transport of rage, but he could not help himself.

In this awful crisis, fighting by the light of the guns, for the smoke had shut out that of the moon, the gunner and carpenter both rushed up, declaring the ship was sinking. The shot-holes which had pierced the hull of the Richard between wind and water had already sunk below the surface, and the water was pouring in like a torrent. The carpenter ran to pull down the colors, which were still flying amid the smoke of battle, while the gunner cried, "Quarter, for God's sake, quarter!" Still keeping up this cry, Jones hurled a pistol, which he had just fired at the enemy, at his head, which fractured his skull, and sent him headlong down the hatchway. Captain Pearson hailed to know if he had struck, and was answered by Jones with a "No," accompanied by an oath, that told that, if he could do no better, he would go down, with his colors flying. The master-at-arms, hearing the gunner's cry, and thinking the ship was going to the bottom, released a hundred English prisoners into the midst of the confusion. One of these, passing through the fire to his own ship, told Captain Pearson that the Richard was sinking, and if he would hold out a few moments longer, she must go down. Imagine the condition of Jones at this moment — with every battery silenced, except the one at which he still stood unshaken, his ship gradually settling beneath him, a hundred prisoners swarming his deck, and his own consort raking him with her broadsides, his last hope seemed about to expire. Still he would not yield. His officers urged him to surrender, while cries of quarter arose on every side. Undismayed and resolute to the last, he ordered the prisoners to the pumps, declaring if they refused to work he would take them to the bottom with him. Thus

making panic fight panic, he continued the conflict. The spectacle at this moment was awful — both vessels looked like wrecks, and both were on fire. The flames shot heavenward around the mast of the Serapis, and at length, at half-past ten, she struck. For a time, the inferior officers did not know which had yielded, such a perfect tumult had the fight become. For three hours and a half had this incessant cannonade, within yard-arm and yardarm of each other, continued, piling three hundred dead and wounded men on those shattered decks. Nothing but the courage and stern resolution of Jones never to surrender saved him from defeat.

When the morning dawned, the Bon Homme Richard presented a most deplorable appearance — she lay a complete wreck on the sea, riddled through, and literally stove to pieces. There were six feet of water in the hold, while above she was on fire in two places. Jones had put forth every effort to save the vessel in which he had won such renown, but in vain. He kept her afloat all the following day and night, but next morning she was found to be going. The waves rolled through her — she swayed from side to side, like a dying man — then gave a lurch forward, and went down head foremost. Jones stood on the deck of the English ship, and watched her as he would a dying friend, and finally, with a swelling heart, saw her last mast disappear, and the eddying waves close, with a rushing sound, over her as she sank with the dead, who had so nobly fallen on her decks. They could have wished no better coffin or burial.

Captain Pearson was made a knight, for the bravery with which he had defended his ship. When it was told

to Jones, he wittily remarked that if he ever caught him at sea again, he would make a lord of him.

Landais, of the Alliance, who had evidently designed to destroy Jones, then take the English vessel and claim the honor of the victory, was disgraced for his conduct. Franklin could not conceal his joy at the result of the action, and received the heroic Jones with transport.

The remainder of this year was one of annoyance to Jones. Landais continued to give him trouble, and the French Government constantly put him off in his requests to be furnished with a ship. But at length the Alliance, which had borne such a disgraceful part in the engagement with the Serapis, was placed under his command, and he determined to return to America. But he lay wind-bound for some time in the Texel, while an English squadron guarded the entrance of the port. During this delay he was subject to constant annoyances from the Dutch admiral of the port. The latter inquired whether his vessel was French or American; and demanded, if it was French, that he should hoist the national colors, and if American, that he should leave immediately. Jones would bear no flag but that of his adopted country, and promised to depart, notwithstanding the presence of the English squadron watching for him, the moment the wind would permit. At length, losing all patience with the conduct of the Dutch admiral, he coolly sent word to him that, although he commanded a sixty-four, if the two vessels were out to sea, his insolence would not be tolerated a moment.

The wind finally shifting, he hoisted sail, and with the Stripes floating in the breeze, stood fearlessly out of the

harbor. With his usual good luck, he escaped the vigilance of the English squadron, cleared the Channel, and with all his sails set, and under a "staggering breeze," stretched away toward the Spanish coast. Nothing of consequence occurred during this cruise, and the next year we find him again in Paris, and in hot water respecting the infamous Landais, whom Arthur Lee, one of the American Commissioners at Paris, presumed to favor. At length, however, he was appointed to the Ariel, and ordered to leave for America with military stores. In the mean time, however, the French king had presented him with a magnificent sword, and bestowed on him the cross of military merit.

On the 7th of September he finally put to sea, but had hardly left the coast when the wind changed, and began to blow a hurricane. Jones attempted to stretch northward and clear the land, but in vain. He found himself close on a reef of rocks, and unable to carry a rag of canvas. So fierce was the wind, that, although blowing simply on the naked spars and deck, it buried the ship waist-deep in the sea, and she rolled so heavily that her yards would frequently be under water. Added to all the horrors of his position, she began to leak badly, while the pumps would not work. Jones heaved the lead with his own hand, and found that he was rapidly shoaling water. There seemed now no way of escape; yet as a last feeble hope he let go an anchor; but so fierce and wild were the wind and sea, that it did not even bring the ship's head to, and she kept driving broadside toward the rocks. Cable after cable was spliced on, yet still she surged heavily landward. He then cut away the foremast, when the anchor, probably

catching in a rock, brought the ship round. That good anchor held like the hand of Fate, and though the vessel jerked at every blow of the billows, as if she would wrench everything apart, yet still she lay chained amid the chaos of waters. At length the mainmast fell with a crash against the mizzenmast, carrying that away also, and the poor Ariel, swept to her decks, lay a complete wreck on the waves. In this position she acted like a mad creature chained by the head to a ring that no power can sunder. She leaped, and plunged, and rolled from side to side, as if striving with all her untamed energy to rend the link that bound her, and madly rush on the rocks, over which the foam rose like the spray from the foot of a cataract. For two days and three nights did Jones thus meet the full terror of the tempest. At last it abated, and he was enabled to return to port. The coast was strewed with wrecks, and the escape of the Ariel seemed almost a miracle. But Jones was one of those fortunate beings, who, though ever seeking the storm and the tumult, are destined finally to die in their beds.

Early the next year he reached Philadelphia, and received a vote of thanks from Congress. After vexatious delays in his attempts to get the command of a large vessel he at length joined the French fleet in its expedition to the West Indies. Peace soon after being proclaimed, he returned to France, and failing in a projected expedition to the Northwest coast, sailed again for the United States. Congress voted him a gold medal, and he was treated with distinction wherever he went. Failing again in his efforts to get command of a large vessel, he returned to France. Years had now passed

away, and Jones was forty years of age. He had won an imperishable name, and the renown of his deeds been spread throughout the world. The title of chevalier had been given him by the French king, and he was at an age when it might be supposed he would repose on his laurels.

But Russia, then at war with Turkey, sought his services, and made brilliant offers, which he at last accepted, and prepared to depart for St. Petersburg. On reaching Stockholm he found the Gulf of Bothnia so blocked with ice that it was impossible to cross it; but impatient to be on his way, he determined to sail round the ice, to the southward, in the open Baltic. Hiring an open boat, about thirty feet long, he started on his perilous expedition. Knowing that the boatmen would refuse to accompany him, if made acquainted with his desperate plan, he kept them in ignorance until he got fairly out to sea, then drew his pistol, and told them to stretch away into the Baltic. The poor fellows, placed between Scylla and Charybdis, obeyed, and the frail craft was soon tossing in the darkness. Escaping every danger, he at length on the fourth day reached Revel, and set off for St. Petersburg, amid the astonishment of the people, who looked upon his escape as almost miraculous. He was received with honor by the Empress, who immediately conferred on him the rank of rear admiral. A brilliant career now seemed before him. Nobles and foreign ambassadors thronged his residence, and there appeared no end to the wonder his adventurous life had created. He soon after departed for the Black Sea, and took command of a squadron under the direction of Prince Potemkin, the former lover of the Empress, and

the real Czar of Russia. Jones fought gallantly under this haughty prince, but at length, disgusted with the annoyances to which he was subjected, he came to an open quarrel, and finally returned to St. Petersburg. Here he for a while fell into disgrace, on account of some unjust accusations against his moral character; but finally, through Count Ségur, the French ambassador, was restored to favor.

In 1792 he was taken sick at Paris, and gradually declined. He had been making strenuous efforts in behalf of the American prisoners in Algiers, but never lived to see his benevolent plans carried out. On the 18th of July, 1792, he made his will, and his friends, after witnessing it, bade him good-evening and departed. His physician coming soon after, perceived his chair vacant; and, going to his bed, found him stretched upon it dead. A few days after, a dispatch was received from the United States, appointing him commissioner to treat with Algiers for the ransom of the American prisoners in captivity there. The National Assembly of France decreed that twelve of its members should assist at the funeral ceremonies of "Admiral Paul Jones," and a eulogium was pronounced over his tomb.

Thus died Paul Jones, at the age of forty-five — leaving a name that shall live as long as the American navy rides the sea.



The Fight Between the Serapis and
the Bon Homme Richard

THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE SERAPIS AND THE BON HOMME RICHARD

FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING

"TEN o'clock at night, and the full moon shining, and the leaks on the gain, and five feet of water reported,
The master-at-arms loosing the prisoners confined in the after-hold, to give them a chance for themselves.

"The transit to and from the magazine was now stopped by the sentinels,
They saw so many strange faces, they did not know whom to trust.

"Our frigate was afire,
The other asked if we demanded quarter?
If our colors were struck, and the fighting done?

"I laughed content when I heard the voice of my little captain,
'*We have not struck*,' he composedly cried. '*We have just begun our part of the fighting.*'

"Only three guns were in use,
One was directed by the captain himself against the enemy's mainmast,
Two, well-served with grape and canister, silenced his musketry and cleared his decks.

"The tops alone seconded the fire of this little battery, especially the main-top,
They all held out bravely during the whole of the action.

"Not a moment's cease,
The leaks gained fast on the pumps — the fire eat toward the powder-magazine,
One of the pumps was shot away — it was generally thought we were sinking.

"Serene stood the little captain,
He was not hurried — his voice was neither high nor low,
His eyes gave more light to us than our battle-lanterns.

"Toward twelve at night, there in the beams of the moon, they surrendered to us."

Walt Whitman.

ENGLAND

I

STORIES OF THE ANCIENT BRITONS

HISTORICAL NOTE

In prehistoric days people lived in Britain who used weapons of stone, and occasionally drew figures of animals upon bone or ivory. From the east, there came upon these primitive folk Celtic tribes. The first of these invaders are known as Goidel, or Gaels. They were the tribe that peopled Ireland and the highlands of Scotland. The later comers are distinguished as Brythons. From their name "Britain" is derived. Their descendants are the Welsh. There are somewhat vague stories of voyages to Britain by Phœnicians, Carthaginians, and Greeks; but our first definite knowledge of the country comes from the account which Julius Cæsar wrote of his landing on the British shores in 55 B.C.

The actual conquest of the land by the Romans was begun in 43 A.D., and by the year 84 they held all the territory south of the Firth of Forth. In A.D. 122, the Emperor Hadrian visited Britain and ordered the construction of a great wall seventy miles long, from the Tyne to the Solway, to ward off the attacks of the Picts, or painted folk, as the Romans called them, a primitive Celtic people inhabiting Scotland. As the Roman Empire slowly grew weaker, legion after legion of the soldiers was recalled from Britain. In the year 409, the last of the Roman troops withdrew from the island, leaving the prosperous and peace-loving natives an easy prey to the wild Celtic tribes of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales.

THE BUILDING OF STONEHENGE

BY G. F. SCOTT ELLIOT

[ON Salisbury Plain in southern England stands one of the most impressive of all existing monuments of ancient man. Stonehenge, as it is called, was probably constructed during the Bronze Age in connection with the worship of the sun. It originally consisted of two concentric circles of immense stones, the outer one hundred feet in diameter, within which are two smaller rows in the form of a horseshoe. These inclose a block of blue marble fifteen feet long, known as the Altar Stone. The inner circle opens to the northeast, and from the arrangement of certain stones it is supposed that one use of the temple was to determine the time of the summer solstice.

No one knows just how or why this gigantic cromlech, or stone circle, *was* built, but the story from which the following selection is taken tells how it *might* have been built.

The Editor.]

NEXT morning the whole village was collected. Bermax informed them of the privilege which the Great King had conferred upon them — that of volunteering to help in building Stonehenge, and of offering sacrifices towards the great work.

The wretched people, looking even more glum and sallow than usual, broke out into enthusiastic thanksgiving. The king then indicated who would be allowed to volunteer, seeing that every one was anxious to go. Dunohox was one of them. He also selected from the flocks and herds of the villagers (not from his own animals) such offerings as he thought might satisfy the

Great King. The unfortunate villagers expressed their sincere thanks for the privilege, and withdrew.

The future looked very black so far as Dunohox was concerned. The work at Stonehenge had been going on for years. Neither slave nor "volunteer" sent to labor on that great national memorial ever returned to his native village.

When he arrived with King Bermax's presents of slaves, animals, and provisions, his interview with the Great King was short.

"I like to see a strong young man like yourself coming of his own free will to serve his country's religion, but I am sure you wish to begin work at once. Take him to help with the great leaning-stone" (now the Friar's Heel).

This huge unworked boulder, twenty-nine feet long, had been brought to the edge of the pit intended to receive it. This pit had one side sloped, or inclined whilst the others were vertical. The end of the great stone was being carefully brought square to the edge of the pit. The levers were huge tree-trunks, with many ropes attached, each pulled by one man. Cables of twisted hide strips had been tied round the boulder, which was lying on large rounded tree-trunks (the rollers on which it had been brought). Hide ropes held by parties of ten men, each under an overseer, were attached to the great cables at various points, and, by pulling on these and by levers, it was being brought square and level with the edge of the pit. At one of the ropes a slave had fallen exhausted and half dead; the overseer stopped flogging him, and he was dragged aside and Dunohox put in his place.

Then came the exciting moment. The great boulder was dragged forward over the pit; the end began to sway downwards, and then toppled forward; it slid down the inclined plane or sloping side amidst intense excitement. The whips of the overseers descended freely, but at last it stopped — it had taken the position embedded in stones and gently leaning towards the temple in which it has remained ever since; that is, for some 4000, or at any rate 3588, years!

Dunohox had no hope now, for no distinction was made between the so-called free man and the slave. He had no rest from sunrise to sunset, except for the scanty meals of millet and barley bread, in which they were systematically swindled by their brutal overseers.

He next had to help in placing one of the great table-stones in position on the top of its two upright pillars. A sloping embankment of earth and stones had been built, leading up to the top of these two upright boulders. Up this the table-stone was dragged and pushed on carefully smoothed rollers. Two hundred men attached to the ropes made this quite an easy matter. When it had reached its destined place, where the guides on the top of the uprights projected through the surface of the embankment, it was hauled into position, and then the earth was carefully picked away until it settled down like the lintel of a giant's door on its two stone posts.

Then he was sent to the quarry at Frome, where the great altar-stone was approaching completion. It was a busy scene: at the edge of the quarry men were cutting out with flint adzes small wedge-shaped openings on the sandstone. These openings were arranged in lines fol-

lowing the outline of the block which it was intended to break out of the cliff. Then dry wooden wedges were hammered into the openings.

When these were all in place, water was poured on the wedges, which of course soaked it up, and the wood began to swell and expand. The result was to split the stone along the line of the wedges, and, if the operation was successful, a block of the required size was broken out.

It was by this method that Cleopatra's Needle and other Egyptian obelisks were wedged out of the hard syenite at Assouan, where one used to be able to see the holes cut by Egyptian masons thousands of years ago, and often a broken block lying beside them.

Over the great altar-stone three tree-trunks had been placed, forming a tripod. A heavy quartzite hammer, seventy pounds in weight, was hauled by ropes to the top of the tripod, and then let fall; it was guided by wooden handles and struck the sides of the altar-stone at the exact point required. Skilled masons with polished stone-hammers were trimming the sides of the block more exactly.

As time went on, Stonehenge was nearing completion. The strings of women and children, laden with baskets of earth and stones, had made a smooth road all the way from Frome to Stonehenge.

Then the altar-stone, cased in timber, and rolling on giant rollers, started on its journey. Forty teams of fifty men each tugging at the boulder made it travel as easily as a wheelbarrow.

The Great King himself, with his priests and musicians, as well as the animals for sacrifice, adorned with

garlands and flowers, paced slowly along at the head of the solemn procession.

Days of feverish toil followed, for all embankments and all refuse had to be cleared away. The great avenue, with its ditches and embankments, had to be prepared, and the temple roofed in before the summer solstice. There was the great circular rampart and its ditch to be finished off, as well as the work necessary in clearing up (1) the outer stone circle; (2) the inner ring of diabase pillars; (3) the horseshoe of great tables or dolmens; (4) another ellipse of diabase pillars, as well as the great altar-stone itself.

At last all was ready. The central part of Stonehenge was entirely roofed over except for the narrow opening towards the east. All night long, prayers and invocations were being chanted in the interior, only lit by the sacred fire kept forever burning. The longest day of the year was about to begin.

The king was seated on his throne and looking east, whilst his most trusted nobles crouched on the ground, and all waited anxiously for the sunrise. The ancient priest, in his rich linen robes, whose skill in astronomy and architecture was responsible for the design and calculations, had perhaps more reason for fear than any one else. The great mass of people were lying prostrate in the outer ring with their faces on the earth.

But it was in the darkness and awful silence of the inner temple that the most horrible fear and dread filled every soul as hour after hour passed away and the sunrise approached. Then the small eastern doorway was outlined by a faint gray fairy-like light. Priests who were standing there raised a curtain. Immediately

the sacred fire was extinguished, and again a dread mysterious darkness, more intense than before, descended on the people. But suddenly the curtain dropped—the sun had arisen. A clear and brilliant ray of sunlight struck across through the darkness from the eastern door, and shone full upon the forehead of the Great King, seated in his magnificent linen robes with his most ancient and venerable priests on either side of him.

The calculations were correct. Chants, invocations, sacrifices, and a general feast followed, which lasted for days together. All discipline was relaxed. The precious results of the vineyards, sedulously cultivated, but never very successful in England, were recklessly used up, and presents of wine were liberally bestowed on all the officials concerned. So overseers and headmen, courtiers and guards, were for the most part drunk, though this was a difficult achievement, seeing that it was British wine preserved with turpentine. But at any rate they had over-eaten themselves, and all were asleep. But Dunohox had fled.

KING LEIR AND HIS DAUGHTERS

A TRADITION OF EARLY BRITAIN

BY JOHN MILTON

LEIR, who next reigned, had only three daughters and no male issue: governed laudably and built Caerlier, now Leicester, on the bank of Sora. But at last, failing through age, he determines to bestow his daughters, and so among them to divide his kingdom. Yet, first, to try which of them loved him best (a trial that might have made him, had he known as wisely how to try as he seemed to know how much the trying behooved him), he resolves a simple resolution, to ask them solemnly in order; and which of them should profess largest, her to believe. Gonorill, the eldest, apprehending too well her father's weakness, makes answer, invoking Heaven, "That she loved him above her soul."

"Therefore," quoth the old man overjoyed, "since thou so honorest my declining age, to thee and the husband whom thou shalt choose, I give the third part of my realm."

So fair a speeding, for a few words soon uttered, was to Regan, the second, ample instruction what to say. She, on the same demand, spares no protesting; and the gods must witness, that otherwise to express her thoughts she knew not, but that "She loved him above all creatures"; and so receives an equal interest with her sister.

But Cordeilla, the youngest, though hitherto best

beloved, and now before her eyes the rich and present hire of a little easy soothing, the danger also, and the loss likely to betide plain dealing, yet moves not from the solid purpose of a sincere and virtuous answer. "Father," saith she, "my love towards you is as my duty bids: what should a father seek, what can a child promise more? They, who pretend beyond this, flatter."

When the old man, sorry to hear this, and wishing her to recall those words, persisted asking; with a loyal sadness at her father's infirmity, but something, on the sudden, harsh, and glancing rather at her sisters than speaking her own mind, "Two ways only," saith she, "I have to answer what you require me: the former, your command is, I should recant; accept then this other which is left me; look how much you have, so much is your value, and so much I love you."

"Then hear thou," quoth Leir, now all in passion, "what thy ingratitude hath gained thee: because thou hast not reverenced thy aged father equal to thy sisters, part in my kingdom, or what else is mine, reckon to have none." And without delay, he gives in marriage his other daughters, Gonorill to Maglaunus duke of Albania, Regan to Henninus duke of Cornwall; with them in present half his kingdom; the rest to follow at his death.

In the mean while, fame was not sparing to divulge the wisdom and other graces of Cordeilla, insomuch that Aganippus, a great king in Gaul (however he came by his Greek name, not found in any register of French kings), seeks her to wife; and nothing altered at the loss of her dowry, receives her gladly in such a manner as she was sent him.

After this, King Leir, more and more drooping with years, became an easy prey to his daughters and their husbands; who now, by daily encroachment, had seized the whole kingdom into their hands: and the old king is put to sojourn with his eldest daughter, attended only by threescore knights. But they in a short while grudged at, as too numerous and disorderly for continual guests, are reduced to thirty. Not brooking that affront, the old king betakes him to his second daughter: but there also, discord soon arising between the servants of different masters in one family, five only are suffered to attend him. Then back again he returns to the other; hoping that she his eldest could not but have pity on his gray hairs: but she now refuses to admit him, unless he be content with one only of his followers. At last the remembrance of his youngest, Cordeilla, comes to his thoughts; and now acknowledging how true her words had been, though with little hope from whom he had so injured, be it but to pay her the last recompense she can have from him, his confession of her wise forewarning, that so perhaps his misery, the proof and experiment of her wisdom, might something soften her, he takes his journey into France.

Now might be seen a difference between the silent, or downright spoken affection of some children to their parents, and the talkative obsequiousness of others; while the hope of inheritance overacts them, and on the tongue's end enlarges their duty. Cordeilla, out of mere love, without the suspicion of expected reward, at the message only of her father in distress, pours forth true filial tears. And not enduring either that her own, or any other eye should see him in such forlorn condition

as his messenger declared, discreetly points one of her trusty servants first to convey him privately towards some good sea-town, there to array him, bathe him, cherish him, furnish him with such attendance and state as beseemed his dignity; that when, as from his first landing, he might send word of his arrival to her husband Aganippus. Which done, with all mature and requisite contrivance, Cordeilla, with the king her husband and all the barony of his realm, who then first had news of his passing the sea, go out to meet him; and after all honorable and joyful entertainment, Aganippus, as to his wife's father, and his royal guest, surrenders him, during his abode there, the power and disposal of his whole dominion: permitting his wife Cordeilla to go with an army, and set her father upon his throne. Wherein her piety so prospered, as that she vanquished her impious sisters, with those dukes; and Leir again, as saith the story, three years obtained the crown. To whom, dying, Cordeilla, with all regal solemnities, gave burial in the town of Leicester: and then, as right heir succeeding, and her husband dead, ruled the land five years in peace. Until Marganus and Cunedagius, her two sisters' sons, not bearing that a kingdom should be governed by a woman, in the unseasonablest time to raise that quarrel against a woman so worthy, make war against her, depose her, and imprison her; of which impatient, and now long unexercised to suffer, she there, as is related, killed herself.

THE CITY IN THE LAKE

BY G. F. SCOTT ELLIOT

THE night was dark and stormy, and the wild south-westerly wind seemed to be increasing in violence with almost every hour that passed. The branches were wildly lashing to and fro, and the moaning and whistling of the wind as it raged through the dark and somber forest, with every now and then the sharp crack and thud of a branch torn off and whizzing to the ground, seemed to create new terrors and a spirit of unutterable despair amongst the wretched fugitives crouching over a feeble and faint-hearted fire in one of the wild recesses of the Polden Hill Forest. The very cattle seemed to be uneasy, and bellowed piteously; they were restless and perpetually jostling one another in the rude zeriba of branches hastily thrown up by very wearied hands.

The chieftain looked gloomily at the small remnant of his people. Were these all that remained to him of the numerous serfs and freemen who had made the great village on the Downs such a busy and cheerful home? It had been totally impossible to make any defense whatever. Those gigantic, yellow-haired people (Prytons, as they called themselves), had stormed the place with a fury and a vigor that carried all before them. If it had not been that they were now occupied in gorging themselves on his special acorn-fattened pork and drinking themselves into stupidity on his own

particular mead and beer (he groaned to think of it), not one of his party could have escaped.

Alas! he would never see again the splendid rolling grass covered by his flocks and herds, nor watch them, plodding on their leisurely way homewards, along those deeply worn cattle-tracks which had been formed thousands of years before his time. Never would he see the dew-pond so cunningly constructed of chaff and clay that it never failed to keep full of water, even during the greatest drought. But what was he to do? Where was he to go? They could not live in the forest, and, if they settled themselves anywhere in the open country, their cattle would assuredly be stolen by more Brythonic or Celtic robbers.

The chief was a tall, well-built man, with the brown hair, gray eyes, round head, and broad features of what we call a typically Irish face. He sighed gloomily as he realized to the very full (as only Irish people can do) the extremity of their distress. He looked on the remnant of his people; they were pure Picts for the most part, short, dark, graceful and refined-looking men and women, cunning with their fingers, really clever as carpenters, miners, and potters, and very biddable and patient. But in war they had neither weapons nor the strength or even courage to use them against such enemies as those great, fair-haired, roaring Brythonic or, as they called themselves, Prytonic strangers.

What on earth was he to do? Where was he to go? As the wind faded away for a little, an awful downpour of heavy rain swept down on the defenseless fugitives. What was that? He heard distinctly through the storm the howl of a wolf. The great dogs heard it too, and a

furious barking arose. He at once called loudly to the wet, benumbed, and shivering women to help the fire, and, seizing his spear, called loudly to the men to follow him.

Taking firebrands and spears, they ran to the zeriba, where the wolves were already snarling and worrying at the thorny branches. Those cowardly brutes were very soon driven off; but the chief and his trustiest men were awake all night, and the persistent wolves were driven off not once but over and over again. But what was he to do? Life in the forest was quite impossible, for this night showed the dangers from wild beasts, and there was neither pasture nor cornland.

But the Gaelic Celt is often at his best when everything seems black and gloomy, and he suddenly called, "Where is Morgesius?" A tall youth of his own race sprang up lightly with a grin and came to him.

"What was that wild tale of yours about a village in the water?"

"It is the truth. It is what I said it was, six hundred paces long and fifty paces broad. All the houses are on long poles worked deep into the bed of the lake, and it is so far out in the water that no one can get there unless he swims or paddles in a canoe."

"Could we make one in the lake at Glastonbury?"

The boy Morgesius sat down awestruck and hopeless by the chief's side, and then the sanguine audacity of the Celt awoke within him. "Why not? Of course we can! We shall be safe and secure, for no Brython ever swims, and they have no canoes!"

All that night the chief questioned Morgesius, but with very indifferent success. He could not say how long

it would take to build. The building of his Swiss village had been centuries in progress. He knew nothing of the dry details of carpentry and design, so that, in the end, the chief was guided mainly by his own common sense.

Next morning he threw himself into the congenial task of making an eloquent speech. He succeeded, as only an Irish Celt could have done, in inspiring the people with a fine fervent glow of enthusiasm, and all about nothing; for all that he had to offer was a suggestion to build houses in a lake. But they went on with renewed spirits through long miry paths right over the hills and down to the great lake near Glastonbury.

Every one was soon hard at work; some were cutting down trees with polished stone axes, cumbrously mounted on wooden handles by means of a deer-horn socket, with bronze swords, and even precious iron daggers. Others were tearing up ferns and bracken, or gathering brushwood. A small fishing canoe was hidden in the reeds by the lake, and the chief, Gleas by name, and Morgesius pushed off in this to search for a good position. They discovered a fine shallow place about a mile from the present town of Glastonbury, and a few hundred yards from the forest.

Gleas was working very much in the dark, for on any practical point Morgesius was hopeless; but it would never have done to show any doubt as to what had to be done. The great point was to keep the people's enthusiasm at concert pitch. So a huge raft of big branches and tree-trunks was prepared; some of the logs were fixed together by oaken pins driven in (the holes were bored by a revolving bone-point, and the oak pin placed in them; then heavy stone clubs or mauls were used to

drive the two beams together, so that the oak pin was firmly fixed). Underneath the raft was a huge mass of fern and brushwood. Morgesius and others poled this great arrangement to the chosen shallows, where a few upright, sharpened poles were driven vertically downwards through it into the bed of the lake. The shape of this raft was approximately circular or round, and it was about sixty yards in diameter.

The next undertaking was to make a causeway from the shore. This was a very rude sort of affair, consisting of only a line of stakes (most of them below the water) with broad branches fixed to them; it was not straight, but curved irregularly, and the footpath — that is, the horizontal branches — was below water, so that an enemy would find it very difficult to traverse. Then more branches and logs were towed by the canoe to the village, and arranged in a layer crossing the first set of timbers. Along the causeway women and children were always bringing baskets of stones and of clay, which were heaped upon the surface of the raft.

So for several days, from the first light of morning until it was too dark to see, they continued adding layers of tree-trunks, and of stones and clay, until the great raft was firmly imbedded in the mud of the lake, and eventually the surface rose above the water. Then a good platform of stones was placed over it and a bed of clay above that, and they were ready to build their houses.

Before doing this, however, Gleas insisted on having a palisade round the whole artificial island. This was a long and weary task, for a great number of poles from three to nine inches in diameter and eleven feet long had

to be stuck in the lake all round the island. Hurdles were arranged between these poles, and so, of course, the people were fairly safe from the javelins and arrows of any enemy.

Their food was very scanty during this period of incessant labor, but beech-nuts, hazel-nuts, crab-apples, raspberries, and brambles were busily collected, and one or two of the men who had to watch the forest paths did their best to bring in sometimes a roebuck, and on one occasion a fine fat red-deer. One small boy, who was very clever with the sling, brought in occasional birds, such as a heron or a seagull, and sometimes a duck or teal. He used small clay bullets baked in the fire. They had also a certain amount of milk, butter, and cheese.

Most of them were, however, able to sleep in safety on their island, though a few of the best hunters and the dogs had to remain on shore to guard the cattle and other animals. They built on shore, and within sight of the settlement, cattle-pounds and watchhouses for the sentinels and their dogs. These were chiefly intended to keep off wolves, bears, and foxes, and consisted of a deep ditch, a high mound, and a close palisade of thorny branches, and poles along the top of it.

Then they thought about making themselves comfortable. During all these weeks scarcely one of them had known what it was to have dry clothes. They had no shelter from rain, and, of course, were always falling into the water. The great house was built first, which was a big undertaking. A long, stout pole was driven through the island to form the central roof pole. Then in a circle around it, at intervals of about a foot, other shorter poles were driven in. Long branches were placed from the

high central one to those outer supports extending a foot or two beyond them, and were carefully tied on with creepers and lime-tree bark. A thatched roof was very soon placed on the long branches (the people spent the whole of one rainy day under it for sheer delight in being out of the wet). The side walls were very soon put in, for they consisted only of rude wickerwork of interlaced branches daubed with clay. This house was thirty-five feet in diameter. Then a big, flat stone was brought to act as a hearthstone (the chimney was an opening in the roof), and other stones for an outside fire were put before each door. The doors were made of rough planks, and were only three feet high. Some of the men had brought rude saws, gouges, chisels, and other tools, for the most part of iron.

A good deal of excitement was caused at this stage of the work by a small child tumbling into the water. But the chief made a law that every infant was to be tied to its mother by a string attached to its toe. He also covered in, by a platform, the space between the palisade and the island, and had a trapdoor made in this platform, with a ladder seven feet long, so as to admit of easy entrance to the island.

There were other smaller houses to build, but they were only some fifteen feet across. It was also necessary to make a slanting arrangement of beams and stones round the island, to prevent the waves on a stormy day from interfering with the foundations. Then they set to work on their ordinary daily life, and began to heap up riches, for it was really worth while now, seeing that there was a distinct chance for them to escape being murdered and plundered on account of them. Patches

of forest were cut and burnt, and sowed with wheat. Apples were collected, and split, and dried for winter use. Some specialized on fishing, and manufactured nets, with floats and sinkers, lines and fish-hooks (some of which scarcely differ in design from those we use to-day). Pike and carp were common in the lake, and salmon swarmed in the neighboring streams. Fish became, therefore, a very important article of diet; they even tried to feed their horses on fish in the winter, but the stupid animals would not eat them! They made traps for beaver and for otters. Those for the last were like a shallow wooden trough, with a square hole in the middle. A stout, springy sapling was fixed and kept bent like a bow by a short piece of wood, its end passed under two holes at each end. When the otter put its head through the hole to seize the bait, the stout sapling was set free and caught it under the neck, so that it was very soon drowned.

By this time they had fixed polishing or grinding stones before each hut, as well as a proper quern for grinding corn. So they were once more able to make bread. The forest yielded an abundance of acorns for their pigs, as well as honey and beeswax. They became much more expert in catching wildfowl; and wild geese, wild swans, and other birds were often taken. The small boy who had taken to bird-hunting, found a frog in a heron's crop, and, in a rash spirit of adventure, cooked and ate the frog. He was injudicious enough to boast about his discovery, for so many others overcame a natural prejudice, and ate both frogs and toads, that there was a serious scarcity in the supply of these animals near Glastonbury.

The women also set up a rough loom, and made clay weights, spindles, and other necessary apparatus for it, so that linen and woolen clothes were soon being actively prepared. Very pretty, long-handled combs of bone were soon the fashion. Indeed, the delicious feeling of security, of having an hour or two of leisure every day, was so new and strange to these Picts and Gauls, that they were at first utterly happy and contented. Gleas had even begun to make experiments in glass-making, for his people were expert miners and black-smiths, and in the old days lead-mining had been one of his most profitable undertakings. But a strange and unexpected interruption occurred. He was sitting one evening beside the outside fire, ruminating over the problem of producing a scarlet bead of vitreous paste, when the alarm signal sounded from the land, followed by the yodel, which meant "peaceful strangers." He at once seized his spear and sword, and, just as he was, jumped into the small canoe and paddled ashore. He had nothing on but a tunic, breeches, and an old bear-skin, very much the worse for wear. He had only a small gold bracelet.

The first that he heard was Morgesius talking hard, and in a very bold, off-hand, and conceited fashion. That youth was inclined to swagger too much; but then the last twist of the miry forest path was turned, and a strange party came into view. First was Morgesius swaggering, then a most beautiful girl, "divinely tall, and most divinely fair," with deep mysterious blue eyes, and a great mass of yellow hair, loose and disordered, on her shoulders. He scarcely noticed the rest of the party, which consisted of an old Brython king, weeping bit-

terly, and several serfs, mostly wounded, and two or three miserable handmaidens. It was the Brython princess who occupied him altogether. She was proud, haughty, and contemptuous, even though weary and scarce able to walk, and most sorely travel-stained. Her kirtle was miry with the black mud of the forest. Her dainty feet were bleeding from many thorn scratches, which her absurdly frivolous sandals were unable to keep off.

Morgesius boastfully explained how he had found them lost and wandering in the forest, and induced them to come to Gleas' court; but the latter cut him short, and curtly ordered him to fetch the big canoe. The old chief (King Uther) could do nothing but weep, and knelt before him, taking his knee and asking for protection, greatly to the disgust of his daughter. He was idiotic from grief, and not very intelligent at any time. The daughter explained that their neighbor king had suddenly stormed their fort and utterly beaten their retainers.

Then Gleas, with his best air and in very courtly style, begged to offer them shelter and food until they could make their plans. But in the midst of a very eloquent speech he perceived the lady's cold blue eyes fixed intently on his ragged bearskin, and suddenly grew confused, and faltered.

The lady thanked him haughtily and coldly, but when the canoe came, he saw that she had never been in a dug-out before. This was a specially good one, twenty-two feet long and two feet ten inches broad, with a square stern closed by a board; but even good ones like this require care.So he got into the water and told her

to put her hand on his shoulder and get in very carefully. She tried to spring in without doing so, and the canoe rocked fearfully; then she lost presence of mind and clutched at him; but the canoe upset, and she fell full length into the water. In a moment he had righted the canoe, and placed her carefully in it. Then the old king entered, and he paddled them skillfully off to the settlement. (His paddle was about three feet long and five inches broad.) But she was very angry, and hated him worse than ever, for she could not but be aware that she had made a fool of herself.

When they arrived, there was great excitement, but he handed her over to his mother, and went off to prepare for dinner. His mother came to tell him that she was absolutely worn out, and would not be able to see him that night.

From the old king's conversation, he gathered that they were absolutely destitute. His palace had been raided, his cattle taken, and, unless he could find a place for his serfs, they would be forced to put themselves under his enemy, who, it seems, had been offended by the not too courteously expressed refusal of his daughter to marry him. This was good news to Gleas, for if the Brythons were quarreling among themselves, they might perhaps leave him alone.

Next morning Gleas' boy had a hard time of it. His master was shaved with a bronze razor; his hair and moustache were carefully combed and trimmed. He put on a splendid linen cloak, fastened on the right shoulder with a coral-studded brooch. He had his best sword on, with its splendid leather scabbard, adorned with gold, and also his best armlets, bracelets, and finger-rings. At

the last moment he tastefully decorated his cheeks with a chaste design in red ochre and charcoal, mixed with grease. The boy stared at him, for this was a new development in Gleas. But she was anything but courteous — would scarcely speak to him, and complained of the dampness of the hut. He tried in vain to explain that that was very easily remedied. His people would lay down a new hearthstone and a fresh layer of clay in a day or two. Then she said she could not think of putting him to so much trouble. Would it not be best for him to give her up to King Maglocune, who was at least wealthy and a warrior.

So their conversation during the next day or two was not specially agreeable to Gleas, whose thoughts were very much taken up with that very Maglocune and his probable doings on this emergency. Nor was he at all deceived. There was cause for grave anxiety, and he had already given orders to hide cattle, sheep, and horses, and destroy all paths. Every person who could be spared was kept on the settlement, and all canoes save one were kept in the palisades.

It was well that he had done so, for a wild note of alarm sounded two days afterwards, and Morgesius and the scouts came running in to report a strong set of Brythons advancing to the attack. His mother and the older men begged him to give up the girl, who was a useless burden to them, but he would not listen to them.

He was already busy superintending the execution of his long-planned schemes for defense, for he could not hope to be always left alone. He and Morgesius were already dismantling the causeway beams and carefully

planting stakes where the water was deep and the bed very muddy, and where the causeway did not go.

So when the fierce yellow-haired Brythons came and raged at him, he simply let them rave as long as they liked. They fired arrows and javelins, but the range was very long, and there was nothing but a palisade to fire at. They then tried the causeway, but fell into deep water and mud, and had much trouble in rescuing one another. After this there was a long consultation, and they began cutting down trees and hauling them to the waterside. A rough raft was made of this, and very slowly this crank craft began to make an erratic and devious course towards the settlement.

As soon as it had started, Gleas was surprised by his mother: "That girl has lifted the trapdoor, and is going to give herself up." Gleas hurried to the place, and saw her struggling in the water. He promptly hauled her up the ladder, and told her sternly to listen to what Maglocune was saying. The chieftain was explaining forcibly what he would do to the girl who had refused him, and his ideas of torture were ingenious and too horrible to quote. So Gleas tied her arms, and carried her to the hut before hastening back to the palisade. It is not very easy to steer a very self-willed and cranky raft, and at the same time to hold a shield over you, as Maglocune and his people discovered. One man was dead already, and several were wounded with arrows. But still they were approaching far too close. So Gleas suddenly attacked. He, Morgesius, and three of his stalwarts sallied out in their best canoe. When only ten yards off all discharged their arrows and threw spears. The men on the raft were discomfited with the sudden

attack and the storm of arrows, and the raft rocked wildly and upset.

Maglocune and some of his warriors swam towards the canoe, but Gleas had his wits about him. By his orders Maglocune was left alone. Those men who swam ashore were allowed to go, but two or three who clung to the raft, and those who followed the chief to attack the canoe, were soon disposed of. Then Gleas gave his orders. His men, even the bold Morgesius, remonstrated, but he knew what he was about. Gleas had the canoe brought behind Maglocune; then he suddenly rose upright, and neatly jumped into the water — a very difficult feat — without upsetting the craft. A few strong strokes brought him on to the back of Maglocune, whom he proceeded to half-drown in a cool and scientific manner. When the poor wretch was almost dead, he made him swear by the god of thunder and of fire that he would never attack the settlement, and would leave the girl alone. Then he took him to the remains of his raft, and towed it near the shore. Other well-armed canoes sallied out, and they kept arrow on string until the half-drowned Brython chief had been carried off by his men into the forest. Then they had a happy time in searching for the slain Brythons. Their heads were cut off, and stuck on poles outside the palisade as trophies of war. Only one of their boys had been killed, and he was buried in the village tomb. This was a vault, about six feet long and five feet deep, lined with huge stone slabs, on the shore, and about a mile away.

This victory enormously encouraged and heartened the settlement. To have got the better of Maglocune,

the famous warrior, was in itself a great glory; but to have spared his life, and sent him back like a drowned rat, was the sort of story that appealed to the Celtic imagination, whether Gaelic or Brython. The person who enjoyed it least was Gleas himself. He could not understand why the girl had wanted to throw herself into the water, and to be taken to Maglocune. So a day or two afterwards he had his chariot furbished up. It was a rough one of two wheels (twelve spokes) and drawn by two sturdy ponies. With a few other men on ponies, he drove off to visit a respectable Brython chief, with whom he had established correct, if not cordial relations, and who was beginning to understand that Gleas' people, with their skill in pottery and other useful arts, were really valuable as neighbors. He took a present of some glass beads, yellow, green, and blue, with zigzag patterns in wavy white lines. He was well received, for the king hated Maglocune, and wanted to hear the tale. This king had no objections to the great waste forest-land, bordering the lake on the north, being settled by old King Uther's serfs. They did a little trade also in pottery, wooden bowls, and otter skins. He laughed heartily when he heard what was the present that Gleas wished, thumped him jovially on the back, and told him if the girl did not want him after that, she had better be drowned in the lake.

Gleas, much encouraged, returned to the settlement, and immediately sent for his mother. She grinned horribly when she saw the presents, but brought Gleas to the girl, who was looking very much ashamed of herself. But, as soon as she saw what Gleas offered, namely, a bronze mirror, a small lump of rouge, another of

antimony, and an exquisite pair of bronze tweezers, she suddenly laughed heartily, and Gleas had no further trouble in wooing her.

Here, however, we must take leave of him, only remarking that the settlement flourished, that there were sixty or seventy huts, and that some of the wooden bowls and pottery designed by his people are amongst the most valued treasures of the British Museum.



The Sacred Grove

THE SACRED GROVE

BY ARNOLD BÖCKLIN

(*Swiss painter*, 1827–1901)

THE Druids were a remarkable brotherhood of priests, teachers, and judges who ruled over the ancient Celts of Gaul and Britain. Their power was such that the chiefs bent humbly before them, and yielded to their decisions not only in matters of religion, but in all sorts of disagreements. Even in cases of crime, they were the judges, and from their decision there was no appeal. Whoever refused to obey them was shut out from the benefits of the sacrifices until he came to terms of humility and obedience. They themselves did not go to war, but their influence was so great in arousing the people to warfare that enemies hated them even more bitterly than they did those who met them in battle. Even the Romans dreaded them, and after the Roman rule was established in Britain, every possible vestige of Druid sway was destroyed. It is possible, though by no means certain, that Stonehenge and other similar ruins are the remains of ancient Druidical temples.

The Druids taught the immortality of the soul, but in the form of transmigration. They had a great reverence for the oak tree, and even more for the mistletoe growing upon it. It is said that when such a mistletoe had been discovered, one priest stood on a white cloth under the tree to receive the plant, while a second cut it with a golden knife. Both must wear spotless robes of white.

From a temple concealed by the dark grove of trees in the background of this picture, white-robed priests advance with slow and stately steps. In front a sacrificial fire burns upon an altar before which two worshipers prostrate themselves in prayer.

JULIUS CÆSAR'S TWO VISITS TO BRITAIN

[55 and 54 B.C.]

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE

THERE were left of the fighting season after Cæsar came back across the Rhine just a few weeks; and what could he do better with them than go over and conquer Britannia? This first record of an invasion upon us comes in at the fag-end of a chapter, and the invasion was made simply to fill up the summer! Nobody, Cæsar tells us, seemed to know anything about the island; and yet it was the fact that in all his wars with the Gauls, the Gauls were helped by men out of Britain. Before he will face the danger with his army he sends over a trusty messenger, to look about and find out something as to coasts and harbors. The trusty messenger does not dare to disembark, but comes back and tells Cæsar what he has seen from the ship. Cæsar, in the mean time, has got together a great fleet somewhere in the Boulogne and Calais country; and — so he says — messengers have come to him from Britain, whither rumors of his purpose have already flown, saying that they will submit themselves to the Roman Republic. We may believe just as much of that as we please. But he clearly thinks less of the Boulogne and Calais people than he does even of the Britons, which is a comfort to us. When these people — then called Morini — came to him, asking pardon for having dared to oppose him once before, and offering any number of hostages, and

saying that they had been led on by bad advice, Cæsar admitted them into some degree of grace; not wishing, as he tells us, to be kept out of Britain by the consideration of such very small affairs. "Neque has tantularum rerum occupationes sibi Britanniæ anteponendas judicabat." We hope that the Boulogne and Calais people understand and appreciate the phrase.

Having taken plenty of hostages, he determines to trust the Boulogne and Calais people, and prepares his ships for passing the Channel. He starts nearly at the third watch, — about midnight, we may presume. A portion of his army — the cavalry — encounters some little delay, such as has often occurred on the same spot since, even to travelers without horses. He himself got over to the British coast at about the fourth hour. This, at midsummer, would have been about a quarter past eight. As it was now late in the summer, it may have been nine o'clock in the morning when Cæsar found himself under the cliffs of Kent, and saw our armed ancestors standing along all the hills ready to meet him. He stayed at anchor, waiting for his ships, till about two P.M. His cavalry did not get across till four days afterwards. Having given his orders, and found a fitting moment and a fitting spot, Cæsar runs his ships up upon the beach.

Cæsar confesses to a good deal of difficulty in getting ashore. When we know how very hard it is to accomplish the same feat on the same coast, in these days, with all the appliances of modern science to aid us, and, as we must presume, with no real intention on the part of the Cantii, or men of Kent, to oppose our landing, we can quite sympathize with Cæsar. The ships were

so big that they could not be brought into very shallow water. The Roman soldiers were compelled to jump into the sea, heavily armed, and there to fight with the waves and with the enemy. But the Britons, having the use of all their limbs, knowing the ground, standing either on the shore or just running into the shallows, made the landing uneasy enough. "Nostri," — our men, — says Cæsar, with all these things against them, were not all of them so alert at fighting as was usual with them on dry ground; — at which no one can be surprised.

Cæsar had two kinds of ships — "naves longæ," long ships for carrying soldiers; and "naves onerariæ," ships for carrying burdens. The long ships do not seem to have been such ships of war as the Romans generally used in their sea-fights, but were handier, and more easily worked, than the transports. These he laid broadside to the shore, and harassed the poor natives with stones and arrows. Then the eagle-bearer of the Tenth Legion jumped into the sea, proclaiming that he, at any rate, would do his duty. Unless they wished to see their eagle fall into the hands of the enemy, they must follow him. "Jump down," he said, "my fellow-soldiers, unless you wish to betray your eagle to the enemy. I at least will do my duty to the Republic and to our General." When he had said this with a loud voice, he threw himself out of the ship and advanced the eagle against the enemy. Seeing and hearing this, the men leaped forth freely, from that ship and from others. As usual, there was some sharp fighting. "Pugnatum est utrisque acriter." It is nearly always the same thing. Cæsar throws away none of his glory by underrating his enemy.

But at length the Britons fly. "This thing only was wanting to Cæsar's good fortune," — that he was deficient in cavalry wherewith to ride on in pursuit, and "take the island!" Considering how very short a time he remains in the island, we feel that his complaint against fortune is hardly well founded. But there is a general surrender, and a claiming of hostages, and after a few days a sparkle of new hope in the breasts of the Britons. A storm arises, and Cæsar's ships are so knocked about that he does not know how he will get back to Gaul. He is troubled by a very high tide, not understanding the nature of these tides. As he had only intended this for a little tentative trip, — a mere taste of a future war with Britain, — he had brought no large supply of corn with him. He must get back, by hook or by crook.

The Britons, seeing how it is with him, think that they can destroy him, and make an attempt to do so. The Seventh Legion is in great peril, having been sent out to find corn, but is rescued. Certain of his ships — those which had been most grievously handled by the storm — he breaks up, in order that he may mend the others with their materials. When we think how long it takes us to mend ships, having dockyards, and patent slips, and all things ready, this is most marvelous to us. But he does mend his ships, and while doing so he has a second fight with the Britons, and again repulses them. There is a burning and destroying of everything far and wide, a gathering of ambassadors to Cæsar asking for terms, a demand for hostages, — a double number of hostages now, — whom Cæsar desired to have sent over to him to Gaul, because at this time of the year he did

not choose to trust them to ships that were unseaworthy; and he himself, with all his army, gets back into the Boulogne and Calais country. Two transports only are missing, which are carried somewhat lower down the coast. There are but three hundred men in these transports, and these the Morini of those parts threaten to kill unless they will give up their arms. But Cæsar sends help, and even these three hundred are saved from disgrace. There is, of course, more burning of houses and laying waste of fields because of this little attempt, and then Cæsar puts his army into winter quarters.

What would have been the difference to the world if the Britons, as they surely might have done, had destroyed Cæsar and every Roman, and not left even a ship to get back to Gaul? In lieu of this, Cæsar could send news to Rome of these various victories, and have a public thanksgiving decreed, — on this occasion for twenty days.

On his return out of Britain, Cæsar, as usual, went over the Alps to look after his other provinces, and to attend to his business in Italy; but he was determined to make another raid upon the island. He could not yet assume that he had "taken it," and therefore he left minute instructions with his generals as to the building of more ships, and the repair of those which had been so nearly destroyed. He sends to Spain, he tells us, for the things necessary to equip his ships. We never hear of any difficulty about money. We know that he did obtain large grants from Rome for the support of his legions; but no scruple was made in making war maintain war, as far as such maintenance could be obtained. Cæsar personally was in an extremity of

debt when he commenced his campaigns. He had borrowed an enormous sum, eight hundred and thirty talents, or something over £200,000, from Crassus, — who was the specially rich Roman of those days, — before he could take charge of his Spanish province. When his wars were over, he returned to Rome with a great treasure; and indeed during these wars in Gaul he expended large sums in bribing Romans. We may suppose that he found hoards among the barbarians, as Lord Clive did in the East Indies. Clive contented himself with taking some: Cæsar probably took all.

Having given the order about his ships, he settled a little matter in Illyricum, taking care to raise some tribute there also. He allows but a dozen lines for recording this winter work, and then tells us that he hurried back to his army and his ships. His command had been so well obeyed in regard to vessels, that he finds ready, of that special sort which he had ordered with one bank of oars only on each side, as many as six hundred, and also twenty-eight of the larger sort. He gives his soldiers very great credit for their exertions, and sends his fleet to the Portus Itius. The exact spot which Cæsar called by this name the geographers have not identified, but it is supposed to be between Boulogne and Calais. It may probably have been at Wissant. Having seen that things were thus ready for a second trip into Britain, he turns round and hurries off with four legions and eight hundred cavalry — an army of 25,000 men — into the Treves country. There is a quarrel going on there between two chieftains which it is well that he should settle, — somewhat as the monkey settled the contest about the oyster. This, however,

is a mere nothing of an affair, and he is back again among his ships at the Portus Itius in a page and a half.

He resolves upon taking five legions of his own soldiers into Britain, and two thousand mounted Gauls. He had brought together four thousand of these horsemen, collected from all Gaul, their chiefs and nobles, not only as fighting allies, but as hostages that the tribes should not rise in rebellion while his back was turned. These he divides, taking half with him, and leaving half with three legions of his own men, under Labienus, in the Boulogne country, as a base to his army, to look after the provisions, and to see that he be not harassed on his return. There is a little affair, however, with one of the Gaulish chieftains, Dumnorix the Æduan, who ought to have been his fastest friend. Dumnorix runs away with all the Æduan horsemen. Cæsar, however, sends after him and has him killed, and then all things are ready. He starts with altogether more than 800 ships at sunset, and comes over with a gentle southwest wind. He arrives off the coast of Britain at about noon, but can see none of the inhabitants on the cliff. He imagines that they have all fled, frightened by the number of his ships. Cæsar establishes his camp, and proceeds that same night about twelve miles into the country, — eleven miles, we may say, as our mile is longer than the Roman, — and there he finds the Britons. There is some fighting, after which Cæsar returns and fortifies his camp. Then there comes a storm and knocks his ships about terribly, — although he had found, as he thought, a nice soft place for them. But the tempest is very violent, and they are torn away from their anchors,

and thrust upon the shore, and dashed against each other till there is infinite trouble. He is obliged to send over to Labienus, telling him to build more ships; and those which are left he drags up over the shore to his camp, in spite of the enormous labor required in doing it. He is ten days at this work, night and day, and we may imagine that his soldiers had not an easy time of it. When this has been done, he advances again into the country after the enemy, and finds that Cassivellaunus is in command of the united forces of the different tribes. Cassivellaunus comes from the other side of the Thames, over in Middlesex or Hertfordshire. The Britons had not hitherto lived very peaceably together, but now they agree that against the Romans they will act in union under Cassivellaunus.

Cæsar's description of the island is very interesting. The interior is inhabited by natives, — or rather by "aborigines." Cæsar states this at least as the tradition of the country. But the maritime parts are held by Belgian immigrants, who, for the most part, have brought with them from the Continent the names of their tribes. The population is great, and the houses, built very like the houses in Gaul, are numerous and very thick together. The Britons have a great deal of cattle. They use money, having either copper coin or iron rings of a great weight. Tin is found in the middle of the island, and, about the coast, iron. But the quantity of iron found is small. Brass they import. They have the same timber as in Gaul, — only they have neither beech nor fir. Hares and chickens and geese they think it wrong to eat; but they keep these animals as pets. The climate, on the whole, is milder

than in Gaul. The island is triangular. One corner, that of Kent, has an eastern and a southern aspect. This southern side of the island he makes 500 miles, exceeding the truth by about 150 miles. Then Cæsar becomes a little hazy in his geography, — telling us that the other side, meaning the western line of the triangle, where Ireland lies, verges towards Spain. Ireland, he says, is half the size of Britain, and about the same distance from it that Britain is from Gaul. In the middle of the channel dividing Ireland from Britain there is an island called Mona, — the Isle of Man. There are also some other islands which at midwinter have thirty continuous days of night. Here Cæsar becomes not only hazy but mythic. But he explains that he has seen nothing of this himself, although he has ascertained, by scientific measurement, that the nights in Britain are shorter than on the Continent. Of course the nights are shorter with us in summer than they are in Italy, and longer in winter. The western coast he makes out to be 700 miles long; in saying which he is nearly 100 miles over the mark. The third side he describes as looking towards the north. He means the eastern coast. This he calls 800 miles long, and exaggerates our territories by more than 200 miles. The marvel, however, is that he should be so near the truth. The men of Kent are the most civilized, indeed they are almost as good as Gauls in this respect! What changes does not time make in the comparative merits of countries! The men in the interior live on flesh and milk, and do not care for corn. They wear skin clothing. They make themselves horrible with woad, and go about with very long hair. They shave close, except the head and upper lip. Then

comes the worst habit of all, — ten or a dozen men have their wives in common among them.

We have a very vivid and by no means unflattering account of the singular agility of our ancestors in their mode of fighting from their chariots. "This," says Cæsar, "is the nature of their chariot-fighting. They first drive rapidly about the battle-field, — per omnes partes, — and throw their darts, and frequently disorder the ranks by the very terror occasioned by the horses and by the noise of the wheels; and when they have made their way through the bodies of the cavalry, they jump down and fight on foot. Then the charioteers go a little out of the battle, and so place their chariots that they may have a ready mode of returning should their friends be pressed by the number of their enemies. Thus they unite the rapidity of cavalry and the stability of infantry; and so effective do they become by daily use and practice, that they are accustomed to keep their horses, excited as they are, on their legs on steep and precipitous ground, and to manage and turn them very quickly, and to run along the pole and stand upon the yoke," — by which the horses were held together at the collars, — "and again with the greatest rapidity to return to the chariot." All which is very wonderful.

Of course there is a great deal of fighting, and the Britons soon learn by experience to avoid general engagements and maintain guerrilla actions. Cæsar by degrees makes his way to the Thames, and with great difficulty gets his army over it. He can do this at only one place, and that badly. The site of this ford he does not describe to us. It is supposed to have been near the place which we now know as Sunbury. He

does tell us that his men were so deep in the water that their heads only were above the stream. But even thus they were so impetuous in their onslaught, that the Britons would not wait for them on the opposite bank, but ran away. Soon there comes unconditional surrender, and hostages, and promises of tribute. Cassivellaunus, who is himself but a usurper, and therefore has many enemies at home, endeavors to make himself secure in a strong place or town, which is supposed to have been on or near the site of our St. Albans. Cæsar, however, explains that the poor Britons give the name of a town — "oppidum" — to a spot in which they have merely surrounded some thick woods with a ditch and rampart. Cæsar, of course, drives them out of their woodland fortress, and then there quickly follows another surrender, more hostages, and the demand for tribute. Cæsar leaves his orders behind him, as though to speak were to be obeyed. One Mandubratius, and not Cassivellaunus, is to be the future king in Middlesex and Hertfordshire, — that is, over the Trinobantes who live there. He fixes the amount of tribute to be sent annually by the Britons to Rome; and he especially leaves orders that Cassivellaunus shall do no mischief to the young Mandubratius. Then he crosses back into Gaul at two trips, — his ships taking half the army first and coming back for the other half; and he piously observes that though he had lost many ships when they were comparatively empty, hardly one had been destroyed while his soldiers were in them.

So were ended Cæsar's second and last invasion of Britain. That he had reduced Britain as he had reduced Gaul he certainly could not boast; — though Quintus

Curtius had written to his brother to say that Britannia was — "confecta" — finished. Though he had twice landed his army under the white cliffs, and twice taken it away with comparative security, he had on both occasions been made to feel how terribly strong an ally to the Britons was that channel which divided them from the Continent. The reader is made to feel that on both occasions the existence of his army and of himself is in the greatest peril. Cæsar's idea in attacking Britain was probably that of making the Gauls believe that his power could reach even beyond them, — could extend itself all round them, even into distant islands, — than of absolutely establishing the Roman dominion beyond that distant sea. The Britons had helped the Gauls in their wars with him, and it was necessary that he should punish any who presumed to give such help. Whether the orders which he left behind him were obeyed, we do not know; but we may imagine that the tribute exacted was not sent to Rome with great punctuality. In fact, Cæsar invaded the island twice, but did not reduce it.

A MESSENGER FROM ROME

[43 A.D.]

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

[CYMBELINE, or Cunobelinus, was a grandson of Cassivellaunus. So much of a foundation has Shakespeare for his "Cymbeline"; the rest of the play is purely imaginative.

Whenever Cæsar overcame a tribe, it was his custom to demand that tribute be paid to him. In the following scene, Caius Lucius, a messenger from the Roman Emperor, has come to the court of Cymbeline in 43 A.D. to demand that the tribute, which the king had of late "left untender'd," shall be paid.

The Editor.]

SCENE I. BRITAIN. *A Room of State in Cymbeline's Palace.*

(*Enter, at one side,* CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, *and* LORDS; *at the other,* CAIUS LUCIUS *and Attendants.*)

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar, — whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes, and will to ears and tongues
Be theme and hearing ever, — was in this Britain,
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle, —
Famous in Cæsar's praises no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it, — for him
And his succession granted Rome a tribute
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.
Clo. There be many Cæsars
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.
Queen. That opportunity
Which then they had to take from 's, to resume
We have again. — Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors; together with
The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbéd and paléd in
With rocks unscalable and roaring waters,
With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
Of *came* and *saw* and *overcame:* with shame, —
The first that ever touch'd him, — he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping —
Poor ignorant baubles! — on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof
The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point, —
O, giglot fortune! — to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright
And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid: our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsar: other of them may have crooked noses; but to owe such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet among us can gripe as hard as

Cassibelan: I do not say I am one; but I have a hand.
Why tribute? Why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar
can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon
in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, sir,
no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's ambition, —
Which swell'd so much that it did almost stretch
The sides o' the world, — against all color here
Did put the yoke upon's; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be.

Clo. We do.

Cym. Say then to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which
Ordain'd our laws, — whose use the sword of Cæsar
Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry: — Mulmutius made
our laws,
Who was the first of Britain which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar, —
Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants than
Thyself domestic officers, — thine enemy:
Receive it from me then: War and confusion
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted.

BOADICEA

[62 A.D.]

BY WILLIAM COWPER

[BOADICEA was the wife of the chief of one of the tribes of early Britain. In the hope of saving his family from trouble, this chief willed his wealth to his daughters, and to the Roman Emperor. The officials seized the wealth, flogged Boadicea, and enslaved others of the family. She led a revolt against the Roman power in 62 A.D., but was overcome.

The Editor.]

WHEN the British warrior-queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath a spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief,
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage and full of grief.

"Princess! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'T is because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

"Rome shall perish — write that word
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless and abhorred,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

BOADICEA

"Rome, for empire far renowned,
Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground —
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

"Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

"Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

"Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway,
Where his eagles never flew —
None invincible as they."

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow,
Rushed to battle, fought and died;
Dying, hurled them at the foe.

"Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestowed,
Shame and ruin wait for you."

HOW THE ROMANS LIVED IN BRITAIN

[About the third century A.D.]

BY G. F. SCOTT ELLIOT

THE villa of Quintus Natalius, a Romanized Briton, whose father had amassed great wealth by means of his iron mines, was very prettily situated. It stood on a small terrace halfway up the low hill which, rising behind the buildings, perfectly sheltered it from the driving westerly gales. Before it lay a long, winding, and lovely valley, with remains of wild forest still clinging to the more precipitous slopes. The river was clear and transparent, and the hills beyond shut off the cold easterly and northerly gales.

But all this peaceful beauty made no impression on the wretched Mavia as she followed the slave-merchant into the great courtyard. There, wondering, she looked about her; on one side were the buildings in which corn, apples, wood, wine, oil, and the like were stored. On the other was a long line of rooms inhabited by servants and slaves. The great courtyard itself was nearly sixty feet long, and almost as broad. It had two paths running across it at right angles; a few fruit-trees were arranged symmetrically along them; in the midst was a shallow concrete pond, full of living fish awaiting a passage to the kitchen. But the skillful architect had arranged all the lines so that the eye necessarily tended towards the master's own house which closed the courtyard at the upper or northern side.

The bright sunlight was reflected by myriads of tiny points of light all over the roof, for this was made of thin pieces, arranged diagonally, of a sandstone full of glittering mica. The roof was carried forward so as to form a lovely verandah, supported by elegantly carved, slender columns, and full of vases, statues of Diana and Meleager, and other ornaments.

A very fat man with sword and spear and a British slave had been seated on the verandah steps. Whilst the latter was sent to inform the owner that one Atticus desired to speak with him, Balbus (the soldier) chatted with the slave-merchant. The latter was going to Rome, and said he liked not the news either from the north or from Wales.

Balbus laughed heartily. "Why, man," he said, "there has been talk of a Caledonian invasion ever since I can remember. Hast thou not seen the great wall that crosses from Luguvallium to the Tyne? It is fifteen feet high, nine feet thick, and in front there is a ditch thirty-four feet wide and fifteen feet deep. That goeth right across the whole island. There are 12,400 men upon it, and sentry stands and a castle at every mile, where is a gate. I know it well, for I, Balbus, carried stone to build it on two sticks held over my shoulder, where there is still a scar. What Caledonians could storm that?"

The slave-merchant shook his head and hinted that the only legion had been sent to York, and that with so many stout soldiers sent to the Rhine and to Rome, either the Welsh or the Caledonians might invade Britain.

"I heard that the Welsh were gathering in the mountains, and that many had fled to Uriconium for safety!"

At this point a woman came out to call in Atticus; she jeered at the raw barbarian, and shivered at the cold air outside. But a keen, wizened-up, Jewish-looking steward thrust her aside. "Make way, Julia," he said, "thou mayest go to the spinning-room now, for here is a prettier than thou with a nose not red nor always moist with water." Then, in an undertone to Atticus, "How much wilt thou give me?" "Five per cent." "Oh, no; I want fifteen per cent," said the steward. "Ten, then," growled the slave-merchant.

During this murmured conversation they had stepped up upon the verandah.

Mavia started and stared at the floor, for it was like a vivid and brilliantly colored painting. She had never seen Roman mosaic before, and wondered at the pictures, Bacchus on his tiger, and Actæon pursued by his hounds, with the corners filled in by graceful scrolls, garlands, and flowers. The colors were many and vividly contrasted, for there were pieces of ruby, two shades of red, black, slate-color, chocolate, yellow, gray, cream-color, and pure white.

Even more sumptuous and luxurious was the room into which she entered. A great apartment it was, of which the whole floor was occupied by an elaborate mosaic, representing Orpheus playing on his lute, and surrounded by many and diverse sorts of animals. Along the foot of the wall was a moulding or skirting of red cement. The rest of the wall was prettily painted, or rather distempered in many lovely colors, with subjects, such as boys carrying flowers, garlands of flowers, and strange birds. An arched recess held the family altar, where an exquisitely worked bronze lamp was burn-

ing. The room was pleasantly warm though the day was cold.

A stout young man, peevish and flushed in the face, was lolling on a couch covered with soft cushions (though it was near midday). He was examining a little bronze statuette, of which there were many in the room, as well as beautiful bowls of Samian ware, richly ornamented, beautiful colored and iridescent glass vessels full of fruit and flowers. To us the apartment might seem perhaps bare, cold, and clean, but there was no question as to the luxury and artistic taste of the owner.

Mavia stared about her while they bargained for her. A high price was asked, and Quintus refused to give it; he had more slaves than he wanted, but, after the steward had left the room, a stately Roman woman swept into it. She wanted a yellow-haired slave to carry her messages. Every woman in Rome had one, and Quintus *must* buy this one. A lively wrangle ensued, and the lady wept and stormed until at last Quintus sulkily called the steward and opened a huge brass-bound chest with a great iron key.

Mavia was bought and sent to wait on Faustina, wife of Quintus, who amused herself for a time by trimming her hair and dressing her like a Roman handmaiden. Then Faustina called for her litter, and, borne by four sturdy British slaves and attended only by Mavia, started for a country promenade. They soon reached the straight Roman road, marked by milestones, which led across the hills, and passed a village of dirty, miserable hovels, where wretched serfs, working in Quintus' iron mines, crouched before their master's wife, but turned off along a small footpath that led down to the riverside.

The whole way Faustina reviled and stormed at the slaves, but at last she stopped the litter, and, grumbling at the exertion and the cold, tottered, leaning on Mavia, along the footpath.

A small ragged boy, who was herding goats, called out a loud and musical cry and ran uphill. The path was beside the steep banks, or almost little cliffs, thirty feet high, which had been at one time cut out by the river. Turning one of these projecting cliffs, they found a deep cave hollowed out of the side of the cliff, at which Mavia stared in awe.

A tall man in a black cloak, marked with strange symbols (the swastika or fylfot), and with curious Eastern silver and gold ornaments, was holding forth his hands and uttering a long musical hymn of weird Greek and Arabian invocations. Before him was a long stretch of the river, lying south by west, and, at this hour, blazing like molten gold with the sunlight, which fell full on his dark Egyptian features, and also shone brightly on the face of a statue, the god Mithras, which was placed in a recess in the back of the cave. Two smaller statues, the god's assessors, were on either side of him.

The priest took no notice of them, and Mavia wondered at the cave. It was cut twenty feet deep into the cliff, and about forty feet across, and the keystone of the semicircular arched roof was at least fifteen feet above the ground: all of it was neatly built of chalk blocks carefully fitted together.

Faustina and Mavia waited, full of superstitious fear, till the resounding Greek phrases ceased.

Then the priest motioned to them. "Will Mithras

favor my voyage, O Arsaces?" "Yes, verily, lady, if thou dost place a suitable offering on his altar." Faustina produced a rich string of amber beads. "Nay, lady! Gold like the sunlight; that is the offering fit for Mithras."

Faustina unhooked a rich gold bracelet from her arm, and would have removed the amber beads, but the priest majestically and very gravely waved her off and took them himself.

"Hast thou the rare drug thou promised me?" "Yes, lady; here is the rich wolfsbane of whose power thou art not ignorant."

To Mavia's horror, the priest gave her a root of the accursed aconite, of whose deadly powers all Britons were well aware. Faustina snatched at it, and they returned to the litter, and passed back to the villa.

During this time Quintus had been occupied in the main business of his life. He had gone to take a bath, leaving his steward to haggle with the serfs who brought the iron for which they were paid. (But they had to give a fee to the steward.) Others brought in corn and apples, and always after openly leaving them in the granary passed round to the steward's office, where they bought some of it for themselves, and this money did not appear in his accounts.

Quintus, however, had now reached the series of rooms, and begun his bath. These rooms were all carefully heated by a simple and yet efficient system, which must be described. The floors of all rooms used in winter were raised about two to four feet above the ground on a quantity of little brick or chalk pillars. The floor itself consisted of thin tiles or flags laid on these pillars, and covered by cement.

An opening in the outside wall of the house acted as the furnace. Here a fire of wood was kept up, and the heat and smoke from it passed under the floor between these pillars, and sometimes even up the wall through hollow earthenware flues. A hot bath was often warmed by means of similar flues, which were in connection with this system of hot-air spaces.

Quintus entered the first room, which was gently or moderately heated, and undressed; then a whole number of slaves began to attend to him. There was one who acted as a barber, another with tweezers who pulled out any superfluous hairs, others with toothpicks and ear instruments, and each one of them was a master in his particular craft. The second room was a hot vapor bath, in which the object was to produce profuse perspiration; in the third room he lay on a couch, and a specially strong and muscular slave scraped him all over with scrapers, which were curious iron knives with the edge turned sideways. Next came the bath, thirty feet long, and with a long step or seat, rounded at the edge, and covered with plaster, on which he could sit whilst another slave sponged him. He might now enter another room where was the cold bath. Then towels warmed on the hot flues would be brought by other slaves, and he would be carefully dried, and perhaps played ball to warm himself. Still another room was devoted to the storage of oils, unguents, and cosmetics, preserved in colored glass bottles, or sometimes in cakes stamped with the maker's name. So Quintus, having been oiled and curled in this chamber, now donned his toga, and returned to the great hall, where the clients and slaves were already gathered for dinner.

In another room, Faustina was having her hair dressed. She half reclined on a couch, supported by cushions, whilst a frightened slave held up a mirror before her. She had already stenciled her eyebrows (above and below), and had adorned her haggard cheeks with plentiful cosmetics, but it was the arrangement of her hair that caused all this trouble. The wrinkled and ugly hag that acted as mistress of the slaves gave her opinion; each slave girl had to say what she thought. One anxious woman was endeavoring to get one particular curl to her mistress's satisfaction. "That is too high. Now it is too low. Be careful." Upon this Faustina seized a cowhide lash that lay beside her, and cruelly whipped the wretched handmaid across her naked shoulders.

Mavia, frightened and disgusted at this scene of vanity and cruelty, was engaged in extracting the aconite according to the shrill and peevish directions of her mistress. The extract was placed in a prettily shaped vase of iridescent glass, and locked up in a cupboard.

But Faustina's toilet seemed an endless task; now hot water was loudly called for and hurriedly brought from a bronze tap (modeled like a dog's head), for there was a leaden pipe in the room from the hot baths. Then Faustina's little girl, Julia, a spoilt, unhealthy little creature, who was running about with a rag doll and a rattle (made like a bronze pig), came to see the "pretty mother," and was kissed and fondled until another lock of hair was disarranged, when Julia was soundly smacked, and Faustina raved and stormed, and lashed her miserable handmaidens.

Then at the door of the room a silky, humble voice murmured, "Gracious Lady, Queen Muse of this rude

barbarous island, the dinner is awaiting thy presence."

"Fetch me the calendar," cried Faustina. So a calendar with the lucky hours for every day was produced, and carefully studied by the superstitious Roman matron.

"Fairest of Priestesses, Phœbus Apollo has long descended from the azure empyrean. The rays of the Sun-god are failing, and rude Boreas begins to blow."

"Here, Mavia, take him this missive." So saying, Faustina seized her writing tablets (two pieces of thin wood folding like a book and covered inside with a thin layer of wax), and wrote upon the wax with a fine-pointed stylus, then closing the leaves, she tied it with string, and handed it to Mavia, who, followed by the Greek slave who had spoken, hurried to the dining-room. When Quintus read the missive, his face fell. "It is not propitious to dine for half an hour yet!"

Deep gloom descended on the faces of the clients. "Shall we play at dice? Bring the knuckle-bones."

A deeper depression fell on the company. "No. Shall we try those cocks of Balbus? Fetch thy fighting birds!"

Every one tried to look pleased, but the fight was a failure, for the birds had just been fed. "Thou, Aristides, canst thou not amuse me?" The cunning Greek began an eloquent harangue comparing the neck of Quintus to "the brawny shoulders of Hercules holding Antæus far from his Mother Earth," etc., but he was suddenly checked.

"Come hither, Aristides! I gave a high price for thee as a scholar and a poet, but I hear strange talk from Faustina about Rome and thee. See thou to it that thou

goest not thither in the next party of slaves! Fetch her to dinner forthwith!" The Greek grew pale and hurried off. Quintus went on. "When I married the penniless daughter of an official convicted of oppression, I did not bargain for this! I hear each day of an ancestor who died when fighting Hannibal. She quotes verses I never knew, and corrects my Latin as old-fashioned and provincial, and her tongue never stops."

But then a great tumult was heard. The faces of the company brightened. Then the painted elderly dame swept into the room, and they went into the dining-room, where soon the dinner was served.

Mavia had never seen such gluttony before. A great boar was brought in. There were dishes of eggs and of hares (kept in a warren for the purpose); salmon and other fish; oysters from Richborough, and a plate of snails carefully imported from France, and kept as a great luxury. There was fruit also, not only apples from Britain, but figs, mulberries, and grapes imported from Gaul. These were tastefully arranged in bowls of Samian ware, covered with beautiful designs, in pottery manufactured at Canterbury, and beautiful glass vessels. But a fat and perspiring slave handed to Mavia a graceful glass vessel, and she was soon busy pouring out wine. But even this required a little experience. She soon found that if anyone wanted his cup filled he held up his hand. An elderly client with a threadbare toga did so, and she poured out wine for him from her glass vessel.

Every one laughed at her and congratulated the client. (An old black slave poured British wine for the clients from a jar of rude yellowish earthenware with looped handles.)

That dinner lasted for three hours, and the time was chiefly occupied in listening to Faustina's comparison of Virgil and Homer, with a chorus of applause and flattery thrown in by Aristides and the clients. At last Quintus became foolish and muddled with wine, and called to Faustina, "Is there anything a woman does not understand?"

"Ah," she said, "that deserves a special draught of my cherished Falernian. Go thou and fetch it, Aristides, and bring also a meet vessel for holding it."

Aristides returned with an ancient jar carefully corked up, and to Mavia's horror and disgust he brought also the identical iridescent glass in which lay the aconite.

Faustina, with her glittering eyes, uncorked the jar, poured out the wine in her own cup, drank it ostentatiously, and then poured the rest of the jar into the poisoned glass decanter.

"Come hither, Mavia. Give it to thy master. Why lookest thou so glum?"

Then the whole foul plot was clear to the wretched British girl. *She* was to pour the poisoned draught into her master's cup. *She* would be tortured to death, probably wrapped in linen saturated with pitch and burnt to death! Then Faustina and Aristides would seize the dead man's riches and hasten to Rome! Who would believe her word? So she took the glass vessel and turned to carry it, but, as she went, she pretended to stumble, and fell and dashed the jar to pieces on the mosaic.

Faustina was almost mad with fury and fright. "Send for the torturer," she cried. "Scourge me this girl to

death, but torture her first." A repulsive Arabian came in, carrying a small brazier and curious metal tools; but whilst the wretched Mavia, bound and helpless, awaited the heating of those instruments, a strange and unexpected interruption took place.

"What is that clamor?" cried Balbus, and went to the court. A panting British serf, bleeding with wounds, covered with dust, and half dead with fright and fatigue, stumbled into the hall and cried, "Fly, O Quintus, the Welsh savages are after me. They have burnt the villages and slain thy people. They are coming fast after me."

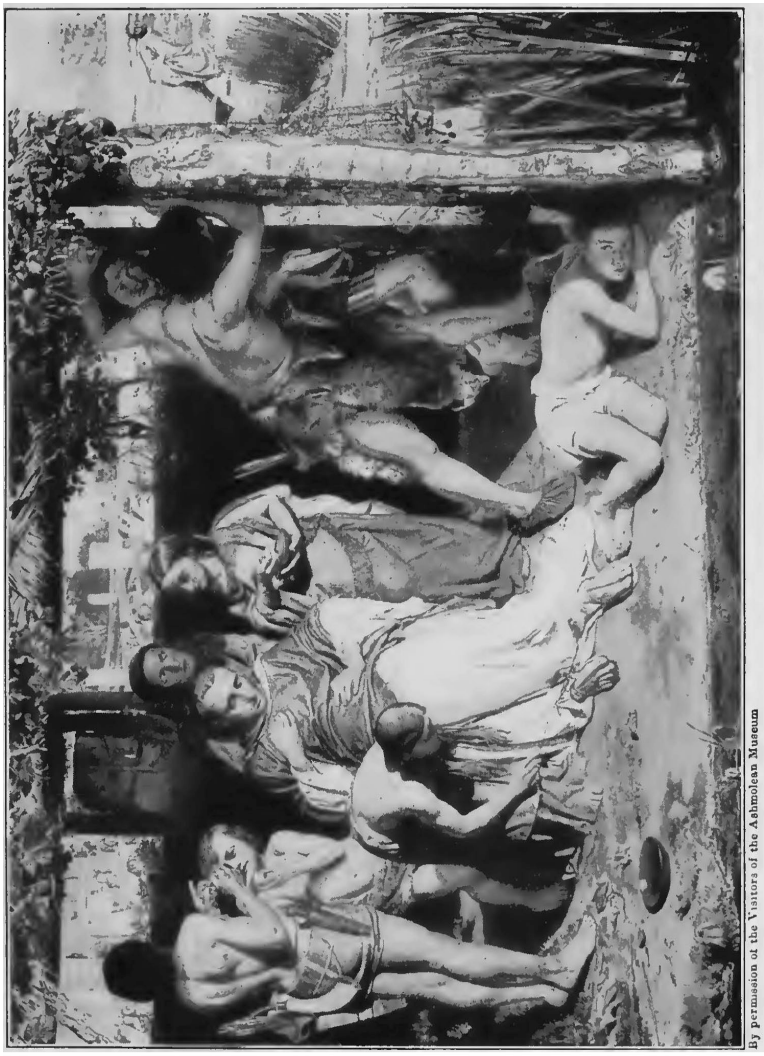
A few of the clients, chiefly poor, elderly men, rallied round Quintus with swords drawn. Fat Balbus in vain endeavored to get into his chain armor, which was far too tight for him. Some tried to plunder, and ran off laden with booty. The rest shrieked and ran to and fro, helplessly wringing their hands.

The steward and Faustina disappeared. But as Quintus called loudly for his daughter Julia, wild, discordant yells and the Celtic trumpet sounded at the gate, and a fierce horde of savages burst into the court.

Mavia was recognized by the leader, but those splendid, luxurious apartments were soon streaming with blood. That dissolute crew of Romans, Greeks, and debased Britons were dead or flying panic-stricken over the hills.

Soon a great fire began to kindle on the beautiful villa, and rapidly grew into a roaring conflagration. The roof fell and then only a few blackened heaps of broken stone and potsherds marked the site of Quintus' splendid villa. But even to-day, underneath the shapeless grassy

mounds which cover the broken tiles and ruined floors, far inside the soot-blackened hypocaust, there lie three skeletons! The steward had crawled there, carrying his ill-gotten money, which now lies scattered amongst his bones. Faustina and her daughter had also crept in there to escape: all three were suffocated below the ruins of the burning villa.



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The Converted Britons

THE CONVERTED BRITONS

BY WILLIAM HOLMAN HUNT

(*English painter*, 1827–1910)

In the latter part of the second century, Britain, then a Roman province, was converted to Christianity. The new religion was not introduced, however, without a bitter struggle on the part of the Druid priesthood.

An episode of this struggle is shown in the illustration. A party of Britons, incited by the Druid priests, has attacked the Christian missionaries. One, at least, is already captured, but another has escaped to the protection of the frail hut of a family of Christian natives. He is exhausted by his flight, and they are caring for him and trying to revive him. Two men are anxiously guarding the doorway, and a young boy with his ear to the ground is listening to the sounds without. One woman supports the fainting form of the missionary, looking fearfully toward the door. Another is bathing his forehead. A little boy at the left is holding a cup, into which an older brother is squeezing the juice of a bunch of grapes from the vines overhead. A girl is tenderly removing a brier from the victim's robe. The father of the family is evidently a fisherman, for a net hangs on the post at the right, and the cabin stands beside a stream. Against the wall of the hut stands a Druidic stone; but upon it a cross is rudely drawn to indicate a change of faith.

II

THE ANGLO-SAXON INVASION

HISTORICAL NOTE

AFTER the withdrawal of the Roman garrisons the Britons were harassed by the Scots (Irish) on the west, and the Picts (Gaels) on the north. Against these marauders they struggled bravely, but in vain. There was also trouble from the east, for bands of Teuton pirates from the western shores of the Baltic were coming down upon them. At length, as tradition says, the Britons invited these pirates to come to aid them in repelling the other invaders, and promised them the island of Thanet as their reward.

The newcomers were known as Saxons, Angles, and Jutes. They were pagans, fierce in battle, but they also cultivated the ground. In their home land those who were relatives often clustered together in a tiny village. Each family had its house lot and garden; but around the little village extended land known as the "mark," or boundary. This was divided into pasture, woodland, and tillage, and was used in common. The people were of four ranks: *athels*, or nobles; *ceorls*, or free landowners; *laets*, or tenants, who paid rent by service; and *slaves*, who were generally captives taken in war. Each village had its governor and its council, the latter comprising all the freemen. Each hundred, or collection of villages, had also a governor and council; and the whole tribe had a king, and a council (*witan*), who elected the king annually.

These invaders soon pushed on from Thanet and conquered lands for themselves in the new country. Early in the sixth century they appear to have suffered a series of defeats at the hand of some British chief, perhaps the King Arthur of the later legends, which checked their advance for nearly fifty years, but by the close of the century all Britain was in their hands, and the former inhabitants were killed, enslaved, or driven into the mountains of Wales. In 827, the various small kingdoms formed by the invaders were united by Egbert, King of Wessex, and from this monarch every English king except the four Normans has traced his descent.

STORIES OF KING ARTHUR AND HIS COURT

[Sixth century]

[THE legends of King Arthur and his court probably have this basis in fact: that in the fifth or sixth century there arose a brave British chieftain or general who defeated the Teutonic invaders in a number of pitched battles, was betrayed by his wife, and met his death in conflict with a near kinsman. The memory of this chieftain was kept alive by the Britons in their mountain fastnesses of Wales, and in the course of centuries spread to the Continent, where the courtly poets of France and Germany remoulded the legends, making of the rude warrior chief an ideal knight of the Middle Ages, chivalrous, generous, and without fear. They reflect, therefore, the life and ideals of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries rather than of the time in which King Arthur is supposed to have lived.

The Editor.]

KING ARTHUR RECEIVES THE ROUND TABLE

BY THOMAS MALORY

IN the beginning of Arthur, after he was chosen king by adventure and by grace, most of the barons knew not that he was Uther Pendragon's son, until Merlin made it openly known. Then many kings and lords made great war against him for that cause; but Arthur overcame them all, for the most part of the days of his life he was ruled much by the counsel of Merlin.

So it befell that King Arthur said unto Merlin, "My barons will let me have no rest until I take a wife,

and I will take none but by thy counsel and by thy advice."

"It is well," said Merlin, "that you take a wife; for a man of your attainments and nobility should not be without a wife. Now is there any that you love more than another?"

"Yea," said King Arthur, "I love Guenever, daughter of King Leodegrance of the land of Cameliard. This damsel is the most valiant and the fairest lady that I know living, or that ever I could find."

"Sir," said Merlin, "as for her beauty and fairness, she is one of the fairest on earth; but if you did not love her so well as you do, I should find you a damsel of beauty and of goodness that should like you and please you; but when a man's heart is set, he is loath to change."

"That is truth," said King Arthur.

Then Merlin sent forth unto King Leodegrance of Cameliard and told him of the desire of King Arthur to have Guenever for his wife.

"That is to me," said King Leodegrance, "the best tidings that I ever heard, — that so worthy a king of prowess and noblesse will wed my daughter. And as far as my lands, I would give him all if I thought it would please him, but he hath lands enough and needeth none. But I shall send him a gift which shall please him much more; for I shall give him the Round Table, which his father, Uther Pendragon, gave me. When it is full complete, there are one hundred and fifty knights. An hundred good knights I have myself; but I lack fifty, for so many have been slain in my days."

And so Leodegrance delivered his daughter Guenever

unto Merlin, and the Round Table with the hundred knights. And they rode freshly with great royalty till they came nigh unto London.

When King Arthur heard of the coming of Guenever and the hundred knights with the Round Table, he made great joy and said openly, "This fair lady is passing welcome unto me, for I have loved her long, and therefore there is nothing so much to my liking. And these knights with the Round Table please me more than great riches."

And in all haste the king prepared for the marriage and the coronation in the most honorable fashion that could be devised.

"Now, Merlin," said King Arthur, "go thou and find me in all this land fifty knights which are of most prowess and worship."

Within a short time Merlin had found knights to fill twenty and eight sieges, but no more he could find. Then the Bishop of Canterbury was fetched, and he blessed the sieges with great royalty and devotion, and there set the eight and twenty knights. And when this was done Merlin said, "Fair sirs, you must all arise, and come to King Arthur to do him homage; for he will then have the better will to maintain you."

And so they arose and did their homage. And when they were gone, Merlin found in every siege letters of gold that told the knight's name that had sat therein. But two sieges were void.

"What is the cause," said King Arthur, "that there be two places void in the sieges?"

"Sir," said Merlin, "there shall no man sit in those places but him that shall be of most worship. But in

the Siege Perilous there shall no man sit but one, and if there be any other so hardy as to sit there, he shall be destroyed."

And therewith Merlin took King Pellinore by the hand, and put him in the place next the two sieges and the Siege Perilous, and he said before them all, "This is your place, for you are most worthy to sit therein of all who are here."

Thereat Sir Gawaine was passing envious, and said to Gaheris, his brother, "Yonder knight is put to great worship, and this grieveth me sore: for he slew our father King Lot; therefore I will slay him."

"You shall not do it," said Gaheris, "at this time, for I now am but a squire; but when I am made knight I will be avenged on him. Therefore, brother, it is best that you suffer till another time, that we may have him out of the court, lest we should trouble this high feast."

"I will do as you say," said Gawaine.

There the king established all his knights, and those that had no lands he made rich in lands. And he charged them never to do outrage or murder, and always to flee treason. Also, by no means to be cruel, but to give mercy unto him that asked it, upon pain of forfeiture of their worship and lordship of King Arthur for evermore; and always to give succour unto ladies, damsels, and gentlewomen, upon pain of death. Also that no man make battle in a wrongful quarrel, either for any law or this world's goods. Unto this oath were all the knights of the Round Table sworn, both old and young. And every year were they sworn anew at the feast of Pentecost. And then when all this was done, the high feast was made ready, and King Arthur was wedded at

Camelot unto Dame Guenever in the church of Saint Stephen's with much solemnity.

GALAHAD AND THE QUEST OF THE SANGREAL[1]

BY THOMAS MALORY

I

At the vigil of Pentecost when all the fellowship of the Round Table were come again unto Camelot, and the tables were set ready to the meat, there entered into the hall a fair gentlewoman on horseback. She had ridden fast, for her horse was all besweated. There she alighted, and came before the king and saluted him. Then she straightway went unto Launcelot and said, "Sir Launcelot, I salute you, and require you to come with me into a forest near by."

And though Sir Launcelot wist not why he should go with that lady, he bade his squire saddle his horse and bring his arms, and then departed he with the lady. And they rode until they came into a forest where they saw an abbey of nuns. And they entered, and a fair company of nuns came and led Sir Launcelot into the Abbess's chamber and unarmed him.

And presently therein came twelve nuns that brought with them Galahad, a youth so fair and so well-made, that in all the world men might scarcely find his match; and all those ladies wept. "Sir," said they all, "we bring you here this child whom we have nourished, and

[1] *Sangreal*, or Holy Grail, that is, "holy cup," the cup from which Jesus Christ is supposed to have drunk at the last supper and in which Joseph of Arimathea is said to have caught the blood that fell from Jesus' side when He was on the cross.

we pray you to make him a knight; for of a more worthy man's hand may he not receive the order of knighthood."

And Sir Launcelot beheld the young squire, and saw him seemly and pure as a dove, and he thought he had never seen so fair a man.

Then said Sir Launcelot, "Cometh this desire of himself?"

He and all they said, "Yea."

"Then shall he," said Sir Launcelot, "receive the high order of knighthood to-morrow at the celebration of the high feast." And on the morrow at dawn he made him knight, and said, "God make you a good man, for beauty faileth you not."

II

"Now, fair sir," said Sir Launcelot, "will ye come with me unto the court of King Arthur?"

"Nay," answered Galahad, "I will not go with you at this time."

Then Launcelot departed from the abbey, and so he came unto Camelot in the forenoon on Whitsunday. And when the king and all the knights were come unto the Round Table, the barons espied in the sieges all about, written with golden letters, the names of those knights to whom the sieges appertained. And thus they went until they came to the Siege Perilous, where they found letters which said: —

"Four hundred and fifty-four winters after our Lord Jesus Christ ought this siege to be fulfilled."

Then all they said, "This is a marvelous thing."

And Sir Launcelot said, "It seemeth to me this siege

ought to be fulfilled this same day; for this is the feast of Pentecost after the four hundred and fifty-fourth year; and if it would please all parties, I would rather that none of these letters were seen this day, till he is come that ought to achieve this adventure."

Then ordained they that a cloth of silk be brought to cover these letters in the Siege Perilous.

Then the king bade them hasten unto dinner, but at that time in came a squire, and said unto the king, "Sir, I bring you marvelous tidings. There is beneath here at the river, a great stone floating above the water and therein I saw sticking a sword."

The king said, "I will see that marvel."

So all the knights went with him to the river, and there they found a stone floating, and therein stuck a fair sword; and in the pommel thereof were precious stones skillfully set in letters of gold. Then the barons read the letters, which said: —

"Never shall man take me hence except him by whose side I ought to hang, and he shall be the best knight in the world."

When the king had seen the letters, he said unto Sir Launcelot: "Fair sir, this sword ought to be yours, for I am sure you are the best knight in the world."

Then Sir Launcelot answered very soberly: "Truly, sir, it is not my sword; also, sir, wit ye well I have not the hardihood to set my hand to it, for it belongs not at my side. Also, he who essayeth to take the sword and faileth, shall receive such a wound by that sword that he shall not be whole long afterward. And I tell you that this same day shall the adventures of the Sangreal begin."

Then King Arthur bade Sir Gawaine essay to take the sword; and though Sir Gawaine was loath to do so, yet because King Arthur commanded him, he took the sword by the handles; but he could not move it. Then there were no more that durst be so hardy as to set their hands thereto. So then Sir Kay, the steward, bade King Arthur and all the knights go in to dinner; and every knight knew his own place, and set him therein.

And when all the sieges were fulfilled, save only the Siege Perilous, anon there befell a marvelous adventure: all the doors and windows of the palace shut by themselves, yet the hall was not greatly darkened; and thereupon they were all astonished. Then an old man came in, clothed all in white, and there was no knight knew whence he came. And with him he brought a young knight, in red arms, without sword or shield, save a scabbard hanging by his side. And these words the old man said unto Arthur: "Peace be with you, sir. I bring here a young knight, who is of kings' lineage, and of the kindred of Joseph of Arimathea, whereby the marvels of this court and of strange realms shall be fully accomplished."

Then the old man made the young man unarm himself. And anon he led him to the Siege Perilous, beside which sat Sir Launcelot. And the good man lifted up the cloth, and found there letters which said thus: —

"This is the siege of Galahad, the high prince."

"Sir," said the old knight, "wot you well, that place is yours."

Then Galahad sat down in that place, and he said to

the old man, "Sir, you may go your way, for you have done all that which you were commanded to do."

So the good man departed.

Then all the knights of the Round Table marveled greatly that Sir Galahad dare sit there in that Siege Perilous, when he was so tender of age, and they said, "This is he by whom the Sangreal shall be achieved; for never before sat one in that siege but that harm came to him."

Then came King Arthur unto Galahad, and said, "Sir, you are welcome; for you shall move many good knights unto the quest of the Sangreal." Then the king took him by the hand, and went down from the palace to show him the adventures of the stone.

"Sir," said the king unto Galahad, "here is a great marvel as ever I saw; for right good knights have essayed and failed."

"Sir," said Galahad, "that is no marvel, for this adventure is not theirs but mine. For the surety that I should achieve this sword, I brought none with me; for here by my side hangeth the scabbard." And anon he laid his hand upon the sword, and lightly drew it out of the stone, and put it in the sheath.

"Sir," said the king, "a shield God shall send you."

"Now," said Galahad, "have I that sword that sometime was Balin's, and he was a passing good man of his hands; and with this sword he slew his brother Balan, and that was great pity, for he was a good knight, and either slew other. And with this sword Balin smote my grandfather, King Pelles, a dolorous stroke of which he is not yet whole, nor shall be till I heal him."

Then the king espied a lady riding on a white palfrey

toward them. And she saluted the king and queen and said, "Sir King, Nacien, the hermit, sendeth thee word that to thee shall befall the greatest worship that ever befell king in Britain; and I say you wherefore, for this day the Sangreal shall appear in thy house and feed thee and all thy fellowship of the Round Table."

So she departed and went the same way that she came.

"Now," said the king, "I am sure shall all ye of the Round Table depart on this quest of the Sangreal and never shall I see you again whole together; therefore I will see you all together in the meadow of Camelot to joust, that after your death men may tell how such good knights were wholly together such a day."

So at the king's request they accorded all, and took on their harness and went to the jousting. And the queen was in a tower with all her ladies to behold that tournament.

Now all this moving of the king was for this intent, that he might see Galahad proved; for the king deemed he should not lightly come again unto the court after his departing. So Galahad put upon him his helm, but shield would he take none for no prayer of the king. Then Galahad dressed him in the midst of the meadow, and began to break spears marvelously, so that all men wondered; for he there surmounted all other knights, and within a while he had defouled many good knights of the Round Table save twain, that were Sir Launcelot and Sir Percivale.

III

And then the king and all his estates went home unto Camelot, and so went to evensong in the great minster,

and so after that to supper. Then anon they heard such cracking and crying of thunder that they thought the place would fall apart. In the midst of this blast entered a sunbeam, clearer by seven times than ever they saw day, and the grace of the Holy Ghost shone upon them all. And all those knights appeared fairer than ever they had before. And for a great while no knight could speak a word, and they looked at each other as though they were dumb. Then there entered into the hall the Holy Grail covered with white samite, but none could see it nor who bore it. And then was all the hall filled with good odors, and every knight had such meats and drinks as he best loved in this world. And when the Holy Grail had been borne through the hall, it departed so suddenly that they wist not what became of it. Then had they all breath to speak, and the king yielded thanks to God for His good grace that He had sent them.

"Now," said Sir Gawaine, "we have been served this day with what meats and drinks we liked best, but one thing disappointed us, we could not see the Holy Grail, it was so carefully covered. Wherefore I will make here my vow that to-morrow I shall begin the quest of the Sangreal; that I shall seek a twelvemonth and a day, or more if need be, and never shall I return again unto the court till I have seen it more openly than it hath been seen here; and if I may not succeed, I shall return again knowing that it is not the will of our Lord that I see it."

When those of the Round Table heard Sir Gawaine say this, they arose for the most part, and made such vows as he had made.

Anon as King Arthur heard this, he became very sad,

for he wist well that they might not gainsay their vows.

"Alas," said King Arthur to Sir Gawaine, "ye have bereft me of the fairest fellowship and the truest of knighthood that were ever seen together in any realm of the world; for when they depart hence, I am sure they shall never all meet more in this world, for many shall die in the quest. I have loved them as well as my life, wherefore it grieves me right sore, the departing of this fellowship." And therewith the tears fell in his eyes.

IV

When the queen, ladies, and gentlewomen wist these tidings, they had such sorrow and heaviness of heart that no tongue might tell it; for those knights had held those ladies in honor and love. And many of these ladies that loved knights would have gone with their lovers, had not an old knight come among them in religious clothing and he spake to all, and said, "Fair lords, who have sworn in the quest of the Sangreal, thus sendeth Nacien, the hermit, word to you, that none lead lady nor gentlewoman with him in this quest; for I warn you plain, he that is not clean of his sins, shall not see the mysteries of our Lord Jesus Christ." And for this cause they left those ladies and gentlewomen.

And as soon as it was day, the king arose, for he had no rest all that night for sorrow. And he and the queen and all the fellowship of the Round Table went unto the minster to hear their service. Then after the service was done, the king would wit how many had undertaken the quest of the Holy Grail. Then they found by tale an hundred and fifty, and all were knights of the Round

Table. And then they put on their helms and departed, and there was weeping and great sorrow.

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

[At length King Arthur was sorely wounded in battle, and he knew that the time had come for him to die. "Cast my sword Excalibur into the water of the lake," he bade Sir Bedivere, his companion, "and come again and tell me what you have seen." And when Sir Bedivere had thrown the sword, there rose from the water an arm clad with white samite. The hand took the sword, and both sword and arm vanished beneath the waters. Then came close to the shore a barge, and in it was King Arthur's sister with two other queens and many fair ladies in waiting.

The Editor.]

Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the barge."
So to the barge they came. There those three queens
Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
But she that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,
And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,
And dropping bitter tears against a brow
Striped with dark blood: for all his face was white
And colorless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops
Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls —
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the dais-throne — were parch'd with dust,
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,

Mixt with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.
So like a shatter'd column lay the King;
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere:
"Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole Round Table is dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty world,
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge:
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfills himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within himself make pure! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice

Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest — if indeed I go —
For all my mind is clouded with a doubt —
To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

But when that moan had past for evermore,
The stillness of the dead world's winter dawn
Amazed him, and he groan'd, "The King is gone."
And therewithal came on him the weird rhyme,
"From the great deep to the great deep he goes."

Whereat he slowly turn'd and slowly clomb
The last hard footstep of that iron crag,
Thence mark'd the black hull moving yet, and cried:
"He passes to be king among the dead,
And after healing of his grievous wound
He comes again; but — if he come no more —
O me, be yon dark queens in yon black boat,
Who shriek'd and wail'd, the three whereat we gazed
On that high day, when, clothed with living light,
They stood before his throne in silence, friends
Of Arthur, who should help him at his need?"

Then from the dawn it seem'd there came, but faint
As from beyond the limit of the world,
Like the last echo born of a great cry,
Sounds, as if some fair city were one voice
Around a king returning from his wars.

Thereat once more he moved about, and clomb
Even to the highest he could climb, and saw,
Straining his eyes beneath an arch of hand,
Or thought he saw, the speck that bare the King,
Down that long water opening on the deep
Somewhere far off, pass on and on, and go
From less to less and vanish into light,
And the new sun rose bringing the new year.

THE STOLEN BOYS

[About 590]

BY SIR CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM

[THE interest which Pope Gregory the Great felt in Britain is said to have been due to his seeing some English captives in the Forum at Rome to be sold as slaves. According to the chronicler Ethelwerd, he had these boys baptized, and in later years, when St. Augustine was sent to England as a missionary, the boys were sent with him. Such is the foundation of the romance from which the following extract is taken.

The Editor.]

I

THE three boys threw themselves on the grass, and in a minute they were fast asleep. They had not seen a long black boat, like some foul snake, creeping steadily down the Wharfe to its confluence. It was flat-bottomed and of unusual beam, but low in the water. The crew consisted of half a dozen villainous-looking ruffians, sent by a vessel anchored at the mouth of the Humber to Calcaria on pretense of selling some cloths, and the return cargo was to be stolen. They were sea-thieves and cutthroats. As they descended the Wharfe, they saw Forthere and Sivel fishing on the bank and suspecting no evil. Four of them sprang on shore, and in a minute the lads were bound hand and foot, gagged, and thrown into the bottom of the boat. A few minutes afterwards they came in sight of the confluence, just in time to see Coel-

red, Porlor, and Hereric throw themselves on the grass by the opposite shore. Very stealthily the boat was brought under the bank. Coelred and Hereric were overpowered and bound before they were half awake. Porlor, however, was aroused by the footsteps. He had time to draw his knife and make a desperate resistance, gashing the arm of one ruffian and stabbing another in the hand. But he was quickly overpowered. His two companions were thrown into the bottom of the boat, where, to their horror and astonishment, they found Forthere and little Sivel in like plight. Porlor was put across a thwart and given an unmerciful beating with a thong of leather, which, in the dialect of the cut-throats, was called a *lorum*. His young friends were nearly mad with impotent rage as they heard the ferocious blows being showered on the child's body. At last he was thrown, bruised and bleeding, among the rest; but, bound as they were, they could do nothing to console or help him. It all seemed like a horrible dream; they scarcely knew where they were, and could do nothing but sob as they were roused at intervals from a half-dozing state.

Meanwhile the boat went swiftly down the Ouse with an ebb-tide. The villains kept a sharp look-out on either bank, and, when half a mile above Hemingborough, they saw a boy bathing, and swimming out boldly as the tide had slackened. Thinking no harm, he caught hold of one of the boat's oars to rest. In an instant his wrists were seized, he was bound hand and foot, and thrown into the bottom of the boat with the others. It was Oswith. He was quite naked, and one of the crew threw a coarse cloth over him. The grief of the rest of

the kidnapped children was redoubled at the sight of their beloved friend, the fearless son of Guthlaf. He was as little able to understand what had really happened as they were, yet he tried to console them. He whispered that he would look out for chances of escape, and reminded them that at least they had the consolation of being together.

All through the night the boat kept her course down the Humber, with the tide against them during the first watch, but with a fair wind. Off the mouth of the Trent the sea-thieves stopped and made fast, until they were joined by another smaller boat coming down that river, which went alongside and passed another boy on board. In spite of their misery and discomfort, the kidnapped children were fast asleep while the boat was waiting in the mud, and they were aroused by another little boy being thrown amongst them. He said that he was Godric, the son of Ulchel, a thegn of the Gainas. He seemed to be as small as Sivel. After a time the seven forlorn children went fast asleep as the boat was rowed down the Humber, and finally came alongside the vessel whose leader had sent the thieves on their kidnapping errand.

This vessel was small, but suited for sea-voyages, and with much more beam than was allowed for an ordinary fighting ship. Her lines were indeed very unlike those of a dragon ship of the Vikings. For she was built primarily for trading, and in the second place for piracy, whenever the opportunity offered, and she had a capacious hold, now half full of merchandise. She was lying off Ravenspur, the site of the Roman station of Prætorium, under the shelter of Y-kill, the Ocellum Promontorium, now Spurn Head. The seven boys were bundled out of the

boat and into the ship's hold like so many bales of goods, and the boats were turned adrift. They had been stolen. The vessel then got under weigh and hoisted her single sail, shaping a southerly course, with a strong breeze which soon freshened into a gale. The stolen children nestled together and slept long, for they were quite worn out with anxiety and grief, to which three of them had added a day of intense excitement and fatigue. They awoke quite famished and were given some food, but throughout the voyage the poor children were treated with vile inhumanity, half-starved, and exposed to the seas which washed into the vessel during the gale. They could not have survived many more days of such treatment. Fortunately the wind was fair, and the voyage had been a short though a stormy one, when the piratical thieves anchored in the port of Amfleet. It is not known whence they came nor what land was disgraced by having bred them, nor does it matter. They were paid and employed by a trader with more humanity but as little conscience as themselves.

II

In his northern trade Mystacon employed agents to bring him valuable furs and amber, and even unicorns' horns, from the countries bordering on the Baltic, tin from Cornwall, and occasionally he paid sea-thieves to kidnap young children from the north, who fetched high prices in the markets of Rome and Constantinople. He had a shed at Ambleteuse where he received his northern merchandise, preferring that little port to the neighboring harbor of Gessoriacum (Boulogne), because a Frankish officer, from whom his gifts had secured him

favor and protection, was stationed there with a strong body of disciplined followers.

Mystacon had been several days at Ambleteuse, his merchandise was stored in the shed, and his servants had pack-horses ready to convey it southward along the old Roman road, when the vessel from the Humber anchored off the port and landed its cargo. The crew was composed of such dangerous villains that the merchant induced the Queen-Regent's officer to post armed men behind his shed before he ventured to confer with them. Besides a pile of beaver skins and other commodities, the seven boys were put on shore. They stood on the sandy beach close together, the little ones clinging to the three bigger lads. All were wet through, and looked half-starved and miserable. Porlor and little Godric were clinging to Coelred. Sivel had his arms round Forthere, and Hereric nestled under the sheltering arm of the son of Guthlaf. Oswith the fearless, who was nearly naked, with only a bit of sackcloth round his loins, alone maintained a defiant look. There was no longer any sign or token of Berserker rage among the rest.

The wily Greek came forward to look at them. He saw their great beauty and their value, but he also saw from their appearance that they had been cruelly treated. The sea-thieves demanded the payment he had promised, so much for each. "But they are not in good condition," he remonstrated; "the price must be reduced." A livid mark on Porlor's neck caught his quick, searching eye. He pulled down the boy's shirt, and saw that his back was covered with weals, the effect of the cruel flogging he had received. "Damaged

goods," he said. Then, turning to his servants, he told them to take the boys into the shed, and to clothe and feed them. "I will only pay half-price for damaged goods," he repeated, turning to the spokesman of the sea-thieves. "That little wild-cat used his knife on one of us," the man answered, "and the flogging served him right." "What is that to me, my friend?" rejoined Mystacon, in a low but irritating voice. "You can please yourselves about damaging your goods, that is your business, but you cannot expect to get the same price as if they were not damaged. If a heavy bale was to fall and hurt one of you, of course it is open to you to cut and slash it if you please, and it may serve the bale right. That I do not dispute. But you must not expect the same price in the market as if the bale had not been cut and slashed. I can only pay you half-price for the boys."

The kidnappers could not follow the subtle argument of the Greek, but they began to look dangerous. The merchant retreated back a few paces. "Pay us what you promised, thou cursed cheat, or we will kill thee and the boys too." He retreated rapidly back and cried out for help, as the villains drew their long knives and rushed towards him. In another minute they were all overpowered and thrown on the ground by the Frankish guard. The officer came forward and suggested capital punishment, offering to hang them in a row. "It is the just and proper treatment," said Mystacon, "of those who try to extort full price for damaged goods from unwary traders. As soon as your laudable proposal has been carried into effect, I shall have pleasure in requesting your lordship to accept the large sum

which the criminals refused." Another hour had not passed before twenty bodies were hanging from the branches of the stunted pines round Ambleteuse, and before the Frankish officer had an additional reason for extending his protection to the wily merchant.

Mystacon set out with his train of laden horses and attendants early next morning, following the old Roman road by Amiens, Soissons, and Autun to Lyons. The boys had been warmly clothed and fed, and had slept well, nor were they prevented from having a morning bath in the sea. Two pack-horses were allowed them, so that they could ride by turns, while the rest trotted along on the road-side. They found that they could understand much that was said to them by the servants, and when Mystacon spoke the Frank dialect slowly and clearly, they could comprehend the meaning of nearly every word. For in those days there was little difference between the Frankish and other Teutonic dialects.

The journey across Picardy restored the health and strength, and revived the spirits, of the English lads. This limestone tract, with its keen fresh air, arable surface, and well-watered meadows, reminded them of the country round Calcaria. At Samarobriva, or Amiens, they rested, and Mystacon was allowed to store his goods against the wall of the town, and to encamp there by the Roman gate of the Twins, whereon was carved Romulus and Remus suckled by the wolf. This was the first opportunity the boys had found of collecting their thoughts, and holding a serious consultation. Even now they scarcely understood what had happened or where they were. Their first words, as they sat among the bales, were words of grief at the sorrow and anxiety of

their relations, who would search high and low through the woods, until at last they gave them up as dead. "Alca will give them hope and courage," said Coelred. "She will know that we are together, and she knows that we shall return. For we are to die in battle, fighting for a righteous cause, and that cannot be anywhere but in England. She is praying now that the gods will watch over us, and her prayers are ever answered." These words, spoken with an air of conviction, comforted the rest. "We must suffer," said Oswith, "but that does not signify when we have such good reason for hope. Porlor has already suffered more than the rest of us." "At that I rejoice," said Porlor, whose little head had been teeming with ideas suggested by Mithras and the bull, ever since he gazed on the sculpture at York. "Through suffering we shall all win the rewards prepared for the true and brave; and the thong those niddering thieves called *lorum* is no word of bane to me, but of good luck." "Nay, then," said Hereric, smiling, "we must fasten it to thy name and call thee Porlorlorum." "Let it be so," answered the imaginative child; "it will remind me, and all of us, in the happy years that will surely come when this darkness has been turned to light, that we had to pass through suffering to happiness and home."

III

The Forum of Trajan was as yet uninjured. The noble row of buildings with colonnades, including the once well-stored library, still surrounded the large paved court, and in the center stood the beautiful column with its elaborate representation in bronze of

the events of the Dacian war. Here important markets were held, and on one autumn morning of the year 588 several merchants, who had lately arrived, exposed many things for sale. Abundance of people resorted thither to buy. Mystacon had his wares arranged under a colonnade. He invited attention in a cringing attitude, seeking for purchasers. The English boys stood in a group quite naked, their eyes full of tears of shame and rage. Among the first people who stopped in front of them was a thin and emaciated ecclesiastic, accompanied by another, who was younger and of stouter build. The older man had an aquiline nose and hollow cheeks, bright piercing eyes, which had assumed a gentle expression and a somewhat commanding air. It was Gregory himself, then aged forty-four, and his secretary Peter. Mystacon bowed low before them. Gregory looked at the boys with admiration, and turning to the merchant, he remarked that their bodies were white, their countenances beautiful, and their hair very fine. Mystacon bowed still lower. "From what country or nation were they brought?" he asked. The reply was that they came from the island of Britain, whose inhabitants are of that personal appearance. "Are these islanders Christians, or are they still involved in the errors of paganism?" was the next inquiry. He was told that they were pagans. Fetching a deep sigh, he exclaimed — "Alas! what pity that the Author of Darkness is possessed of men of such fair countenances, and that, being remarkable for such graceful aspects, their minds should be void of inward grace. What," he demanded, "is the name of that nation?" The kidnapper replied that they were called "Angles." "Right," said

Gregory, "for they have angelic faces, and it becomes such to be co-heirs with the angels in heaven. What is the name," he proceeded, "of the province from which they are brought?" The reply was that the name of the province was Deira. "Truly are they *De ira*," said he, "withdrawn from wrath and called to the mercy of Christ. How is the king of that province called?" Mystacon said that his name was Ella; and Gregory, alluding to it as he walked on, observed to Peter that Hallelujah, the praise of God the Creator, must be sung in those parts. Gregory was on his way to have an interview with the Pope, and on coming into his presence, he proposed that ministers should be sent to the English, by whom they might be converted to Christ; and, in his impulsive way, he declared that he was ready to undertake that work himself, by the assistance of God. Pelagius replied that he was willing to grant his request, but that the people would never consent to his departure. Gregory then entrusted to Peter the business of purchasing some of these "Angles," and sent him back to the market.

The boys did not understand a word of the remarks made by Gregory and by other passers-by who stopped to question Mystacon. Presently two patricians, advanced in years, followed by clients and attendants, walked into the Forum and stopped at the colonnade where the lads were still exposed. After gazing upon them, Symmachus Boethius observed to his companion Pamphronius that he had never seen such perfect symmetry and beauty except in ancient sculpture. "The works of Praxiteles are looked upon with disapproval by our good friends the priests, so I would fain ornament

my villa with living forms that would be worthy of the chisel of the most gifted sculptor of antiquity." Pamphronius expressed his concurrence, and his desire to possess at least two of the young slaves. Calling Mystacon aside, they made various inquiries, and concluded bargains by which Symmachus Boethius became the owner of Coelred and Porlor, while Oswith and Sivel fell to Pamphronius. Their clients were instructed to complete the arrangement and pay the purchase-money, and the great men passed on. No sooner were they out of sight, than Peter arrived breathless to carry out the instructions of his master. Mystacon was delighted, for his troubles and anxieties were fully repaid. Peter agreed to his terms, and the Atheling Hereric, Forthere, and Godric became the property of the Deacon Gregory.

The boys were thus relieved from their shameful and degrading position, which they had looked forward to with such horror and dismay. Their clothes were restored to them, and they were told by signs to accompany the servants of the patricians and Peter, the road of all being the same, namely, that leading to the Cælian Hill. Casting looks of vindictive hatred at Mystacon, they gladly accompanied their new acquaintances.

HOW KING EDWIN OF NORTHUMBRIA BECAME A CHRISTIAN

[627]

BY MRS. ELIZABETH RUNDLE CHARLES

[THE maiden Frideswide and her little brother Leofric, whose home was near the mouth of the Elbe, have been captured by the Britons and sold to the Saxons of Britain as slaves. It is Frideswide who is supposed to be telling the following story.

The Editor.]

I WAS given to the Lady Ethelberga, the young queen of King Edwin of Northumbria, — his second wife, but lately married, and come into the North from her royal home in Kent, — to be her thrall. Leofric was still employed outside in tending the royal herds.

I might have been considered fortunate. The young queen was not unkind to me; and some of the ladies admired my cleverness, and my blue eyes, and abundant flaxen hair. But it seemed to me they petted me as they would a bird or a favorite hound; and my pride revolted from their caresses more than from the blows and rough words to which I had been used before.

Therefore, before long, I was allowed to pursue my duties unnoticed and unreproved. I learnt to embroider and to play on the lyre. But no threats or persuasions could induce me to sing. Should I profane the ballads of my people, learned from my mother's lips, by singing

them to divert these strangers? My worst care, however, began to be for Leofric. His disposition, always gentler than mine, seemed to me to be losing all its fire, and I feared his very soul was growing to be a slave's soul.

Over this I shed many bitter tears.

Again, at King Edwin's court I came in contact with the Christian religion.

There was a tall monk from Italy residing in the palace, Bishop Paulinus. He had come from Kent with the queen.

He preached often concerning the faith; and also spoke in private to any one who would listen. But at first he did not make many converts. And I (God forgive me) hated the very name of Christianity. Was it not the religion of my captors? Had not the treasures of which we, the widow and fatherless, had been robbed been accepted on Christian altars? Moreover, the life of those monks seemed to me base and unmanly. I hated the sight of their smooth, long, foreign faces, and their shaven crowns. It seemed to me a miserable, slavish existence, for a man to glide in and out of houses clothed in a long robe like a woman's, and droning out prayers and psalms. I thought the stern virtues of my people nobler than these.

There was great pomp at King Edwin's court. The great hall and the queen's chamber were hung with tapestries; the floors were strewn every day with fresh rushes. The state dresses of the queen and her ladies were of silk from Asia, embroidered with gold; and both men and women wore jeweled necklaces and bracelets. The king, wherever he went, was preceded by standard-

bearers flaunting the royal banners, or the Tufa — the globe fixed on the spear.

We were seldom long in one residence, but traveled from one royal house to another, for the king to administer justice and receive tribute.

We, the attendants, commonly went before, and hung the walls with silken hangings, and strewed the floors with fresh rushes, and set the tables with the golden and silver cups and dishes, in readiness for the arrival of the court.

Wherever we went, the Archbishop Paulinus had a Christian chapel, where he and the good deacon, Jacob, the beautiful singer from Rome, chanted the church services; and Edwin, the king, made his offerings to the old Saxon gods of our fathers in the temples; — to Thor, the Thunderer; to Frea, the Beautiful; and to Woden, the All-father, our royal forefather, and chief of all the gods.

At length a change came over the court. We were living at the royal city on the Derwent, near the remains of an older city, Derventiona, built by the Romans. I liked to be there. It was a kind of bitter comfort to me to see the ruins of the old palaces and temples. I thought, "Why should we make such an ado? Not only men, but nations pass away. The palaces of yesterday will be folds for flocks to-morrow."

It was the holy Easter-tide, and Paulinus and the Christians had made such festival as they could in a heathen palace.

On that day the king also sat in all his pomp, to receive an embassy from the king of the West Saxons.

Suddenly we in the queen's apartment heard wild war-

cries and a confused shouting from the hall where the king sat; and soon after the king himself appeared at the door, white and silent, and then a body was borne out covered. And we were told that the supposed ambassador was an assassin, who had been sent, armed with a poisoned dagger, from the West Saxon king; and that, to save his lord's life, Lilla, the brave nobleman, had made a buckler of his own body, receiving the fatal thrust in his breast. Then all the men had fallen on the assassin, till he sunk pierced with many wounds.

The king was saved, but Lilla, the noblest, was slain.

That night the young queen bore her first child, the Princess Eanfled.

The king gave thanks to the gods of his fathers — to Frea and to Woden; but Paulinus rendered praise to Christ, and told the king how he had prayed to Him for the queen's safety.

The king was moved, and vowed that in case God would grant him victory over the perfidious West Saxon king, he would forsake his old gods, and thenceforth serve and worship none but Christ.

The victory was given. King Edwin forsook Woden and Thor, but would not hastily adopt a faith of which he knew so little.

But the babe Eanfled was baptized with twelve others of the royal family. And among those was the royal maiden, Hilda, daughter of the king's nephew, who afterwards became the great Abbess Hilda.

At that time Pope Boniface sent letters to the king, exhorting him to become a Christian; and to "His illustrious daughter," the Queen Ethelberga, admonishing

her to labor for her husband's conversion. With the letters came presents: to the king, a shirt, a golden ornament, and a garment of Ancyra; to the queen, a silver hand-mirror and a gilt ivory comb. To me these seemed presents little suitable to the dignity of the Northumbrian royalty. But from many expressions dropped by the Italian monks, I gathered that at Rome they look on us Saxons as a kind of rude and simple savages. As if not being able to read, like the monks, out of books, made men to be children, or prevented their knowing the world and the wisdom of the aged. For I deem that men were before books, and that those who can speak wise words of their own are wiser than those who can read or copy the wise words of other men.

It was not the Pope's letters which fixed King Edwin's purpose. It happened thus: —

Paulinus had been permitted to preach in public, and the deacon Jacob to chant his psalms. For many days the king had withdrawn much from his usual amusements and occupations, and had wandered moodily about the chambers, or sat alone, evidently pondering many things in his heart. At length his resolution was taken, and he summoned the Witenagemot — the great council of the wise men of his nation — to consider the great question of religion, to the end that if they were also of his opinion, they might all together be cleansed in Christ, the Fountain of Life.

Leofric was there among those that kept the door. What he saw and heard moved him much.

The king sat there in his oaken chair of state, with the elders of his people gathered around him, and Paulinus beside him. Not one among them but had heard of the

new doctrine. King Edwin asked them one by one what they thought of it. He sought not the clamorous consent of a crowd, but the counsel of each one.

Coifi, chief of the priests of the old Saxon gods, answered at once: —

"O king, consider what this is that is now preached to us; for I verily declare to you that the religion which we have hitherto professed has, as far as I can learn, no virtue in it. For none of your people has applied himself more diligently to the worship of the gods than I; and yet there are many that receive more favors from you, and are more preferred than I, and are more prosperous in all their undertakings. Now, if the gods were good for anything, they would rather forward me, who have been more careful to serve them. It remains, therefore, that if, upon examination, you find these new doctrines which are now preached to us better and more efficacious, we immediately receive them, without any further delay."

But another of the king's chief men spoke more nobly and said: "The present life of man, O king, seems to me, in comparison of that time which is unknown to us, like to the swift flight of a sparrow through the room where you sit at supper in winter with your chief men and counselors, and a good fire in the midst, whilst the storms of rain and snow prevail abroad. The sparrow flying in at one door and out at the other, whilst he is within is safe from the wintry storm; but after a short space of fair weather, he straightway vanishes out of your sight into the dark winter whence he came. So, this life of man appears for a short space; but of what went before, or what is to follow, we know nothing; if,

therefore, this new doctrine contains something more sure, it seems justly to deserve to be followed."

Then the Italian priest arose at the king's command, and spoke. A strange contrast with his audience. They, stalwart and large in form, with bearded faces and fair hair, with broad open brows and honest wondering blue eyes; he, tall and spare, with a slight stoop in his otherwise majestic figure, robed in a long black robe girded with a cord, his dark brilliant eyes flashing from the thin pallid face, like a visible triumph of the spirit over the flesh. And the contrast in his speech yet greater. The easy flow of his persuasive eloquence bore the hearts of the wise men with him; and when he ceased, Coifi the priest exclaimed that he had long known there was nothing in what they worshiped, but now he plainly saw that in this teaching were life and salvation, and eternal happiness. Therefore he counseled that those unprofitable altars where he had so long served in vain should be destroyed with fire, and proposed that he himself should be the first to light the pile.

This took place in the council-hall, and not long afterwards, before we heard what had passed, to their amazement the people beheld Coifi the priest violating all the customs of our race, armed with unpriestly arms, and mounted on one of the king's war-horses, ride forth from the palace to the ancient temple of Woden the All-father and Thor the Thunderer at Godmundham. There he launched the spear into the sacred precincts, desecrating them by the act. No vengeance followed; wherefore all the people said the gods were nothing; and Coifi and his men destroyed the temple and all its buildings with fire.



The Baptism of Edwin

THE BAPTISM OF EDWIN

BY FORD MADOX BROWN

(*English painter*, 1821–1893)

It is easy to imagine how the subjects of King Edwin regarded his conversion to the new religion; and the picture well illustrates their feelings. The scene is laid in a little wooden church, whose site is now marked by York Minster. The walls, evidently thrown up in haste to serve for the baptism, are made of unsmoothed boards, through which small windows have been roughly hewn. The Romans have long since left the country, but through these openings the remains of some of their beautiful architecture may be seen; the pavement, too, is a piece of Roman mosaic, contrasting oddly enough with the crudeness of the wooden church.

Such is the setting. The central figure is that of King Edwin, kneeling in a baptismal font of stone. The priest stands by him and pours from a bottle the water of baptism. The Bishop Paulinus is raising his hand in benediction. The feelings of the surrounding group are reflected upon their faces. The queen, to whose influence, it is said, the king's conversion is partly due, kneels in prayer, her waiting-woman beside her. Her little daughter, clasping her mother's hand, gazes upon this strange scene with wondering eyes. It is easy to see that from those of his subjects who make up the little congregation the king will receive small sympathy. His warriors will have nothing to do with the unknown God; a mother, who is evidently amused by the proceeding, is holding up her baby that it may not miss the sight; the little incense-bearers are seizing the opportunity for a bit of merriment over the difficulty of making the incense burn. Save for the queen and her attendant they all look upon this baptism either as a bit of folly or as a mere whim on the part of their lord — and yet with a shade of superstitious fear lest after all there might be something in this strange new teaching.

The flames burnt on into the night. Leofric and I gazed on the dread unnatural glare from a field near the palace, while he told me what he had heard in the council-hall.

"See, Frideswide," he said, "no avenging fire from heaven meets those fires of defiance from earth. Little cause have we to mourn the downfall of the gods who tempted my father on by false auguries, and then abandoned him to death and us to bondage."

"Yet," I said, "it seems to me ignoble to serve or to forsake the gods for such reasons. What king would care for loyalty such as this Coifi's, measured only by a calculation of his gifts! If the prince is good, and *our* prince, I deem we should follow him, not only to victory, but to exile. If Woden and Thor are true gods, and *our* gods, the fathers and lords of our race, though all the world abandoned them, I would not. The life of the gods is long, and their eyes see far into the past and the future, and how should I dispute their wisdom or their will?"

"But," answered Leofric, "if, as the other counselor said, any light is in this new faith which would show us what is beyond this life, it would be worth watching. For truly to us here this short space of life is no warmed and lighted hall of feasting, but cold and wintry as the world outside."

"That may be," I said; "to me it matters little. What to me is any world beyond, unless our father and our mother are there? But as to the reasonings of this Coifi, I despise them in my heart. These are not the motives which move any brave men, any man with free blood in his veins. They are the wretched calculations of a hireling or a slave."

Great changes followed. All the nobility, after being instructed, were baptized with the king, and many of the common sort, on Easter Day, in the spring over which has been built since then the church at York. The national temples were destroyed, the national religion was changed.

III
THE COMING OF THE SEA-ROVERS

HISTORICAL NOTE

In the ninth century England was harassed by wild bands of Viking sea-rovers who came in their dragon-prowed ships, as the Saxons themselves had come three centuries before, looted the seacoast towns, and made off with their plunder. Finding the booty plentiful and the danger slight, they returned again and again in ever-increasing numbers. These raiders came from Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and the islands of the Baltic; but the English called them all Danes. In 866–68, they overpowered East Anglia and the southern part of Northumbria. Convents, churches, and schools were swept away, the inhabitants were almost exterminated, and it began to seem probable, as many of the English thought, that the land would some day be given over to wild beasts.

In 871, Alfred the Great came to the throne. After a desperate struggle with the invaders he succeeded in checking their advance, and, giving them the land they had already conquered, he set to work to upbuild and strengthen the remainder of his kingdom. In a few generations the Danes had become loyal Englishmen, and by the middle of the tenth century all England, Scotland, and Wales paid homage to Edgar, the Anglo-Saxon king.

But evil times were ahead. The weak rule of Edgar's successor, Æthelred the Unready, tempted the Vikings to pay England another visit, and in 980, Olaf Trygvason of Norway and Sweyn (Svend of the Forked Beard) of Denmark invaded the country. After thirty-four years of alternate warfare and bribery (ten to forty-eight thousand pounds of silver a year were paid to the invaders), Sweyn was acknowledged King of England. He was succeeded by his son Knut, or Canute, a wise ruler who conciliated the English by his moderation. The mighty Scandinavian empire which he had held together with a firm hand fell to pieces after his death, and in 1042 the English crown reverted to the Anglo-Saxon line in the person of Edward the Confessor, who was succeeded in 1060 by Harold, Earl of Wessex.

THE FALL OF THE MONASTERY AT CROYLAND

[870]

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

THE year 870 was a hard one for the Saxons. Then, first, they began to realize that the Danes had other plans in mind than the gathering of booty, however rich, and sudden onslaughts, however fierce. Early in the autumn the enemy fell upon eastern Mercia. Its king made no effort to protect it; it is possible that the Welsh on the eastern boundaries were keeping his hands more than full. But Algar, a brave young ealderman, assembled the men of the district, some three hundred in all. Two hundred more joined him, a great acquisition, for they were led by a monk named Tolius, who, before entering the monastery of Croyland, had been a famous soldier. More men came from the neighboring country, and they went out bravely to meet the foe. At first they were more successful than they had dared to hope; for three Danish kings were slain; the pagans fled, and the Saxons pursued them to their very camp.

There was great rejoicing, for only the coming of night had prevented them from overpowering the invaders. Weary and happy, they returned to their own camp, but they were met by the report of the spies that many hundreds of the heathen, perhaps many thousands, were pouring into the camp of the enemy. It was

hopeless. The battle in the morning would not be a victory, but a slaughter. Should they die for naught? When early morning came, three fourths of Algar's enthusiastic army had fled in the darkness of the night.

The others waited. What should they do? Who could blame them if they too had fled, for death only could lie before them? But no; in the earliest gray of the morning, Algar and Tolius went about from group to group of the weary men, many of them suffering from the wounds of the previous day, and tried, as best they might, to strengthen and encourage them.

"The cowards who were among us have stolen away in the darkness like foxes," said Algar. "Shall we be like them? Shall your children tell to their children's children that their fathers were among those that dared not meet the foe? What will the heathen say? They will say, 'These runaways who slink out of sight at the very thought of a Dane, there is nothing in them to fear,' and fiercer than ever before, they will fall upon our homes. We perish if we flee. We can but perish if we stay. Shall we stay?"

Shouts of renewed courage arose. Then there was quiet, for the soldier monk Tolius had raised his hand for silence. He stood erect with uncovered head, looking straight into the faces of his soldiers.

"Do you see the tonsure?" said he. "That is in memory of the crown of thorns of Him who died for us. Will you refuse to die for Him? You fight the destroyers of your homes, the murderers of your wives; but more than this, you fight the bands of the heathen for the Christian faith. The Lord of Hosts is with us. Our God is a God that can work miracles. He will not desert his

people. Trust in God — and fight like demons," said the monk of many battle-fields.

The light grew less dim. A weird chanting was heard in the Danish camp. It was the song of glory of the dead kings, recounting their many victories, their joy in the fight, and the seats of honor that they would hold in the halls of Odin. All the long, bright day they would find happiness in battle, sang the harpers; and when the night came, the Valkyrs would heal their wounds, and they would feast with the gods. Then came a wild lamentation, for the bodies of the kings had been placed on the ground with their weapons and bracelets, and the first earth was being sprinkled upon them. Quickly a great mound was built up, and the Danes rode around it seven times, slowly and with downcast faces. Then came again the weird chanting: Men should see this mound, and as long as there were any heroes or children of heroes on the earth, they would point out the burial-place of the great kings and do them honor.

Meanwhile the priests in the camp of the Saxons were praying at the altars that they had built, and the men who were that day to fight for their land and for their God were receiving the sacrament, most of them for the last time. "The peace of God be with you," said the priest, as the men went forth to the battle that was to help to bring that peace.

Algar showed himself a skillful commander. He arranged his little company of heroes in the shape of a wedge, Tolius at the right, the sheriff of Lincoln at the left, while he and his men were in the center. The men on the outside held their shields so close together that they made a wall impenetrable to the spears of their

foes. The men behind them held their spears pointed out far beyond the men on the outside, who could use only their swords and pikes to protect themselves. This was a new scheme. The Danes rushed upon the little phalanx with fearful war-cries, but the Saxons stood firm. The horses were afraid of the bristling spear-points. The swords of the Danes and their heavy battle-axes were as harmless as feathers, for they could not come near enough to use them. They beat the air in their rage, but the little invincible phalanx, obedient to the word of the leader, turned now right, now left, and wherever it went, there were wounds and there was death.

The Danes were angry. The shadows were fast lengthening, and still the handful of Saxons drove them hither and thither as they would. The Danes made one more attack, then turned to flee as if routed. This was the supreme test of the Saxons, and they failed. They could fight like heroes, but when they saw their foes running from them, they ran after them like children. The commands and entreaties of their leaders were alike powerless. There was no more order or discipline. Every man was for himself. Madly they pursued. The enemies fled; but when the Saxons were crossing a little hollow, then, in the flash of a sword, the Danes came together — faced about — divided to the right — to the left. The brave little company was surrounded, and but three of the heroes of the morning survived.

These three had hurriedly consulted almost between the blows of their adversaries.

"Croyland," said they. "We can do nothing here. Let us warn the convent"; and as the shadows grew

darker, they fled. They took three different directions that there might be three chances instead of one to warn the monks.

Croyland was no common monastery. Its rich, fertile lands were separated from the country about them by four rivers. Given by a king, Ethelbald of Mercia, it had been a favorite of other kings, and many and rich were the gifts that had been showered upon it. One king had sent to it his purple coronation robe to be made into priestly vestments, and the curtain that had hung at the door of his chamber, a marvelous piece of gold embroidery picturing the fall of Troy.

Ethelbald of Mercia in his persecuted youth had been guarded and instructed by Saint Guthlac, and it was over his grave that the grateful pupil had reared this convent. A visit to his tomb would heal the sick, and it was so favorite a resort for the suffering that, according to the legend, more than one hundred were often healed in one day. Pilgrims returning from Croyland were free from tolls and tribute throughout the Mercian kingdom. It was also a kind of city of refuge; and any accused man who had made his way to the monks of Croyland was safe from his pursuers as long as he remained within the space bounded by the farther shores of the four rivers. Jewels and golden vessels and other gifts costly and rare were brought to this convent by its visitors until it had become one of the richest spots in the land.

It was the hour of matins, and the monks were assembled in the convent chapel, when the door was thrown open, and there stood three young men, exhausted with hunger, wounds, and their toilsome journey through the forest, over the stony hills, and across soft, wet meadow

land. Accustomed as the monks were to the coming of fugitives, they saw that this was something different.

"The blessing of God be with us — and may God save us," murmured the abbot as he left the altar.

What they had feared had come upon them. The abbot Theodore took command. The treasures of the convent must be saved; they were God's property, not theirs. With a burning eagerness to do what might be their last service, the monks set to work. Gold and silver and brazen vessels were dropped into the well. The table of the great altar was covered with plates of gold, and that, too, was sunk into the water; but it was too long to be hidden, and so it was returned to the chapel. Chalices of gold, hanging lamps set with precious stones and hung with heavy chains of gold, jewels, muniments, charters, were piled into the boats, and then most reverently they bore to the landing-place the embalmed body of Saint Guthlac and his little well-worn psalter.

"Row to the south and hide yourselves and our treasures in the wood of Ancarig," said the abbot as quietly as if this were but an everyday proceeding.

"We will return swiftly," said the rowers, seizing the oars.

"You will *not* return," said the abbot in a tone of command.

"Then we stay to die with you," they said firmly. The abbot stood unmoved.

"I command you to go. The convent will be razed. You who are young and strong must rebuild it. The Church needs you, the land needs you. Go." Not a man stirred.

"I and the old and helpless and the little children of

the choir will remain. Perchance the heathen will spare those who offer no defense," said the abbot with a faint smile. The young men only turned their steps toward the convent gate.

"Back!" thundered the abbot. "I am your superior. Where are your vows of obedience? I command you to leave me. Do you dare to disobey?" Slowly, one by one, the young men entered the boats and grasped the oars. The abbot raised his hand in blessing. He gazed after them with one long, tender look, as they rowed away silently and with downcast faces. Then he hid his face in his robe and sobbed, "My children, O my children!"

It was only a moment that he could give to his grief, for much remained to be done. He and the old men and the little boys of the choir put on their vestments. The service of the day was completed; they had partaken of the consecrated bread. Then they sang, old men with faint, quavering voices, and little boys with their fearless treble. High rose the chant as the courage of God filled their hearts.

"I will not be afraid for ten thousand of the people that have set themselves against me round about"; and again: —

"I will lay me down in peace and take my rest; for it is thou, Lord, only, that makest me dwell in safety."

The safety was not the safety of this world, for long before the psalter was ended, the Danes had burst in at the open doors. For a moment even they were awed by the calmness of the old men and the unearthly sweetness of the voices of the children; but it was only a moment.

"Where are the jewels of the altar?" cried one. "They

have hidden them from us. Kill them! Torture them! Where are your treasures?" he shouted, striking down with one blow the abbot as he knelt at the altar. It seemed hardly the twinkling of an eye before every monk had fallen, and the marble floors were slippery with their blood. The little children were cut down as ruthlessly as the old men.

Hubba, one of the sons of Lodbrog, had struck down the prior. Beside the dead man knelt one of the children of the convent, weeping bitterly. Jarl Sidroc raised his sword to kill the child, the only one in the convent that still lived.

"Kill me if you will," said the boy, looking fearlessly up into his face. "You killed my prior." The Dane swept his sword within a hand's breadth of the boy's face, but the child did not flinch.

"The Saxon cub is brave enough to be a Dane," muttered the jarl. "Get out of that thing, and I'll make a viking of you," and he tore off the boy's convent dress and threw over him his own tunic. "Stay by me, whatever happens," he whispered. "And keep out of that man's way," and he pointed to Hubba, who was fiercely swinging his axe around his head in a mad fury of slaughter.

"There are no more living. Take the dead!" shouted Hubba, and with bars and ploughshares and mattocks they broke open the tombs of the saints, piled up their embalmed bodies and set fire to them.

Many days later, while the ruins of Croyland were still smoking, a half-famished child wearing a Danish tunic painfully climbed the hill from the river. The monks who had departed at the abbot's command had

made their way back. They were toiling to extinguish the flames and searching for the maimed bodies of their friends, that they might bury them reverently as martyrs for their faith. They were too sadly busy to notice his approach, until the child fell with a sob into the arms of the one that was nearest, and fainted. The monks gathered around in wonder.

"It is little Brother Turgar," said one in amazement.

"It is his spirit come back to help us and guide us," said another.

"Could it be a wile of Satan?" whispered one fearfully. "The heathen have many dealings with evil spirits." The little boy opened his eyes.

"I am Brother Turgar," he said, and then he closed them in exhaustion.

After he had eaten and rested, he told his story. The slaughter of Croyland had been repeated at the convents of Peterborough and Ely. Timidly the child had followed his captors, fearing them, but fearing the woods with their wild beasts. As the Danes were crossing the river that lay between them and the convent of Huntingdon, driving the great herds of cattle from the convents that they had already devastated, two of the heavy wagons of spoils were overturned in a deep place in the stream. Jarl Sidroc was in command, and in the confusion his little captive softly crept away and hid in the reeds that bordered the river. Hardly daring to breathe, he lay there till even his straining ears could not hear a sound of the Danes on their march.

Then he sprang up and ran to the woods. A day and a night the child of ten years was alone in the forest with only the wild beasts about him. No wonder that

the monks looked upon him reverently as upon one to whom a miracle had been shown. Through the wilderness, over rough, stony ground, in the midst of briars and nettles, over long stretches of meadow land so soft that the water oozed out around his naked feet as he went on, the child ran; on, on, would it never end? Had he always been running? He hardly knew. It was like some terrible dream. At last he began to come to places that he recognized. It was his own river. It was not wide, he swam across. That was all.

A sad confirmation of his story came a day later, when the hermits of Ancarig, with whom the monks of Croyland had taken refuge with their convent treasures, came to implore their aid in burying the dead of Peterborough. The wolves were upon them, they said; would their brothers help to give them Christian burial?

Never satiated with blood and pillage, the Danes pressed on into the land of East Anglia. Neither forests nor morasses delayed them in their terrible work. Soon they were in the very heart of the kingdom.

KING EDMUND AND THE WOLF

[870]

BY THE ABBOT ÆLFRIC

(Translated by Eva March Tappan)

EDMUND, the blessed king of the East Angles, was a man of wisdom and worth, and one who by his constant practice of the most sterling virtues was ever showing honor to God Almighty. He was of a humble disposition, but nevertheless so firm in the right that nothing would induce him to swerve from the path of duty. He was ever mindful of the precept, "If thou hast been made a ruler, do not exalt thyself, but abide among men as one of them." He was as a father to the poor and widowed; and with earnest desire he led his people in the ways of righteousness, he curbed the power of the wicked, and ever abode in the true faith.

Now it came to pass that the Danes came with a fleet, and ravaged the land and murdered the people, as their custom is. The leaders of this fleet were Hinguar and Hubba, brought together by the power of Satan himself. Hinguar went to the East with his ships, and Hubba remained in the North, overcoming the people with the utmost cruelty. It was in the year when Alfred, who afterwards became the famous king of the West Saxons, was twenty-one years of age, that Hinguar landed on the coast of the East Angles.

And the aforesaid Hinguar stole upon the land like

a wolf and slew its people, men, women, and harmless little children, and brought disaster upon the innocent Christians. Then he sent an envoy to King Edmund with this message: "Hinguar, our leader, a brave man and a winner of victories on land and sea, is already ruler of many tribes. He proposes to winter here with his army, and he bids you to divide with him straightway whatever treasure you may have hidden and whatever your forefathers were possessed of, if you care for your life, for you have no power to resist him."

King Edmund called the bishop who was nearest him, and they consulted together what reply they should make to the cruel Hinguar. The bishop was alarmed, and so feared for the life of the king that he advised yielding to Hinguar's demand. The king was silent, and looked down at the ground, then he turned to the bishop and gave to him a right royal answer. "O, my bishop," he said, "my poor people are maltreated, and if they may only enjoy their own country, I should rather fight together with them and fall in the fight."

And the bishop said, "O my beloved king, your people have been slain, you have no troops to lead into battle. The pirates are at hand, and unless you either yield to them or else save yourself by flight, you will soon be a dead man."

Then said King Edmund, hero as he was, "My beloved people, together with their wives and children, are slain in their beds by these pirates. Never have I tried to save myself by flight, and now I would rather die for my country than flee. God knows that, whether I live or die, I will never cease to love and worship Him."

Then he turned to the messenger and fearlessly said,

"You deserve to be put to death, but I will not defile my hands with your foul blood. I am a follower of Christ, and if God decrees that I be slain by you, I am ready to obey his will in all gladness. Therefore do you go at once and say to your cruel leader: 'Edmund yields to Christ his Saviour alone, and he will never yield to Hinguar, the leader of the heathen pirates.'"

The messenger hastened on his way, and on the road he met the savage Hinguar with all his host. He gave him the answer of Edmund, and Hinguar turned straightway to his followers and said, "Do you let all else go and watch for this king who despises the command of your leader. Him do you seize and bind."

And when Hinguar drew near to Edmund's hall there stood the king. He had cast aside his weapons, for in his heart was the thought of Christ, who forbade Peter to take up arms. Then Edmund was bound fast, and insulted, and beaten with rods; and after this he was tied to a tree by many cruel bonds. He was beaten again, but between the blows of the whips, he called ever upon Christ to come to his aid. This made the anger of the heathen even more furious, and they began to hurl their spears at him until his body, like that of St. Sebastian, was as bristling with spears as is the body of a hedgehog with quills.

When the wicked Hinguar saw that the noble king would not deny his Saviour, he ordered that he should be beheaded; and even while he was calling upon Christ, they dragged him to his death. They cut off his head at a blow, but his soul went happily away to Christ. A man who was watching close by heard all this and afterwards told it just as I have reported it here.

The pirates took the head of the king with them and threw it into the brambles, and then they went back to their vessels. And the people of the country came upon the body of their king, and they mourned for him, and they grieved because they could not find his head to place with his body.

The man who in his hiding-place had seen the cruel deeds of the pirates, declared that they had cast the head away somewhere in the forest, and the people sought through briars and brambles in the hope that they might come upon the lost head of their lord.

Now through the goodness of God a great marvel had come to pass, for God had sent a wolf to guard the head day and night and protect it from the other wild beasts of the forest. The followers of King Edmund knew nothing of this, but they sought through and through the wilderness, calling to one another every now and then, "Hilloa, comrade, where are you?" Behold the head of the king called in reply, "Here I am, here, here!" Whenever anyone called the head answered, until by means of this, the men who were searching came upon it. And then they saw a miracle indeed, for there lay a gray wolf, and between his forepaws lay the head. The wolf was fiercely hungry, but by the command of God he touched not the head, but defended it from all other beasts.

The men gazed in wonder and thanked Almighty God for his marvels. Then they took up the holy head of the king and bore it home with them, and the wolf followed after just as if he were tame until they had come to the town, then he turned back and returned to the woods again.

WHAT THE BOY ALFRED SAW IN LONDON

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

[IN the year 853 Alfred the young prince, then a lad of five, was sent to Rome by his father and, on his way, passed through London, which he had never before visited.

The Editor.]

LONDON was coming into view. They could see a great wall running along the river front, and going back from it up the gentle slope. Here and there was a building tall enough to peer over the top of the wall. There were many boats anchored in front of the city. At the angles of the wall were turrets for the archers, and places of shelter for the sentinels, where they were always watching, and fearing lest the Danes should return, for it was only two years since they had sacked and burned a part of the city.

They came nearer and nearer, and soon the little company of boats left the Thames and went north up the Fleet, which was then a rapid stream, flowing down not far west of the city wall. It was not so easy now, for the strong current was against them; but the rowers were strong, too, and it was not long before they were ready to land the prince and his followers near Lud Gate, a massive door in the great wall that surrounded the city.

There were many people waiting to receive them, the priests from St. Paul's Church, that was not far away, the commanders of the soldiers who were in the various

strongholds, and all the other great men of the city. Some came on foot, and some came on horseback, and a few came in heavy wagons with wide, clumsy wheels; and all of them, no matter how they had come, were eager to do honor to the son of the king. There were women whose eyes were full of tears as they looked at the tiny, blue-eyed, fair-haired child who was so far from his mother, and who was so soon to make the great journey by sea and by land; and there were crowds of boys swarming up the posts and on top of the low-roofed cottages, every one of whom wished that he was the son of the king, and was going to make a wonderful journey.

Some of the ponderous wagons had been brought to convey the prince and his nobles to the palace, for Ethelwulf had a palace in London not far from St. Paul's Church. These were decorated with bright-colored cloth, and with flowers and green branches. The one in which Alfred was to go had a seat covered with cushions and drapings of bright blue, and built up so high that all the people could see him as he rode past. It made the boys more wildly envious than ever when they saw that he actually wore a coat of mail, and had a real sword hanging down by his side.

They were a little stolid and slow in their thinking, these Englishmen of the ninth century, but there was something in the sight of this little child that appealed to them, and aroused all their loyalty and enthusiasm; and they shouted for Alfred, and for Ethelwulf, and for Bishop Swithin, until they were hoarse, and they followed the wagons until the prince and his retinue had gone into the palace. The bishop stood on the steps a minute, and raised his hand and blessed them. Then he,

too, went in, and the tired and excited little child could have the rest that he so much needed.

The palace was a little west of St. Paul's Church and not far from the river. Around it were fields and woods; and to the westward, beyond the last straggling houses, were pastures and forests and fens and moors and commons and low-lying hills, a beautiful, restful country for tired people to look upon.

The city was made up of small houses, hardly larger than huts, that seemed to have been dropped down anywhere; of convents and churches and fortresses; of rough, tumble-down sheds, and queer little dark shops in which were benches, a table, and some simple arrangements for cooking. Whatever there was to sell was put on a shelf that projected in front of the shop. Far to the east, just within the wall, one could see a fort that was higher and larger than the rest, for there the closest watch must be kept for the enemy, and there, too, if the enemy came, must the hardest fighting be done.

The streets, so far as there were any streets, ran any way, and every building seemed to have been set down without the least regard to any other building. Then, too, there were great vacant spaces, and these were gloomy enough, for here were blackened ruins of the city that used to be before the Danes had burned it. Under all this rubbish were fragments of beautiful mosaic pavement that the Romans had made centuries before.

Even then there was enough in London to interest one for a long time, but the first duty of the prince after he was thoroughly rested was to go to St. Paul's Church with the gifts that his father had sent. The church was

at the top of a hill that rose gently from the Thames River. It could hardly have been more than a very simple chapel, built perhaps of stones that may have been part of a heathen temple in the old Roman times, but now the bell rang seven times a day for Christian prayer.

This little church was very rich, for it possessed the bones of St. Erkenwald, and wonderful were the miracles that they were said to have wrought, and generous were the gifts that pilgrims, nobles, warriors, and kings had laid on his shrine.

St. Paul's had had a hard struggle to get these relics, for St. Erkenwald had died when away from London, and both the clergy of St. Paul's and the monks of Chertsey, whose abbot he had been, contended for the bones. Both parties were very much in earnest. The Londoners seized the bier and held on. The monks protested. A tempest suddenly came upon them, and there they all stood, drenched and dripping, but neither would yield. The river rose, and then they were obliged to stand still, for there was neither bridge nor boat. They might have been standing there yet, had not one of the monks begun to intone the litany; and as he sang, the river sank, and the Londoners crossed with the precious relics, the monks giving up, either because they were satisfied that Providence had settled the question, or because the Londoners were the stronger party, the story does not tell. At any rate, the bones were in St. Paul's, and there it was that Alfred must go to carry his father's gifts, and to kneel before the shrine of the saint to say the prayers that the bishop had taught him.

And so Alfred and the bishop and the long train of

followers set out for the church. The unwieldy wagons moved slowly, but Alfred would have liked to go even more slowly, for there was so much to see that was new to him. There were rough soldiers in leather tunics or in a kind of coat, or jacket, covered with scales that would protect them in battle almost as well as a coat of mail. They had heavy axes and spears and shields. Their beards were long and shaggy. Then there were half-savage men from the country, bringing great, rough carts of timber from the forests, or driving herds of oxen or swine, or carrying rude baskets of vegetables or fruit. They were stout, red-faced men who looked strong and well and ready for a good-natured wrestling match or a downright fight, as the case might be. They wore tunics of the coarsest woolen, and would stop with mouths wide open, and stare with wonder at the sight of the prince and his men with their finely wrought clothes and their jewels and banners.

The royal train went up the hill to the church, and Alfred, taught by the bishop, presented the gifts that his father had sent, seven golden vases filled to the brim with roughly cut, but bright and shining silver coins. On the side of each one of these vases was a red stone, and below it was the inscription, "Ethelwulf the king sent me."

The service was ended. Alfred had said his prayer before St. Erkenwald's shrine, and had gazed half fearfully on the bones of the saint. The prince and his followers left the church. There were fragments of the old Roman pavement under their feet.

"See the soldier," said Alfred suddenly, "but he isn't like my father's soldiers." The bishop looked, and

there in the pavement was the figure of a soldier done in mosaic.

"That is a Roman soldier," said the bishop, "and we shall start for Rome to-morrow. Look down to the river and you will see the ships that are to take us."

KING ALFRED ON ATHELNEY

[878]

BY THOMAS HUGHES

[FROM the beginning of Alfred's reign, in 871, he was greatly distressed by the ravages of the Danes. Seven years later, because of military weakness, exhaustion of the resources of the country, and perhaps by discouragement on the part of his subjects, the king ceased to make active resistance, and withdrew to the island of Athelney. Here he remained for several months, lost to both friends and foes.

The Editor.]

THE king, then, disappears in January, 878, from the eyes of Saxons and Northmen, and we must follow him, by such light as tradition throws upon these months, into the thickets and marshes of Selwood. It is at this point, as is natural enough, that romance has been most busy, and it has become impossible to disentangle the actual facts from monkish legend and Saxon ballad. In happier times Alfred was in the habit himself of talking over the events of his wandering life pleasantly with his courtiers, and there is no reason to doubt that the foundation of most of the stories still current rests on those conversations of the truth-loving king, noted down by Bishop Asser and others.

The best known of these is, of course, the story of the cakes. In the depths of the Saxon forests there were always a few neat-herds and swine-herds, scattered up and down, living in rough huts enough, we may be sure,

and occupied with the care of the cattle and herds of their masters. Amongst these in Selwood was a neat-herd of the king, a faithful man, to whom the secret of Alfred's disguise was entrusted, and who kept it even from his wife. To this man's hut the king came one day alone, and setting himself down by the burning logs on the hearth, began mending his bows and arrows. The neat-herd's wife had just finished her baking, and, having other household matters to attend to, confided her loaves to the king, a poor tired-looking body, who might be glad of the warmth, and could make himself useful by turning the batch, and so earn his share while she got on with other business. But Alfred worked away at his weapons, thinking of anything but the good housewife's batch of loaves, which in due time were not only done, but rapidly burning to a cinder. At this moment the neat-herd's wife comes back, and, flying to the hearth to rescue the bread, cried out, "D'rat the man! Never to turn the loaves when you see them burning. I'ze warrant you ready enough to eat them when they're done." But besides the king's faithful neat-herd, whose name is not preserved, there are other churls in the forest, who must be Alfred's comrades just now if he will have any. And even here he has an eye for a good man, and will lose no opportunity to help one to the best of his power. Such a one he finds in a certain swine-herd called Denewulf, whom he gets to know, a thoughtful Saxon man, minding his charge there in the oak woods. The rough churl, or thrall, we know not which, has great capacity, as Alfred soon finds out, and desire to learn. So the king goes to work upon Denewulf under the oak trees, when the swine will let him, and

is well satisfied with the results of his teaching, and the progress of his pupil, as will appear in the sequel.

But in those days the commonest necessaries of life were hard enough to come by for the king and his few companions, and for his wife and family, who soon joined him in the forest, even if they were not with him from the first. The poor foresters cannot maintain them, nor are this band of exiles the men to live on the poor. So Alfred and his comrades are soon out foraging on the borders of the forest, and getting what subsistence they can from the pagans, or from the Christians who had submitted to their yoke. So we may imagine them dragging on life till near Easter, when a gleam of good news comes up from the west, to gladden the hearts and strengthen the arms of these poor men in the depths of Selwood.

Soon after Guthrum and the main body of the pagans moved from Gloster, southwards, the Viking Hubba, as had been agreed, sailed with thirty ships of war from his winter quarters on the South Welsh coast, and landed in Devon. The news of the catastrophe at Chippenham, and of the disappearance of the king, was no doubt already known in the west; and in the face of it Odda the alderman cannot gather strength to meet the pagan in the open field. But he is a brave and true man, and will make no terms with the spoilers; so, with other faithful thegns of King Alfred and their followers, he throws himself into a castle or fort called Cynwith, or Cynnit, there to abide whatever issue of this business God shall send them. Hubba, with the war-flag Raven, and a host laden with the spoil of rich Devon vales appear in due course before the place. It is not strong

naturally, and has only "walls in our own fashion," meaning probably rough earthworks. But there are resolute men behind them, and on the whole Hubba declines the assault, and sits down before the place. There is no spring of water, he hears, within the Saxon lines, and they are otherwise wholly unprepared for a siege. A few days will no doubt settle the matter, and the sword of slavery will be the portion of Odda and the rest of Alfred's men; meantime there is spoil enough in the camp from Devonshire homesteads, which brave men can revel in round the war-flag Raven, while they watch the Saxon ramparts. Odda, however, has quite other views than death from thirst, or surrender. Before any stress comes, early one morning, he and his whole force sally out over their earthworks, and from the first "cut down the pagans in great numbers"; 840 warriors (some say 1200), with Hubba himself, are slain before Cynnit fort; the rest, few in number, escape to their ships. The war-flag Raven is left in the hands of Odda and the men of Devon.

This is the news which comes to Alfred, Ethelnoth the alderman of Somerset, Denewulf the swine-herd, and the rest of the Selwood Forest group, some time before Easter. These men of Devonshire, it seems, are still stanch, and ready to peril their lives against the pagan. No doubt up and down Wessex, thrashed and trodden out as the nation is by this time, there are other good men and true, who will neither cross the sea or the Welsh marches, nor make terms with the pagan; some sprinkling of men who will yet set life at stake, for faith in Christ and love of England. If these can only be rallied, who can say what may follow? So, in the lengthening

days of spring, council is held in Selwood, and there will have been Easter services in some chapel, or hermitage, in the forest, or, at any rate, in some quiet glade. The "day of days" will surely have had its voice of hope for this poor remnant. Christ is risen and reigns; and it is not in these heathen Danes, or in all the Northmen who ever sailed across the sea, to put back his kingdom, or enslave those whom he has freed.

The result is that, far away from the eastern boundary of the forest, on a rising ground — hill it can scarcely be called — surrounded by dangerous marshes formed by the little rivers Thone and Parret, fordable only in summer, and even then dangerous to all who have not the secret, a small fortified camp is thrown up under Alfred's eye, by Ethelnoth and the Somersetshire men, where he can once again raise his standard. The spot has been chosen by the king with the utmost care, for it is his last throw. He names it the Etheling's eig or island, "Athelney." Probably his young son, the Etheling of England, is there amongst the first, with his mother and his grandmother Eadburga, the widow of Ethelred Mucil, the venerable lady whom Asser saw in later years, and who has now no country but her daughter's. There are, as has been reckoned, some two acres of hard ground on the island, and around vast brakes of alder-bush, full of deer and other game.

Here the Somersetshire men can keep up constant communication with him, and a small army grows together. They are soon strong enough to make forays into the open country, and in many skirmishes they cut off parties of the pagans and supplies. "For, even when overthrown and cast down," says Malmesbury, "Alfred

had always to be fought with; so that, when one would esteem him altogether worn down and broken, like a snake slipping from the hand of him who would grasp it, he would suddenly flash out again from his hiding-place, rising up to smite his foes in the height of their insolent confidence, and never more hard to beat than after a flight."

But it was still a trying life at Athelney. Followers came in slowly, and provender and supplies are hard to wring from the pagan, and harder still to take from Christian men. One day, while it was yet so cold that the water was still frozen, the king's people had gone out "to get them fish or fowl, or some such purveyance as they sustained themselves withal." No one was left in the royal hut for the moment but himself and his mother-in-law Eadburga. The king (after his constant wont whensoever he had opportunity) was reading from the Psalms of David, out of the Manual which he carried always in his bosom. At this moment a poor man appeared at the door and begged for a morsel of bread "for Christ his sake." Whereupon the king, receiving the stranger as a brother, called to his mother-in-law to give him to eat. Eadburga replied that there was but one loaf in their store, and a little wine in a pitcher, a provision wholly insufficient for his own family and people. But the king bade her nevertheless to give the stranger part of the last loaf, which she accordingly did. But when he had been served the stranger was no more seen, and the loaf remained whole, and the pitcher full to the brim. Alfred, meantime, had turned to his reading, over which he fell asleep, and dreamt that St. Cuthbert of Lindisfarne stood by him, and told him it

was he who had been his guest, and that God had seen his afflictions and those of his people, which were now about to end, in token whereof his people would return that day from their expedition with a great take of fish. The king awaking, and being much impressed with his dream, called to his mother-in-law and recounted it to her, who thereupon assured him that she too had been overcome with sleep, and had had the same dream. And while they yet talked together on what had happened so strangely to them, their servants came in, bringing fish enough, as it seemed to them, to have fed an army.

The monkish legend goes on to tell that on the next morning the king crossed to the mainland in a boat, and wound his horn thrice, which drew to him before noon 500 men. What we may think of the story and the dream, as Sir John Spelman says, "is not here very much material," seeing that whether we deem it natural or supernatural, "the one as well as the other serves at God's appointment, by raising or dejecting of the mind with hopes or fears, to lead man to the resolution of those things whereof He has before ordained the event."

Alfred, we may be sure, was ready to accept and be thankful for any help, let it come from whence it might, and soon after Easter it was becoming clear that the time is at hand for more skirmishing expeditions. Through all the neighboring counties word is spreading that their hero king is alive, and on foot again, and that there will be another chance for brave men erelong of meeting once more these scourges of the land, under his leading.

A popular legend is found in the later chroniclers which relates that at this crisis of his fortunes, Alfred,

not daring to rely on any evidence but that of his own senses as to the numbers, disposition, and discipline of the pagan army, assumed the garb of a minstrel, and with one attendant visited the camp of Guthrum. Here he stayed, "showing tricks and making sport," until he had penetrated to the king's tents, and learned all that he wished to know. After satisfying himself as to the chances of a sudden attack, he returns to Athelney, and the time having come for a great effort, if his people will but make it, sends round messengers to the aldermen and king's thegns of neighboring shires, giving them a tryst for the seventh week after Easter, the second week in May.

On or about the 12th of May, 878, King Alfred left his island in the great wood and his wife and children and such household gods as he had gathered round him there, and came publicly forth amongst his people once more, riding to Egbert's Stone (probably Brixton), on the east of Selwood, a distance of twenty-six miles. Here met him the men of the neighboring shires; "and when they saw their king alive after such great tribulation, they received him, as he merited, with joy and acclamation." The gathering had been so carefully planned by Alfred and the nobles who had been in conference or correspondence with him at Athelney, that the Saxon host was organized, and ready for immediate action, on the very day of muster. Whether Alfred had been his own spy we cannot tell, but it is plain that he knew well what was passing in the pagan camp, and how necessary swiftness and secrecy were to the success of his attack.

According to a Somersetshire tradition, the signal for the actual gathering of the West Saxons at Egbert's

Stone was given by a beacon lighted on the top of Stourton Hill, where Alfred's Tower now stands. Such a beacon would be hidden from the Danes, who must have been encamped about Westbury, by the range of the Wiltshire hills, while it would be visible to the west over the low country towards the Bristol Channel, and to the south far into Dorsetshire.

Not an hour was lost by Alfred at the place of muster. The bands which came together there were composed of men well used to arms, each band under its own alderman or reeve. The small army he had himself been disciplining at Athelney, and training in skirmishes during the last few months, would form a reliable center on which the rest would have to form as best they could. So after one day's halt he breaks up his camp at Egbert's Stone, and marches to Æglea, now called Clay Hill, an important height, commanding the vale to the north of Westbury, which the Danish army were now occupying. The day's march of the army would be a short five miles. Here the annals record that St. Neot, his kinsman, appeared to him, and promised that on the morrow his misfortunes would end. After resting one night on Clay Hill, Alfred led out his men in close order of battle against the pagan host, which lay at Ethandune.

Guthrum fought to protect Chippenham, his base of operations, some sixteen miles in his rear, and all the accumulated plunder of the busy months which had passed since Twelfth Night; and it is clear that his men behaved with the most desperate gallantry. The fight began at noon and lasted through the greater part of the day. Warned by many previous disasters, the Saxons never broke their close order, and so, though greatly

outnumbered, hurled back again and again the onslaughts of the Northmen. At last Alfred and his Saxons prevailed, and smote his pagan foes with a very great slaughter, and pursued them up to their fortified camp on Bratton Hill, or Edge, into which the great body of the fugitives threw themselves. All who were left outside were slain, and the great spoil was all recovered. The camp may still be seen, called Bratton Castle, with its double ditches and deep trenches, and barrow in the midst sixty yards long, and its two entrances guarded by mounds. It contains more than twenty acres, and commands the whole country side. There can be little doubt that this camp, and not Chippenham, which is sixteen miles away, was the last refuge of Guthrum and the great Northern army on Saxon soil.

So, in three days from the breaking up of his little camp at Athelney, Alfred was once more king of all England south of the Thames; for this army of pagans shut up within their earthworks on Bratton Edge are little better than a broken and disorderly rabble, with no supplies and no chance of succor from any quarter. Nevertheless, he will make sure of them; and so Bratton Camp is strictly besieged by Alfred with his whole power. It is a matter of a few days only, for food runs short at once in the besieged camp. At the end of fourteen days he sends to Alfred suing humbly for terms of any kind; offering on the part of the army as many hostages as may be required, without asking for any in return; once again giving solemn pledges to quit Wessex for good; and, above all, declaring his own readiness to receive baptism.

Alfred accepts Guthrum's proffered terms at once,

rejoicing over the chance of adding these fierce heathen warriors to the Church of his Master by an act of mercy which even they must feel. The ceremony of baptism was performed at Wedmore, a royal residence which had probably escaped the fate of Chippenham, and still contained a church. Here Guthrum and his thirty nobles were sworn in, the soldiers of a greater than Woden, and the white linen cloth, the sign of their new faith, was bound round their heads. Alfred himself was godfather to the viking, giving him the Christian name of Athelstan; and the chrism-loosing, or unbinding of the sacramental cloths, was performed on the eighth day by Ethelnoth, the faithful Alderman of Somersetshire. After the religious ceremony there still remained the task of settling the terms upon which the victors and vanquished were hereafter to live together side by side in the same island; for Alfred had the wisdom, even in his enemy's humiliation, to accept the accomplished fact, and to acknowledge East Anglia as a Danish kingdom. The Witenagemot had been summoned to Wedmore, and was sitting there, and with their advice the treaty was then made, from which, according to some historians, English history begins.

"ONE RULE FOR ANGLE AND FOR DANE"

[About 1016]

BY OTTILIE A. LILJENCRANTZ

ENCIRCLED by a martial throng, so massed and indistinct that they made a background like embroidered tapestry, three figures were the center of attraction, — the figure of the young king in his raised chair, and the forms of the Dane and the Angle who fronted each other before his footstool. Shielded from the heat by his palm, Canute's face was in the shadow, and the giant shape of the son of Lodbrok was a blot against the flames, but the glare lay strong on Sebert of Ivarsdale, revealing a picture that caused one spectator to catch her breath in a sob. Equally aloof from English thane and Danish noble, the Etheling in the palace of his native king stood a stranger and alone, while his swordless sheath showed him to be also a prisoner. He bore himself proudly, one of his blood could scarcely have done otherwise, but his fine face was white with misery, and despair darkened his eyes as they stared unseeingly before him.

As well as though he had put his thoughts into words, the girl who loved him knew that his mind was back in the peaceful manor between the hills, foreseeing its desecration by barbarian hands, foretasting the ruin of those who looked to him for protection. From the twilight of the balcony, she stretched out her arms to him in a passion of yearning pity, and all of selfishness that

had been in her grief faded from it utterly, as her heart sent forth a second prayer.

"Oh, Thou God, forget what I asked for myself! Think only of helping him, of comforting him, and I will love Thee as though Thou hadst done it to me. Help him! Help him!"

Answering a question from the king, Rothgar began to speak, his heavy voice seeming to fill all the space from floor to ceiling: "By all the laws of war, King Canute, the Odal of Ivarsdale would come to me. The first son of Lodbrok took the land before ever this Angle's kin had seen it. He built the tower that stands on it, and the name it bears to this day is the name of his giving. Under Guthrum, a weak-kneed son of his lost it to the English Alfred, and we fell out of our fortunes with the tipping of the scales, and Angles have sat since then in the seat of Lodbrok's sons. But now the scales have risen again. Under Canute, Ivarsdale, with all other English property, comes back to Danish hands. By all the laws of war, my kinsman's inheritance should be my share of the spoil."

Ending roundly, he drew himself up in an attitude of bold assurance. Wherever a group of scarlet cloaks made a bright patch upon the human arras, there was a flutter of approval. Even the braver of the English nobles, who for race-pride alone might have supported Sebert in a valid claim, saw nothing to do now but to draw away, with a silent interchange of shrugs and headshakes, and leave him to his doom.

In the shadow of his hand, Canute nodded slowly. "By all the laws of war," he affirmed, "your kinsman's inheritance should be your share of the spoil."

Again an approving murmur rose from Danish throats; and Rothgar was opening his lips to voice a grateful answer, when a gesture of the royal hand checked him.

"Recollect, however, that just now I am not only a war-chief, but also a law-man. I think it right, therefore, to hear what the Englishman has to say for his side. Sebert Oswaldsson, speak in your defense."

Not even a draft appeared to stir the human tapestry about them. Sebert started like a man awakened from sleep, when he realized that every eye was hanging upon him. Swiftly, his glance passed around the circle, from the averted faces of his countrymen to the foreign master on the throne, then bitterly he bent his head to his fate.

"I have nothing to say. Your justice may most rightly be meted out."

"Nothing to say?" The king's measured voice sounded sharply through the hush. For the first time, he lowered his hand and bent forward where the fire-glow could touch him.

As she caught sight of his face Elfgiva shrank and clutched at her women. "Ah, Saints, I am thankful now that it is dark!" she murmured.

Sebert sustained the look with proud steadiness. "Nothing that would be of use to me," he said; "and I do not choose to pleasure you by setting up a weak plea for you to knock down again. The right which gave Britain to the Saxons has given England to the Danes, and it is not by words that such a right can be disputed. If your messengers had not taken me by surprise —" He paused, with an odd curl to his lips that could hardly

be called a smile; but Canute gave him grim command to finish, and he obeyed with rising color. "If your messengers had not come upon me as I was riding on the Watling Street and brought me here, a prisoner, I would have argued the matter with arrows, and you would needs have battered down the defense of stone walls to convince me."

Mutters of mingled admiration and censure buzzed around; and one English noble, more daring and also more friendly than the others, drew near and spoke a word of friendly warning in Sebert's ear. Through it all, Canute sat motionless, studying the Etheling with his bright, colorless eyes.

At last he said unexpectedly, "If you would not obey my summons until my men had dealt with you by force, it cannot be said that you have much respect for my authority. Do you not then acknowledge me as King of the English?"

Rothgar betrayed impatience at this branching aside. Sebert showed surprise.

He said hesitatingly, "I — I cannot deny that. You have the same right that Cerdic had over the Britons. Nay, you have more, for you are the formal choice of the Witan. I cannot rightly deny that you are King of the Angles."

"If you acknowledge me to be that," Canute said, "I do not see why you have not an argument for your defense."

While all stared at him, he rose slowly and stood before them, a dazzling figure as the light caught the steel of his ring-mail and turned his polished helm to a fiery dome.

"Sebert Oswaldsson," he said slowly, "I did not feel much love toward you the first time I saw you, and it is hard for me not to hate you now, when I see what you are going to be the cause of. If your case had come before Canute the man, you would have received the answer you expect. But it is your luck that Canute the man is dead, and you stand before Canute the King. Hear then my answer: By all the laws of war, the land belongs to Ivar's son; and had he regained it while war ruled, I had not taken it from him, though the Witan itself commanded me. But instead of regaining it, he lost it." He stretched a forbidding hand toward Rothgar, feeling without seeing his angry impulse. "By what means matters not; battles have turned on a smaller thing, and the loyalty of those we have protected is a lawful weapon to defend ourselves with. The kinsman of Ivar a second time lost his inheritance, and the opportunity passed — forever. For now it is time to remember that this is not war, but peace; and in times of peace it is not allowed to take a man's land from him unless he has broken the law or offended honor, which no one can say this Englishman has done. What concerns war-time is a thing by itself; as ruler over laws and land-rights, I cannot give one man's lands to another, though the one be a man I little care for, and the other is my foster-brother. Go back therefore, unhindered, Lord of Ivarsdale, and live in peace henceforth. I do not think it probable that I shall ever call you to my friendship, but when the time comes that there is need of a brave and honest man to serve the English people in serving me, I shall send for you. Beware you that you do not neglect the summons of one whom you have acknowledged to be

your rightful king! Orvar, I want you to restore to him his weapon and see him on his way in safety. Your life shall answer for any harm that comes to him."

With one hand, he struck down the murmur that was rising; with the other he made an urgent gesture of haste, which Orvar seemed to understand. Even while he was returning to the Lord of Ivarsdale his sword, he seized him by the arm and hurried him down the room, the Etheling walking like a man in a dream.

From the dusk of the rafters, the girl who loved him stretched out her hands to him in tender farewell, but there was no more of anguish in the gesture. Gazing after him, the tears rose slowly to her eyes and rolled slowly down her cheeks, but on her mouth was a little smile whose wondering joy mounted to exaltation.

No need was there for her to hide either tear or smile, for no one of the women about her was so much as conscious of her existence. The murmur below was growing, despite the king's restraining hand; and now, crashing through it in hideous discord, came a burst of jeering laughter from the Jotun. What words he also spoke they could not catch, but they heard the Danish cries sink and die, aghast, and they saw a score of English thanes spring upon him and drag him backwards. Above the noise of their scuffling, the king's voice sounded stern and cold.

"While I act as law-man in my judgment hall, I will hear no disputing of my judgments. Whoso comes to me in my private chamber, as friend to friend, may tell his mind; but now I speak as king, and what I have spoken shall stand."

Struggling with those who would have forced him

from the room, Rothgar had no breath to retort with, but the words did not go unsaid because of that. Wherever scarlet cloaks made a bright patch, the human arras swayed and shook violently, and then fell apart into groups of angry men whose voices rose in resentful chorus: —

"Such judgment by a Danish king is unexampled!" "King, are we all to expect this treatment?" "This is the third time you have ruled against your own men —" "Sven you punished for the murder of an Englishman — " "Because you forced Gorm to pay his debt to an Englishman, he has lost all the property he owns." "Now, as before, we want to know what this means." "You are *our* chief, whose kingship we have held up with our lives —" "What are these English to you?" "They are the thralls your sword has laid under, while we are of your own blood —" "It is the strong will of us warriors to know what you mean —" "Yes, tell it plainly!" "We speak as we have a right." Snarling more and more openly, they surged forward, closing around the dais in a fiery mass.

In the cushions of the balcony, Leonorine hid her face with a cry: "They will murder him!" And Elfgiva rose slowly from her chair, her eyes dark with horror, yet unable to tear themselves from the scene below. The mail-clad king no longer looked to her like a man of flesh and blood, but like a figure of iron and steel, that the firelight was wrapping in unendurable brightness. His sword was no more brilliantly hard than his face, and his eyes were glittering points. The ring of steel was in his voice as he answered: —

"You speak as you have a right, — but you speak as

men who have swines' memories. Was it your support or your courage that won me the English crown? It may be that if I had waited until pyre and fire you would have done so, but it happened that before that time the English Witan gave it to me as a gift, in return for my pledge to rule them justly. My meaning in this judgment, and the others you dislike, is that I am going to keep that pledge. You are my men, and as my men you have supported me, and as my men I have rewarded you, — no chief was ever more openhanded with property toward his following, — but if you think that on that account I will endure from you trouble and lawlessness, you would better part from me and get into your boats and go back to my other kingdom. For I tell you now, openly and without deceit, that here henceforth there is to be but one rule for Angle and Dane alike; and I shall be as much their king as yours; and they shall share equally in my justice. You may like it or not, but that is what will take place."

How they liked it was suggested by a bursting roar, and the scuffling of many feet as the English leaped forward to protect their new king and the Danes whirled to meet them, but the women in the gallery did not wait to see the outcome. In a frenzy of terror, Elfgiva dragged up the kneeling maids and herded them through the door.

"Go, — before they get into the anteroom!" she gasped. "Do you not see that he is no longer human? We should be pleading with iron. Go! Before they tear down the walls!"

So Sebert of Ivarsdale went back to his tower unhindered; and the rest of the winter nights, while the winds

of the Wolf Month howled about the palisades, he listened undisturbed to his harper; and the rest of the winter days he trod in peace the homely routine of his lordship, — in peace and in absent-eyed silence.

"The old ways are clean fallen out of England, and it becomes a man to consider diligently how he will order his future," he told Hildelitha and the old cniht when they inquired the reason for his abstraction.

THE LAST DANISH INVASION

[1066]

BY EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON

[AFTER the death of Edward the Confessor, Harold, Earl of Wessex, was elected king. William of Normandy averred that Edward had promised him the crown — which in any case he had no right to do — and that he should defend his claim. His preparations, however, took many months, and in the mean time, Harold's brother Tostig encouraged Harold Hardrada, King of Norway, to make an attack upon England.

The Editor.]

AT the news of this foe on the north side of the land, King Harold was compelled to withdraw all the forces at watch in the south against the tardy invasion of William. It was the middle of September; eight months had elapsed since the Norman had launched forth his vaunting threat. Would he now dare to come? Come or not, *that* foe was afar, and *this* was in the heart of the country!

Now, York having thus capitulated, all the land round was humbled and awed; and Hardrada and Tostig were blithe and gay; and many days, thought they, must pass ere Harold the King can come from the south to the north.

The camp of the Norsemen was at Stanford Bridge, and that day it was settled that they should formally enter York. Their ships lay in the river beyond; a large

portion of the armament was with the ships. The day was warm, and the men with Hardrada had laid aside their heavy mail and were "making merry," talking of the plunder of York, jeering at Saxon valor, and gloating over thoughts of the Saxon maids, whom Saxon men had failed to protect, — when suddenly between them and the town rose and rolled a great cloud of dust. High it rose, and fast it rolled, and from the heart of the cloud shone the spear and the shield.

"What army comes yonder?" said Harold Hardrada.

"Surely," answered Tostig, "it comes from the town that we are to enter as conquerors, and can be but the friendly Northumbrians who have deserted Morcar for me."

Nearer and nearer came the force, and the shine of the arms was like the glancing of ice.

"Advance the World-Ravager!" cried Harold Hardrada, "draw up and to arms!"

Then, picking out three of his briskest youths, he dispatched them to the force on the river with orders to come up quick to the aid. For already, through the cloud and amidst the spears, was seen the flag of the English King. On the previous night King Harold had entered York, unknown to the invaders — appeased the mutiny — cheered the townsfolks; and now came, like the thunderbolt borne by the winds, to clear the air of England from the clouds of the North.

Both armaments drew up in haste, and Hardrada formed his array in the form of a circle, — the line long but not deep, the wings curving round till they met shield to shield. Those who stood in the first rank set their spear-shafts on the ground, the points level with

the breast of a horseman; those in the second, with spears yet lower, level with the breast of a horse; thus forming a double palisade against the charge of cavalry. In the center of this circle was placed the Ravager of the World, and round it a rampart of shields. Behind that rampart was the accustomed post at the onset of battle for the king and his body-guard. But Tostig was in front, with his own Northumbrian Lion banner, and his chosen men.

While this army was thus being formed, the English king was marshaling his force in the far more formidable tactics, which his military science had perfected from the warfare of the Danes. That form of battalion, invincible hitherto under his leadership, was in the manner of a wedge or triangle, thus △. So that, in attack, the men marched on the foe presenting the smallest possible surface to the missiles, and, in defense, all three lines faced the assailants. King Harold cast his eye over the closing lines, and then, turning to Gurth, who rode by his side, said: —

"Take one man from yon hostile army, and with what joy should we charge on the Northmen!"

"I conceive thee," answered Gurth mournfully, "and the same thought of that one man makes my arm feel palsied."

The king mused, and drew down the nasal bar of his helmet.

"Thegns," said he suddenly, to the score of riders who grouped round him, "follow." And shaking the rein of his horse, King Harold rode straight to that part of the hostile front from which rose, above the spears, the Northumbrian banner of Tostig. Wondering, but mute,

the twenty thegns followed him. Before the grim array, and hard by Tostig's banner, the king checked his steed and cried: —

"Is Tostig, the son of Godwin and Githa, by the flag of the Northumbrian earldom?"

With his helmet raised, and his Norwegian mantle flowing over his mail, Earl Tostig rode forth at that voice, and came up to the speaker.

"What wouldst thou with me, daring foe?"

The Saxon horseman paused, and his deep voice trembled tenderly, as he answered slowly: —

"Thy brother, King Harold, sends to salute thee. Let not the sons from the same womb wage unnatural war in the soil of their fathers."

"What will Harold the king give to his brother?" answered Tostig. "Northumbria already he hath bestowed on the son of his house's foe."

The Saxon hesitated, and a rider by his side took up the word: —

"If the Northumbrians will receive thee again, Northumbria shalt thou have, and the king will bestow his late earldom of Wessex on Morcar; if the Northumbrians reject thee thou shalt have all the lordships which King Harold hath promised to Gurth."

"This is well," answered Tostig; and he seemed to pause as in doubt; when, made aware of this parley, King Harold Hardrada, on his coal-black steed, with his helm all shining with gold, rode from the lines, and came into hearing.

"Ha!" said Tostig then, turning round, as the giant form of the Norse king threw its vast shadow over the ground.

"And if I take the offer, what will Harold son of Godwin give to my friend and ally Hardrada of Norway?"

The Saxon rider reared his head at these words, and gazed on the large front of Hardrada, as he answered loud and distinct: —

"Seven feet of land for a grave, or, seeing that he is taller than other men, as much more as his corse may demand!"

"Then go back, and tell Harold my brother to get ready for battle; for never shall the scalds and the warriors of Norway say that Tostig lured their king in his cause, to betray him to his foe. Here did he come, and here came I, to win as the brave win, or die as the brave die!"

A rider of younger and slighter form than the rest here whispered the Saxon king: —

"Delay no more, or thy men's hearts will fear treason."

"The tie is rent from my heart, O Haco," answered the king, "and the heart flies back to our England."

He waved his hand, turned his steed, and rode off. The eye of Hardrada followed the horseman.

"And who," he asked calmly, "is that man who spoke so well?"

"King Harold!" answered Tostig briefly.

"How!" cried the Norseman, reddening, "how was not that made known to me before? Never should he have gone back — never told hereafter the doom of this day!"

With all his ferocity, his envy, his grudge to Harold, and his treason to England, some rude notions of honor

still lay confused in the breast of the Saxon; and he answered stoutly: —

"Imprudent was Harold's coming, and great his danger; but he came to offer me peace and dominion. Had I betrayed him, I had not been his foe, but his murderer!"

The Norse king smiled approvingly, and turning to his chiefs, said dryly: —

"That man was shorter than some of us, but he rode firm in his stirrups."

And then this extraordinary person, who united in himself all the types of an age that vanished forever in his grave, and who is the more interesting, as in him we see the race from which the Norman sprang, began, in the rich, full voice that pealed deep as an organ, to chaunt his impromptu war-song. He halted in the midst, and with great composure said: —

"That verse is but ill-tuned; I must try a better."

He passed his hand over his brow, mused an instant, and then, with his fair face all illumined, he burst forth as inspired.

This time, air, rhythm, words, all so chimed in with his own enthusiasm and that of his men, that the effect was inexpressible. It was, indeed, like the charm of those runes which are said to have maddened the Berserker with the frenzy of war.

Meanwhile the Saxon phalanx came on, slow and firm, and in a few minutes the battle began. It commenced first with the charge of the English cavalry (never numerous), led by Leofwine and Haco, but the double palisade of the Norman spears formed an impassable barrier; and the horsemen, recoiling from the frieze,

rode round the iron circle without other damage than the spear and javelin could effect. Meanwhile, King Harold, who had dismounted, marched, as was his wont, with the body of footmen. He kept his post in the hollow of the triangular wedge, whence he could best issue his orders. Avoiding the side over which Tostig presided, he halted his array in full center of the enemy where the Ravager of the World, streaming high above the inner rampart of shields, showed the presence of the giant Hardrada.

The air was now literally darkened with the flights of arrows and spears; and in a war of missives the Saxons were less skilled than the Norsemen. Still King Harold restrained the ardor of his men, who, sore harassed by the darts, yearned to close on the foe. He himself, standing on a little eminence, more exposed than his meanest soldier, deliberately eyed the sallies of the horse, and watched the moment he foresaw, when, encouraged by his own suspense, and the feeble attacks of the cavalry, the Norsemen would lift their spears from the ground and advance themselves to the assault. That moment came; unable to withhold their own fiery zeal, stimulated by the tromp, and the clash, and the war-hymns of their king, and his choral scalds, the Norsemen broke ground and came on.

"To your axes, and charge!" cried Harold; and passing at once from the center to the front, he led on the array.

The impetus of that artful phalanx was tremendous; it pierced through the ring of the Norwegians; it clove into the rampart of shields; and King Harold's battle-axe was the first that shivered that wall of steel, his step

the first that strode to the innermost circle that guarded the Ravager of the World.

Then forth, from under the shade of that great flag, came, himself also on foot, Harold Hardrada; shouting and chaunting, he leaped with long strides into the thick of the onslaught. He had flung away his shield, and swaying with both hands his enormous sword, he hewed down man after man, till space grew clear before him; and the English, recoiling in awe before an image of height and strength that seemed superhuman, left but one form standing firm, and in front, to oppose his way.

At that moment the whole strife seemed not to belong to an age comparatively modern; it took a character of remotest eld; and Thor and Odin seemed to have returned to the earth. Behind this towering and Titan warrior, their wild hair streaming long under their helms, came his scalds, all singing their hymns, drunk with the madness of battle. And the Ravager of the World tossed and flapped as it followed, so that the vast raven depicted on its folds seemed horrid with life. And calm and alone, his eye watchful, his axe lifted, his foot ready for rush or for spring,—but firm as an oak against flight, — stood the last of the Saxon Kings.

Down bounded Hardrada, and down shore his sword; King Harold's shield was cloven in two, and the force of the blow brought himself to his knee. But, as swift as the flash of that sword, he sprang to his feet; and while Hardrada still bowed his head, not recovered from the force of his blow, the axe of the Saxon came so full on his helmet that the giant reeled, dropped his sword, and staggered back; his scalds and his chiefs rushed

around him. That gallant stand of King Harold saved his English from flight; and now, as they saw him almost lost in the throng, yet still cleaving his way — on, on — to the raven standard, they rallied with one heart, and shouting forth, "Out, out! Holy crosse!" forced their way to his side, and the fight now raged hot and equal, hand to hand. Meanwhile Hardrada, borne a little apart, and relieved from his dinted helmet, recovered the shock of the weightiest blow that had ever dimmed his eye and numbed his hand. Tossing the helmet on the ground, his bright locks glittering like sunbeams, he rushed back to the *mêlée*. Again helm and mail went down before him; again through the crowd he saw the arm that had smitten him; again he sprang forward to finish the war with a blow, — when a shaft from some distant bow pierced the throat which the casque now left bare; a sound like the wail of a death-song murmured brokenly from his lips, which then gushed out with blood, and tossing up his arms wildly, he fell to the ground, a corpse. At that sight a yell of such terror and woe, and wrath all commingled, broke from the Norsemen, that it hushed the very war for the moment!

"On!" cried the Saxon king, "let our earth take its spoiler! On to the standard, and the day is our own!"

"On to the standard!" cried Haco, who, his horse slain under him, all bloody with wounds not his own, now came to the king's side. Grim and tall rose the standard, and the streamer shrieked and flapped in the wind as if the raven had voice, when right before Harold, right between him and the banner, stood Tostig his brother, known by the splendor of his mail, the gold work on his mantle — known by the fierce laugh, and

defying voice. "What matters!" cried Haco; "strike, O king, for thy crown!"

Harold's hand griped Haco's arm convulsively; he lowered his axe, turned round, and passed shudderingly away.

Both armies now paused from the attack; for both were thrown into great disorder, and each gladly gave respite to the other, to re-form its own shattered array.

The Norsemen were not soldiers to yield because their leader was slain — rather the more resolute to fight, since revenge was now added to valor; yet, but for the daring and promptness with which Tostig had cut his way to the standard, the day had been already decided.

During the pause, Harold, summoning Gurth, said to him in great emotion, "For the sake of Nature, for the love of God, go, O Gurth, — go to Tostig; urge him, now Hardrada is dead, urge him to peace. All that we can proffer with honor, proffer — quarter and free retreat to every Norseman. Oh, save me, save us, from a brother's blood!"

Gurth lifted his helmet, and kissed the mailed hand that grasped his own.

"I go," said he. And so, bareheaded, and with a single trumpeter, he went to the hostile lines.

Harold awaited him in great agitation; nor could any man have guessed what bitter and awful thoughts lay in that heart, from which, in the way to power, tie after tie had been wrenched away. He did not wait long; and even before Gurth rejoined him, he knew by an unanimous shout of fury, to which the clash of countless shields chimed in, that the mission had been in vain.

Tostig had refused to hear Gurth, save in presence of

the Norwegian chiefs; and when the message had been delivered, they all cried, "We would rather fall one across the corpse of the other, than leave a field in which our king was slain."

"Ye hear them," said Tostig; "as they speak, speak I."

"Not mine this guilt *too*, O God!" said Harold, solemnly lifting his hand on high. "Now, then, to duty."

By this time the Norwegian reinforcements had arrived from the ships, and this for a short time rendered the conflict, that immediately ensued, uncertain and critical. But Harold's generalship was now as consummate as his valor had been daring. He kept his men true to their irrefragable line. Even if fragments splintered off, each fragment threw itself into the form of the resistless wedge. One Norwegian, standing on the bridge of Stamford, long guarded that pass; and no less than forty Saxons are said to have perished by his arm. To him the English king sent a generous pledge, not only of safety for the life, but honor for the valor. The viking refused to surrender, and fell at last by a javelin from the hand of Haco. As if in him had been embodied the unyielding war-god of the Norsemen, in that death died the last hope of the vikings. They fell literally where they stood; many, from sheer exhaustion and the weight of their mail, died without a blow. And in the shades of nightfall, Harold stood amidst the shattered rampart of shields, his foot on the corpse of the standard-bearer, his hand on the Ravager of the World.

"Thy brother's corpse is borne yonder," said Haco

in the ear of the king, as, wiping the blood from his sword, he plunged it back into the sheath.

Young Olave, the son of Hardrada, had happily escaped the slaughter. A strong detachment of the Norwegians had still remained with the vessels; and amongst them some prudent old chiefs, who, foreseeing the probable results of the day, and knowing that Hardrada would never quit, save as a conqueror or a corpse, the field on which he had planted the Ravager of the World, had detained the prince almost by force from sharing the fate of his father. But ere those vessels could put out to sea, the vigorous measures of the Saxon king had already intercepted the retreat of the vessels. And then, ranging their shields as a wall round their masts, the bold vikings at least determined to die as men. But with the morning came King Harold himself to the banks of the river, and behind him, with trailed lances, a solemn procession that bore the body of the scald king. They halted on the margin, and a boat was launched towards the Norwegian fleet, bearing a monk who demanded the chiefs to send a deputation, headed by the young prince himself, to receive the corpse of their king, and hear the proposals of the Saxon.

The vikings, who had anticipated no preliminaries to the massacre they awaited, did not hesitate to accept these overtures. Twelve of the most famous chiefs still surviving, and Olave himself, entered the boat; and, standing between his brothers Leofwine and Gurth, Harold thus accosted them: —

"Your king invaded a people that had given him no offense: he has paid the forfeit — we war not with the dead! Give to his remains the honors due to the brave.

Without ransom or condition, we yield to you what can no longer harm us. And for thee, young prince," continued the king, with a tone of pity in his voice, as he contemplated the stately boyhood and proud but deep grief in the face of Olave, "for thee, wilt thou not live to learn that the wars of Odin are treason to the Faith of the Cross? We have conquered — we dare not butcher. Take such ships as ye need for those that survive. Three-and-twenty I offer for your transport. Return to your native shores, and guard them as we have guarded ours. Are ye contented?"

Amongst those chiefs was a stern priest — the Bishop of the Orcades; he advanced, and bent his knee to the king.

"O Lord of England," said he, "yesterday thou didst conquer the form — to-day, the soul. And never more may generous Norsemen invade the coast of him who honors the dead and spares the living."

"Amen!" cried the chiefs, and they all knelt to Harold. The young prince stood a moment irresolute, for his dead father was on the bier before him, and revenge was yet a virtue in the heart of a sea-king. But lifting his eyes to Harold's, the mild and gentle majesty of the Saxon's brow was irresistible in its benign command; and stretching his right hand to the king, he raised on high the other, and said aloud, "Faith and friendship with thee and England evermore."

Then all the chiefs rising, they gathered round the bier, but no hand, in the sight of the conquering foe, lifted the cloth of gold that covered the corpse of the famous king. The bearers of the bier moved on slowly towards the boat; the Norwegians followed with meas-

ured funereal steps, and not till the bier was placed on board the royal galley was there heard the wail of woe; but then it came loud, and deep, and dismal, and was followed by a burst of wild song from a surviving scald.

The Norwegian preparations for departure were soon made, and the ships vouchsafed to their convoy raised anchor, and sailed down the stream. Harold's eye watched the ships from the river banks.

"And there," said he at last, "there glide the last sails that shall ever bear the devastating raven to the shores of England."

IV
THE NORMAN CONQUEST

HISTORICAL NOTE

In 1066, the English king, Edward the Confessor, died. His mother was of Norman birth, and he himself had spent many years in Normandy. Among his friends in that country was his young cousin, Duke William, and to him Edward promised to bequeath his crown. But Earl Harold of England was the choice of the English people, and him they made their king.

When William heard this he at once prepared to invade England and sent heralds the length and breadth of Europe, offering good fighting and a fair share in the plunder to whoso would aid him in wresting England from Earl Harold. In the mean time England was in danger from another quarter, for Harold's brother Tostig persuaded King Harold Hardrada of Norway to lead a plundering expedition against her shores. At Stamford Bridge, the Northern invaders were met and defeated by Harold, but in the mean time William and his army of adventurers had crossed the Channel and landed in England. Hastening south with his battle-worn army, Harold met the Normans on the 14th day of October, in the year 1066, on the fatal field of Hastings. By Christmas Day of the same year the Saxon chiefs that were left alive had sullenly submitted to William the Conqueror and he was crowned King of England.

The first five years of William's reign were spent in stamping out the last embers of Saxon resistance. This done, he turned his attention to administering the realm he had won, and before his death in 1087 he had remodeled the English Church, cut away the power of the great nobles, completed a survey of all the estates of England, and recorded their ownership in the famous Doomsday Book.

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS

[1066]

BY ROBERT WACE

THE English had built up a fence before them with their shields, and with ash and other wood; and had well joined and wattled in the whole work, so as not to leave even a crevice; and thus they had a barricade in their front, through which any Norman who would attack them must first pass. Being covered in this way by their shields and barricades, their aim was to defend themselves: and if they had remained steady for that purpose, they would not have been conquered that day; for every Norman who made his way in, lost his life, either by hatchet or bill, by club, or other weapon. They wore short and close hauberks, and helmets that hung over their garments. King Harold issued orders and made proclamation round, that all should be ranged with their faces towards the enemy; and that no one should move from where he was; so that, whoever came might find them ready; and that whatever any one, be he Norman or other, should do, each should do his best to defend his own place. Then he ordered the men of Kent to go where the Normans were likely to make the attack; for they say that the men of Kent are entitled to strike first; and that whenever the king goes to battle, the first blow belongs to them. The right of the men of London is to guard the king's body, to place themselves around him,

and to guard his standard; and they were accordingly placed by the standard to watch and defend it.

When Harold had made his reply, and given his orders, he came into the midst of the English, and dismounted by the side of the standard. Leofwine and Gurth, his brothers, were with him, and around him he had barons enough, as he stood by his standard, which was in truth a noble one, sparkling with gold and precious stones. After the victory, William sent it to the Pope, to prove and commemorate his great conquest and glory. The English stood in close ranks, ready and eager for the fight; and they moreover made a fosse, which went across the field, guarding one side of their army.

Meanwhile the Normans appeared advancing over the ridge of a rising ground; and the first division of their troops moved onwards along the hill and across a valley. And presently another division, still larger, came in sight, close following upon the first, and they were led towards another part of the field, forming together as the first body had done. And while Harold saw and examined them, and was pointing them out to Gurth, a fresh company came in sight, covering all the plain; and in the midst of them was raised the standard that came from Rome. Near it was the duke, and the best men and greatest strength of the army were there. The good knights, the good vassals, and brave warriors were there; and there were gathered together the gentle barons, the good archers, and the men-at-arms, whose duty it was to guard the duke, and range themselves around him. The youths and common herd of the camp, whose business was not to join in the battle, but to take

care of the harness and stores, moved off towards a rising ground. The priests and the clerks also ascended a hill, there to offer up prayers to God, and watch the event of the battle.

The English stood firm on foot in close ranks, and carried themselves right boldly. Each man had his hauberk on, with his sword girt, and his shield at his neck. Great hatchets were also slung at their necks, with which they expected to strike heavy blows.

The Normans brought on the three divisions of their army to attack at different places. They set out in three companies, and in three companies did they fight. The first and second had come up, and then advanced the third, which was the greatest; with that came the duke with his own men, and all moved boldly forward.

As soon as the two armies were in full view of each other, great noise and tumult arose. You might hear the sound of many trumpets, of bugles, and of horns: and then you might see men ranging themselves in line, lifting their shields, raising their lances, bending their bows, handling their arrows, ready for assault and defense.

The English stood steady to their post, the Normans still moved on; and when they drew near, the English were to be seen stirring to and fro; were going and coming; troops ranging themselves in order; some with their color rising, others turning pale; some making ready their arms; others raising their shields; the brave man rousing himself to fight, the coward trembling at the approach of danger.

Then Taillefer, who sang right well, rode mounted on a swift horse, before the duke, singing of Charlemagne, and of Roland, of Olivier, and the Peers who died in

Roncesvalles. And when they drew nigh to the English, "A boon, sire!" cried Taillefer; "I have long served you, and you owe me for all such service. To-day, so please you, you shall repay it. I ask as my guerdon and beseech you for it earnestly, that you will allow me to strike the first blow in the battle!" And the duke answered, "I grant it." Then Taillefer put his horse to a gallop, charging before all the rest, and struck an Englishman dead, driving his lance below the breast into his body, and stretching him upon the ground. Then he drew his sword, and struck another, crying out, "Come on, come on! What do ye, sirs? lay on, lay on!" At the second blow he struck, the English pushed forward, and surrounded and slew him. Forthwith arose the noise and cry of war, and on either side the people put themselves in motion.

The Normans moved on to the assault, and the English defended themselves well. Some were striking, others urging onwards; all were bold, and cast aside fear. And now, behold, that battle was gathered, whereof the fame is yet mighty.

Loud and far resounded the bray of the horns; and the shocks of the lances, the mighty strokes of maces, and the quick clashing of swords. One while the Englishmen rushed on, another while they fell back; one while the men from oversea charged onwards, and again at other times retreated. The Normans shouted "Dex aie," the English people "Out." Then came the cunning maneuvers, the rude shocks and strokes of the lances and blows of the swords, among the sergeants and soldiers, both English and Norman.

When the English fall, the Normans shout. Each side

taunts and defies the other, yet neither knoweth what the other saith; and the Normans say the English bark, because they understand not their speech.

Some wax strong, others weak: the brave exult, but the cowards tremble, as men who are sore dismayed. The Normans press on the assault, and the English defend their post well: they pierce the hauberks, and cleave the shields, receive and return mighty blows. Again, some press forwards; others yield, and thus in various ways the struggle proceeds. In the plain was a fosse, which the Normans had now behind them, having passed it in the fight without regarding it. But the English charged and drove the Normans before them till they made them fall back upon this fosse, overthrowing into it horses and men. Many were to be seen falling therein, rolling one over the other, with their faces to the earth, and unable to rise. Many of the English, also, whom the Normans drew down along with them, died there. At no time during the day's battle did so many Normans die as perished in that fosse. So those said who saw the dead.

The varlets who were set to guard the harness began to abandon it as they saw the loss of the Frenchmen, when thrown back upon the fosse without power to recover themselves. Being greatly alarmed at seeing the difficulty in restoring order, they began to quit the harness, and sought around, not knowing where to find shelter. Then Duke William's brother, Odo, the good priest, the bishop of Bayeux, galloped up, and said to them, "Stand fast! stand fast! be quiet and move not! fear nothing, for if God please, we shall conquer yet." So they took courage, and rested where they were; and

Odo returned galloping back to where the battle was most fierce, and was of great service on that day. He had put a hauberk on, over a white aube; wide in the body, with the sleeve tight; and sat on a white horse, so that all might recognize him. In his hand he held a mace, and wherever he saw most need he held up and stationed the knights, and often urged them on to assault and strike the enemy.

From nine o'clock in the morning, when the combat began, till three o'clock came, the battle was up and down, this way and that, and no one knew who would conquer and win the land. Both sides stood so firm and fought so well, that no one could guess which would prevail. The Norman archers with their bows shot thickly upon the English; but they covered themselves with their shields, so that the arrows could not reach their bodies, nor do any mischief, how true soever was their aim, or however well they shot. Then the Normans determined to shoot their arrows upwards into the air, so that they might fall on their enemies' heads, and strike their faces. The archers adopted this scheme, and shot up into the air towards the English; and the arrows in falling struck their heads and faces, and put out the eyes of many; and all feared to open their eyes, or leave their faces unguarded.

The arrows now flew thicker than rain before the wind; fast sped the shafts that the English called "wibetes." Then it was that an arrow, that had thus been shot upwards, struck Harold above his right eye, and put it out. In his agony he drew the arrow and threw it away, breaking it with his hands: and the pain to his head was so great, that he leaned upon his shield.

So the English were wont to say, and still say to the French, that the arrow was well shot which was so sent up against their king; and that the archer won them great glory, who thus put out Harold's eye.

The Normans saw that the English defended themselves well, and were so strong in their position that they could do little against them. So they consulted together privily, and arranged to draw off, and pretend to flee, till the English should pursue and scatter themselves over the field; for they saw that if they could once get their enemies to break their ranks, they might be attacked and discomfited much more easily. As they had said, so they did. The Normans by little and little fled, the English following them. As the one fell back, the other pressed after; and when the Frenchmen retreated, the English thought and cried out, that the men of France fled, and would never return.

Thus they were deceived by the pretended flight, and great mischief thereby befell them; for if they had not moved from their position, it is not likely that they would have been conquered at all; but like fools they broke their lines and pursued.

The Normans were to be seen following up their stratagem, retreating slowly so as to draw the English further on. As they still flee, the English pursue; they push out their lances and stretch forth their hatchets: following the Normans, as they go rejoicing in the success of their scheme, and scattering themselves over the plain. And the English meantime jeered and insulted their foes with words. "Cowards," they cried, "you came hither in an evil hour, wanting our lands, and seeking to seize our property, fools that ye were to come!

Normandy is too far off, and you will not easily reach it. It is of little use to run back; unless you can cross the sea at a leap, or can drink it dry, your sons and daughters are lost to you."

The Normans bore it all, but in fact they knew not what the English said; their language seemed like the baying of dogs, which they could not understand. At length they stopped and turned round, determined to recover their ranks; and the barons might be heard crying "Dex aie!" for a halt. Then the Normans resumed their former position, turning their faces towards the enemy; and their men were to be seen facing round and rushing onwards to a fresh *mêlée;* the one party assaulting the other; this man striking, another pressing onwards. One hits, another misses; one flies, another pursues: one is aiming a stroke, while another discharges his blow. Norman strives with Englishman again, and aims his blows afresh. One flies, another pursues swiftly: the combatants are many, the plain wide, the battle and the *mêlée* fierce. On every hand they fight hard, the blows are heavy, and the struggle becomes fierce.

The Normans were playing their part well, when an English knight came rushing up, having in his company a hundred men, furnished with various arms. He wielded a northern hatchet, with the blade a full foot long; and was well armed after his manner, being tall, bold, and of noble carriage. In the front of the battle where the Normans thronged most, he came bounding on swifter than the stag, many Normans falling before him and his company. He rushed straight upon a Norman who was armed and riding on a war-horse, and

tried with his hatchet of steel to cleave his helmet; but the blow miscarried, and the sharp blade glanced down before the saddle-bow, driving through the horse's neck down to the ground, so that both horse and master fell together to the earth. I know not whether the Englishman struck another blow; but the Normans who saw the stroke were astonished, and about to abandon the assault, when Roger de Montgomeri came galloping up, with his lance set, and heeding not the long-handled axe, which the Englishman wielded aloft, struck him down, and left him stretched upon the ground. Then Roger cried out, "Frenchmen, strike! the day is ours!" And again a fierce *mêlée* was to be seen, with many a blow of lance and sword; the English still defending themselves, killing the horses and cleaving the shields.

There was a French soldier of noble mien, who sat his horse gallantly. He spied two Englishmen who were also carrying themselves boldly. They were both men of great worth, and had become companions in arms and fought together, the one protecting the other. They bore two long and broad bills, and did great mischief to the Normans, killing both horses and men. The French soldier looked at them and their bills, and was sore alarmed, for he was afraid of losing his good horse, the best that he had; and would willingly have turned to some other quarter, if it would not have looked like cowardice. He soon, however, recovered his courage, and spurring his horse gave him the bridle, and galloped swiftly forward. Fearing the two bills, he raised his shield, and struck one of the Englishmen with his lance on the breast, so that the iron passed out at his back. At the moment that he fell, the lance broke, and the

Frenchman seized the mace that hung at his right side, and struck the other Englishman a blow that completely broke his skull.

On the other side was an Englishman who much annoyed the French, continually assaulting them with a keen-edged hatchet. He had a helmet made of wood, which he had fastened down to his coat, and laced round his neck, so that no blows could reach his head. The ravage he was making was seen by a gallant Norman knight, who rode a horse that neither fire nor water could stop in its career, when its master urged it on. The knight spurred, and his horse carried him on well till he charged the Englishman, striking him over the helmet, so that it fell down over his eyes; and as he stretched out his hand to raise it and uncover the face, the Norman cut off his right hand, so that his hatchet fell to the ground. Another Norman sprang forward and eagerly seized the prize with both his hands, but he kept it little space, and paid dearly for it, for as he stooped to pick up the hatchet, an Englishman with his long-handled axe struck him over the back, breaking all his bones, so that his entrails and lungs gushed forth. The knight of the good horse meantime returned without injury; but on his way he met another Englishman, and bore him down under his horse, wounding him grievously, and trampling him altogether under foot.

And now might be heard the loud clang and cry of battle, and the clashing of lances. The English stood firm in their barricades, and shivered the lances, beating them into pieces with their bills and maces. The Normans drew their swords, and hewed down the barricades, and the English in great trouble fell back upon

their standard, where were collected the maimed and wounded.

There were many knights of Chauz, who jousted and made attacks. The English knew not how to joust, or bear arms on horseback, but fought with hatchets and bills. A man, when he wanted to strike with one of their hatchets, was obliged to hold it with both his hands, and could not at the same time, as it seems to me, both cover himself and strike with any freedom.

The English fell back towards the standard which was upon a rising ground, and the Normans followed them across the valley, attacking them on foot and horseback. Then Hue de Mortemer, with the sires D'Auviler, D'Onebac, and St. Cler, rode up and charged, overthrowing many.

Robert Fitz Erneis fixed his lance, took his shield, and, galloping towards the standard, with his keen-edged sword struck an Englishman who was in front, killed him, and then drawing back his sword, attacked many others, and pushed straight for the standard, trying to beat it down, but the English surrounded it, and killed him with their bills. He was found on the spot, when they afterwards sought for him, dead, and lying at the standard's foot.

Duke William pressed close upon the English with his lance; striving hard to reach the standard with the great troop he led; and seeking earnestly for Harold, on whose account the whole war was. The Normans follow their lord, and press around him; they ply their blows upon the English; and these defend themselves stoutly, striving hard with their enemies, returning blow for blow.

One of them was a man of great strength, a wrestler, who did great mischief to the Normans with his hatchet; all feared him, for he struck down a great many Normans. The duke spurred on his horse, and aimed a blow at him, but he stooped, and so escaped the stroke; then jumping on one side, he lifted his hatchet aloft, and as the duke bent to avoid the blow, the Englishman boldly struck him on the head, and beat in his helmet, though without doing much injury. He was very near falling, however, but bearing on his stirrups he recovered himself immediately; and when he thought to have revenged himself upon the churl by killing him, he had escaped, dreading the duke's blow. He ran back in among the English, but he was not safe even there; for the Normans seeing him, pursued and caught him; and having pierced him through and through with their lances, left him dead on the ground.

Where the throng of the battle was greatest, the men of Kent and Essex fought wondrously well, and made the Normans again retreat, but without doing them much injury. And when the duke saw his men fall back, and the English triumphing over them, his spirit rose high, and he seized his shield and his lance, which a vassal handed to him, and took his post by his standard.

Then those who kept close guard by him and rode where he rode, being about a thousand armed men, came and rushed with closed ranks upon the English; and with the weight of their good horses, and the blows the knights gave, broke the press of the enemy, and scattered the crowd before them, the good duke leading them on in front. Many pursued and many fled; many were the Englishmen who fell around, and were tram-

pled under the horses, crawling upon the earth, and not able to rise. Many of the richest and noblest men fell in that rout, but the English still rallied in places; smote down those whom they reached, and maintained the combat the best they could; beating down the men and killing the horses. One Englishman watched the duke, and plotted to kill him; he would have struck him with his lance, but he could not, for the duke struck him first, and felled him to the earth.

Loud was now the clamor, and great the slaughter; many a soul then quitted the body it inhabited. The living marched over the heaps of dead, and each side was weary of striking. He charged on who could, and he who could no longer strike still pushed forward. The strong struggled with the strong; some failed, others triumphed; the cowards fell back, the brave pressed on; and sad was his fate who fell in the midst, for he had little chance of rising again; and many in truth fell, who never rose at all, being crushed under the throng.

And now the Normans pressed on so far, that at last they had reached the standard. There Harold had remained, defending himself to the utmost; but he was sorely wounded in his eye by the arrow, and suffered grievous pain from the blow. An armed man came in the throng of the battle, and struck him on the ventaille of his helmet, and beat him to the ground; and as he sought to recover himself, a knight beat him down again, striking him on the thick of his thigh, down to the bone.

Gurth saw the English falling around, and that there was no remedy. He saw his race hastening to ruin, and despaired of any aid; he would have fled, but could not,

for the throng continually increased. And the duke pushed on till he reached him, and struck him with great force. Whether he died of that blow I know not, but it was said that he fell under it, and rose no more.

The standard was beaten down, the golden standard was taken, and Harold and the best of his friends were slain; but there was so much eagerness, and throng of so many around, seeking to kill him, that I know not who it was that slew him.

The English were in great trouble at having lost their king, and at the duke's having conquered and beat down the standard; but they still fought on, and defended themselves long, and in fact till the day drew to a close. Then it clearly appeared to all that the standard was lost, and the news had spread throughout the army that Harold for certain was dead; and all saw that there was no longer any hope, so they left the field, and those fled who could.

HOW THE DOOMSDAY BOOK WAS MADE

[About 1086]

BY EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD

ABOUT twelve years after the battle where Harold had died, the Norman leader had, we heard, taken it into his head to poll us like cattle, to find the sum and total of our feus and lands, our serfs and orchards, and even of our very selves! Now, few of us Saxons but felt this was a certain scheme to tax and oppress us even more severely than the people had been oppressed in the time of St. Dunstan. Besides this, our free spirits rose in scorn of being counted and weighed and mulcted by plebeian emissaries of the usurper, so we murmured loud and long.

And those thanes who complained the bitterest were hanged by the derisive Normans on their own kitchen beams — on the very same hooks where they cured their mighty sides of pork — while those who complied but falsely with the assessor's commands were robbed of wife and heritage, children and lands, and shackled with the brass collar of serfdom, or turned out to beg their living on the wayside and sue the charity of their own dependants. Whether we would thus be hanged or outcast, or whether we would humble us to this hateful need, writing ourselves and our serfs down in the great "Doom's Day" book, all had to choose.

For my own part, after much debating, and for the sake of those who looked to me, I had determined to

do what was required — and then, if it might be, to bring all the Saxon gentlemen together — to raise these English shires upon the Normans, and with fire and sword revoke our abominable indenture of thralldom. But, alas! my hasty temper and my inability to stomach an affront in any guise undid my good resolutions.

Well, this mighty book was being compiled far and wide, we heard, in every shire: there were some men of good standing base enough to countenance it, and, taking the name of the King's justiciaries, they got together shorn monks — shaveling rascals who did the writing and computing — with reeves hungry for their masters' woodlands, and many other lean forsworn villains. This jury of miscreants went round from hall to hall, from manor to manor, with their scrips and pens and parchment, until all the land was being gathered into the avaricious Norman's tax roll.

They cast their greedy eyes at last on sunny, sleepy Voewood, though, indeed, I had implored every deity, old or new, I could recall that they might overlook it; and one day their hireling train of two score pikemen came ambling down the glades with a fat Abbot — a Norman rascal — at their head, and pulled up at our doorway.

"Hullo!" says the monk. "Whose house is this?"

"Mine," I said gruffly, with a secret fancy that there would be some heads broken before the census was completed.

"And who are you?"

"The Master of Voewood."

"What else?"

"Nothing else!"

"Well, you are not over-civil, anyhow, my Saxon churl," said the man of scrolls and goose-quills.

"Frankly," I answered, "Sir Monk, the smaller civility you look for from me to-day the less likely you are to be disappointed. Out with that infernal catechism of yours, and have done, and move your black shadows from my porch."

At this the clerk shrugged his shoulders — no doubt he did not look to be a very welcome guest — and coughed and spit, and then unfurled in our free sunshine a great roll of questions, and forthwith proceeded to expound them in bastard Latin, smacking of mouldy cathedral cells and cloister pedantry.

"Now, mark me, Sir Voewood, and afterward answer truly in everything. Here, first, I will read you the declaration of your neighbor, the worthy thane Sewin, in order that you may see how the matter should go, and then afterward I will question you yourself," and, taking a parchment from a junior, he began: "Here is what Sewin told us: *Rex tenet in Dominio Sohurst; de firma Regis Edwardi fuit. Tunc se defendebat pro* 17 *Hidis; nihil geldaverunt. Terra est* 16 *Carucatæ; in Dominio sunt* 2æ *Carucatæ, et* 24 *Villani, et* 10 *Bordarij cum* 20 *Carucis. Ibi Ecclesia quam Willelmus tenet de Rege cum dimidia Hida in Elemosina. Silva* 40 *Porcorum et ipsa est in parco Regis* —"

But hardly had my friend got so far as this in displaying the domesticity of Sewin the thane, when there broke a loud uproar from the rear of Voewood, and the tripping Latin came to a sudden halt as there emerged in sight a rabble of Saxon peasants and Norman prickers freely exchanging buffets. In the midst of them was

our bailiff, a very stalwart fellow, hauling along and beating as he came a luckless soldier in the foreign garb just then so detestable to our eyes.

"Why," I said, "what may all this be about? What has the fellow done, Sven, that your Saxon cudgel makes such friends with his Norman cape?"

"What? Why, the graceless yonker, not content with bursting open the buttery door and setting all these scullion men-at-arms drinking my lady's ale and rioting among her stores, must needs harry the maidens, scaring them out of their wits, and putting the whole place in an uproar! As I am an honest man, there has been more good ale spilled this half-hour, more pottery broken, more linen torn, more roasts upset, more maids set screaming, than since the Danes last came round this way and pillaged us from roof to cellar!"

"Why, you fat Saxon porker!" cried the leader of the troops, pushing to the front; "what are you good for but for pillage? Drunken serf! And were it not for the politic heart of yonder king, I and mine would make you and yours sigh again for your Danish ravishers, looking back from our mastery to their red fury with sickly longing! Out on you! Unhand the youth, or by St. Bridget, there will be a fat carcass for your crows to peck at!" and he put his hand upon his dagger.

Thereon I stepped between them, and, touching my jeweled belt, said: "Fair sir, I think the youth has had no less than his deserts, and as for the Voewood crows they like Norman carrion even better than Saxon flesh."

The soldier frowned, as well he might, at my retort, but before we could draw, as assuredly we would

have done, the monk pushed in between us, and the athelings of the commission, who had orders to carry out their work with peace and dispatch as long as that were possible, quieted their unruly rabble, and presently a muttering, surly order was restored between the glowering crowds.

"Now," said the scribe propitiatingly, anxious to get through with his task, "you have heard how amiably Sewin answered. Of you I will ask a question or two in Saxon, since, likely enough, you do not know the blessed Latin." (By the soul of Hengist, though, I knew it before the stones of that confessor's ancient monastery were hewn from their native rock!) "Answer truly, and all shall be well with you. First, then, how much land hast thou?"

But I could not stand it. My spleen was roused against these braggart bullies, and, throwing discretion to the wind, I burst out, "Just so much as serves to keep me and mine in summer and winter!"

"And how many ploughs?"

"So many as need to till our cornlands."

"Rude boar!" said the monk, backing off into the group of his friends, and frowning from that vantage in his turn. "How many serfs acknowledge your surly leadership?"

"Just so many," I said, boiling over, "as can work the ploughs and reap the corn, and keep the land from greedy foreign clutches! There, put up your scroll and begone. I will not answer you! I will not say how many pigeons there are in our dovecotes — how many fowls roost upon their perches — how many earthen pots we have, or how many maids to scrub them! Get you back

to the Conqueror: tell him I deride and laugh at him for the second time. Say I have lived a longish life, and never yet saw the light of that day when I profited by humility. Say I, the swart stranger who stabbed his ruffian courtier and galloped away with the white maid, Editha of Voewood — I, who plucked that flower from the very saddle-bow of his favorite, and thundered derisive through his first camp there on the eastern downs — say, even I will find a way to keep and wear her, in scorn of all that he can do! Out with you — begone!"

And they went, for I was clearly in no mood to be dallied with, while behind me the serfs and vassals were now mustering strongly, an angry array armed with such weapons as they could snatch up in their haste, and wanting but a word or look to fall upon the little band of assessors and slay them as they stood. Thus we won that hour — and many a long day had we to regret the victory.

WHAT THE ENGLISH THOUGHT OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR

[1066–1087]

FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON CHRONICLE

If any would know what manner of man King William was, the glory that he obtained, and of how many lands he was lord; then will we describe him as we have known him, we, who have looked upon him, and who once lived in his court. This King William, of whom we are speaking, was a very wise and a great man, and more honored and more powerful than any of his predecessors. He was mild to those good men who loved God, but severe beyond measure towards those who withstood his will. He founded a noble monastery on the spot where God permitted him to conquer England, and he established monks in it, and he made it very rich. In his days the great monastery at Canterbury was built, and many others also throughout England; moreover this land was filled with monks who lived after the rule of St. Benedict; and such was the state of religion in his days that all that would, might observe that which was prescribed by their respective orders. King William was also held in much reverence: he wore his crown three times every year when he was in England: at Easter he wore it at Winchester, at Pentecost at Westminster, and at Christmas at Gloucester. And at these times, all the men of England were with him,

archbishops, bishops, abbats, and earls, thanes, and knights.

So also was he a very stern and a wrathful man, so that none durst do anything against his will, and he kept in prison those earls who acted against his pleasure. He removed bishops from their sees, and abbats from their offices, and he imprisoned thanes, and at length he spared not his own brother Odo. This Odo was a very powerful bishop in Normandy, his see was that of Bayeux, and he was foremost to serve the king. He had an earldom in England, and when William was in Normandy, he was the first man in this country, and him did he cast into prison. Amongst other things the good order that William established is not to be forgotten; it was such that any man, who was himself aught, might travel over the kingdom with a bosom full of gold unmolested; and no man durst kill another, however great the injury he might have received from him. He reigned over England, and being sharp-sighted to his own interest, he surveyed the kingdom so thoroughly that there was not a single hide of land throughout the whole of which he knew not the possessor and how much it was worth, and this he afterwards entered in his register. The land of the Britons[1] was under his sway, and he built castles therein; moreover he had full dominion over the Isle of Man (Anglesey): Scotland also was subject to him from his great strength; the land of Normandy was his by inheritance, and he possessed the earldom of Maine, and had he lived two years longer he would have subdued Ireland by his prowess, and that without a battle.

[1] Welsh.

Truly there was much trouble in these times and very great distress; he caused castles to be built, and oppressed the poor. The king was also of great sternness, and he took from his subjects many marks of gold, and many hundred pounds of silver, and this, either with or without right, and with little need. He was given to avarice, and greedily loved gain. He made large forests for the deer, and enacted laws therewith, so that whoever killed a hart or a hind should be blinded. As he forbade killing the deer, so also the boars; and he loved the tall stags as if he were their father. He also appointed concerning the hares, that they should go free. The rich complained, and the poor murmured, but he was so sturdy that he recked nought of them; they must will all that the king willed if they would live, or would keep their lands, or would hold their possessions, or would be maintained in their rights. Alas! that any man should so exalt himself and carry himself in his pride over all! May Almighty God show mercy to his soul, and grant him the forgiveness of his sins! We have written concerning him these things, both good and bad, that virtuous men might follow after the good, and wholly avoid the evil, and might go in the way that leadeth to the kingdom of heaven.

THE RESCUE OF THE PRINCESS OF CORNWALL

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY

[HEREWARD the Wake, or Hereward the Watchful, headed in 1070 a revolt against the Norman rulers of the land.

The Editor.]

FAT was the feasting and loud was the harping in the halls of Alef the Cornishman, King of Gweek. Savory was the smell of fried pilchard and hake; more savory still that of roast porpoise; most savory of all that of fifty huge squab pies, built up of layers of apples, bacon, onions, and mutton, and at the bottom of each a squab, or young cormorant, which diffused both through the pie and through the ambient air a delicate odor of mingled guano and polecat. And the occasion was worthy alike of the smell and of the noise; for King Alef, finding that after the Ogre's death the neighboring kings were but too ready to make reprisals on him for his champion's murders and robberies, had made a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, with Hannibal the son of Gryll, King of Marazion, and had confirmed the same by bestowing on him the hand of his fair daughter. Whether she approved of the match or not, was asked neither by King Alef nor by King Hannibal.

To-night was the bridal feast. To-morrow morning the church was to hallow the union, and after that Hannibal Gryll was to lead home his bride, among a gallant company.

And as they ate and drank, and harped and piped, there came into the hall four shabbily dressed men, — one of them a short, broad fellow, with black elf-locks and a red beard, — and sat them down sneakingly at the lowest end of all the benches.

In hospitable Cornwall, especially on such a day, every guest was welcome; and the strangers sat peaceably, but ate nothing, though there was both hake and pilchard within reach.

Next to them, by chance, sat a great lurdan of a Dane, as honest, brave, and stupid a fellow as ever lugged at oar; and after a while they fell talking, till the strangers had heard the reason of this great feast, and all the news of the country side.

"But whence did they come, not to know it already; for all Cornwall was talking thereof?"

"O, they came out of Devonshire, seeking service down west, with some merchant or rover, being seafaring men."

The stranger with the black hair had been, meanwhile, earnestly watching the princess, who sat at the board's head. He saw her watching him in return, and with a face sad enough.

At last she burst into tears.

"What should the bride weep for, at such a merry wedding?" asked he of his companions.

"O, cause enough"; and he told bluntly enough the princess's story. "And what is more," said he, "the King of Waterford sent a ship over last week, with forty proper lads on board, and two gallant holders with them, to demand her; but for all answer, they were put into the strong house, and there they lie, chained to a log, at this

minute. Pity it is and shame, I hold, for I am a Dane myself; and pity, too, that such a bonny lass should go to an unkempt Welshman like this, instead of a tight smart viking's son, like the Waterford lad."

The stranger answered nothing, but kept his eyes upon the princess, till she looked at him steadfastly in return.

She turned pale and red again; but after a while she spoke.

"There is a stranger there; and what his rank may be I know not; but he has been thrust down to the lowest seat, in a house that used to honor strangers, instead of treating them like slaves. Let him take this dish from my hand, and eat joyfully, lest when he goes home he may speak scorn of bridegroom and bride, and our Cornish weddings."

The servant brought the dish down; he gave a look at the stranger's shabby dress, turned up his nose, and pretending to mistake, put the dish into the hand of the Dane.

"Hold, lads," quoth the stranger. "If I have ears, that was meant for me."

He seized the platter with both hands; and therewith the hands both of the Cornishman and of the Dane. There was a struggle; but so bitter was the stranger's grip, that (says the chronicler) the blood burst from the nails of both his opponents.

He was called a "savage," a "devil in man's shape," and other dainty names; but he was left to eat his squab pie in peace.

"Patience, lads," quoth he, as he filled his mouth. "Before I take my pleasure at this wedding, I will hand my own dish round as well as any of you."

Whereat men wondered, but held their tongues.

And when the eating was over and the drinking began, the princess rose, and came round to drink the farewell health.

With her maids behind her, and her harper before her (so was the Cornish custom), she pledged one by one each of the guests, slave as well as free, while the harper played a tune.

She came down at last to the strangers. Her face was pale, and her eyes red with weeping.

She filled a cup of wine, and one of her maids offered it to the stranger.

He put it back, courteously, but firmly. "Not from your hand," said he.

A growl about his bad manners arose straightway, and the minstrel, who (as often happened in those days) was jester likewise, made merry at his expense, and advised the company to turn the wild beast out of the hall.

"Silence, fools!" said the princess. "Why should he know our west-country ways? He may take it from my hand, if not from hers."

And she held out the cup to him herself.

He took it, looking her steadily in the face; and it seemed to the minstrel as if their hands lingered together round the cup-handle, and that he saw the glitter of a ring.

Like many another of his craft before and since, he was a vain, meddlesome vagabond, and must needs pry into a secret which certainly did not concern him.

So he could not leave the stranger in peace; and knowing that his privileged calling protected him from that formidable fist, he never passed him by without a

sneer or a jest, as he wandered round the table, offering his harp, in the Cornish fashion, to any one who wished to play and sing.

"But not to you, Sir Elf-locks; he that is rude to a pretty girl when she offers him wine, is too great a boor to understand my trade."

"It is a fool's trick," answered the stranger at last, "to put off what you must do at last. If I had but the time, I would pay you for your tune with a better one than you ever heard."

"Take the harp, then, boor!" said the minstrel, with a laugh and a jest.

The stranger took it, and drew from it such music as made all heads turn toward him at once. Then he began to sing, sometimes by himself, and sometimes his comrades, "*more Girviorum tripliciter canentes*," joined their voices in a three-man-glee.

In vain the minstrel, jealous for his own credit, tried to snatch the harp away. The stranger sang on, till all hearts were softened; and the princess, taking the rich shawl from her shoulders, threw it over those of the stranger, saying that it was a gift too poor for such a scald.

"Scald!" roared the bridegroom (now well in his cups) from the head of the table; "ask what thou wilt, short of my bride and my kingdom, and it is thine."

"Give me, then, Hannibal Grylls, King of Marazion, the Danes who came from Ranald, of Waterford."

"You shall have them! Pity that you have asked for nothing better than such tarry ruffians!"

A few minutes after, the minstrel, bursting with jealousy and rage, was whispering in Hannibal's ear.

The hot old Punic[1] blood flashed up in his cheeks, and his thin Punic lips curved into a snaky smile. Perhaps the old Punic treachery in his heart; for all that he was heard to reply was, "We must not disturb the good-fellowship of a Cornish wedding."

The stranger, nevertheless, and the princess likewise, had seen that bitter smile.

Men drank hard and long that night; and when daylight came, the strangers were gone.

In the morning the marriage ceremony was performed; and then began the pageant of leading home the bride. The minstrels went first, harping and piping; then King Hannibal, carrying his bride behind him on a pillion; and after them a string of servants and men-at-arms, leading country ponies, laden with the bride's dower. Along with them, unarmed, sulky, and suspicious, walked the forty Danes, who were informed that they should go to Marazion, and there be shipped off for Ireland.

Now, as all men know, those parts of Cornwall, flat and open furze-downs aloft, are cut, for many miles inland, by long branches of tide river, walled in by woods and rocks, which rivers join at last in the great basin of Falmouth harbor; and by crossing one or more of these, the bridal party would save many a mile on their road towards the west.

So they had timed the journey by the tides; lest, finding low water in the rivers, they should have to wade to the ferry-boats waist-deep in mud; and going down the

[1] Hannibal, still a common name in Cornwall, is held — and not unlikely — to have been introduced there by the ancient Phœnician colonists.

deep hill-side, through oak and ash and hazel copse, they entered, as many as could, a great flat-bottomed barge, and were rowed across some quarter of a mile, to land under a jutting crag, and go up again by a similar path into the woods.

So the first boat-load went up, the minstrels in front, harping and piping till the greenwood rang, King Hannibal next, with his bride, and behind him spearsmen and axemen, with a Dane between every two.

When they had risen some two hundred feet, and were in the heart of the forest, Hannibal turned, and made a sign to the men behind him.

Then each pair of them seized the Dane between them, and began to bind his hands behind his back.

"What will you do with us?"

"Send you back to Ireland, — a king never breaks his word, — but pick out your right eyes first, to show your master how much I care for him. Lucky for you that I leave you an eye apiece, to find your friend the harper, whom, if I catch, I flay alive."

"You promised!" cried the princess.

"And so did you, traitress!" and he gripped her arm, which was round his waist, till she screamed. "So did you promise: but not to me. And you shall pass your bridal night in my dog-kennel, after my dog-whip has taught you not to give rings again to wandering harpers."

The wretched princess shuddered; for she knew too well that such an atrocity was easy and common enough. She knew it well. Why should she not? The story of the Cid's daughters and the Knights of Carrion; the far more authentic one of Robert of Belesme; and many

another ugly tale of the early middle age, will prove but too certainly that, before the days of chivalry began, neither youth, beauty, nor the sacred ties of matrimony, could protect women from the most horrible outrages, at the hands of those who should have been their protectors. It was reserved for monks and inquisitors, in the name of religion and the Gospel, to continue, through after centuries, those brutalities toward women of which gentlemen and knights had grown ashamed, save when (as in the case of the Albigense crusaders) monks and inquisitors bade them torture, mutilate, and burn, in the name of Him who died on the cross.

But the words had hardly passed the lips of Hannibal, ere he reeled in the saddle, and fell to the ground, a javelin through his heart.

A strong arm caught the princess. A voice which she knew bade her have no fear.

"Bind your horse to a tree, for we shall want him, and wait!"

Three well-armed men rushed on the nearest Cornishmen, and hewed them down. A fourth unbound the Dane, and bade him catch up a weapon, and fight for his life.

A second pair were dispatched, a second Dane freed, ere a minute was over; the Cornishmen, struggling up the narrow path toward the shouts above, were overpowered in detail by continually increasing numbers; and ere half an hour was over, the whole party were freed, mounted on the ponies, and making their way over the downs toward the west.

"Noble, noble Hereward!" said the princess, as she sat behind him on Hannibal's horse. "I knew you from

the first moment; and my nurse knew you too. Is she here? Is she safe?"

"I have taken care of that. She has done us too good service to be left here, and be hanged."

"I knew you, in spite of your hair, by your eyes."

"Yes," said Hereward. "It is not every man who carries one gray eye and one blue. The more difficult for me to go mumming when I need."

"But how came you hither, of all places in the world?"

"When you sent your nurse to me last night, to warn me that treason was abroad, it was easy for me to ask your road to Marazion; and easier too, when I found that you would go home the very way we came, to know that I must make my stand here or nowhere."

"The way you came? Then where are you going now?"

"Beyond Marazion, to a little cove, — I cannot tell its name. There lies Sigtryg, your betrothed, and three good ships of war."

"There? Why did he not come for me himself?"

"Why? Because he knew nothing of what was toward. We meant to have sailed straight up your river to your father's town, and taken you out with a high hand. We had sworn with an oath, — which, as you saw, I kept, — neither to eat nor drink in your house, save out of your own hands. But the easterly winds would not let us round the Lizard; so we put into that cove, and there I and these two lads, my nephews, offered to go forward as spies, while Sigtryg threw up an earthwork, and made a stand against the Cornish. We meant merely to go back to him, and give him news.

But when I found you as good as wedded, I had to do what I could while I could; and I have done it."

"You have, my noble and true champion," said she, kissing him.

"Humph!" quoth Hereward, laughing. "Do not tempt me by being too grateful; it is hard enough to gather honey, like the bees, for other folks to eat. What if I kept you myself, now that I have got you?"

"Hereward!"

"O, there is no fear, pretty lady. I have other things to think of than making love to you, — and one is, how we are to get to our ships, and moreover, past Marazion town."

And hard work they had to get thither. The country was soon roused and up in arms; and it was only by wandering a three days' circuit through bogs and moors, till the ponies were utterly tired out, and left behind (the bulkier part of the dowry being left behind with them), that they made their appearance on the shore of Mount's Bay, Hereward leading the princess in triumph upon Hannibal's horse.

After which they all sailed away for Ireland, and there, like young Beichan, —

> "Prepared another wedding,
> With all their hearts so full of glee."