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HISTORY DAY BY DAY

DAILY REFERENCES TO
· GREAT EVENTS

COMPILED BY

FRANK W. GREEN, F.R. HIST. SOC.

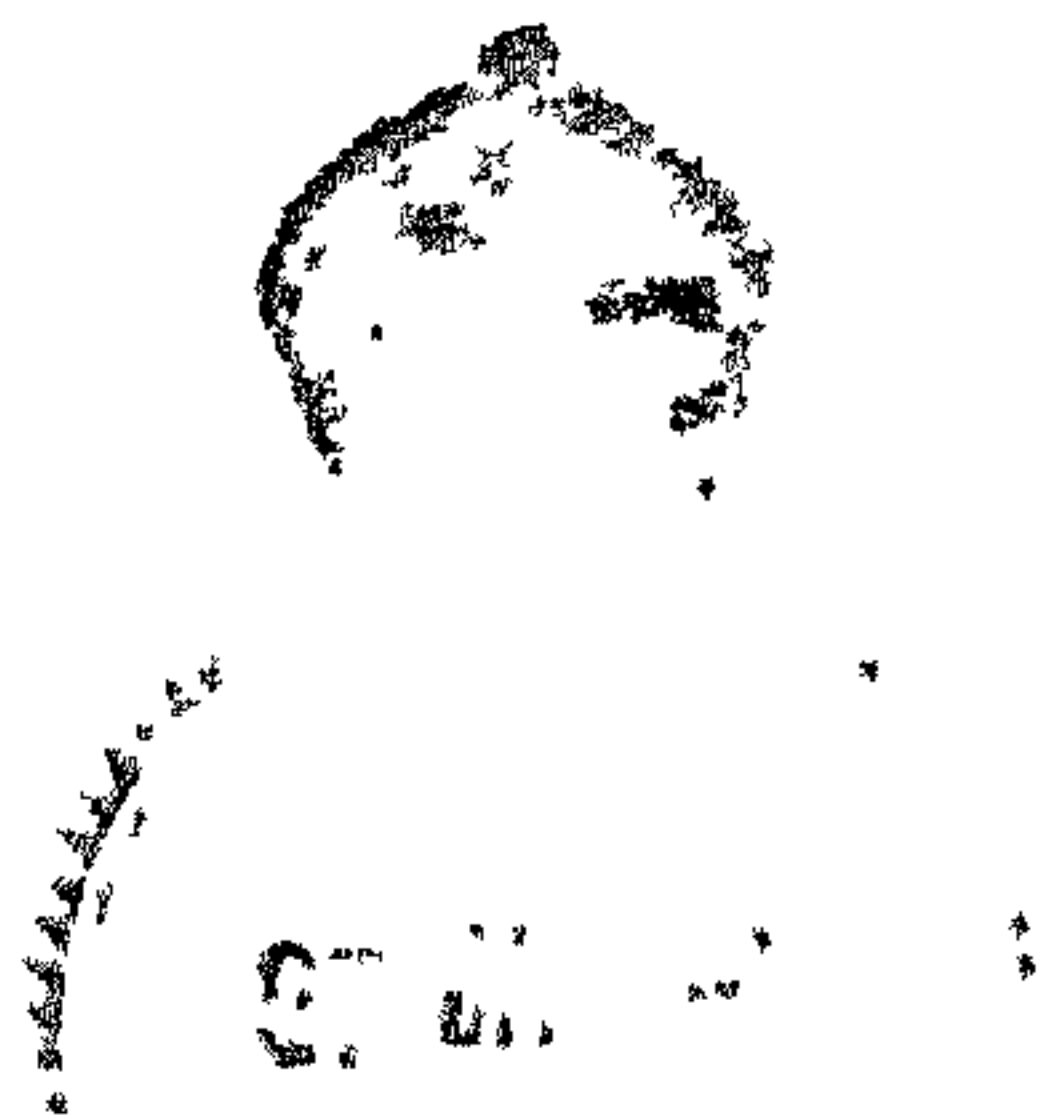
WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

W. T. STEAD

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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

THERE is no more fascinating method of encouraging the study of History, and of introducing good literature among children, than the systematic use of an Historical Calendar.

Many teachers have been following out this idea in an irregular way, but previous to the publication of this work no aid has been given them to enable them to carry it into daily practice.

This book has been written to supply that want. The scope of the work hardly needs explanation. Every morning, at general assembly, reference is made by the teacher to the event for the day. A word or two may then be said about the book from which the illustrative extract is taken, and then the extract is read.

A word as to the events selected. Some may appear at first sight of little value. Take, for example, "Death of Titus Oates." As an anniversary it is of small value, but the reference will give the teacher an opportunity of touching upon the times during which Oates lived, and of showing how the religious persecution of those days made it possible for such a man to succeed. So with the birth or death of a sovereign. This prepares the way for a short description of the reign—and so on. An event in itself may be insignificant, but to the enthusiastic teacher some connection may always be found with something of more interest.

In regard to the books from which the extracts have been made, they will be found, in most cases, to be those which are easily accessible; many of them will probably be in the school library.

Further interest in the Historical Calendar may be awakened among the children by the adoption of the following plan.

There should be kept hanging on the schoolroom wall a large blank book—a wall-paper sample book will do—with each page

dated and the anniversaries written at the top of the page. The scholars should be encouraged to bring illustrations to be pasted in such a book.

In time a very valuable volume can be compiled. Of course, such a book could be used in each class, but a general one for the whole school should certainly be kept.

The children, too, should be encouraged to keep smaller books for a similar purpose. This will be very keenly taken up by the scholars, especially if a small prize be offered, say, each month, for the most carefully illustrated note-book. These smaller books should also contain short accounts of the events in the children's own words.

The Calendar will also be found useful to teachers in other ways. By means of the index at the end teachers will be able to find short biographies of great men suitable for material for History lessons. So with treaties, battles, etc.

The illustrative extracts, too, may be used both in English and History lessons to vivify the teaching. The list of books will prove a help to teachers in making a selection of works for their school libraries.

Much of the matter of this book—with the exception of the extracts—has appeared in the columns of *The Teacher* and *The Teacher's Aid*, the publishers of which I must thank for the permission for reproduction. Thanks are also due to Mr. Cecil Davis, the Wandsworth librarian, for his many courtesies; but obviously it would have been impossible for me to make this volume as representative and as useful as I trust it will be found to be had I not been able to quote from many works which are still copyright. Acknowledgment of these numerous courtesies on the part of authors and publishers is made on other pages; but in this connection I desire to make special mention of the favours granted by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.; Macmillan & Co.; Smith, Elder & Co.; and Cassell & Co., from whose copyright works I have been permitted to make many extracts.

F. W. GREEN.

INTRODUCTION.

IN the inventory of the wasted wealth of the world, the first place must be given to the memories which have been effaced by the silent but ruthless fingers of Time. All that has been in the past is our heritage to-day. But very few amongst us are even aware of the splendour of the heirlooms bequeathed us by our ancestors. In Great Britain how often do we not wander penniless amid treasures vaster than those of the Arabian Nights, being unaware of their existence, for we have lost our Aladdin's lamp.

Man does not live by bread alone, but by those things which stimulate his imagination and fill his memory. It is almost as wretched to be bored as to be hungry. But whereas all men labour unceasingly for the bread that perisheth, how often is the mind left to starve because the rich harvest of the past is left unreaped? In this "sceptred isle of kings" even the index of stations in Bradshaw's Railway Guide rings like a roll of drums, in which every rat-tat revives memories of ancient deeds of derring do, of well-foughten fields, of scenes of bygone chivalry, or of pious martyrdoms welcomed for Faith and Fatherland. •

The name of some old hostel speaks to us, as with the sound of a trumpet, of famous men and the fathers who begat us. Everywhere in town or in country we are never out of sight of the sky-pointing spires or towers which sentinel the enchanted land of the purple past, where behind the mist of centuries and of song distance lends enchantment to the view, and imagination is free to conjure up vivid visions of all that lives in the realm of What Has Been.

We who tread a soil sublime at least with heroes' graves owe it to those who come after us to impart to them something of the magic and the mystery which made our lives sublime. For the associations that cluster round the relics of the past are means of grace for every day. "I do not envy the man," to

quote Johnson's well-worn words, "whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plains of Marathon or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona." Of British Marathons and English Ionas we have no lack, but to how many amongst us do these names convey any hint of the valour or of the piety of the past? Our children are defrauded of their heritage, and they grow up as destitute of a background with its appealing vistas of legend and of history as if they were savages fresh spawned on a coral island in the Pacific.

This book is a modest and tentative effort by a teacher in one of our public elementary schools to supply his fellow teachers with materials to enable them to furnish their pupils with at least one inspiring memory for every day in the year. "The Sun of Austerlitz" lighted Napoleon to at least one other victory, and the suns of many another victory can be utilised to gild the sombre grey of school routine, with its suggestions of self-sacrificing valour and of heroic devotion. Nor is it only the suns of battlefields that rise again. Those great men "whose God-given souls sublime stream undimmed splendour o'er unmeasured time" are as stars in the firmament which shine for ever and ever. To see one such star before unseen is as a benediction from the gods. Life is more radiant, the heart beats with more joyous rhythm, when we are reminded that such as these have lived and died.

The popular pageant of recent years is serving as the crystal of the Mage, to enable the man in the street to realise something of the vast compost of heroic dust upon which he treads heedless on his way to shop or factory. What the pageant does at great expense once a year or once a decade it is the aim of this book to enable the teacher to set before the minds of his scholars every day. For every day has its entry for use if nothing better suggests itself to the teacher's mind. He will often and wisely prefer to do his own foraging in the ample storehouse of the past. Events associated with local history ought naturally to have precedence. But when he is too busy to quarry out stone for his own particular uses, this book will afford him a standby. He will always find something here for every day in the year—something to mention, something to read, and something, if he be happily inspired, to serve as a text which may enable him to help his scholars to realise something of the consecration which the Past gives to the Present, and the prophesy which both offer as to the glories of the Future.

WILLIAM T. STEAD.

JANUARY 1st.

FOUNDING OF THE AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH, 1901.

For many years previous to 1901 there had been a growing desire in Australia for a Federation of the different colonies. Financial and political difficulties sprang up and for some time the question was shelved. In 1897, however, the desire for Federation broke out afresh, and a Bill was drawn up and accepted by every State. The Bill passed the Imperial Parliament and received the Royal assent in 1900.

The Earl of Hopetoun was appointed the first Governor-General, and the proclamation of the Commonwealth took place at Sydney on January 1st, 1901. New Zealand is not included in the Commonwealth.

TENNYSON'S VISION OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

Men, my brothers, men the workers ever reaping something
new :

That which they have done but earnest of the things that they
shall do :

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be ;
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales ;
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a
ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue ;
Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing
warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunder-
storm :

Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle flags were
furl'd

In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the World.

(From Tennyson's "Locksley Hall").

JANUARY 2nd.

BIRTH OF GENERAL WOLFE, 1727.

James Wolfe, the Conqueror of Canada, was born in Kent. He entered the Army at the age of fifteen. He was present at the Battles of Dettingen, Falkirk, and Culloden. His skill in these and other engagements brought him under the notice of Pitt, who made him Colonel in 1758 at the age of thirty-one. The following year, with the full rank of Major-General, Wolfe was appointed in charge of the Expedition arranged to drive the French from Canada. On the Heights of Abraham, on September 13th, 1759, the French were defeated and Canada was ours. Both General Wolfe, and Montcalm—the leader of the French, were mortally wounded during the battle.

GENERAL WOLFE'S NOBLE CHARACTER.

It rarely indeed happens that so short a life—not four and thirty years—has been able to comprise such great actions and to acquire a mighty name; but Wolfe died in the happy moment of success, and the consequences of his achievements proved the best comment on their importance. Lord Chatham, then Mr. Pitt, in moving an address to the King, to petition that a monument might be erected to Wolfe in Westminster Abbey, pronounced a splendid panegyric upon the man by whose courage, perseverance, skill, and talent one of his own greatest schemes had been conducted to complete success. The voice of the whole nation seconded the appeal of the minister; and bright amidst the immensity of lying epitaphs and vain mausoleums, which in all ages and all countries have attributed supposititious virtues to the dead, the marble to Wolfe is a true monument of national applause, recording qualities that existed, triumphed, and were valued as they deserved. Contemporary praise, paid every tribute to his memory, and passing years—those tell-tale discoveries of hidden frailties—have detected no flaw in his noble reputation. Had he lived longer, fortune it is true might have changed, his scheme might have failed, his exertions proved ineffective; but still Wolfe would have been a great man. As it was, kind, generous, liberal, brave, talented, enthusiastic, he lived beloved and admired for his short space of being, went on through existence from success to success, and then, like the setting sun of a summer's day, he sank with the blaze of his glory all about him.

(From James' "Memoirs of Great Commanders").

JANUARY 3rd.

DEATH OF MONK, 1670.

George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, was the chief instrument in bringing about the restoration of the Monarchy, after the death of Cromwell on September 3rd, 1658.

Monk was born near Torrington, in Devonshire, in 1608. He entered the Army and saw service under Sir Richard Grenville in Spain and in the Netherlands. At the time of the Civil War he held the rank of Colonel in the King's Army. On the death of Charles, Monk accepted a command under Cromwell, who gave him the chief command in Scotland. At the death of Cromwell, and the resignation of his son Richard, Monk marched on London, called together a Convention, which extended an invitation to Charles to return and take up the succession. Charles immediately complied, and was proclaimed King in May, 1660. As a reward for his loyalty, Monk was created Duke of Albemarle with a pension of £7,000 a year. In 1664 he was appointed Admiral of the Fleet. He died in 1670, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

MONK AND FREE PARLIAMENTS.

During a short time the dissimulation or irresolution of Monk kept all parties in a state of painful suspense. At length he broke silence and declared for a free Parliament.

As soon as his declaration was known, the whole nation was wild with delight. Wherever he appeared, thousands thronged round him, shouting and blessing his name. The bells of England rang joyously; the gutters ran with ale; and, night after night, thirty-five miles round London was reddened by innumerable bonfires. Those Presbyterian members of the House of Commons who had many years before been expelled by the Army returned to their seats, and were hailed with acclamation by great multitudes, which filled Westminster Hall and Palace Yard. The Independent leaders no longer dared to show their faces in the streets, and were scarcely safe within their own dwellings. Temporary provision was made for the Government; writs were issued for a general election; and then that memorable Parliament, which had, in the course of twenty eventful years, experienced every variety of fortune, which had triumphed over its sovereign, which had been enslaved and degraded by its servants, which had been twice ejected and twice restored, solemnly decreed its own dissolution.

(From Macaulay's "History of England").

JANUARY 4th.

THE ATTEMPT OF CHARLES I. TO ARREST THE FIVE MEMBERS, 1642.

In the initial stage of the struggle between Charles and the Parliament it was felt by the Commons that the Queen was largely responsible for the actions of the King. The Commons therefore resolved to impeach her. Pym took the lead in this movement. This reached the ears of Charles, who determined to be beforehand by impeaching and arresting five of the most prominent members of the Commons—Pym, Hampden, Holles, Hazelrig, and Strode. With this idea he proceeded to the Commons on January 4th, 1642. Amidst cries of "Privilege," Charles was compelled to withdraw. London promised and gave protection to the members. Charles, openly declaring that he would resort to force, left London, and the Civil War commenced shortly afterwards.

Charles, accompanied by his nephew, the Elector-Palatine, entered the House of Commons. "Mr. Speaker," he said, "I must for a time borrow your chair!" He paused with a sudden confusion as his eyes fell on the vacant spot where Pym commonly sat, for on the news of his approach the House had ordered the five members to withdraw. "Gentlemen," he began in slow broken sentences, "I am sorry for this occasion of coming unto you. Yesterday I sent a Sergeant-at-arms upon a very important occasion, to apprehend some, that by my command were accused of high treason, whereunto I did expect obedience, and not a message. Treason," he went on, "had no Privilege, and therefore I am come to know if any of these persons that were accused are here." There was a dead silence, only broken by his reiterated "I must have them wheresoever I find them." He again paused, but the stillness was unbroken. Then he called out "Is Mr. Pym here?" There was no answer; and Charles, turning to the Speaker, asked him whether the five members were there. Lenthall fell on his knees; "I have neither eyes to see," he replied, "nor tongue to speak in this place, but as this House is pleased to direct me." "Well, well," Charles angrily retorted, "'tis no matter. I think my eyes are as good as another's." There was another long pause while he looked carefully over the ranks of members. "I see," he said at last, "all my birds are flown. I do expect you will send them to me as soon as they return hither." If they did not, he added, he would seek them himself.

(From Green's "Short History of the English People").

JANUARY 5th.

DEATH OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR, 1066.

In 1043 Edward, known in history as the Confessor, began his reign. Although by no means a bad king, he was not fit to hold that post in those troublous times. His sympathies too were entirely Norman, for he had been brought up in Normandy, and the Norman was his tongue. Earl Godwin was the most powerful noble of the reign, and on his death the power fell upon his son Harold, who was regarded by the people as the rightful successor to the throne. It is said, however, that when Duke William of Normandy visited England, Edward promised him the crown. This is doubtful, and on Edward's death Harold was unanimously elected to the throne.

CHARACTER OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

So mild and humble was he that no affront, no injury, could disturb his calm and placid mind. Just and merciful in his judgments, the promise to "observe the laws of good King Edward" was inserted in the Coronation oath of all his successors, until the Revolution, when Parliament abrogated the ancient form. To Edward, also, the English owed the abolition of the Danegeld, which, as we have seen, had been levied with great vigour; and the whole tenor of his conduct deservedly recommended him to the body of the people; and in process of time the memory of the "Confessor" was hallowed by the fond piety of his votaries. But if we close the legend and open the chronicle we shall find that he was a very erring mortal. In his Court and household there were great causes of dissension and discord. He evidently bore a grudge against all who had supported the Danish Kings. So far did he carry this feeling that even his own mother, Emma, was not spared; he deprived her of all her property, land, gold, and silver; acting towards her with great harshness, if not with injustice.

(From Palgrave's "History of the Anglo-Saxons").

JANUARY 6th.

BIRTH OF RICHARD II., 1366.

Richard II., the son of the Black Prince, came to the throne in 1377. During the early part of this reign occurred the risings of the people under Wat Tyler and Jack Straw.

The young king displayed remarkable promptitude in quelling these insurrections, a display of energy which was not followed up during the remainder of the reign.

Richard II. was influenced by unworthy favourites, who brought about his downfall. Among his enemies was Henry, son of John of Gaunt, who, taking advantage of the unpopularity of Richard, caused him to give up the throne, imprisoned him in Pontefract Castle, and became king as Henry IV.

Richard is believed to have been murdered while in prison in 1399.

CONDITION OF THE PEASANTRY IN RICHARD'S REIGN.

"I have no penny," quoth Piers, "to buy pullets
Nor any geese nor sucking pigs, but two green cheeses,
A few curds and cream and an oaten cake.
And two loaves of beans and bran baked for my children.
And yet I say, by my soul, I have no salt bacon,
Nor ham and eggs, by Christ, to make collops of,
But I have parsley and leeks and many cabbages,
And eke a cow and a calf, and a cart-mare,
To draw afield my dung while the drought lasteth,
And with this livelihood we must live till Lammas tide,
And by that I hope to have harvest in my crop;
And then may I make my dinner as I would dearly like."
All the poor people then fetched pea-shells,
Beans and baked apples they brought in their laps,
Onions and chervils, and many ripe cherries,
And proffered Piers this present to appease hunger with.

(From Langland's "Vision of Piers Plowman").

JANUARY 7th.

LOSS OF CALAIS, 1558.

Calais first came into the possession of the English in the reign of Edward III. It was then captured after a siege of nearly a year. From that date several unsuccessful attempts were made by the French to capture it. Up to the reign of Henry VIII. the town had been kept in a good state of defence, but from that time the fortifications had been allowed to fall into decay. On January 7th, 1558, the town fell to a sudden attack by the French. It is said that the loss of Calais considerably hastened the death of Queen Mary. Calais had been in the possession of the English for over 200 years.

THE CAPTURE OF CALAIS.

The Duke of Guise, now holding Calais blockaded by sea and land, thought himself secure of succeeding in his enterprise, but in order to prevent all accident, he delayed not a moment the attack of the place. He planted his batteries against the Castle, where he made a large breach; and having ordered Andelot, Coligny's brother, to drain the fosse, he commanded an assault which succeeded; and the French made a lodgment on the castle. On the night following, Wentworth attempted to recover his post, but having lost two hundred men in a furious assault which he made upon it, he found his garrison so weak that he was obliged to capitulate. Ham and Guisnes fell soon after; and thus the Duke of Guise, in eight days, during the depth of winter, made himself master of this strong fortress, that had cost Edward III. a siege of eleven months, at the head of a numerous army, which had that very year been victorious in the battle of Crecy. The English had held it above two hundred years; and, as it gave them an easy entrance into France, it was regarded as the most important possession belonging to the Crown.

(From Hume's "History of England")

JANUARY 8th.

DEATH OF GALILEO, 1642.

This famous mathematician and astronomer was born at Pisa in 1564. Though originally intended for the medical profession, he evinced at an early age a taste for mathematics, which study he took up with such success that in 1566 he was appointed mathematical professor at Pisa. The invention of the telescope is generally assigned to Galileo. In 1632 Galileo brought down upon himself the power of the Inquisition, which compelled him to abjure his scientific opinions. In 1637 Galileo became blind. He died in Florence in the same year that Newton was born.

THE LAST DAYS OF GALILEO.

He was now allowed an amanuensis and the help of his pupils, Torricelli, Castelli, and Viviani, all devotedly attached to him, and Torricelli very famous after him. Visitors also were admitted, after approval by a Jesuit superior; and under these circumstances many visited him, among them a man as immortal as himself—John Milton, then only twenty-nine, travelling in Italy. Surely a pathetic incident, this meeting of these two great men—the one already blind, the other destined to become so. No wonder that, as in his old age he dictated his masterpiece, the thoughts of the English poet should run on the blind sage of Tuscany, and the reminiscences of their conversation should lend colour to the poem.

Well, it were tedious to follow the petty annoyances and trouble to which Galileo was still subject—how his own son was set to see that no unauthorised procedure took place, and that no heretic visitors were admitted; how it was impossible to get his new book printed till long afterwards; and how one form of illness after another took possession of him. The merciful end came at last, and at the age of seventy-eight he was released from the Inquisition.

They wanted to deny him burial—they did deny him a monument; they threatened to cart his bones away from Florence if his friends attempted one. And so they hoped that he and his work might be forgotten.

Poor schemers! Before the year was out an infant was born in Lincolnshire whose destiny it was to round, and complete, and carry forward the work of their victim, so that until man shall cease from the planet, neither the work nor its author shall have need of a monument.

(From Sir Oliver Lodge's "Pioneers of Science").

JANUARY 9th.

DEATH OF NAPOLEON III., 1873.

Charles Louis Napoleon was the son of Louis, brother of Napoleon I. He was born in Paris, 1808. His father had been created King of Holland by Napoleon Bonaparte. The Restoration of the Bourbons in 1815 sent him into exile. He retired to England, where he lived until the Revolution of 1848. In that year he returned to France, and was elected as President. In 1852, by means of a "coup d'état," he assumed the title of Napoleon III. The Franco-German War of 1870 brought about his downfall. He surrendered at Sedan to the Germans. On the conclusion of the war he came to England, where he lived till his death.

NAPOLEON III. A PRISONER AT SEDAN.

Night closed in upon Sedan with gloom and menace. Watch-fires were lighted in every direction, and the heavens reflected a crimson glow, beneath which the threatened fortress lay black and still. That night must have crowded a world of emotion into the mind of Napoleon III. His thoughts must have gone back to the days of his childhood, when he lived in a palace; to those of his early manhood, when he was a Revolutionist, fighting at Rome against the temporal power of the Pope; to the later years, when he was an exile in Switzerland or in London; to the wild expeditions of Strasburg and Boulogne; to his imprisonment at Ham, and his escape from that fortress; to the epoch of the Presidency and the "coup d'état," and to the splendour and triumph of Imperial rule. And now he was once more a prisoner, helpless and cast down, with an irresistible enemy dictating terms, and a frantic soldiery clamouring around him. What must have given additional bitterness to his thoughts was the reflection that his fall from power, the humiliation, and, perhaps, ruin of his country, the death and agony of thousands of Frenchmen, and the cureless misery of innumerable survivors were all due to a war undertaken without sufficient cause, and with most insufficient preparation.

(From Cassell's "Franco-Prussian War")

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JANUARY 10th.

INTRODUCTION OF THE PENNY POST, 1840.

In 1837 Rowland Hill suggested the Penny Post, by which scheme postage was to be charged by weight—distance not to count. Previous to this date the charge was for a "single" letter, that is, a letter written on one sheet, fourpence for 15 miles, eightpence for 50 miles, and so on. Rowland Hill's scheme was opposed strongly, but it passed Parliament by a large majority, and came into force on the above date. The Penny Post was extended to the British Empire at the end of last century, and to the United States in 1909.

HOW PAYMENT OF POST WAS EVADED BEFORE THE DAYS OF PENNY POST.

Once, on the poet's (Coleridge) visit to the Lake district, he halted at the door of a wayside inn at the moment when the rural postman was delivering a letter to the barmaid of the place. Upon receiving it, she turned it over and over in her hand, and then asked the postage of it. The postman demanded a shilling. Sighing deeply, however, the girl handed the letter back, saying she was too poor to pay the required sum. The poet at once offered to pay the postage, and in spite of some remonstrances on the part of the girl, which he deemed quite natural, did so.

The messenger had scarcely left the place when the young barmaid confessed that she had learnt all she was likely to know from the letter; that she had only been practising a pre-concerted trick—she and her brother having agreed that a few hieroglyphics on the back of the letter should tell her all she wanted to know, whilst the letter would contain no writing. "We are so poor," she added, "we have invented this manner of corresponding and franking our letters."

(From "The Royal Mail").

JANUARY 11th.

DEATH OF SIR HANS SLOANE, 1753.

Sir Hans Sloane's name is intimately associated with one of England's most important national buildings—the British Museum. It was the purchase of Hans Sloane's library and collection of natural history specimens by the English Government which laid the foundation for the present British Museum. Hans Sloane was born in Ireland in 1660. He took up the study of medicine and natural history. He became exceedingly successful in his profession, and was appointed royal physician in 1727. Sloane wrote much on technical subjects, but his great work was the "Natural History of Jamaica." He died at Chelsea on January 11th, 1753.

THE EARLY CHARACTERISTICS OF HANS SLOANE.

We learn that almost from earliest youth Hans Sloane evinced his possession of quick parts and of keen powers of observation. And he gave early indications of that happy constitution of mind and will which now and then permits the union of intellectual ambition and aspiration, with not a little of prudential shrewdness. A special bias towards the study of natural sciences was, as it has often been in like cases, one of the things that was soonest taken note of by those about him.

Faculties such as these naturally pointed to medicine as a fitting profession for their early possessor. His home studies, however, were checked by a severe illness, which threatened his life, and from some of the effects of which he never quite recovered. But that illness helped to qualify him for his future profession. If it took away for life the likelihood that the bright promise of the dawn would be altogether realised in his maturity, it seemed to have strengthened in an unusual degree both the prudential element, which already marked his character, and his predisposition to rely mainly for the success of his plans upon plodding industry. From youth to old age an unweanable power of taking pains was his leading characteristic.

(From Edward's "Lives of the Founders of the British Museum").

JANUARY 12th.

BIRTH OF EDMUND BURKE, 1729.

Edmund Burke, orator, writer, and statesman, was born at Dublin. He was educated at Trinity College. He came to London to study law, but took to literary work instead. His essay on the "Sublime and Beautiful" introduced him to the best literary society. Neglecting literature for a time, he took up politics, and in 1765 was elected to Parliament. He joined the party hostile to the influence of George III., and defended the revolt of the American Colonists. He strongly opposed the French Revolution, and his "Reflections on the French Revolution," published in 1790, did much to excite opposition to the Republic. As an orator, Burke has seldom, if ever, been excelled. Burke died in 1797.

"Burke, sir," said Samuel Johnson, "is such a man that if you met him for the first time in the street, where you were stopped by a drove of oxen, and you and he stepped aside to take shelter for but five minutes, he'd talk to you in such a manner that when you parted you would say, 'This is an extraordinary man.'"

His political opponents did not grudge Burke being the first man in the House of Commons, for they admitted that he would have been the first man anywhere. The varieties of Burke's literary or rhetorical method are very striking. It is almost incredible that the superb imaginative amplification of the description of Hyder Ali's descent upon the Carnatic should be from the same pen as the grave, simple, unadorned Address to the King (1777), where each sentence falls on the ear with the accent of some golden-tongued oracle of the wise gods. His stride is as the stride of a giant. Burke is among the greatest of those who have wrought marvels in the prose of our English tongue.

His speeches on the emancipation of the American colonies from the Monarchy are almost the one monument of the struggle on which a lover of English greatness can look back with pride and a sense of worthiness. He rose to the full height of that great argument.

No eminent man has ever done more than Burke to justify the definition of genius as the consummation of the faculty of taking pains.

No one that ever lived used the general ideas of the thinker more successfully to judge the particular problems of the Statesman.

LORD MACALLAY.

JANUARY 13th.

MASSACRE IN THE CABUL PASS, 1842.

About the year 1842 England had a very strong impression that Russia was contemplating an attack on India, by the way of Afghanistan. The Ameer of Cabul at that time was Dost Mohammed, a man of great ability. In 1839 the British Army marched against Dost Mohammed, who was defeated, and fled to the hills. His son, Akbar Khan, determined to renew the struggle. In 1841 an insurrection broke out in Cabul, and Sir Alexander Burnes was murdered. Immediately the whole country arose, and compelled the English to abandon the forts they held round Cabul, and to evacuate the city. This evacuation commenced on January 6th. The retreat lasted from January 6th to the 13th, and out of a host of over 16,000 persons only one, Dr. Bryden, reached Jellalabad.

The English had to make their way through the awful Pass of Koord Cabul. The stupendous gorge runs for some five miles between mountain ranges so narrow, lofty, and grim, that in the winter season the rays of the sun can hardly pierce its darkness even at the noontide. The army which set out from Cabul numbered more than four thousand fighting men, and some twelve thousand camp followers. Women and children, horses, ponies, camels, the wounded, the dying, the dead, all crowded together in almost inextricable confusion among the snow and amid the relentless enemies. The march of the army, without a general, went on again. Soon it became the story of a general without an army; before very long there was neither general nor army. The straggling remnant of an army entered the Jagdulluk Pass—a dark, steep, narrow, ascending path between crags. It was a trap; the British were taken in it. A few more fugitives escaped from the scene of the actual slaughter, and were on the road to Jellalabad, where Sale and his little army were holding their own. One man alone reached Jellalabad to tell the tale. Literally one man, Dr. Bryden, came to Jellalabad out of a moving host which had numbered in all some sixteen thousand when it set out on its march. The curious eye will search through history or fiction in vain for any picture more thrilling, with the suggestion of an awful catastrophe, than that of this solitary survivor, faint and reeling on his jaded horse, as he appeared under the walls of Jellalabad, to bear the tidings of our Thermopylæ of pain and shame.

(From McCarthy's "Short History of Our Own Times").

JANUARY 14th.

DEATH OF "LEWIS CARROLL" (REV.
CHARLES L. DODGSON), 1898.

Charles L. Dodgson has written many works, chiefly on mathematics, but his fame rests upon his "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass."

"Lewis Carroll" was born near Warrington in 1832, and was educated at Oxford. He took orders in 1861. He became a mathematical lecturer, a position which he held till 1885. His mathematical works he published under his own name, and his story books under the assumed name of "Lewis Carroll."

His story of "Alice in Wonderland" was originally told to amuse the three little daughters of Dean Liddell. It has passed through hundreds of editions, and has been translated into several languages.

ALICE STARTS ON HER ADVENTURES.

Down, down, down. Would the fall *never* come to an end? "I wonder how many miles I've fallen by this time?" she said aloud. "I must be getting somewhere near the centre of the earth. Let me see, that would be four thousand miles down, I think"—(for, you see, Alice had learnt several things of this sort in her lessons in the schoolroom, and though this was not a very good opportunity for showing off her knowledge, as there was no one to listen to her, still, it was good practice to say it over)—"yes, that's about the right distance—but then, I wonder what Latitude or Longitude I've got to?" (Alice had no idea what Latitude was, or Longitude either, but thought they were nice, grand words to say).

Presently she began again. "I wonder if I shall fall right *through* the earth? How funny it'll seem to come out among the people that walk with their heads downwards! 'The Antipathies, I think'—(she was rather glad there was no one listening this time, as it didn't sound at all the right word)—"but I shall have to ask them what the name of the country is, you know. Please, Ma'am, is this New Zealand or Australia?" (and she tried to curtsy as she spoke—fancy curtseying as you're falling through the air! Do you think you could manage it?) "And what an ignorant little girl she'll think me! No, it'll never do to ask: perhaps I shall see it written up somewhere."

(From "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland").

JANUARY 15th.

OPENING OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM, 1759.

The year 1759 is a memorable one in the History of England. It was the year of Minden, of Lagos, of Quiberon Bay, and the Conquest of Canada. This year also saw the opening of the British Museum. This institution was first started by the presentation to the Government of the valuable collections of Sir Hans Sloane. These were first kept at Montague House, and only ten visitors were allowed to be present at a time. New buildings were erected in 1845 and 1857. Various extensions have since been made, and the Museum has been enriched from time to time by the presentation by private individuals of collections of books and antiquities. The reading-room of the Museum contains over 2,000,000 volumes, arranged on more than 40 miles of shelves.

SOME OF THE TREASURES OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

To know and appreciate thoroughly the contents of the British Museum would be the task of a lifetime; but the rooms are well arranged, and the description of every object is printed beneath it, so that a spare half hour is well spent among some little group of the Museum's countless treasures.

The Manuscript Room contains many curious and interesting letters and papers. Here we may see the signatures of our Kings and Queens, a complete set of the great seals of England, and the written copy of such famous works as "Kenilworth," "John Gilpin," and Gray's "Elegy." We may notice, too, the book of prayers which Lady Jane Grey wrote out for her own use, and carried with her to the scaffold, and the agreement by which John Milton sold the copyright of "Paradise Lost" for a few pounds. In the middle of the hall are cases containing strange old manuscripts, which serve to show us how slowly mankind learned the art of writing. Here, too, are some of the oldest of our written histories and chronicles, by which the records of our land were laboriously kept before the invention of printing.
(From "The Story of London").

JANUARY 16th.

BATTLE OF CORUNNA, 1809.

At the close of 1808 Napoleon arrived in Spain to take charge of the French Army then engaged in the Peninsular War. In December, 1808, Napoleon entered Madrid. Sir John Moore, who was in command of the English troops, had to fall back before a powerful French force of some 100,000 men, which was advancing upon him in four armies. On reaching Corunna, the English found that their transport ships had not arrived. A stand had to be made against the French under Soult, who had followed the English closely during the retreat. The result was a victory for the English arms, but with the loss of Sir John Moore, who was killed in the battle.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sod with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

REV. C. WOLFE.

JANUARY 17th.

BATTLE OF FALKIRK, 1746.

In July, 1745, the young Pretender—Bonnie Prince Charlie—landed in Inverness with a few followers. In September the Clans gathered round him, and he had established himself in Edinburgh. Sir John Cope, a most unfortunate general, who was in command of the Royal forces, marched to meet the invader, and was signally defeated at Prestonpans (September 21st). Charles entered England, but not meeting with the support he expected, returned to Scotland in December. He then laid siege to Stirling Castle. General Hawley, who was in command of the English troops in the district, marched to its relief. The armies met on Falkirk Moor, when Hawley was driven back to Edinburgh. This was the last success of the Jacobites; Culloden closed the story in April, 1746.

A SCOTTISH HISTORIAN'S ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE.

Both armies, about equal in number, were without artillery, for that of the insurgents was left at Stirling, and Hawley's had been "mired," as it is termed, in attempts to bring it up. What followed was rather a scuffle than a battle. A wild storm of drift and wind had blown right in the teeth of Hawley's army, when the dragoons, still mounted, were sent to charge the insurgents. The Highlanders met them with their usual irregular fire, and bore the charge, mixing with the horses, and using their broadswords and dirks in close conflict with deadly effect. The dragoons became confused; and finding that they could not easily regain their position, rode along the front of the Highland line, where they were assailed with a deadly fusillade. At last they fell back, and the insurgents rushing down after them in full torrent, the mingled mass instantly broke through the infantry, blinded and perplexed by the wind and rain. There was a considerable body of Hawley's troops, however—consisting, it is said, of three regiments—who, outflanking the line of the Highlanders, poured a steady fire on them as they pursued, and threatened, if they continued the chase, to attack their rear. They paused, and Hawley was enabled to carry off his army eastward, leaving between two and three hundred men dead.

(From Burton's "History of Scotland").

JANUARY 18th.

DEATH OF BULWER LYTTON, 1873.

Lord Lytton, the famous novelist, was born in London on May 25th, 1803. He was educated privately and at Cambridge. From his earliest years he showed a great love for literature. In 1831 Lytton entered Parliament, and in 1858-59 became Colonial Secretary. Lytton's writings cover a wide field; he wrote political pamphlets, poems, plays, essays, and lastly, but by no means least important, a series of novels. Two of the best of this latter form of writing are "Harold" and "The Last of the Barons." Of his plays, "The Lady of Lyons" still holds an important place on the stage. Lytton died in 1873.

THE DEATH OF THE COINER.

[Gawtreys, a coiner, is escaping from one house to another by means of a rope across the street.]

"There he is! There he is!" cried a voice from the opposite side. Morton raised his gaze from Gawtreys; the casement was darkened by the forms of the pursuers—they had burst into the room—an officer sprung upon the parapet, and Gawtreys, now aware of his danger, opened his eyes, and, as he moved on, glared upon the foe. The policeman deliberately raised his pistol. Gawtreys arrested himself—from a wound in his side the blood trickled slowly and darkly down, drop by drop, upon the stones below; even the officers of law shuddered as they eyed him—his hair bristling—his cheeks white—his lips drawn convulsively from his teeth, and his eye glaring from beneath the frown of agony and menace, in which yet spoke the indomitable power and fierceness of the man. His look, so fixed—so intense—so stern, awed the policeman; his hand trembled as he fired, and the ball struck the parapet an inch below the spot where Morton knelt. An indistinct, wild, gurgling sound—half laugh, half yell—of scorn and glee broke from Gawtreys's lips. He swung himself on—near—near—nearer—a yard from the parapet. "You are saved!" cried Morton; when at that moment a volley burst from the fatal casement—the smoke rolled over both the fugitives—a groan, or rather howl, of rage and despair and agony appalled even the hardest on whose ear it came. Morton sprang to his feet and looked below. He saw on the rugged stones, far down, a dark, formless, motionless mass.

(From Lytton's "Night and Morning").

JANUARY 19th.

STORMING OF CIUDAD RODRIGO, 1812.

Ciudad Rodrigo, a town in Spain, near the Portuguese frontier, has figured in history on several occasions. In 1706 it was taken by the English; in 1707 the French captured it; in 1810 the French General, Massena, forced it to surrender, and in 1812 Wellington laid siege to the town. After investing it for eleven days, the place was taken by storm. It was gallantly defended, and the English lost over five thousand men in the siege and the assault. Wellington was created Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo as a reward for this achievement.

THE BREACH AT CIUDAD RODRIGO.

Meanwhile the stormers of the light division, who had 300 yards of ground to clear, would not wait for the hay-bags, but with extraordinary swiftness running to the crest of the glacis, jumped down the scarp, a depth of 11 feet, and rushed up the *fausse braye* under a smashing discharge of grape and musketry. The bottom of the ditch was dark and intricate, and the forlorn hope took too much to the left; but the storming party went straight to the breach, which was so contracted that a gun placed lengthwise across the top nearly blocked up the opening. Here the forlorn hope rejoined the stormers, but when two-thirds of the ascent were gained, the leading men, crushed together by the narrowness of the place, staggered under the weight of the enemy's fire; and such is the instinct of self-defence that although no man had been allowed to load, every musket in the crowd was snapped. The commander, Major Napier, was at that moment stricken to the earth by a grape shot, which shattered his arm, but he called on his men to trust to their bayonets, and all the officers simultaneously sprang to the front, when the charge was renewed with a furious shout, and the entrance was gained. The supporting regiments, coming up in sections abreast, then reached the rampart; the 52nd wheeled to the left, the 40th to the right, and the place was won. The garrison, however, still fought for a moment in the streets, but finally fled to the castle, where Mr. Gurwood, who, though wounded, had been amongst the foremost at the lesser breach, received the governor's sword.

(From Napier's "Peninsular War").

JANUARY 20th.

DEATH OF JOHN RUSKIN, 1900.

John Ruskin ranks as one of the greatest masters of prose of the 19th century. He was born in London on February 8th, 1819. At Oxford he gained the Newdigate prize for English poetry. Ruskin's prose works, which run into many volumes, cover a variety of subjects, but mostly deal with the principles of Art. In more than one of his works Ruskin has severely criticised some of what were thought to be the correct theories of Political Economy.

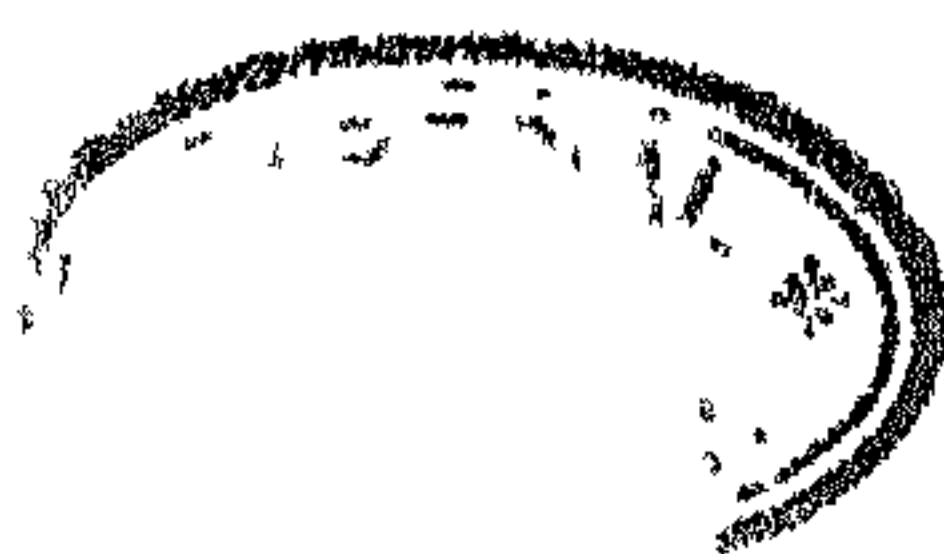
During his lifetime John Ruskin identified himself with many philanthropic undertakings, and spent a large amount of his fortune in endeavouring to carry out some of his ideas.

Ruskin's "King of the Golden River" ranks as a classic among children's books, while among ordinary readers probably his "Sesame and Lilies" is most widely known.

WHAT IS A BOOK?

A book is essentially not a talked thing, but a written thing; and written, not with a view of mere communication, but of permanence. The book of talk is printed only because its author cannot speak to thousands of people at once; if he could, he would—the volume is mere *multiplication* of his voice. You cannot talk to your friend in India; if you could, you would; you write instead: that is mere *conveyance* of voice. But a book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely, but to perpetuate it. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it, clearly and melodiously, if he may; clearly, at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him;—this, the piece of true knowledge, or sight, which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down for ever; engrave it on rock, if he could; saying, "This is the best of me; for the rest, I ate, and drank, and slept, loved and hated, like another; my life was as the vapour, and is not; but this I saw and knew: this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory." That is his "writing"; it is, in his small, human way, and with whatever degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription, or scripture. That is a "Book."

(From Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies").



JANUARY 21st.

EXECUTION OF LOUIS XVI., 1793.

Louis XVI., grandson of Louis XV., ascended the French throne in 1774. He married Marie Antoinette—the “Austrian Woman,” as the republicans called her. At the beginning of the reign Louis was very popular, but he was a weak prince, and quite unable to cope with the difficulties which arose in the latter period. In 1789 broke out the French Revolution. At first Louis attempted to make terms with the Revolution. But the attempt failed. He then attempted to escape from France, but was captured and brought to Paris. A Republic was proclaimed, and Louis was put on his trial. He was condemned to death on January 20th, 1793, and executed the following day.

THE SCENE ON THE SCAFFOLD.

As the clocks strike ten, behold the Place de la Révolution, once Place de Louis Quinze; the Guillotine, mounted near the old pedestal, where once stood the Statue of that Louis. He mounts the scaffold, not without delay; he is in puce coat, breeches of gray, white stockings. He strips off the coat; stands disclosed in a sleeve-waistcoat of white flannel. The Executioners approach to bind him; he spurns, resists; Abbé Edgeworth has to remind him how the Saviour, in whom men trust, submitted to be bound. His hands are tied, his head bare; the fatal moment has come. He advances to the edge of the Scaffold, “his face very red,” and says: “Frenchmen, I die innocent; it is from the Scaffold, and near appearing before God, that I tell you so. I pardon my enemies; I desire that France——” A General on horseback, Santerre or another, prances out with uplifted hand: “*Tambours!*” The drums drown the voice. “Executioners, do your duty!” The Executioners, desperate, lest themselves be murdered (for Santerre and his Armed Ranks will strike if they do not), seize the hapless Louis, six of them desperate, him singly desperate, struggling there; and bind him to their plank. Abbé Edgeworth, stooping, bespeaks him: “Son of Saint Louis, ascend to Heaven.” The Axe clanks down; a King’s Life is shorn away.

(From Carlyle’s “French Revolution”).

JANUARY 22nd.

BATTLE OF ISANDULA: RORKE'S DRIFT, 1879.

In 1879 Sir Bartle Frere was Lord High Commissioner in South Africa. The Zulus at that time were a powerful tribe, under a King named Cetewayo. Sir Bartle Frere had an idea that this tribe were becoming too powerful for the safety of the whites, and determined to break it up. An English force, under the command of Lord Chelmsford, was sent into Zululand. On January 22nd a part of this force was surprised and massacred. The English loss was about 1,000 men. The Zulus immediately attempted to enter Natal by crossing the Tugela River at Rorke's Drift. This they were prevented from doing by the gallant defence of the post by a small body of English soldiers. This gallant defence saved Natal from a savage invasion.

GALLANT DEFENCE OF RORKE'S DRIFT.

Lieutenants Chard and Bromhead saw that their lines of defence were too large for the number of men left to them, and at once began the erection of an inner entrenchment formed of biscuit boxes. When this wall was but two boxes high, suddenly there appeared five or six hundred Zulus advancing at a run against the southern side of our position. On they came, to be met presently by a terrible and concentrated fire from the Martinis.

Their loss was so heavy that, checking their advance, some of them took cover among the ovens, cookhouse, and out-buildings, whence they in turn opened fire upon the garrison. Hundreds more rushing round the hospital came full speed against the north-west fortification of sacks filled with corn. In vain did the Martinis pump a hail of lead into them. On they came straight to the frail defence, striving to take it at the point of the assegai. But here they were met by British bayonets and a fire so terrible that even the courage of the Zulus could not prevail against it, and they fell back.

By this time the main force of the Undi had arrived, two thousand of them, perhaps. Creeping up under cover of the bush, the Zulus now delivered assault after assault upon the wall. Each of these fierce rushes was repelled with the bayonets wielded by the brave white men on its further side. The assegais clashed against the rifle barrels, everywhere the musketry rang and rolled, the savage war-cries and the cheers of the Englishmen rose together through the din, while British soldier and Zulu warrior thrust and tore at each other across the narrow wall, that wall which all the Undi could not climb.

(From Andrew Lang's "True Story Book").

JANUARY 23rd.

DEATH OF WILLIAM PITT, 1806.

William Pitt, the second son of the Earl of Chatham, was born in 1759 at Hayes, in Kent. In 1780 Pitt entered Parliament, and five years later became Prime Minister, when only twenty-six years old. For nearly twenty years Pitt guided England through the troublous times of the reign of George III. In December, 1805, Napoleon won the Battle of Austerlitz, which placed Europe at his feet. It is said that this battle killed Pitt. It broke up the coalition which he was forming against Napoleon. "Roll up that map," Pitt said, pointing to a map of Europe, "it will not be wanted these ten years." The news of Austerlitz gave the last blow to Pitt's already shattered health. He rapidly sank, and died at Putney on January 23rd, 1806. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, in the grave of the Earl of Chatham.

THE LAST DAYS OF A GREAT STATESMAN.

The dissolution of the great confederacy, which he had so long laboured to construct, and from which he confidently expected such important results, was fatal, however, to the master spirit which had formed it. The constitution of Mr. Pitt, long weakened by the fatigues and the excitement incident to his situation, sank at length under anguish occasioned by the dissolution of the confederacy. Upon a frame thus enfeebled the disappointment and anguish arising from the prostration of the last hopes of European freedom by the defeat of Austerlitz fell with overpowering force. From the time the disastrous news was received he hourly declined, and political distress accelerated an event already approaching from natural causes. His constitution, though yet in middle life, was worn out by incessant exertion and overwrought excitement. In the intervals of rest, however, his thoughts were still riveted upon the fortunes of his country. After a melancholy survey of the map of Europe, he turned away, saying: "Henceforth we may close that map for half a century!"—so little did the greatest intellect anticipate that general resurrection of the principles of freedom which even then was beginning, and which his own efforts had so largely contributed to produce. At the close of a lingering illness, which he bore with the wonted fortitude of his character, he expired at his house at Putney on the 23rd of January, 1806, exclaiming with his last breath, "Alas, my country!" not less the victim of devotion to patriotic duty than if he had been pierced through the heart on the field of battle.

(From Alison's "History of Europe").

JANUARY 24th.

BIRTH OF CHARLES JAMES FOX, 1749.

The father of Charles James Fox was Henry Fox, who was made Secretary of War by George II. in 1759. Charles James was educated at Eton and Oxford, at both of which places he was noted for his energy and learning. Fox entered Parliament at the age of twenty, and figured in that assembly, with short intervals, till his death. Fox strongly opposed the coercive measures adopted in regard to the American Colonists, he was not in sympathy with the war in France, and took a leading part in the trial of Warren Hastings. Fox's power as an orator gained for him the title of "the greatest orator the world ever saw." Fox died in 1806, and lies buried near to his great rival, Pitt, in Westminster Abbey.

THE EARLY LIFE OF A GREAT ORATOR.

Henry Fox, Lord Holland, found his boy, Charles James, brilliant and lively, made him a companion, and indulged him to the utmost. Once he expressed a strong desire to break a watch that his father was winding up; his father gave it to him to dash upon the floor. Once his father had promised that when an old garden wall at Holland House was blown down with gunpowder before replacing it with iron railings, he should see the explosion. The workmen blew it down in the boy's absence; his father had the wall rebuilt in its old form that it might be blown down again in his presence, and his promise kept.

He was sent first to Westminster School, and then to Eton. At home he was his father's companion, joined him in the talk of men at his father's dinner-parties, travelled with his father to the Continent, and is said to have been allowed five guineas a night for gambling money. He grew up reckless of the worth of money, and for many years the excitement of gambling was to him as one of the necessities of life. His immense energy at school and college made him work as hard as the most diligent man who did nothing else, and devote himself to gambling, horse-racing, and convivial pleasures as vigorously as if he were the weak man capable of nothing else. The Eton boys all prophesied his future fame. At Oxford, when he entered Hertford College, he was one of the best men of his time, and one of the wildest.

'From Morley's Introduction to "Fox's History of James II.').

JANUARY 25th.

BIRTH OF ROBERT BURNS, 1759.

Robert Burns, Scotland's national poet, was born at Alloway, in Ayrshire. His early education was received from a village school. Farming, commenced in early manhood, proved a failure, and Burns turned his mind to emigration. A volume of verse sold to defray his expenses decided the career of the poet. He went to Edinburgh, where the fame of his verse had preceded him, and at once became famous. He was sought after by the best society, and became the most "talked-of" man of the day. Influence obtained for Burns the post of Exciseman. This position, with its many opportunities for drink, led to the poet's downfall. He fell into dissipated habits, and overcome by sickness and debt, Burns died at Dumfries in 1796. Of the many poems of Burns, his "Songs" are perhaps the best appreciated.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden grey, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine—
A man's a man for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that,
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that!

Then let us pray, that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be, for a' that!

ROBERT BURNS.

JANUARY 26th.

DEATH OF GENERAL GORDON, 1885.

George Charles Gordon, a distinguished military commander and administrator, was closely connected with affairs in the Soudan in the last year of his life. He was born at Woolwich in 1833, and in 1852 entered the Army. He saw service in the Crimean War, and afterwards went to China, where his services against the Tâiping rebels gained him the title of "Chinese Gordon," by which title he is now universally remembered.

Appointed Governor-General of the Soudan, Gordon, in 1884, was besieged in Khartoum for a year by an army of rebels under the Mahdi. On January 26th the town was captured, and Gordon was killed. An English relieving force arrived one day too late to save the town.

THE DEATH OF GORDON.

Once the line of the White Nile was crossed, the great mass of the enemy rushed towards the town. "Lil Saraya! lil Kenisa!" (To the Palace! to the Church!) was the cry; for it was here they expected to find the treasure and Gordon, who had so long defended the city against them, and had up to that day defied all their efforts.

Amongst the leaders in the attack on the Palace were the followers of Makin Wad en Nur, who was afterwards killed at the Battle of Toski, and belonged to the Arakin tribe; Makin's brother, Abdulla Wad en Nur, their beloved leader, had been killed during the siege, and they were now seeking to avenge his death. Many of Abu Girga's men were also forward in the rush to the Palace; they wanted to wipe out the defeat they had suffered when Gordon had driven them out of Burri.

The Palace servants, who lived in the basement, were instantly massacred, and Gordon himself, standing on the top of the steps leading to the divan, awaited the approach of the Arabs. Taking no notice of his question: "Where is your master, the Mahdi?" the first man up the steps plunged his huge spear into his body; he fell forward on his face, without uttering a word.

His murderers dragged him down the steps to the Palace entrance; and here his head was cut off and at once sent over to the Mahdi at Omdurman, whilst his body was left to the mercy of those wild fanatics. Thousands of these inhuman creatures pressed forward merely to stain their swords and spears with his blood, and soon all that remained was a heap of mangled flesh.

(From Slatin Pasha's "Fire and Sword in the Soudan")

JANUARY 27th.

DEATH OF ADMIRAL HOOD, 1816.

Samuel Hood, one of the commanders under whom Nelson served, was born in 1724. He entered the Navy at the age of sixteen. He distinguished himself in many desperate engagements during the Napoleonic Wars, and shared with Rodney the honour of the great victory in the West Indies in 1782. In 1788 Hood became a Lord of the Admiralty. He died at Bath on the above date.

HOOD AT THE BATTLE OF THE SAINTS.

It was six o'clock, and still De Grasse fought. When the *Barfleur*, with Hood's flag as rear-admiral flying, came majestically into the fight, De Grasse, with something of the haughty courtesy of a knight in battle, fired a single gun by way of salute and challenge to Hood; Hood, the most gallant of sailors, replied with a like salute. Then, laying the *Barfleur* alongside the French flagship, he poured upon her a tempest of shot. There were but three unwounded men, of whom De Grasse himself was one, on the upper deck of the *Ville de Paris*. Her upper works were torn to splinters, her sails hung from the broken yards in shot-torn rags; more slain or wounded men lay around her guns than through Rodney's whole fleet. At six o'clock, with his own hands, the unfortunate De Grasse lowered his flag. A cutter pushed out from the stern of the *Barfleur* and pulled to the shot-torn sides of the *Ville de Paris*, and De Grasse stepped into it, a prisoner. He was the first French commander-in-chief, by land or sea, taken in conflict by the British since Marlborough packed Tallard and two other French generals into his coach at Blenheim.

(From Fitchett's "Fights for the Flag").

JANUARY 28th.

DEATH OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, 1596.

Drake, the typical "sea-dog" of Elizabethan days, was born within sight of the sea, lived on the sea most of his life, died on the sea, and was buried at sea, near Porto Bello, West Indies.

"The waves became his winding sheet; the waters were his tomb;
But for his fame the ocean sea was not sufficient room."

Drake was a seaman in every sense of the word. He rose from the lowest to the highest rank by sheer merit. He was no "carpet" knight, for his name was feared by England's enemies, as perhaps no other sailor's name has been feared—not excepting Nelson's. And "he indicated or led the way to several new sources of trade, and opened the career of commercial prosperity which his countrymen are still pursuing."

WHEN DRAKE FOUGHT THE SPANIARDS.

There was scarcely a rag upon us, our shoulders were torn and bleeding from the effects of the lashes lately laid on them, and our entire aspect must have resembled that of wild beasts rather than of men. I saw Nunez turn paler as he caught sight of us, and heard the English storm of execration burst forth over the noise and confusion of the fight. Then we fell upon the Spaniards from behind, and after that all was red, and I seemed to do naught but strike and strike again, unconscious of pain, or wounds, or anything but a fierce desire to be avenged on the villains who had wrought such cruelty upon me.

Howbeit, after a time I felt myself dragged by a friendly hand out of the thick of the fight, and led across the bulwarks to the English ship, where I was presently conducted on to the poop, into the presence of a man whom I at once knew to be some great captain. He was of middle height, with a high forehead, crisp, brown hair, very steady gray eyes, and a hard, fierce mouth, slightly covered by a beard and moustache. He wore a loose, dark seaman's shirt, belted at the waist, and about his neck was a plaited cord, having attached to it a ring, with which his fingers played as he spoke to me. On his head was a scarlet cap with a gold band, even as the men in the galleon had said.

Such was my first glimpse of the great captain, Francis Drake, then thirty years of age, and making his first voyage round the world.

(From Fletcher's "In the Days of Drake").

JANUARY 29th.

BIRTH OF OUTRAM, 1803.

Sir James Outram was a native of Derbyshire. He entered the Indian Army in 1819. Most of his military service was seen in India, and his long and meritorious career in that country has obtained for him the title of "The Bayard of India."

At the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny Outram was appointed in command of the troops advancing to the relief of Lucknow, but refused to supplant Havelock, and served under him as a volunteer until the town was relieved. At the close of the Mutiny Outram returned to Europe, and took up his residence in the south of France, where he died on March 11th, 1862.

A HERO OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.

Sir James Outram bore the highest character. He was a paladin of the days of chivalry and romance. To a fearlessness which never recognised danger, to a nerve that never trembled, to a coolness that never varied, he added a generosity without stint, a forgetfulness of self rarely paralleled, a love of the soul's nobility for its own sake alone. Not idly had he been called the Bayard of the Indian Army. He was without fear and without reproach. Engaged in many contests, he never fought for himself—he fought always the cause of those whom he believed to have been wronged. When a man so acts—when he gives himself, as it were, to others—the thought of self always flies. So it was with Sir James Outram. He gave all his energies to his clients. On their behalf he staked his prosperity, his position, his future. He was appalled neither by the power, the talent, the interest of the side to which he was opposed. He had emphatically the courage of his opinions, and, convinced of their soundness, he fought for them to the end.

(From Malleon's "History of the Indian Mutiny").

JANUARY 30th.

EXECUTION OF CHARLES I., 1649.

The great struggle between Charles I. and the people, known as the Civil War, commenced in 1642. At first the King was successful, but the Battle of Naseby, on June 14th, 1645, ruined the cause of Charles I. In 1646 the King threw himself upon the mercy of the Scots, who gave him up to the English Parliament, on receiving payment of their claim of £400,000. After several escapes, Charles was finally imprisoned in 1648. On January 20th, 1649, Charles was brought to trial. On the 27th he was condemned to death, and was executed outside Whitehall on the above date.

LAST WORDS OF CHARLES I.

At the extremity of the hall an opening made in the wall led straight upon the scaffold, which was hung with black; two men, dressed as sailors and masked, stood by the axe. The King stepped out, his head erect, and looked around for the people, to address them; but the troops occupied the whole space, so that none could approach; he turned towards Juxon and Tomlinson: "I cannot be heard by many but yourselves," he said, "therefore to you I will address a few words"; and he delivered to them a short speech which he had prepared, grave and calm, even to coldness, its sole purport being to show that he had acted right, that contempt of the rights of the sovereign was the true cause of the people's misfortunes, that the people ought to have no share in the Government, that upon this condition alone would the country regain peace and its liberties. . . . The most profound silence prevailed; he put a silk cap upon his head, and, addressing the executioner, said: "Is my hair in the way?" "I beg your Majesty to put it under your cap," replied the man, bowing. The King, with the help of the bishop, did so. He took off his cloak and George, and gave the George to Juxon, saying: "Remember."

He then took off his coat, put on his cloak again, and, looking at the block, said to the executioner: "Place it so it may be firm." "It is firm, sir." The King: "I will say a short prayer, and when I hold out my hands, then . . ."

He stood in meditation, murmured a few words to himself, raised his eyes to heaven, knelt down and laid his head upon the block. In a minute the King held out his hands; the executioner struck; the head fell at a blow. "This is the head of a traitor!" cried he, holding it up to the people; a long deep groan arose from the multitude; many persons rushed to the scaffold to dip their handkerchiefs in the King's blood.

(From Guizot's "History of the English Revolution").

JANUARY 31st.

DEATH OF THE YOUNG PRETENDER, 1788.

After the Battle of Culloden, in 1764, the Jacobites were persecuted with great severity. By the devotion of Flora Macdonald, Charles—"Bonnie Prince Charlie"—managed to escape from Scotland. He lived in France until the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle drove him from that country. The remainder of his life was spent in wandering on the Continent. He became a drunkard, and gradually lost the brilliancy which had endeared him to the Scottish people. He died at Florence on the above date.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE YOUNG PRETENDER.

The saddest part of this pathetic story remains yet to be told—the last scenes in the life of the Young Pretender. The Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle stipulated that he should be no longer allowed to reside in France. He refused, however, to withdraw on the invitation of the French Government. The latter, therefore, had him seized by force, bound hand and foot, hurried off in a coach and six, and deposited carefully outside the frontier, where he was left to his own devices. From this time his noble, generous nature gradually deteriorated. He became attached to a Miss Walkenshaw, who acquired an enormous influence over him. His marriage was unhappy, and ended shortly in a separation, after which he returned to Miss Walkenshaw with renewed affection. He became the slave of intoxication, which gradually robbed his mind of its brilliance, his character of its nobleness; until at last we find him in his premature and dishonoured old age a besotted drunkard, a peevish husband, a tyrannical master—his understanding debased and his temper soured. How different to the courtly host of Holvrood, the daring hero of Prestonpans.

(From Skottowe's "Hanoverian Kings").

FEBRUARY 1st.

**BELL ROCK LIGHTHOUSE COMPLETED,
1811.**

The Bell Rock, or Inchcape, is a dangerous reef in the German Ocean, about twelve miles from Arbroath, and right in the track of vessels entering the Tay. Tradition says that at one time a bell was hung on the rock to warn seamen of its presence, and that this bell was cut away by a pirate who himself afterwards was drowned on the reef. In 1806 a Bill was passed in Parliament for the purpose of having a lighthouse built on the rock. Funds were raised, and Government gave a grant of £25,000. In 1807 the work was undertaken by Robert Stephenson, and after great difficulties the lighthouse was completed in 1810, and on February 1st, 1811, its light first shone across the waters.

THE PIRATE'S PUNISHMENT.

[The earlier verses of this poem describe how Sir Ralph the Rover, out of pure wickedness, had cut away the bell placed on the Inchcape Rock.]

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away,
He scour'd the seas for many a day;
And now grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,
They cannot see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore;
Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound, the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock:
"O horror! it is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
He cursed himself in his despair;
The waves rush in on every side,
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,
A sound as if, with the Inchcape Bell,
The fiends below were ringing his knell.

(From Southey's "Inchcape Bell").

FEBRUARY 2nd.

BIRTH OF HANNAH MORE, 1745.

Hannah More, poetess, philanthropist, and religious writer, was born at Stapleton, near Bristol. Her sisters kept a boarding school at Bristol, at which she received most of her early education. Hannah More commenced her literary career at the age of eighteen. In 1774 she went to London, and became intimate with Dr. Johnson, Burke, and other literary celebrities of the day. While in London she wrote several plays. London life, however, did not suit the religious opinions of Hannah More, and she returned to Bristol, where she spent much time in trying to improve the condition of the poor. She still continued her writings, in all of which she showed her aim to be a desire to raise the general tone of society. Hannah More died at Clifton on September 7th, 1833.

HEAVEN AND EARTH.

Here bliss is short, imperfect, insincere,
But total, absolute, and perfect *there*.
Here time's a moment, short our happiest state,
There infinite duration is our date.
Here Satan tempts, and troubles e'en the best,
There Satan's power extends not to the blest.
In a weak sinful body *here* I dwell,
But *there* I drop this frail and sickly shell.
Here my best thoughts are stained with guilt and fear,
But love and pardon shall be perfect *there*.
Here my best duties are defiled with sin,
There all is ease without and peace within.
Here feeble faith supplies my only light,
There faith and hope are swallow'd up in sight.
Here love of self my fairest work destroys,
There love of God shall perfect all my joys.
Here vanity is stamped on all below,
Perfection *there* on every good shall grow.
Here error clouds the will, and dims the sight,
There all is knowledge, purity, and light.
Here, if some sudden joy delight inspire,
The dread to lose it damps the rising fire;
But *there* whatever good the soul employ,
The thought that 'tis *eternal* crowns the joy.

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

FEBRUARY 3rd.

BIRTH OF LORD SALISBURY, 1830.

This eminent Conservative Statesman of the 19th century was descended from the famous Lord Burghley, of Elizabethan days. He was born at Hatfield House, and was educated at Eton and Oxford. At the age of twenty-three he entered Parliament as Member for Stamford. In 1866 he was made Secretary of State, and became Prime Minister in 1885, in 1886, and again in 1895. In 1902 he retired into private life, and died on August 22nd, 1903.

THE UNTHANKFUL WORK OF A STATESMAN.

A diplomatist's services are recognised at the moment they are rendered. When a nation has waited with feverish anxiety for the result of long negotiations or the operations of some loosely-jointed alliance, and they are at last conducted to a fortunate issue, the general feeling of relief finds vent in hearty gratitude to the successful diplomatist; but its gratitude passes away with the enthusiasm of the moment. There is nothing in his achievements which appeals to the imagination: nothing which art can illustrate, or tradition retain, or history portray. A military commander is more fortunate in his vocation. All his achievements are a succession of dramatic effects; each of his advantages is gained by one sudden and skilful blow; the efforts by which the destinies of whole nations are decided, and which puts to the uttermost test every quality of mind and heart, is concentrated into a few hours. But there is nothing dramatic about the successes of a diplomatist. His victories are made up of a series of microscopic advantages; of a judicious suggestion here, of an opportune civility there; of a wise concession at one moment, and a far-sighted persistence at another; of sleepless tack, immovable calmness, and patience that no folly, no provocation, no blunders can shake. The result is that, while the services of a commander are celebrated with almost undiminished enthusiasm from age to age, the services of a diplomatist fade rapidly from a nation's memory.

(From "Essays" by Robert, Marquess of Salisbury).

FEBRUARY 4th.

BIRTH OF HARRISON AINSWORTH, 1805.

This well-known writer of historical fiction was born in Manchester. He was educated for the law, but fortunately for lovers of historical romance, he took to novel writing, and in less than fifty years produced some forty works, many of which are being constantly reprinted.

Ainsworth uses great skill in weaving stories round historical events. The most popular of his tales are "Old St. Paul's," "The Tower of London," and "Windsor Castle." Harrison Ainsworth died at Reigate on January 3rd, 1882.

THE BURNING OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

Further conversation was here interrupted by the sudden breaking out of the fire from the magnificent rose window of the cathedral, the effect of which, being extraordinarily fine, attracted the Monarch's attention. The molten lead poured down in torrents, and not merely flooded the whole interior of the fabric, but ran down in a wide and boiling stream almost as far as the Thames, consuming everything in their way, and rendering the very pavements red hot. Every stone, spout, and gutter in the sacred pile, of which there were some hundreds, added to this fatal shower, and scattered destruction far and wide; nor will this be wondered at when it is considered that the quantity of lead thus melted covered a space of no less than five acres. Having burned with incredible fury and fierceness for some time, the whole roof of the sacred structure fell in at once, and with a crash heard at an amazing distance. After an instant's pause, the flames burst forth from every window in the fabric, producing such an intensity of heat that the stone pinnacles, transom beams, and mullions split and cracked with a sound like volleys of artillery, shivering and flying in every direction. The whole interior of the pile was now one vast sheet of flame, which roared upwards and consumed even the very stones. Not a vestige of the reverend structure was left untouched—its bells, its plate, its woodwork, its monuments, its mighty pillars, its galleries, its chapels, all, all were destroyed.

(From Ainsworth's "Old St. Paul").

FEBRUARY 5th.

BIRTH OF SIR ROBERT PEEL, 1788.

Sir Robert Peel was the son of a rich Lancashire cotton manufacturer. He was born near Bury. Harrow was his school, and Oxford his college.

He commenced his Parliamentary career as Member for Cashel in 1809. After holding various minor Government appointments, Peel, in 1822, became Home Secretary, a position which he held till 1827. In 1841 he became Prime Minister, and held office till 1846.

Among the movements with which Peel's name is associated are the re-organisation of the London police, which explains the nickname of "peelers," the "relief" of the Roman Catholics, and the repeal of the Corn Laws. Peel died in London on July 2nd, 1850.

PEEL'S POSITION AS A STATESMAN.

Peel was, undoubtedly, as Lord Beaconsfield has said, a great Member of Parliament; but he was surely very much more than that; he was a great Statesman, a great Minister. He must always rank among the foremost of English Ministers. If we name the half-dozen of modern English Prime Ministers, we can hardly fail to bring in the name of Peel. The happy fortunes of his country deprived him of any chance of proving himself a really great man. Never since the time of the younger Pitt has England been tried by any danger which threatened for one moment her national position. Danger such as that proves a man, and, should he prevail over it, stamps him as one of Time's great men. England is now too great and strong and happy to give her Statesmen any such chance. We can only be left to conjecture what they might have done if put to it. Peel's claim to the highest form and order of Statesmanship is like Hamlet's claim to "the soldiers' music and the rights of war"—the claim that

He was likely, had he been put on,

To have proved most royally.

To every difficulty by which he was tried Peel proved himself equal; it was his own proud and honest boast that he had never proposed anything which he did not carry out. Only the royal opportunity was needed for him to have proved himself most royally. It is to his eternal honour that he himself, by the wisdom and the high aim of his policy, helped to consolidate that national prosperity and that popular content whereby some of these dangers were averted, which are the ordeal and the touchstone of the supreme order of Statesmanship.

(From Justin McCarthy's "Sir Robert Peel").

FEBRUARY 6th.

BIRTH OF QUEEN ANNE, 1665.

Anne was the second daughter of James II. by his first wife, Anne Hyde. She was born at St. James's Palace, London, and was married to George, Prince of Denmark. She succeeded to the English throne on the death of William III., in 1702.

Under Anne, for the first time in English history, except in the time of the Commonwealth, the power of the Parliament became supreme in all matters of national importance. The chief events of the reign were the union of England and Scotland under one Parliament, and the War of the Spanish Succession, in which the Duke of Marlborough played so prominent a part. Owing to the large number of literary celebrities, including Swift, Addison, Steele, De Foe, Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, and others, who flourished in the reign, it has been called the Augustan age of English literature.

Anne herself was kind-hearted, of moderate ability, of simple and homely tastes, but was easily governed by favourites. With her death in 1714 the Stuart line of Sovereigns ended, the throne passing to the House of Hanover by the Act of Settlement. •

GOOD QUEEN ANNE.

In character, and in fitness for the position of sovereign, Anne was very different from William. She had not his discernment, nor his statesmanship, nor his resolution. On the contrary, she was without strength of character. She could not be expected to establish a new policy, nor, through good report and evil report, to adhere to one already established. Anne, however, though no great ruler of men, possessed personal qualities which would have made her highly esteemed in private life, and which endeared her to her subjects. Her private character was irreproachable. She was kind, affectionate, and good. But above all she was sincerely religious, like both her grandfathers, and, unlike her father, she was warmly attached to the doctrines and rites of the Church of England. She was very popular with the English people, and mainly for this reason, that she was peculiarly an *English* Queen, having, as she said in her first speech from the throne, an "entirely English" heart. Coming between a Dutch King, whom many Englishmen accepted as a necessity, but never loved, and a German Prince, who could not even speak their language, the English have always looked back with affection to her reign, and have enshrined her in their hearts as "Good Queen Anne."

(From "The Age of Anne"—E. E. Morris).

FEBRUARY 7th.

BIRTH OF CHARLES DICKENS, 1812.

Charles Dickens was born at Landport, Portsmouth. It would be truer, however, to style him a Londoner, for it was in London he had his early struggles, and about London and its people that he loved to write. In 1821 the Dickens' family moved to London, where the author's father was lodged in the Marshalsea Prison for debt. This period of Dickens's life is described in "David Copperfield." After learning shorthand, Dickens became a reporter, first at Doctors' Commons, and afterwards in the House of Commons.

His first attempt at writing took the form of contributions to a London paper. These sketches were collected and published under the title of "Sketches by Boz." "David Copperfield" appeared the next year. From that time his success was assured. Novel followed novel in rapid succession, and Dickens became the most talked-of man of his time. In 1846 he became editor of the "Daily News." Dickens's last work was "Edwin Drood," three parts only of which had appeared, when the novelist died suddenly at Gad's Hill, near Rochester, on June 9th, 1870.

MR. JINGLE'S DESCRIPTION OF A CRICKET MATCH.

"Capital game—well played—some strokes admirable," said the stranger, as both sides crowded into the tent at the conclusion of the game.

"You have played it, sir?" inquired Mr. Wardle, who had been amused by his loquacity. "Played it? Think I have—thousands of times—not here—West Indies—exciting thing—hot work—very."

"It must be rather a warm pursuit in such a climate," observed Mr. Pickwick. "Warm—red hot—scorching—glowing. Played a match once—single wicket—friend the Colonel—Sir Thomas Blazo—who should get the greatest number of runs.—Won the toss—first innings—seven o'clock a.m.—six natives to look out—went in; kept in—heat intense—natives all fainted—taken away—fresh half-dozen ordered—fainted also—Blazo bowling—supported by two natives—couldn't bowl me out—fainted too—cleared away the Colonel—wouldn't give in—faithful attendant—Quanko Samba—last man left—bat in blisters—ball scorched brown—five hundred and seventy runs—rather exhausted—Quanko mustered up last remaining strength—bowled me out, had a bath and went out to dinner."

(From "Pickwick Papers").

FEBRUARY 8th.

EXECUTION OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, 1587.

In August, 1561, Mary, who had been in France since 1548, returned to Scotland to rule over that country. In 1565 Mary married Henry Darnley. The murder of Darnley and the Queen's marriage to Bothwell caused discontent among the Scottish Lords, and Mary was compelled to sign a deed of abdication, and to appoint Murray regent. In 1568 she made one more effort for her crown. She was defeated, and fled to England.

Under pretext of protecting her, Elizabeth had her confined in various palaces, or prisons, for nineteen years. Many plots were formed for her rescue, one of which, Babington's plot, had also for its aim the assassination of Elizabeth. Accused of complicity in this plot, Mary was brought to trial, condemned to death, and executed at Fotheringhay Castle, in Nottinghamshire.

The scene was changed. Beside the block a sullen headsman
stood,
And gleamed the broad axe in his hand, that soon must drip
with blood.
With slow and steady step there came a lady through the hall,
And breathless silence chained the lips and touched the hearts
of all.
I knew that queenly form again, though blighted was its
bloom;
I saw that grief had decked it out—an offering for the tomb!
Alas, the change!—she placed her foot upon a triple throne,
And on the scaffold now she stands—beside the block—*Alone!*
The little dog that licks her hand, the last of all the crowd
Who sunned themselves beneath her glance and round her
footsteps bowed!
Her neck is bared—the blow is struck—the soul is passed
away!
The bright, the beautiful, is now—a bleeding piece of clay!
The dog is moaning piteously; and, as it gurgles o'er,
Laps the warm blood that trickling runs unheeded to the floor!
The blood of beauty, wealth, and power—the heart-blood of a
Queen,
The noblest of the Stuart race—the fairest earth has seen—
Lapped by a dog! Go, think of it, in silence and alone;
Then weigh against a grain of sand the glories of a throne!

HENRY GLASSFORD BELL.

FEBRUARY 9th.

MURDER OF DARNLEY, 1567.

Henry Stewart, Lord Darnley, son of the Earl of Lennox, by his marriage with the grand-daughter of Henry VII., of England, was married to Mary, Queen of Scots, in 1565.

Darnley demanded that the Crown should be secured to him for life, and that if the Queen died without issue it should descend to his heirs. To this Mary hesitated to accede; and Darnley, believing her to be influenced by Rizzio, caused him to be murdered in her presence on March 9th, 1566. Falling ill of the smallpox, Darnley was lodged in a small mansion beside the Kirk of the Field, and was nursed with great care by the Queen.

On the above date the house was blown up by gunpowder, and Darnley's dead body was found in a neighbouring field. The chief instrument in this murder was Lord Bothwell, and the fact that Mary married this nobleman less than three months after Darnley's death led to the suspicion that she had something to do with the tragedy.

THE FINDING OF DARNLEY'S BODY.

We may have been half of the way to the gate—I cannot say—when the darkness was as it were split asunder as by a flare of lightning—one of those sheeted flames that illumine a whole quarter of the sky, and show in the midst a jagged core of intenser light.

By some fate or other I ran, not to the city, but along the wall of the Blackfriars' garden, a long way past the gate, and lay down in a sort of kennel there while I fetched up my breath again. Then I considered that the best thing for me to do was to climb that garden wall and lie hidden within it until the citizens had wondered themselves to sleep. So I did, without difficulty, and felt my way through brakes and shrubberies into what seemed to be an open space. I lit my lantern, and found myself in a kind of trained arbour, oval or circular in shape, made all of clipped box.

The path of light made by my lantern showed me now another thing—that I was not the only tenant of this garden. There lay a man in white midway of the grass. "Oho," thinks I, "I will have a close look at you, my friend, before I settle down." Peering at him from my safe distance, I saw that he had another beside him. I drew nearer; the light fell upon those two who lay so still. My heart ceased to beat. Stretched out upon that secret grass, with his eyes staring horribly into the dark, lay the King, whom I had gone forth to slay—stark and dead there, and the dead boy by his side.

(From Maurice Hewlett's "Queen's Quair").

FEBRUARY 10th.

BIRTH OF CHARLES LAMB, 1775.

Charles Lamb, the author of "Essays of Elia," was born in the Temple. He was educated at Christ's Hospital, where he remained for seven years. He received an appointment in the India Office, where he remained for thirty years. Lamb devoted the whole of his life to watching over and keeping his sister Mary, who had, in a fit of madness, killed her mother. The first literary success achieved by Lamb was the publication of "Tales from Shakespeare," written conjointly with his sister. In 1825 Lamb retired from the India Office with a pension. The rest of his life was spent in retirement with his sister at Enfield and Edmonton. He died at Edmonton on December 29th, 1834.

SCHOOLBOY PUNISHMENTS IN THE DAYS OF CHARLES LAMB.

The sight of a boy in fetters, upon the day of my first putting on the blue clothes, was not exactly fitted to assuage the natural terrors of instruction. I was of tender years, barely turned of seven, and had only read of such things in books, or seen them but in dreams. I was told he had *run away*. This was the punishment for the first offence. As a novice I was soon after taken to see the dungeons. These were little, square, Bedlam cells, where a boy could just lie at his length upon straw and a blanket—a mattress, I think, was afterwards substituted—with a peep of light, let in askance, from a prison orifice at top, barely enough to read by. Here the poor boy was locked up by himself all day, without sight of any but the porter who brought him his bread and water—who *might not speak to him*, or of the beadle, who came twice a week to call him out to receive his periodical chastisement, which was almost welcome, because it separated him for a brief interval from solitude; and here he was shut up by himself *of nights* out of the reach of any sound, to suffer whatever horrors the weak nerves and superstition incident to his time of life might subject him to.

(From "Essays of Elia").

FEBRUARY 11th.

DEATH OF SHENSTONE, THE POET,
1763.

William Shenstone is chiefly remembered by one poem, "The Schoolmistress." Shenstone was born in Worcestershire in 1714, and educated at Oxford, where he devoted much time to the study of poetry. He had an intense love of literature from his earliest days. Left with a small competence, he retired to his father's house, at Hales Owen, Worcestershire, where he devoted much time to rural pursuits, and spent much money in beautifying the place. The expense in which he was involved brought him into difficulties—from which he never recovered. "The general recommendation of Shenstone," says Dr. Johnstone, "is easiness and simplicity; his general defect is want of comprehension and vanity."

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

In every village mark'd with little spire,
Embower'd in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells, in lowly shed and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we Schoolmistress name,
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;
They grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
Aw'd by the power of this relentless dame,
And oft times, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd are sorely shent.
And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
Which Learning near her little dome did stow;
Whilom, a twig of small regard to see,
Though now so wide its waving branches flow,
And work the simple vassals' mickle woe;
For not a wind might curl the-leaves that blew,
But their limbs shudder'd, and their pulse beat low;
And as they look'd, they found their horror grew
And shaped it into rods, and tingled at the view.
Near to his dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gambols do display,
And at the door imprisoning board is seen,
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray,
Eager, perdie to bask in sunny day!
The noises intermix'd, which thence resound,
Do Learning's little tenement betray,
Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.
(From Shenstone's "Schoolmistress").

FEBRUARY 12th.

EXECUTION OF LADY JANE GREY, 1554.

This unfortunate victim of an ambitious father-in-law was the daughter of the Marquis of Dorset, and was born at Bradgate. Her mother was the daughter of the youngest sister of Henry VIII. Jane married Lord Guildford Dudley, son of the Duke of Northumberland.

Northumberland, who had gained great influence over Edward VI., conceived the idea of securing the throne, on the death of Edward VI., for his daughter-in-law, Lady Jane Grey, hoping that, as she was a Protestant, she would receive the support of the reforming parties. With this view he persuaded Edward to leave the Crown to her, thus putting aside the rightful succession.

On July 6th, 1553, Edward VI. died, and on the 10th Lady Jane Grey was proclaimed Queen. She reigned nine days. The people, however, were dissatisfied, and favoured the claims of Mary, the daughter of Henry VIII., who, of course, was the rightful heir to the Crown. Northumberland, Lady Jane Grey, and her husband were arrested and sent to the Tower. They were condemned. Northumberland was executed in August, 1553, but Lady Jane Grey's execution was delayed until the above date. She was seventeen years of age!

THE LAST MOMENTS OF LADY JANE GREY.

Partially disrobed, Jane bowed her head while Angela tied a kerchief over her eyes, and turned her long tresses over her head to be out of the way. Unable to control herself, she then turned aside and wept aloud. Jane moved forward in search of the block, but fearful of making a false step, felt for it with her hands, and cried: "What shall I do? What shall I do? Where is it?"

Sir Thomas Brydges took her hand and guided her to it. At this awful moment there was a slight movement in the crowd, some of whom pressed nearer the scaffold, and amongst others Sorrocold and Wolfytt. The latter caught hold of the boards to obtain a better view. Angela placed her hands before her eyes, and would have suspended her being if she could; and even Feckenham veiled his countenance with his robe; Sir Thomas Brydges gazed firmly on.

By this time Jane had placed her head on the block, and her last words were "Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

The axe fell, and one of the fairest and wisest heads that ever sat on human shoulders fell likewise.

(From Ainsworth's "Tower of London").

FEBRUARY 13th.

THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE, 1692.

Glencoe is a gloomy valley in northern Argyllshire. It is memorable for the infamous massacre which took place there in 1692. The Highland Clans had been ordered, under pain of fire and sword, to take the oath of allegiance to William III. before January 1st, 1692. The chief of the Macdonalds was late in taking the oath, and Sir John Dalrymple, Secretary to Scotland, and an avowed enemy to the Macdonalds, represented to the King that they had refused to submit. William signed a warrant agreeing to their being punished. Whether he really intended them to be massacred is uncertain. However, a body of soldiers was marched to Glencoe, and after being hospitably entertained by the Clans for two weeks, they treacherously murdered their hosts, or as many as they could, and drove the rest out to die on the hillsides.

STORY OF THE MASSACRE.

It was five in the morning. Hamilton and his men were still some miles away; and the avenues which they were to have secured were open. But the orders which Glenlyon had received were precise; and he began to execute them at the little village where he was himself quartered. His host, Inverriggen, and nine other Macdonalds were dragged out of their beds, bound hand and foot, and murdered. A boy twelve years old clung round the captain's legs and begged hard for life. He would do anything: he would go anywhere: he would follow Glenlyon round the world. Even Glenlyon, it is said, showed signs of relenting, but a ruffian named Drummond shot the child dead. At Auchnaion the tacksman Auchintriater was up early that morning, and was sitting with eight of his family round the fire, when a volley of musketry laid him and seven of his companions dead or dying on the floor. Meanwhile Lindsay had knocked at the door of the chief and had asked for admission in friendly language. The door was opened. MacIain, while putting on his clothes and calling for his servants to bring some refreshments for his visitors, was shot through the head. Two of his attendants were slain with him. His wife was already up and dressed in such finery as the princesses of the rude Highland glens were accustomed to wear. The assassins pulled off her clothes and trinkets. The rings were not easily taken from her fingers; but a soldier tore them away with his teeth. She died on the following day.

(From Macaulay's "History of England").

FEBRUARY 14th.

BATTLE OF CAPE ST. VINCENT, 1797.

In 1796 England was engaged in the Napoleonic Wars. Spain had joined Napoleon in an alliance against England. An invasion of England was planned, and a large number of vessels were gathered together at Brest and Cadiz for this purpose.

In 1797 the English fleet, under Admiral Sir John Jervis and Nelson, then a Commodore, was attacked by the Spanish fleet off Cape St. Vincent. The result was a complete victory for the British fleet, but the greater part of the Spanish fleet got away. In this battle Nelson invented his "patent bridge for boarding enemies"—capturing two large Spanish vessels by boarding one, and thence on to the other.

For this victory Sir John Jervis was created Earl St. Vincent.

NELSON AT THE BATTLE OF ST. VINCENT.

Captain Berry, who had lately been Nelson's first lieutenant, was the first man who leaped into the enemy's mizzen chains. Miller, when in the very act of going, was ordered by Nelson to remain. Berry was supported from the spritsail yard, which locked in the *San Nicolas's* main rigging. A soldier of the 69th broke the upper quarter galley window and jumped in, followed by the commodore himself, and by others as fast as possible. The cabin doors were fastened, and the Spanish officers fired their pistols at them through the window; the doors were soon forced, and the Spanish brigadier fell while retreating to the quarter deck. Nelson pushed on, and found Berry in possession of the poop, and the Spanish ensign hauling down. He passed on to the fore-castle, where he met two or three Spanish officers, and received their swords. The English were now in full possession of every part of the ship, and a fire of pistols and musketry opened upon them from the Admiral's stern gallery of the *San Joseph*. Nelson having placed sentinels at the different ladders, and ordered Captain Miller to send more men into the prize, gave orders for boarding that ship from the *San Nicolas*. It was done in an instant, he himself leading the way and exclaiming "Westminster Abbey or victory!" Berry assisted him unto the main chains, and at that moment a Spanish officer looked over the quarter-deck rail, and said they surrendered. It was not long before he was on the quarter deck, where the Spanish captain presented to him his sword, and told him the Admiral was below dying of his wounds. There, on the quarter deck, Nelson received the swords of the officers.

(From Southey's "Nelson").

FEBRUARY 15th.

RELIEF OF KIMBERLEY, 1900.

The Boer War commenced in October, 1899, and early in November Kimberley was invested by the Boers. The war had taken such a bad turn in December that Lord Roberts was sent out to take command of the English troops. Roberts commenced his campaign on February 12th, when, making a feigned attack against the enemy at Magersfontein, he pushed up behind the Boers at Kimberley, and relieved the town on the above date. It had been besieged for three months. Kimberley has a population of nearly 30,000, and owes its importance to the diamond mines in its vicinity.

THE MEN WHO BESIEGED KIMBERLEY.

Water is scarce in the Transvaal, and is used most sparingly for all purposes of cleanliness. The Boer sleeps in his clothes, gives himself a shake when he gets up, and his toilet is completed, except on very exceptional occasions, when he goes outside the door to the water cask, fills his hands with water, and rubs them over his face. Four times in the year, however, the Boers indulge in a general wash before starting with their wives and families for four or five days' stay at the nearest town, to attend the services of the church, and to do their quarter's marketing.

In dress the Boer is almost universally slovenly; his clothes hang about him stained and discoloured by long usage. Most of them wear beards and long unkempt hair.

But in point of physique they are fine men, tall and powerfully, though loosely, built, capable of standing great fatigue if necessary, although averse to all exercise save on horseback. All are taught to shoot from boyhood, for it is not so long since they lived in dread of incursions by the Zulus and Swazis.

There was no attempt whatever at uniformity of dress. Most of the men wore high riding-boots. Some of the young men from the towns were in tweed suits; the vast majority wore either shooting jackets or long loose coats; some were in straw hats, but the elder men all wore large felt hats with wide brims. They were all, however, similarly armed with rifles of the best and most modern construction. Their general appearance was that of a large band of farmers of the roughest type and wholly without regard for their personal appearance.

(From Henty's "With Buller in Natal").

FEBRUARY 16th.

DEATH OF DR. KANE, THE ARCTIC EXPLORER, 1857.

Elisha Kent Kane, one of the Arctic explorers who was sent to discover the fate of Sir John Franklin, was born at Philadelphia, United States, on February 3rd, 1820. He entered the United States Navy, and in the capacity of surgeon made several voyages to China, India, and other parts of the world. In 1850 he joined the expedition fitted out by Mr. Grinnell, of New York, to search for Sir John Franklin, of which voyage he published an account. In 1853 Dr. Kane made another voyage to the Arctic regions. This exploring expedition lasted two years, and is described in Dr. Kane's work "Arctic Explorations." Dr. Kane died at Havana on the above date.

THE EFFECTS OF ARCTIC COLD.

Bonsall and Morton, two of our stoutest men, came to me, begging permission to sleep: "They were not cold; the wind did not enter them now; a little sleep was all they wanted." Presently, Hans was found nearly stiff under a drift; and Thomas, bolt upright, had his eyes closed and could hardly articulate. At last John Blake threw himself in the snow and refused to rise. They did not complain of feeling cold; but it was in vain that I wrestled, boxed, ran, argued, jeered, or reprimanded, an immediate halt could not be avoided.

The tent was pitched with difficulty, and the sick and stupefied men put under it. Kane then with one man pushed ahead to the half-way tent, his object being to thaw some ice and pemmican before the others came up with them. He says: "I cannot tell how long it took us to make the nine miles, for we were in a strange kind of stupor, and had little apprehension of time. I recall these hours as among the most wretched I have gone through: we were neither of us in our right minds, and retained a very confused recollection of what preceded our arrival at the tent." They were in fact drunken and almost delirious with cold, walking as in a dream, and when they reached the tent immediately turned into their reindeer sleeping bags, and for the next three hours were oblivious of everything. Ohlsen suffered some time from blindness, two others underwent amputation of parts of the foot, and two died in spite of all their efforts.

(From Whymper's "Heroes of the Arctic").

FEBRUARY 17th.

BIRTH OF JOHN PINKERTON, 1758.

John Pinkerton is best remembered by his "General Collection of the Best and Most Interesting Voyages and Travels of the World," which appeared in seventeen volumes between the years 1808-14. Many of these travels have been reprinted, and form most interesting and instructive reading. John Pinkerton was born in Edinburgh, where he was educated for the law. At the age of twenty-two he came to London and began contributing to different magazines. Pinkerton published several volumes of Scottish ballads and Scottish History, but his "Travels" are now the most widely read of his works. He died at Paris on May 10th, 1826.

THE DISCOVERY OF TASMANIA.

On the 24th of the same month, being in the latitude of $42^{\circ} 25'$ south, and in the longitude of $163^{\circ} 50'$, I discovered land, which lay east-south-east at the distance of ten miles, which I called Van Diemen's Land. The compass pointed right towards this land. The weather being bad, I steered south and by east along the coast, to the height of 44° south, where the land runs away east, and afterwards north-east and by north. In the latitude of $43^{\circ} 10'$ south, and in the longitude of $167^{\circ} 55'$, I anchored on the 1st of December in a bay, which I called the Bay of Frederick Henry. I heard, or at least fancied I heard, the sound of people upon the shore; but I saw nobody. The noise we heard resembled the sound of some sort of trumpet; it seemed to be at no great distance, but we saw no living creature notwithstanding. I perceived also in the sand the marks of wild beasts' feet, resembling those of a tiger, or some such creature; I gathered also some gum from the trees, and likewise lack. The tide ebbs and flows there about three feet. The trees in this country do not grow very close, nor are they encumbered with bushes or underwood. I observed smoke in several places; however, we did nothing more than set up a post, on which everyone cut his name or his mark, and upon which I hoisted a flag. I observed that in this place the variation was changed to 3° eastward. On December 5th, being then by observation in the latitude of $41^{\circ} 34'$, and in the longitude of 169° , I quitted Van Diemen's Land, and resolved to steer east to the longitude of 195° , in hopes of discovering the Islands of Solomon.

(From Pinkerton's "Early Australian Voyages").

FEBRUARY 18th.

BIRTH OF MARY I., 1516.

Mary, the daughter of Henry VIII. and Catherine of Aragon, was a Catholic. She ascended the throne in 1553, and in the following year married Phillip of Spain, who remained in England one year and then left never to return. The reign of Mary is memorable for the terrible persecution of the Protestants. Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer suffered at the stake. In this reign, also, England lost the last of her French possessions, Calais being taken by the French in 1558. During the last three years of Mary's reign more than 300 persons were burnt at the stake. Mary died on November 17th, 1558. "She might have been a great Queen, but the interests of her nation were sacrificed to those of her Church, and as 'Bloody Mary' she left behind her a hateful and abiding memory."

MARY'S VARIED CHARACTER.

No English sovereign ever ascended the throne with larger popularity than Mary Tudor. The country was eager to atone to her for her mother's injuries, and the instinctive loyalty of the English towards their national Sovereign was enhanced by the abortive efforts of Northumberland to rob her of the inheritance. She had reigned little more than five years, and she descended into the grave amidst curses deeper than the acclamation which had welcomed her accession. In that brief time she had swathed her name in the horrid epithet which would cling to it for ever; and yet from the passions that in general tempt Sovereigns into crime she was entirely free. To the time of her accession she had lived a blameless and in many respects a noble life, and few men or women have lived less capable of doing knowingly a wrong thing.

(From Froude's "History of England").

FEBRUARY 19th.

BIRTH OF LORD RODNEY, 1719.

Lord Rodney, one of England's most famous sailors, was born at Walton-on-Thames, and went to sea at the age of twelve. He rapidly rose in the Service, and reached the rank of captain in 1742. He took part in many engagements under Hawke and Boscawen. In 1750 he was made rear-admiral, and distinguished himself in an attack on Havre. Rodney was present at a series of naval engagements in the West Indies, which culminated in 1782 in his destruction of the French fleet, under Count de Grasse, at Goudeloupe, on April 12th, 1782. De Grasse was captured during the battle. On returning to England Rodney was awarded a pension of £2,000 a year, but he was never popular with the Government, and died in comparative obscurity on May 24th, 1792.

THE CHARACTER OF RODNEY.

Personally Rodney was a very complete example of the aristocracy which governed England through the eighteenth century—with much selfishness and much corruption no doubt, yet in the main with a high spirit, with foresight, with statesmanship, and with glory. It would be absurd to say that he was indifferent to place or money. He desired them both, and avowed the desire frankly. He was not in a favourite modern phrase sympathetic. There was about him a certain irritable promptitude to assert his own dignity, and one gathers that he rather enjoyed inspiring fear. Yet, like many men who are proud in place and office, he was kind to those who were dependent upon him—to his children, to his wife, and to such friends as Gilbert Blane. He had that sense of the becoming in manners which rarely fails an aristocracy. Whatever he had said to Douglas or of Hood in private, he gave them their praise before the world in full measure. But the great redeeming quality in Rodney, and in all that aristocratic class to which he belonged, was this, that they did combine with their self-seeking a very high public spirit. They would intrigue for place, and would in matters of detail allow the interest of "the connection" to go before the good of the State; but when they spoke for their country to the foreigner, then they thought only of the greatness of England. For that greatness Rodney fought, and would willingly have died for it, and at a time of dire need he, at the head of a force he helped to perfect, did a very great thing. For that his name should never be forgotten by Englishmen.

(From Hannay's "Rodney").

FEBRUARY 20th.

BIRTH OF DAVID GARRICK, 1717.

This famous actor and dramatist was born at Hereford. Lichfield, however, was his home, and it was there that he went to study Latin and Greek under Dr. Johnson. After a few months master and pupil started off to London to make their fortunes. In London Garrick commenced life as a wine merchant, in partnership with his brother. His theatrical tastes, however, led him to the stage, and he made his first appearance as an actor in 1741. He achieved his first great success as Richard III. His success continued, and in 1747 he became joint patentee of Drury Lane Theatre. In 1776 he made his last appearance on the stage. He died January 20th, 1779, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

HEARTS OF OAK.

Come, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
To add something more to this wonderful year,
To honour we call you, not press you like slaves,
For who are so free as the sons of the waves?

Hearts of oak are our ships, hearts of oak are our men,
We always are ready,
Steady, boys, steady,
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay,
They never see us but they wish us away;
If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore,
For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.

Hearts of oak are our ships, hearts of oak are our men,
We always are ready,
Steady, boys, steady,
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

Still Britain shall triumph, her ships plough the sea,
Her standard be justice, her watchword "be free";
Then, cheer up, my lads, with one heart let us sing,
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, our King.

Hearts of oak are our ships, hearts of oak are our men,
We always are ready,
Steady, boys, steady,
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

DAVID GARRICK.

FEBRUARY 21st.

BIRTH OF CARDINAL NEWMAN, 1801.

John Henry Newman was born in London. He was educated at Oxford, and in 1822 was elected to a fellowship at that University. From his earliest days Newman was deeply imbued with religious thought, and in his first book, "The Arians of the Fourth Century," he gave expression to some of his opinions. While travelling from Rome, where he had gone on a visit, Newman wrote the well-known lines, "Lead, Kindly Light." In 1845 Newman entered the Church of Rome. A controversy with Kingsley led to the publication of Newman's famous work, the "Apologia pro Sua Vita." In 1879 Newman became a Cardinal. He died on August 11th, 1890.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
 Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.
I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Should'st lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
 Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.
So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

CARDINAL NEWMAN

FEBRUARY 22nd.

BIRTH OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, 1819.

James Russell Lowell, poet, diplomat, and anti-slavery reformer, was born at Cambridge, Mass., educated at Harvard, and studied for the law. In 1846 Lowell achieved fame by his "Biglow Papers." These papers had a great effect on the politics of the time. In 1855 Lowell succeeded Longfellow as a Professor of Modern Languages in Harvard College, a position which he held for twenty years. In 1880 he held the post of American Ambassador in London. His poems are widely read wherever English is spoken. Lowell died in the house in which he was born on August 12th, 1891.

THE BIRTHRIGHT OF THE POOR.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?

Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,

A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;

King of two hands, he does his part

In every useful toil and art;

A heritage, it seems to me,

A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?

Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,

A rank adjudged by toil-won merit,

Content that from employment springs,

A heart that in his labour sings;

A heritage, it seems to me,

A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?

A patience learned of being poor,

Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,

A fellow-feeling that is sure

To make the out-cast bless his door;

A heritage, it seems to me,

A king might wish to hold in fee.

J. R. LOWELL.

FEBRUARY 23rd.

DEATH OF JOANNA BAILLIE, 1851.

Joanna Baillie, the celebrated writer, was born at Bothwell on September 11th, 1762. She evinced strong literary tastes from an early age. In 1784 she went to reside in London with her brother, who was a physician there, and in 1798 she published her first work, entitled "A Series of Plays," which was successful at once. She continued writing poems and plays, many of the latter being acted in London. From 1806 till her death in 1851 Joanna Baillie lived with her sister at Hampstead. Sir Walter Scott was a great friend and admirer of Miss Baillie, and some of his most interesting letters were addressed to her.

THE FISHERMAN'S SONG.

No fish stir in our heaving net,
And the sky is dark and the night is wet;
And we must ply the lusty oar,
For the tide is ebbing from the shore;
And sad are they whose faggots burn,
So kindly stored for our return.

Our boat is small, and the tempest raves,
And naught is heard but the lashing waves,
And the sullen roar of the angry sea,
And the wild winds piping drearily;
Yet sea and tempest rise in vain,
We'll bless our blazing hearths again.

Push bravely, mates! Our guiding star
Now from its towerlet streameth far,
And along the nearing strand,
See, swiftly moves yon flaming brand;
Before the midnight watch be past
We'll quaff our bowl and mock the blast.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

FEBRUARY 24th.

BIRTH OF SAMUEL LOVER, 1797.

Samuel Lover, the famous Irish novelist, was born in Dublin. He commenced his career as a painter, but in 1832 his first book, "Legends and Stories of Ireland," appeared, with his own etchings. His greatest success, however, was secured by the publication of "Handy Andy" in 1842. For broad, rollicking, interesting humour this book has rarely been equalled. Lover died in Jersey on July 6th, 1868.

ANDY AND THE DUELLING PISTOLS.

Andy went off, and having obtained a feather returned to Dick, who began to tip certain portions of the lock very delicately with oil.

"What's that for, Misther Dick, sir, if you plaze?"

"To make it work smooth."

"And what's that thing you're grazen now, sir?"

"That's the tumbler."

"O Lord, a tumbler; what a quare name for it; I thought there was no tumbler but a tumbler for punch."

"That's a tumbler you would like to be cleaning the inside of, Andy."

"Thru for you, sir; and what's that little thing you have your hand on now, sir?"

"That's the cock."

"Oh dear, a cock. Is there a hen in it, sir?"

"No, nor a chicken either, though there is a feather."

"The one in your hand, sir, that you're grazing it with."

"No, but this little thing that is called the feather-spring."

"It's the feather, I suppose, makes it let fly."

"No doubt of it, Andy."

"And what's that place that opens and shuts, sir?"

"The pan."

"Well, there's sinse in that name to, bekass there's a fire in the thing."

Dick took the instrument to cut some circles of thin leather, and Andy again asked him the name of that thing.

"And what is that for, sir, the leather, I mane?"

"That's for putting round the ball."

"Is it for fear 'twould hurt him too much when you shot him?"

"You're a queer customer, Andy," said Dick, smiling.

(From Lover's "Handy Andy").

FEBRUARY 25th.

DEATH OF THOMAS MOORE, 1852.

Thomas Moore, Ireland's national poet, was born in Dublin on May 28th, 1779. He wrote his first verses at the age of thirteen. After passing through Dublin University, Moore came to London to study for the Bar. A translation of "Anacreon," which appeared in 1800, introduced him to the best literary society. A bloodless duel with Jeffreys terminated in making that famous critic a friend of Moore for life. In 1817 "Lalla Rookh" appeared, and met with nothing but praise. This poem and the "Irish Melodies" are Moore's best works. Like Southey, Scott, and Swift, Moore in his later years suffered from the loss of his mental faculties.

THE VALE OF AVOCA.

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh, no—it was something more exquisite still:

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
When the storms that we feel in this cold world should
cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

THOMAS MOORE.

FEBRUARY 26th.

BIRTH OF VICTOR HUGO, 1802.

Victor Hugo, the eminent French writer, was born at Besancon. His father was a General in the French Army. He began to write at the age of fifteen. In 1827, by the publication of his "Cromwell," he became one of the most prominent literary men in France. He produced poems, and plays, and historical novels in turn. "Les Miserables" was published in 1862. It was translated at once into ten languages, and is probably the most popular of his works in England. He died May 22nd, 1885.

THE FIGHT WITH AN OCTOPUS.

A struggle with a pieuvre resembles, in a way, a fight with a bull; there is a certain moment of which it is necessary to take advantage. With the bull it is when he lowers his neck; with the devil-fish, when it thrusts forward its head. It is a momentary movement, and he who fails to take advantage of it is lost. All that we have related had taken many minutes, but Gilliatt felt the two hundred and fifty suckers working with increased power.

Gilliatt now grasped his knife firmly, but the suction became stronger and painful.

He gazed at the pieuvre, which returned his gaze.

In a moment the monster detached its sixth tentacle from the rock, and, darting it at Gilliatt, endeavoured to seize his left arm. At the same time it thrust its head sharply forward. One second more and that hideous mouth would have been fastened on his chest. Bleeding from his sides, and with both his arms bound, he would have been a dead man. Now was Gilliatt's opportunity. He avoided the threatening movement, and at the instant that the creature made a bite at his chest he struck a decisive blow with his knife into the flat, slimy substance, and with a rapid circular movement, like the flourish of a whip, he tore off the head as a man draws a tooth. It was all over in an instant. The creature dropped at once; the terrible folds relaxed; it fell like a mass of wet linen; the suckers ceased their work of destruction, and relaxed their hold on the rock and man. The body sank into the water. Panting with his efforts, Gilliatt could see on the pebbles at his feet two shapeless masses of slimy matter, the head on one side and the remainder on the other. Fearing that it might seize him again in a last convulsive moment of agony, he hastily withdrew beyond the reach of its tentacles. The pieuvre, however, was dead, and Gilliatt closed his knife.

(From Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea").

FEBRUARY 27th.

BIRTH OF LONGFELLOW, 1807.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow is probably the most popular poet for young people. He was born in Portland, Maine, U.S.A. He had a good education, and distinguished himself as a student. In 1836 he was a professor at Harvard College, a position which he held for eighteen years. He made many visits to Europe. His productions, both prose and poetry, extended from his college days to his death. His poems are in no manner profound, but are simple and sweet, and have been, and long will be, the delight of millions of readers. Longfellow died in 1882.

**SOME NOBLE THOUGHTS FROM
LONGFELLOW.**

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !
Let the dead Past bury its dead !
Act,—act in the living Present !
Heart within, and God o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time ;—

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW,

FEBRUARY 28th.

THE RELIEF OF LADYSMITH, 1900.

Ladysmith is a small town in Natal, about 140 miles N.W. of Durban. It figured prominently in the Boer War, which commenced in October, 1899. On November 2nd Ladysmith was invested by the Boer forces. The town contained about 10,000 English combatants. General Buller, who had command of the English troops, made several gallant attempts to relieve the town, but was defeated at Colenso and at Spion Kop. On February 27th, 1900, Buller made another attempt, captured Pieters Hill, and so opened the way to Ladysmith, which was entered by the English troops on the following day. The siege had lasted 120 days, during which time the town was under the command of Sir George White.

THE LAST FIGHT BEFORE LADYSMITH.

It was the supreme instant of the Natal Campaign, as, wave after wave, the long lines of infantry went shimmering up the hill. On the left the Lancasters, the Lancashire Fusiliers, the South Lancashires, the York and Lancasters, with a burr of north country oaths, went racing for the summit. Spion Kop and a thousand comrades were calling for vengeance. "Remember, men, the eyes of Lancashire are watching you," cried the gallant MacCarthy O'Leary. The old 40th swept on, but his dead body marked the way which they had taken. On the right the East Surrey, the Cameronians, the 3rd Rifles, the 1st Rifle Brigade, the Durhams, and the gallant Irishmen, so sorely stricken and yet so eager, were all pressing upwards and onwards. The Boer fire lulls, it ceases—they are running! Wild, hat-waving men upon the Hlangwane uplands see the silhouette of the active figures of the stormers along the skyline, and know that the position is theirs. Exultant soldiers dance and cheer upon the ridge. The sun is setting in glory over the great Drakensberg mountains, and so also that night set for ever the hopes of the Boer invaders of Natal. After a fortnight of fighting the weary troops threw themselves down that night with the assurance that at last the door was ajar, and the light breaking through. One more effort, and it would be open before them.

(From Conan Doyle's "The Great Boer War".)

FEBRUARY 29th.

BIRTH OF MONTCALM, 1712.

Louis Joseph, Marquis Montcalm, was the French General who opposed General Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham, Quebec, in 1759. Montcalm's military career had been a brilliant one. He was born near Nîmes, in the south of France. At the age of fifteen he entered the French Army, and saw much active service before his appointment, in 1756, as Commander of the French troops in Canada. In Canada Montcalm gained several successes over the English. In 1759 he was holding Quebec. On September 13th General Wolfe, with an English force, scaled the heights before the city, and defeated the French in the Battle of Quebec. Montcalm was mortally wounded, and died the following day.

THE SCHOOLDAYS OF MONTCALM.

At the age of six he was placed in the charge of one Dumas, a natural son of his grandfather. This man, a conscientious pedant, with many theories of education, ruled his pupil stiffly, and before the age of fifteen gave him a good knowledge of Latin, Greek, and history. Young Montcalm had a taste for books, continued his reading in such intervals of leisure as camps and garrisons afforded, and cherished to the end of his life the ambition of becoming a member of the Academy. The main difficulty was to make him write a good hand—a point in which he signally failed to the day of his death. So refractory was he at times that his master despaired. "M. de Montcalm," Dumas informs the father, "has great need of docility, industry, and willingness to take advice. What will become of him?" The pupil, aware of these aspersions, met them by writing to his father his own ideas of what his aims should be. "First, to be an honourable man, of good morals, brave, and a Christian. Secondly, to read in moderation, to know as much Greek and Latin as most men of the world; also the four rules of arithmetic, and something of history, geography, and French, and Latin *belles-lettres*, as well as to have a taste for the arts and sciences. Thirdly, and above all, to be obedient, docile, and very submissive to your orders, and those of my dear mother; and also to defer to the advice of M. Dumas. Fourthly, to fence and ride as well as my small abilities will permit."

(From Parkman's "Montcalm and Wolfe").

MARCH 1st.

ESCAPE OF NAPOLEON FROM ELBA:— LANDS AT CANNES, 1815.

In October, 1813, Napoleon was defeated in the three days' battle at Leipsic. Finding his power broken, he abdicated, and by the Treaty of Paris was allowed to retire to the island of Elba, with the title of Emperor and a pension of about £240,000. In February, 1815, Napoleon escaped from Elba, and landed at Cannes on the above date. His march to Paris was one triumphal procession. The period between Napoleon's return to France and his final overthrow at Waterloo is known in history as the "Hundred Days."

NAPOLEON'S RETURN TO FRANCE.

In his passage Napoleon encountered two great risks. The first was from meeting a royal French frigate, who hailed the "Inconstant." The guards were ordered to put off their caps and go down below, or lie upon the deck, while the captain of the "Inconstant" exchanged some civilities with the commander of the frigate, with whom he chanced to be acquainted; and being well known in these seas, was permitted to pass on without farther inquiry. The second danger was caused by the pursuit of Sir Niel Campbell, in the "Partridge," sloop-of-war, who, following from Elba, where he had learned Napoleon's escape, with the determination to capture or sink the flotilla, could but obtain a distant view of the vessels as they landed their passengers.

This was on the 1st of March, when Napoleon, causing his followers once more to assume the three-coloured cockade, disembarked at Cannes, a small seaport in the gulf of Saint Juan, not far from Frejus, which had seen him land, a single individual, returned from Egypt, to conquer a mighty empire; had beheld him set sail, a terrified exile, to occupy the place of his banishment; and now again witnessed his return, a daring adventurer, to throw the dice once more for a throne or a grave.

Napoleon instantly began his march, at the head of scarce a thousand men, towards the centre of a kingdom from which he had been expelled with execrations, and where his rival now occupied in peace an hereditary throne. For some time the inhabitants gazed on them with doubtful and astonished eyes, as if uncertain whether to assist them as friends or to oppose them as invaders. A few peasants cried "Vive l'Empereur!" but the adventurers received neither countenance nor opposition from those of the higher ranks.

(From Scott's "Downfall of Napoleon").

MARCH 2nd.

DEATH OF JOHN WESLEY, 1791.

John Wesley, the founder of the Methodist Church, was born at Epworth, in Lincolnshire, in 1703; he died in 1791. At that time his Societies, as they were called, in Great Britain numbered 76,000 members and 300 preachers. To-day, reckoning the four great branches of Methodism in Great Britain, Canada, the United States, and Australasia, Methodism has 49,000 ministers in its pulpits, and 30,000,000 adherents in its pews. It has built 88,000 churches; it teaches in its schools every Sunday more than 8,000,000 children. In Canada, out of a population of less than 6,000,000, nearly one million are Methodists; one person in nine in Australasia is a Methodist; and the largest sum ever raised by a single church in a single effort was the £4,000,000 raised by the Methodist Church of the United States to celebrate the Centenary of John Wesley's death. Wesley began to write a journal on October 14th, 1735; the last entry was dated October 24th, 1790. Between those two Octobers, says Mr. Augustine Birrell, there lies the most amazing record of human exertion ever penned or endured. Eight thousand miles, for the most part on horseback, was Wesley's annual record for many a long year, during each of which he seldom preached less than 5,000 times.

THE MOBS AND METHODISM.

In several of the towns the mob resolved that there should be no more preaching. They threw volleys of stones, and threatened with death or violence all who opposed their will. The windows, and even the roofs of the preaching-houses, were shattered, and many of the houses of the Methodists were ransacked. At Hull Wesley's lodgings were attacked by a mob, and volleys both of stones and of curses were showered in upon him, through the broken windows, until midnight. There were, however, milder forms of persecution, which are noticed in the annals. Someone discovered that the press-gang, by means of which the King's regiments and ships of those days were manned, might be used to vex the lay preachers. Several of them were actually "impressed" and sent away to foreign service. In course of time the injuries which the law had caused, or which the law failed to redress, came to an end; but the tribunals and the legislature were proverbially slow, and in the meantime a sense of unredressed hardship did much to alienate the Methodists from the National Church.

(From Urrin's "Churchman's Life of Wesley").

MARCH 3rd.

BIRTH OF COLONEL FRED BURNABY, 1842.

Frederick Gustavus Burnaby, the beau ideal of an adventurous soldier, was a native of Bedford, in which town he received his early education. Burnaby joined the Horse Guards in 1859, and rose to the position of colonel in 1881. Burnaby travelled much and saw active service in many foreign lands, and in many strange armies. In 1874 he undertook a journey to Khiva, across Tartary, a feat which he describes in his book, "A Ride to Khiva." Two years later he undertook another journey, this time through Asia Minor, which brought forth another work, "On Horseback through Asia Minor."

Burnaby was killed at the Battle of Abu Klea during the Soudan campaign of 1885.

BURNABY'S HANDS ARE FROSTBITTEN.

I looked at my finger-nails; they were blue; the fingers and back parts of my hands were of the same colour, whilst my wrists and the lower part of my arm were of a waxen hue. There was no doubt about it, I was frostbitten; so calling to my servant, I made him rub the skin with some snow, in hopes of restoring the vitality. This he did for several minutes. The elder of the Cossacks shook his head and said, "Brother, it is a bad job; you will lose your hands."

"They will drop off," remarked another, "if we cannot get back the circulation."

"Have you any spirits with you?" asked a third.

Nazin, on hearing this, ran out and brought in a tin bottle containing naphtha for cooking purposes, upon which the Cossacks, taking my arms out of the icy water, proceeded to rub them with the strong spirit.

"Does it hurt?" asked the elder of the Cossacks.

"A little."

"Capital, brothers," he continued; "rub as hard as you can"; and after going on with the friction until the flesh was almost flayed, they suddenly plunged my arms again into the ice and water. I had not felt anything before, but this time the pain was very acute.

"Good," said the Cossacks; "the more it hurts the better chance you have of saving your hands."

"You are fortunate, little father," said the elder of the Cossacks. "If it had not been for the spirit, your hands would have dropped off, if you had not lost your arms as well."

(From Burnaby's "Ride to Khiva").

MARCH 4th.

BIRTH OF WILLIAM CARLETON, 1794.

William Carleton has written the best description we have of the Irish peasantry in the 18th century. Of peasant birth, brought up amid poor surroundings, Carleton had his information first-hand. Lover and Lever may awaken our laughter, but Carleton arouses our sympathy. Carleton was born in County Tyrone, but in early manhood found his way to Dublin, and began contributing to the Press. His articles soon attracted attention, and the publication of his "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," in 1830, made him famous. He died in Dublin in 1869.

A HEDGE SCHOOL IN IRELAND.

The reader will then be pleased to picture to himself such a house, in a line with the hedge, the eave of the back roof within a foot of the ground behind it, a large hole exactly in the middle as a chimney, immediately under which is an excavation in the floor, burned away by a large fire of turf, loosely heaped together. This is surrounded by a circle of urchins, sitting on the bare earth and exhibiting a series of speckled shins, all radiating towards the fire, like sausages on a *Polôni* dish. There they are—wedged as close as they can sit; one with half a thigh off his breeches—another with half an arm off his tattered coat—a third without breeches at all, wearing as a substitute a piece of his mother's old petticoat pinned about his loins—a fourth, no coat—a fifth with a cap on him, because he has got a scald, from having sat under the juice of fresh-hung bacon—a sixth with a black eye—a seventh with two rags about his heels to keep his kibes clean—an eighth, crying to get home because he has got a headache, though it might be as well to hint that there is a drag-hunt to start from beside his father's in the course of the day. In this ring, with his legs stretched in a most lordly manner, sits, upon a deal chair, Mat himself, with his hat on, basking in the enjoyment of unlimited authority. His dress consists of a black coat, considerably in want of repair, a white cravat, a black waistcoat, with one or two metal buttons sewed on where the original had fallen off, black corduroy inexpressibles, twice dyed, and sheep's-gray stockings. In his hand is a large broad ruler, the emblem of his power, the woful instrument of executive justice, and the signal of terror to all within his jurisdiction. In a corner below is a pile of turf, where, on entering, every boy throws his two pieces. He then comes up to the master, catches his forelock with his finger and thumb, and bobs down his head, by way of making him a bow, and goes to his seat.

(From Carleton's "Traits of the Irish Peasantry").

MARCH 5th.

BIRTH OF HENRY II., 1133.

Henry II. was the first King of the Plantagenet line. He was the son of Matilda, daughter of Henry I., and her second husband, Geoffrey Plantagenet. By the Treaty of Wallingford, Henry succeeded to the English throne in 1154, and reigned till his death in 1189. Henry II. is generally considered as being one of the best kings England has ever had. He built up his power by conciliating the barons and by the numerous reforms he brought about in the administration of justice in the land. During this reign occurred the quarrel with Becket, resulting in the murder of the Archbishop, for which the King did penance. Henry died at Chinon in 1189.

CHARACTER OF HENRY II.

Henry had inherited the qualities of the Angevin race—its tenacity, its courage, its endurance, the sagacity that was without impatience, and the craft that was never at fault. With the ruddy face and unwieldy frame of the Normans other gifts had come to him; he had their sense of strong government and their wisdom; he was laborious, patient, industrious, politic. He never forgot a face he had once seen, nor anything he had heard which he deemed worthy of remembering; where he once loved he never turned to hate, and where he once hated he was never brought to love. A great soldier and general, he was yet an earnest striver after peace, hating to refer to the doubtful decision of battle that which might be settled by any other means, and stirred always by a great pity, strange in such an age and in such a man, for lives poured out in war. "He was more tender to dead soldiers than to the living," says a chronicler, querulously, "and found far more sorrow in the loss of those who were slain than comfort in the love of those who remained." His pitiful temper was early shown in the determination to put down the barbarous treatment of shipwrecked sailors. He abolished the traditions of the Civil War by forbidding plunder and by a resolute fidelity to his plighted word. In political craft he was matchless, in great perils none was gentler than he; but when the danger was past none was harsher, and common talk hinted that he was a willing breaker of his word, deeming that in the pressure of difficulty it was easier to repent of word than deed, and to render vain a saying than a fact.

(From Mrs. Green's "Henry II.").

MARCH 6th.

BIRTH OF ELIZABETH BARRETT
BROWNING, '1806.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning ranks as the most famous woman poet in the English language. She was born in Durham, and "lisp'd in numbers" at quite an early age. Her first poem was written at the age of fourteen. Her maiden name was Barrett. An accident in youth made her practically an invalid for life. In 1846 she met Robert Browning, and was married to him the following year. Most of the married life of the Brownings was spent abroad, and Mrs. Browning died at Florence in 1861. "To know Mrs. Browning," says a famous critic, "as she reveals herself in her works, is a liberal education."

CHEERFULNESS TAUGHT BY REASON.

I think we are too ready with complaint
In this fair world of God's. Had we no hope
Indeed beyond the zenith and the slope
Of yon grey blank of sky, we might be faint
To muse upon eternity's constraint
Round our aspirant souls; but since the scope
Must widen early, is it well to droop,
For a few days consumed in loss and taint?
O pusillanimous Heart, be comforted,
And, like a cheerful traveller, take the road,
Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread
Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod
To meet the flints? 'At least it may be said,
"Because the way is *short*, I thank thee, God."

(From Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets").

MARCH 7th.

DEATH OF LORD COLLINGWOOD, 1810.

Cuthbert Collingwood, the famous English admiral and friend of Nelson, was born at Newcastle-upon-Tyne in 1748. He entered the Navy at the age of eleven.

He secured his rises in the Service at about the same times as Nelson gained his promotions.

Collingwood took part in most of the great naval engagements of the Napoleonic Wars, including Cape St. Vincent and Trafalgar.

At the last-named battle Collingwood was second in command, and to him fell the duty of writing the despatch announcing the victory, and the death of his friend Nelson.

After Trafalgar, Collingwood still retained his command, and died at sea on the above date. He was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.

THE END OF A LONG NAVAL CAREER.

He has worn out his heart in the service of his country; earthly distinctions indeed have been his, but they have been as dust in his mouth, for such honours as he obtained are useful only for enjoyment in one's own country, and years, many long years, had passed since Collingwood had set foot in his native land. It was a hard death for this great soul to die. It was hard to expire after a prolonged term of banishment, remorselessly enjoyed and rigorously executed by his inflexible sense of duty. The surgeon who attended him in his dying moments would afterwards say that those who witnessed the composure and resignation with which he met his fate must long remember the scene with wonder and admiration. "In no part of his lordship's brilliant life did his character appear with greater lustre than when he was approaching his end. It was dignified in the extreme. If it be on the bed of sickness, and at the approach of death, when ambition, the love of glory, and the interests of the world are over, that the true character is to be discovered, surely never did any man's appear to greater advantage than did that of my Lord Collingwood. For my own part I did not believe it possible that any one, on such an occasion, could have behaved so nobly. Cruelly harassed by a most afflicting disease, obtaining no relief from the means employed, and perceiving his death to be inevitable, he suffered no sigh of regret to escape, no murmuring at his past life, no apprehension of the future. He met death as became him, with a composure and fortitude which have seldom been equalled and never surpassed."

(From Clark Russell's "Life of Collingwood").

MARCH 8th.

DEATH OF WILLIAM III., 1702.

William III. was the son of William, Prince of Orange, and Mary, daughter of Charles I. He was born at the Hague on November 4th, 1650. He married Mary, daughter of James II.

When the trouble with James II. arose in England, William received an invitation to come to England and accept the Crown. He accepted, landed in England, and James II. fled to France. William and Mary were proclaimed King and Queen of England in 1689. In 1690 James landed in Ireland to try to regain the throne he had deserted.

He was defeated at the Battle of the Boyne, and returned to France. The supporters of James II in Scotland were defeated at Killiecrankie.

The massacre of Glencoe which occurred in 1693 has left a stain on William's character. The great aim of William was to check the power of the French, and for that purpose he made war in France, the expenses of which led to the formation of the National Debt. In 1701 the Act of Settlement was passed, regulating the succession to the throne. William died at Kensington on March 8th, 1702. He left no children.

BURNET'S CHARACTER OF WILLIAM III.

I have now run through the chief branches of his character; I had occasion to know him well, having observed him very carefully in a course of sixteen years. I had a very large measure of his favour, and a free access to him all the while, though not at all times to the same degree; the freedom that I used with him was not always acceptable, but he saw that I served him faithfully, so after some intervals of coldness he always returned to a good measure of confidence in me. I considered him as a person raised up by God to resist the power of France, and the progress of tyranny and persecution. The series of the five Princes of Orange that was now ended in him was the noblest succession of heroes that we find in any history, and the thirty years, from the year 1672 to his death, in which he acted so great a part, carry in them so many amazing steps of a glorious distinguishing providence that, in the words of David, he may be called "The man of God's right hand whom He made strong for Himself." After all the abatements that may be allowed for his errors and faults, he ought still to be reckoned among the greatest princes that our history, or indeed that any other, can afford.
(From Burnet's "History of His Own Time").

MARCH 9th.

BIRTH OF WILLIAM COBBETT, 1762.

The works of Cobbett are not read now as much as they were some fifty years ago, but they are none the less of great power, and did much to stimulate the ideas of the working classes. Cobbett was born at Farnham, and after some experience as a clerk entered the Army. He remained in the Army for eight years. He commenced work as a writer in the United States. In 1800 he returned to England and devoted himself entirely to writing. At first he was a supporter of the Tory Government, but afterwards he became its bitterest opponent. As a Radical Reformer Cobbett was much persecuted by Government, and suffered imprisonment for his writings on several occasions.

In 1817 he was persecuted to such an extent that he went to America, and did not return till 1821. He worked strenuously for the Reform Bill, and was returned as M.P. for Oldham in the first reformed Parliament. His best-known work is his "Advice to Young Men." Cobbett died on June 18th, 1835.

SOME GOOD ADVICE FROM COBBETT.

Besides reading, a young man ought to write, if he have the capacity and the leisure. If you wish to remember a thing well, put it into writing, even if you burn the paper immediately after you have done; for the eye greatly assists the mind. A journal should be kept by every young man. Put down something against every day in the year, if it be merely a description of the weather. You will not have done this for one year without finding the benefit of it. It disburdens the mind of many things to be recollected; it is amusing and useful, and ought by no means to be neglected. How often does it happen that we cannot make a statement of facts, sometimes very interesting to ourselves and our friends, for the want of a record of the places where we were, and of things that occurred on such-and-such a day! How often does it happen that we get into disagreeable disputes about things that have passed, and about the time and other circumstances attending them! As a thing of mere curiosity it is of some value, and may frequently prove of very great utility. It demands not more than a minute in the twenty-four hours; and that minute is most agreeably and advantageously employed. It tends greatly to produce regularity in the conducting of affairs; it is a thing demanding a small portion of attention once in every day; I myself have found it to be attended with great and numerous benefits, and I therefore strongly recommend it to the practice of every reader.

(From Cobbett's "Advice to Young Men")

MARCH 10th.

DEATH OF THE EARL OF BUTE, 1792.

This Statesman, if such he can be called, is best remembered as being head of the most unpopular Government England ever had.

He was born in 1713, and came under the notice of Frederick, son of George III. From 1762 to 1763 Bute was Prime Minister. Bute's great idea was the supremacy of the Sovereign. He seems to have retained a great influence over George III. In 1763 the unpopularity of Bute reached such a height that Grenville obtained his dismissal from Court. From that time Bute had nothing to do with politics, and during the latter years of his life lived in retirement, but it was suspected that he still exercised his influence privately over the King.

BUTE'S QUALIFICATIONS FOR A STATESMAN.

The Earl of Bute was scarcely known, even by name, to the country which he was soon to govern. He had, indeed, a short time after he came of age, been chosen to fill a vacancy which, in the middle of a parliament had taken place among the Scotch representative peers. He had disoblged the Whig ministers by giving some silent votes with the Tories, and consequently lost his seat at the next dissolution, and had never been re-elected. Near twenty years had elapsed since he had borne any part in politics. He had passed some of those years at his seat in one of the Hebrides, and from that retirement he had emerged as one of the household of Prince Frederic. Lord Bute, excluded from public life, had found out many ways of amusing his leisure. He was a tolerable actor in private theatricals, and was particularly successful in the part of Lothario. He devised quaint dresses for masquerades. He dabbled in geometry, mechanics, and botany. He paid some attention to antiquities and works of art, and was considered in his own circle as a judge of painting, architecture, and poetry. On the whole, the Earl of Bute might fairly be called a man of cultivated mind. He was also a man of undoubted honour. But his understanding was narrow, and his manners cold and haughty. His qualifications for the part of a Statesman were best described by Frederic, who often indulged in the unprincely luxury of sneering at his dependents. "Bute," said his Royal Highness, "you are the very man to be envoy at some small proud German Court, where there is nothing to do."

(From Macaulay's "Essay on Chatham").

MARCH 11th.

THE LUDDITE RIOTS, 1811.

On this date commenced the series of riots in England known as the Luddite Riots. They were brought about by the introduction of machinery into the hosiery manufacture. The rioters took the name of Luddites from one Ned Ludd, who had distinguished himself some years previously by destroying frames used in the stocking manufacture in Leicestershire. These riots commenced in Nottingham, but gradually spread to the surrounding districts. During the riots not only was much machinery destroyed, but, as is always the case in riots, private property of great value fell under the malice of the rioters.

So serious were affairs at one period that an Act of Parliament was passed, decreeing death to anyone destroying a frame.

The riots did not thoroughly die out till 1816, when affairs of a more political character occupied the attention of the masses.

AN ATTACK ON A MILL BY THE LUDDITES.

Mr. Cartwright had his mill prepared for an assault. He took up his lodgings in it, and the doors were strongly barricaded at night. On every step of the stairs there was placed a roller, spiked with barbed points all round, so as to impede the ascent of the rioters, if they succeeded in forcing the doors. On the night of the 11th of April, 1812, the assault was made. Some hundreds of starving cloth-dressers assembled in the field near Kirkstall, and were armed by their leaders with pistols, hatchets, and bludgeons, many of which had been extorted by the nightly bands that prowled about the country from such inhabitants of lonely houses as had provided themselves with these means of self-defence. The silent, sullen multitude marched in the dead of that spring night to Rawfolds, and giving tongue with a great shout, roused Mr. Cartwright up to the knowledge that the long-expected attack had come. He was within walls, it is true, but against the fury of hundreds he had only four of his own workmen and five soldiers to assist him. The ten men, however, managed to keep up such a vigorous and well-directed fire of musketry that they defeated all the desperate attempts of the multitude outside to break down the doors and force a way into the mill; and after a conflict of twenty minutes, during which two of the assailants were killed and several wounded, they withdrew in confusion, leaving Mr. Cartwright master of the field.

(From Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë").

MARCH 12th.

BIRTH OF MARY HOWITT, 1799.

Mary Howitt is well known as the first English writer to introduce the works of Hans Andersen to the English. Her maiden name was Rotham. She was born at Uttoxeter, and married William Howitt in 1821. Together they wrote stories, poems, works of travel, and histories. Their works were very popular in the early half of the 19th century, and are well worth reading even at the present day. Mary Howitt died on January 30th, 1888.

A SONG FOR BRITISH CHILDREN.

Oh ! children of the islands,
Of the glorious and the free !
Yours is the noble heritage,
A proud old ancestry.

The spoiler dare not enter
Your homes by day or night :—
And the poorest peasant in the land
The oppressor may not smite.

Your very names are watchwords
In battle for the right ;
And the nations in their darkest days,
Look towards your land for light.

Oh ! by my precious memories,
By the stedfast hearts of yore,
By the glory of your fathers' names,
In freedom, faith, and lore—

Keep ye your heart inviolate,
Pure soul, and spotless hand !
And in your manhood's noble strength,
Make glad your native land !

Make glad your glorious islands,
And bright their history's page—
For the beauty of their old renown
Is a noble heritage.

MARY HOWITT.

MARCH 13th.

DEATH OF EARL ST. VINCENT, 1823.

John Jervis, Earl St. Vincent, one of England's famous naval commanders, was born in Staffordshire in 1735. He entered the Navy at the age of thirteen, and in 1760 had reached post-captain rank. Thirty years later he was made rear-admiral. Earl St. Vincent's greatest victory was gained over the French fleet off Cape St. Vincent on February 14th, 1797. It was in this victory that Nelson particularly distinguished himself.

During the Mutiny of the English fleet at Spithead and the Nore, Earl St. Vincent contributed much to bringing about a settlement. As First Lord of the Admiralty during the years 1801-4 this admiral devoted his time to bringing about necessary reforms in the Navy.

AN OLD SALT'S IDEA OF JERVIS.

I've sailed the salt seas pretty much,
And rough'd it in all weathers,
The French, the Spanish, and the Dutch,
To buckle to their tethers.
And in each voyage I must need,
You see, have known some service;
But all I've know'd and all I've seed
Is now outdone by Jervis!

You've heard, I s'pose, the people talk
Of Benbow and Boscawen,
Of Anson, Pocock, Vernon, Hawke,
And many more then going;
All pretty lads and brave, and rum,
That sec'd much noble service;
But Lord, their merit's all a hum,
Compared with Admiral Jervis!

They say that he's become a lord,
At His Majesty's desire;
He always was a king aboard,
How can they lift him higher?
'Tis noble, that must be confess'd,
And suits such worthy service;—
But the title he'll be known by best
Will be, Gallant Admiral Jervis!

(From Dibdin's "Sea Songs").

MARCH 14th.

EXECUTION OF ADMIRAL BYNG, 1757.

This unfortunate admiral was born in 1704. He entered the Navy at an early age, and by his ability rose to the post of admiral in 1747. In 1756 Minorca was being invested by the French, and Admiral Byng was sent with a poorly manned and badly equipped fleet to effect its relief. On May 20th Rear-Admiral West entered into an engagement with the enemy, but Byng, finding the enemy were too strong, withdrew his fleet, sailed away, and left Minorca to its fate. On returning to England, Byng was tried by court-martial. He was acquitted of the charge of cowardice, but it was decided that he had not done his best to defeat the enemy, and he was condemned to death, as Voltaire puts it, "in order to encourage the others." He was shot on the deck of his own ship in Portsmouth Harbour.

BYNG SACRIFICED BY A BAD MINISTRY.

We will not enter here into a detailed account of Byng's trial and condemnation to death, which has been stigmatised, and with justice, as a judicial murder. That his sentence was determined on beforehand by King, Ministers, and scarcely in a less degree by the people, who burnt him in effigy in the streets, and were with difficulty prevented from destroying his country seat in Hertfordshire, there can be little reason to doubt. As for the Ministers, they had an object in providing a scape-goat, who was to suffer for their sins of omission and commission in sending to sea a squadron inefficiently manned and ill-found. Not only were the despatches of the unfortunate admiral relating to the battle and his reason for returning to Gibraltar garbled, but the Prime Minister, the Duke of Newcastle, actually had the baseness to reply to a deputation from the Common Council, demanding his impeachment: "He should be tried directly; he should be hanged immediately." As to the King and the Duke of Cumberland, they were, if possible, even more determined that Byng should expiate his offence with his life; and notwithstanding that the new Ministers, Pitt, the Secretary of State, and Lord Temple, the First Lord of the Admiralty, recommended His Majesty to grant a pardon, the King remained obdurate, and refused to annul the sentence of death passed on him by the court-martial. The people, having calmed down during his trial, which took place in the winter, did the ill-fated admiral justice after his condemnation, and hoped to the last that he would be pardoned.

(From Low's "Great Battles of the British Navy").

MARCH 15th.

BIRTH OF LORD MELBOURNE, 1779.

Lord Melbourne will be remembered as Queen Victoria's first Prime Minister. He was born in London, his father being Penistone Lamb, first Viscount Melbourne. After being educated at Eton and Cambridge, Melbourne entered Parliament in 1805 as the Whig Member for Leominster. In 1834 he became Prime Minister for the first time. He again held the same position in 1835, and was at the head of affairs when Victoria ascended the throne in 1837. Lord Melbourne resigned office in 1841, and took very little active part in politics after that date, but always remained on most friendly terms with the Queen. He died on November 24th, 1848.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S FIRST PRIME MINISTER.

Lord Melbourne was the first Minister of the Crown when the Queen succeeded to the throne. He was a man who then, and always after, made himself particularly dear to the Queen, and for whom she had the strongest regard. He was of kindly, somewhat indolent nature; fair and even generous towards his political opponents; of the most genial disposition towards his friends. He was emphatically not a strong man. He was not a man to make good grow where it was not already growing. He was a kindly counsellor to a young Queen; and happily for herself, the young Queen in this case had strong clear sense enough of her own not to be absolutely dependent on any counsel. Lord Melbourne was not a statesman. His best qualities, personal kindness and good nature, were purely negative. He was unfortunately not content even with the reputation for a sort of indolent good-nature which might have been well deserved. He strove to make himself appear hopelessly idle, trivial, and careless. When he really was serious and earnest, he seemed to make it his business to look like one in whom no human affairs could call up a gleam of interest. We have amusing pictures of him as he occupied himself in blowing a feather or nursing a sofa-cushion while receiving an important and perhaps highly sensitive deputation from this or that commercial "interest." Those who knew him insisted that he really was listening with all his might and main; that he had sat up the whole night before, studying the question which he seemed to think so unworthy of any attention; and that, so far from being wholly absorbed in his trifles, he was at very great pains to keep up the appearance of a trifler.

(From McCarthy's "Short History of Our Own Times").

MARCH 16th.

THE DEFENCE OF ACRE, 1799.

“ Had St. Jean d'Acre fallen, I should have changed the face of the world,” said Napoleon at St. Helena.

Acre is a town on the coast of Syria. It was besieged by the French during Napoleon's Egyptian Campaign. It was defended by the Turks, aided by some English sailors, under Sir Sidney Smith.

The French made eight unsuccessful assaults on the town. After a sixty days' siege, the French were compelled to give up the idea of capturing the place. This stubborn defence destroyed Napoleon's hopes of Eastern conquests.

THE LAST FRENCH ASSAULT AT ACRE.

One of the dramatic incidents of the siege was the assault made by Kleber's troops. They had not taken part in the siege hitherto, but had won a brilliant victory over the Arabs at Mount Tabor. On reaching the camp, flushed with their triumph, and seeing how slight were the apparent defences of the town, they demanded clamorously to be led to the assault. Napoleon consented. Kleber, who was of gigantic stature, with a head of hair worthy of a German music master or of a Soudan Dervish, led his grenadiers to the edge of the breach and stood there, while with gesture and voice—a voice audible even above the fierce and sustained crackle of musketry—he urged his men on. Napoleon, standing on a gun in the nearest French battery, watched the sight with eager eyes—the French grenadiers running furiously up the breach, the grim line of levelled muskets that barred it, the sudden roar of the English guns as from every side they smote the staggering French column. Vainly single officers struggled out of the torn mass, ran gesticulating up the breach, and died at the muzzles of the British muskets. The men could not follow, or only died as they leaped forward. The French grenadiers, still fighting, swearing, and screaming, were swept back past the point where Kleber stood, hoarse with shouting, black with gunpowder, furious with rage. The last assault on Acre had failed. The French sick, field artillery, and baggage silently that night defiled to the rear. The heavy guns were buried in the sands, and after sixty days of open trenches, Napoleon, for the first time in his life, though not for the last, ordered a retreat.

(From Fitchett's “ Deeds That Won the Empire ”).

MARCH 17th.

DEATH OF BISHOP BURNET, 1715.

Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, was born at Edinburgh. In 1675 he was appointed preacher at the Rolls Chapel, and became a well-known figure at Court. He published his "History of the Reformation" in 1681. On the accession of James II., Burnet left England, visited Holland, and became a great favourite of William of Orange, afterwards William III. At the Revolution he came to England as William's Chaplain. He died at Clerkenwell. Burnet's "History of His own Time" is valuable as containing a record of events as they appeared to one who passed through them, but it is written from a strong Whig standpoint and must be read carefully.

BURNET AS A WRITER AND PREACHER.

His parts were quick, his industry unwearied, his reading various and most extensive. He was at once a historian, an antiquary, a theologian, a preacher, a pamphleteer, a debater, and an active political leader; and in every one of these characters he made himself conspicuous among able competitors. The many spirited tracts which he wrote on passing events are now known only to the curious: but his "History of His Own Time," his "History of the Reformation," his "Exposition of the Articles," his "Discourse of Pastoral Care," his "Life of Hale," his "Life of Wilmot," are still reprinted, nor is any good private library without them. A writer, whose voluminous works in several branches of literature find numerous readers a hundred and thirty years after his death, may have had great faults, but must also have had great merits; and Burnet had great merits, a fertile and vigorous mind, and a style far indeed removed from faultless purity, but generally clear, often lively, and sometimes rising to solemn and fervid eloquence. In the pulpit the effect of his discourses, which were delivered without any note, was heightened by a noble figure and by pathetic action. He was often interrupted by the deep hum of his audience; and when, after preaching out the hour-glass, which in those days was part of the furniture of the pulpit, he held it up in his hand, the congregation clamorously encouraged him to go on till the sand had run off once more.

LORD MACAULAY.

MARCH 18th.

DEATH OF SIR ROBERT WALPOLE, 1745.

Robert Walpole, England's great "Peace" Minister, was born at Houghton, in Norfolk, on August 26th, 1676. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge, and in 1701 became M.P. for Castle Rising.

He soon attracted the notice of the leading Whigs, and in 1708 we find Walpole holding the post of Secretary at War, and in 1710 Treasurer of the Navy.

In 1712 Walpole was expelled from Parliament on a false charge of corruption, but on the accession of George I. he was restored to favour. Walpole became First Lord of the Treasury in 1715. From 1721 till 1742 he was at the head of affairs in England, and during that time Walpole managed to keep England at peace. He maintained his majority in the Commons by an open system of corruption. In 1742 Walpole retired from politics. He was created Earl of Oxford, and took his seat in the Lords. He died on the above date.

THE GREAT PEACE MINISTER.

But for Sir Robert Walpole, we should have had the Pretender back again. But for his obstinate love of peace, we should have had wars, which the nation was not strong enough nor united enough to endure. But for his resolute counsels and good-humoured resistance, we might have had German despots attempting a Hanoverian regimen over us; we should have had revolt, commotion, want, and tyrannous misrule, in place of a quarter of a century of peace, freedom, and material prosperity, such as the country never enjoyed until that corrupter of Parliaments, that dissolute tipsy cynic, that courageous lover of peace and liberty, that great citizen, patriot, and Statesman governed it. In religion he was little better than a heathen; cracked ribald jokes at bigwigs and bishops, and laughed at High Church and Low. In private life the old pagan revelled in the lowest pleasures; he passed his Sundays tippling at Richmond; and his holidays bawling after dogs, or drinking at Houghton with boors. He cared for letters no more than his master did; he judged human nature so meanly that one is ashamed to own that he was right, and that men could be corrupted by means so base. But, with his hireling House of Commons, he defended liberty for us; with his incredulity he kept Churchcraft down. He gave England no conquests, but he gave them peace and ease and freedom; the Three Per Cents. nearly at par; and wheat at five and six and twenty shillings a quarter.

(From Thackeray's "Four Georges").

MARCH 19th.

BIRTH OF DAVID LIVINGSTONE, 1813.

This most famous of missionaries and African explorers was born at Blantyre, in Lanarkshire. Much of his early life was spent in a factory. Wishing to be a missionary, he was sent out to Africa by the London Missionary Society. He first sailed for Africa in 1840. On his second journey he explored the Zambesi. In 1865 Livingstone started out with the intention of discovering the source of the Nile. He broke down in health, and died in Africa in 1873. His body was brought to England and interred in Westminster Abbey.

A SPECIMEN OF QUARRELLING IN BECHUANALAND.

Only on one occasion did we witness a specimen of quarrelling. An old woman, standing by our camp, continued to belabour a good-looking young man for hours with her tongue. Irritated at last, he uttered some words of impatience, when another man sprang at him, exclaiming, "How dare you curse my 'Mama'?" They caught each other, and a sort of pushing, dragging, wrestling-match ensued. The old woman, who had been the cause of the affray, wished us to interfere, and the combatants themselves hoped as much, but we, preferring to remain neutral, allowed them to fight it out. It ended by one falling under the other, both, from their scuffling, being in a state of nudity. They picked up their clothing, and ran off in different directions, each threatening to bring his gun and settle the dispute in mortal combat. Only one, however, returned, and the old woman continued her scolding till my men, fairly tired of her tongue, ordered her to be gone. This trifling incident was one of interest to me, for, during the whole period of my residence in the Bechuana country I never saw unarmed men strike each other. Their disputes are usually conducted with great volubility and noisy swearing, but they generally terminate by both parties bursting into a laugh.

(From Livingstone's "Journeys in South Africa").

MARCH 20th.

DEATH OF HENRY IV., 1413.

Henry IV. was the son of John of Gaunt, who was the fourth son of Edward III. He was born on April 3rd, 1367, in Lincolnshire. In the reign of Richard II. Henry became Duke of Hereford, but was banished in 1398. On the death of his father in 1399, Henry returned to England to claim his father's possessions. He raised a large army and induced Richard II. to give up the throne. He was crowned in October, 1399. Henry IV. was the first King of the House of Lancaster. The reign of Henry was full of plots and insurrections. The Scots and the Welsh made inroads into England, but were defeated. Henry died on the above date, at the age of forty-six.

HENRY IV. ON HIS DEATH-BED CHIDES HIS SON.

[It is said that when Henry IV. was dying, his son, Prince Henry, entered the chamber, and thinking his father was already dead, placed the crown upon his own head.]

Prince. I never thought to hear you speak again.

King Henry. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou hast stol'n that which, after some few hours,
Were thine without offence; and at my death
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts;
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.

What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone; and dig my grave thyself;
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head;
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time has come to mock at form.
Harry the Fifth is crowned!

(From Shakespeare's "Henry IV.").

MARCH 21st.

THE BURNING OF CRANMER AT THE STAKE, 1556.

Thomas Cranmer was the famous Archbishop of Canterbury, whose name figures so prominently in the Reformation.

He was born at Aslacton, in Nottinghamshire, on July 2nd, 1489. He was educated at Cambridge, took holy orders, and for many years worked as a tutor in divinity. A casual opinion which he gave on the question of Henry VIII.'s divorce from Catherine of Arragon brought him under the King's notice. In 1533 Cranmer was made Archbishop of Canterbury, in which office he strongly supported the progress of the Reformation. Upon the accession of Mary, Cranmer was accused of heresy, and under a promise of pardon was induced to sign a recantation of his principles. When required to read this in public, his conscience smote him, and he exhorted the people against the errors of the Church of Rome. This brought down on him the full vengeance of Mary. He was sentenced to be burnt, which was carried out at Oxford on the above date.

CRANMER AT THE STAKE.

He had no sooner committed this sin of saying that he would give up his religion than he repented of it. His cruel enemies resolved to put him to death in spite of his professed change. Before his death he made an address to the people. At the close of it he used these words : " And now I come to the great thing that troubles my conscience more than any other thing I ever did in my life, and that is the setting abroad of writings contrary to the truths which I thought in my heart, for fear of death and to save my life, if it might be ; and all such things which I have written or signed with my own hand since my degradation I now proclaim untrue. And forasmuch as my hand offended, in writing contrary to my heart, therefore my hand shall first be punished, for if I may come to the fire, it shall be first burned." This filled his enemies with astonishment and rage. They hurried him to the stake. As the flames rose around him, he moved no more than the stake to which he was bound. His eyes were lifted up to heaven, and stretching forth his hand into the flame, he exclaimed, " This hand hath offended ; oh, this unworthy right hand ! " And then using the words of the first martyr, Stephen, " Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," in the fierceness of the flame he gave up the ghost.

(From " The Reformation and its Heroes ").

MARCH 22nd.

STAMP ACT PASSED, 1765.

This Act, proposed by Grenville in 1764, and passed in 1765, was one of the chief causes of the war with the American Colonies. By this measure, England asserted the right to impose taxation on the Colonies, and Customs duties were charged upon certain imports into them. Though strongly opposed by the American Assemblies, the chief of whose agents was Franklin, the Bill was passed with little opposition in the English Parliament.

By the influence of Pitt, the Stamp Act was repealed in 1766, the Parliament, however, maintaining the right to make laws for the Colonies.

HOW THE COLONISTS WERE WARNED.

[The American Colonists determined to resist the action of the British Government, Arms and ammunition were collected at Concord, near Boston. On April 18th, 1775, a small English force was sent to destroy these. The alarm, however, had been given, and the English were fired upon and suffered much loss.]

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night!
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

* * * * *

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

(From Longfellow's "Paul Revere's Ride").

MARCH 23rd.

ASSASSINATION OF EMPEROR PAUL OF RUSSIA, 1801.

This event had considerable effect upon the affairs of England in 1801. Russia, Denmark, and Sweden had combined, under the name of the Northern Confederacy, for the purpose of compelling England to resign her naval rights. An English fleet was sent to the Baltic to crush this combination. The Battle of Copenhagen was the result. Nelson with the English fleet sailed for Cronstadt to attack the Russians. The assassination of Paul, however, changed the aspect of affairs. Alexander, the successor of Paul, had no intention of carrying out his father's schemes, and amicable relations between England and Russia were re-established. Thus the death of Paul prevented what threatened to be a lengthy war with Russia.

THE RESULT OF THE CRIME.

But while everything thus announced the commencement of a desperate and bloody war between England and the Northern Powers, an event took place at the palace of St. Petersburg which at once dissolved the Northern Confederacy, defeated the sanguine hopes of Napoleon, and changed the face of the world. This was the death of the Emperor Paul, which took place on the night of the 23rd March, and led immediately to the accession of his son Alexander, and a total change of policy on the part of the Cabinet of St. Petersburg.

The new Emperor, on the day succeeding his elevation to the throne, issued a proclamation declaring his resolution to govern according to the maxims and system of his august grandmother, Catherine; and one of his first acts was to give orders that the British sailors and captains, who had been taken from the ships should be set at liberty. At the same time, all prohibitions against the export of corn were removed—a measure of no small importance to the famishing population of the British Isles. The young Emperor shortly after wrote a letter with his own hand to the King of Britain, expressing, in the warmest terms, his desire to re-establish the amicable relations of the two Empires—a declaration which was received with equal shouts of joy in London, as in St. Petersburg.

(From Alison's "History of Europe").

MARCH 24th.

DEATH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH, 1603.

Queen Elizabeth was the daughter of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn. She was born in Greenwich Palace, on September 7th, 1533. Her early years were spent in study. Elizabeth ascended the throne in 1558, and reigned till her death in 1603. The reign of Queen Elizabeth was one of the most famous in English history. Her great strength lay in her choice of advisers. Her greatest fault, a small one in a Sovereign, was her vanity.

THE EARLY YEARS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Elizabeth was a child of extraordinary acquirements, to which were added some personal beauty and very graceful manners. She had wit at command, and sufficient discretion to understand when and where she might display it. Those who knew her best were accustomed to say of her "That God, who had endowed her with such rare gifts, had certainly destined her to some distinguished employment in the world." At the age of twelve she was considerably advanced in sciences, which rarely, indeed, at that era, formed part of the education of princesses. She understood the principles of geography, architecture, the mathematics, and astronomy, and astonished all her instructors by the facility with which she acquired knowledge. Her handwriting was beautiful, and her skill in languages remarkable. Like her elder sister, the Princess Mary, she was an accomplished Latin scholar, and astonished some of the most erudite linguists of that age by the ease and grace with which she conversed in that language. French, Italian, Spanish, and Flemish she both spoke and wrote with the same facility as her native tongue. She was fond of poetry, and sometimes made verses that were not devoid of merit; but she only regarded this as the amusement of her leisure hours, bestowing more of her time and attention on the study of history than anything else.

Elizabeth was indefatigable in her pursuits of this queenly branch of knowledge, to which she devoted three hours a day, and read works in all languages that afforded information on the subject. It was, however, in this predilection alone that she betrayed the ambition which formed the leading trait of her character. While thus fitting herself in her childhood for the throne, which as yet she viewed through a vista far remote, she endeavoured to conceal her object by the semblance of the most perfect humility, and affecting the love for the leisure and quiet of private life.

(From Agnes Strickland's "Life of Elizabeth").

MARCH 25th.

ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE, 1807.

The traffic in slaves was introduced into England in the time of Elizabeth, by Sir John Hawkins. The trade grew rapidly, and between the years 1700 and 1786 England imported over 600,000 slaves into Jamaica alone. Early in the 19th century efforts were made by different men in England to put a stop to this traffic. The chief agitators were Wilberforce, Zachary Macaulay, and Clarkson. A Bill had been introduced by Wilberforce as early as 1791. This was thrown out. The question kept on coming up, and on the above date a resolution moved by Fox was passed, declaring all traffic in slaves illegal after January 1st, 1808.

A SCENE IN THE SLAVE TRADE.

In dark fens of the Dismal Swamp
The hunted Negro lay;
He saw the fire of the midnight camp,
And heard at times a horse's tramp
And a bloodhound's distant bay.

A poor old slave, infirm and lame;
Great scars deformed his face;
On his forehead he bore the brand of shame,
And the rags that hid his mangled frame,
Were the livery of disgrace.

All things above were bright and fair,
All things were glad and free;
Lithe squirrels darted here and there,
And wild birds filled the echoing air
With songs of Liberty!

On him alone was the doom of pain,
From the morning of his birth;
On him alone the curse of Cain
Fell, like a flail on the garnered grain,
And struck him to the earth!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

MARCH 26th.

BIRTH OF W. E. H. LECKY, 1838.

This great historian was born near Dublin, and was educated at Trinity College. He opened his literary career with some famous essays. In 1869 he published his "History of European Morals," and this was followed during the years 1878-90 by the great work, "History of England in the Eighteenth Century." The causes of the rupture between England and the American Colonies are thoroughly explained, and so is the treatment by England of her Irish neighbours. Lecky died in 1903.

THE INTRODUCTION OF UMBRELLAS INTO ENGLAND.

About 1780 the custom of wearing swords at social gatherings and in places of public resort began to go out of fashion, and about the same time a very important addition was made to the comfort of life, and especially to that of the less opulent classes, by the general use of the umbrella.

Its history is not without interest. In Queen Anne's time it is mentioned as employed by women, but up to the middle of the 18th century it never appears to have been used in England by men, though Wolfe, the future conqueror of Quebec, wrote from Paris in 1752, describing it as in general use in that city, and wondering that so convenient a practice had not yet penetrated to England. Hanway, the famous traveller and philanthropist, who returned to England in 1750, is said to have been the first Englishman who carried an umbrella. Defoe had described an umbrella as one of the contrivances of Robinson Crusoe, and umbrellas were in consequence at one time called "Robinsons." They were long looked on as a sign of extreme effeminacy, and they multiplied very slowly. Dr. Jamieson in 1782 is said to have been the first person who used one in Glasgow, and Southey's mother, who was born in 1752, was accustomed to say that she remembered the time when anyone would have been hooted who carried one in the streets of Bristol. A single coarse cotton one was often kept in a coffee-house, to be lent out to customers, or in a private house, to be taken out with the carriage and held over the heads of ladies as they got in or out; but for many years those who used umbrellas in the streets were exposed to the insults of the mob, and to the persistent and very natural animosity of the hackney coachmen, who bespattered them with mud and lashed them furiously with their whips. But the manifest convenience of the new fashion secured its ultimate triumph, and before the close of the century umbrellas had passed into general use.

(From Lecky's "England in the Eighteenth Century").

MARCH 27th.

DEATH OF JAMES I., 1625.

James I. was the son of Mary, Queen of Scots, and Lord Darnley. He ascended the throne on the death of Elizabeth, and was the first sovereign of the Stuart line. He brought with him to the throne the idea of the Divine Right of Kings, which proved in the end the ruin of the Stuarts. During this reign a new translation of the Bible was issued. Successful attempts were made at colonisation, and settlements were made at Virginia. James was possessed of some amount of learning, and used it in so vain a manner as to earn the title of "the wisest fool in Christendom."

LONDON IN THE DAYS OF JAMES THE FIRST.

It may be worth while to remind our readers that the Temple Bar which Heriot passed was not the arched screen, or gateway, of the present day, but an open railing or palisade, which, at night, and in times of alarm, was closed with a barricade of posts and chains. The Strand also, along which he rode, was not as now a continued street, although it was beginning already to assume that character. It still might be considered as an open road, along the south side of which stood various houses and hotels belonging to the nobility, having gardens behind them down to the waterside, with stairs to the river for the convenience of taking boat; which mansions have bequeathed the names of their lordly owners to many of the streets leading from the Strand to the Thames. The north side of the Strand was also a long line of houses, behind which, as in Saint Martin's Lane, and other points, buildings were rapidly arising; but Covent Garden was still a garden in the literal sense of the word, or at least but beginning to be studded with irregular buildings. All that was passing around, however, marked the rapid increase of a capital which had long enjoyed peace, wealth, and a regular government. Houses were rising in every direction; and the shrewd eye of our citizen already saw the period not distant which should convert the nearly open highway on which he travelled into a connected and regular street, uniting of the court and the town with the city of London.

He next passed Charing Cross, which was no longer the pleasant solitary village at which the judges were wont to breakfast on their way to Westminster Hall, but began to resemble the artery through which, to use Johnson's expression, "pours the full tide of London population." The buildings were rapidly increasing, yet scarcely gave even a faint idea of its present appearance.

(From Scott's "Fortunes of Nigel").

MARCH 28th.

**DEATH OF SIR RALPH ABERCROMBY,
1801.**

Abercromby was born in Clackmannanshire on October 7th, 1734. He was educated for the law, but had an inclination for a military life, and in 1756 joined the Army. He saw much active service during the Seven Years' War and the War of American Independence. He reached the rank of major-general in 1787. He represented his native county in Parliament from 1774 to 1780. In 1793 Abercromby accompanied the troops, under the Duke of York, in the disastrous expedition to Holland, and gained some distinction during that campaign. In 1801 Sir Ralph was given the command of the troops sent to Egypt to dislodge the French. At the Battle of Aboukir, on March 21st, he was mortally wounded, and he died on board ship on the above date. He was buried at Maldon, but there is a monument to him in St. Paul's Cathedral.

**THE SIMPLICITY OF ABERCROMBY'S
CHARACTER.**

He endeared himself to his friends by the habitual practice of every relative and social duty, by his amiable manners, the tenderness of his affection, and by the simplicity and integrity of his life. He always regarded war as a trying and solemn duty for a soldier, and felt the awful responsibility always attaching to supreme command. "These victories make me melancholy" was his remark on the occasion of one of his successes; for he regarded victory as only desirable for promoting the interests and securing the repose of society, and not as a tinsel ornament. He was very highly esteemed as a leader of talent and activity, and no one could have been more deeply regretted than he now was by every rank of the two Services. The eulogium of his successor, conveyed in the pathetic and elegant sentiments of a friend and comrade, is a most worthy monument of his fame: "Were it permitted for a soldier to regret anyone who falls in the service of his country, I might be excused for lamenting him more than any other person; but it is some consolation to those who tenderly loved him that as his life was honourable, so his end was glorious. His memory will be recorded in the annals of war, will be sacred to every British soldier, and embalmed in the recollection of a grateful posterity."

(From Cust's "Annals of the Wars").

MARCH 29th.

BATTLE OF TOWTON, 1461.

At Towton, a small town in the West Riding of Yorkshire, near Tadcaster, was fought the most important engagement in the Wars of the Roses.

After the second Battle of St. Albans in 1461, in which Margaret had defeated the Yorkists under Warwick and set Henry VI. free once more, Queen Margaret and the Lancastrians had retired to the North, while Edward entered London and was proclaimed King. In March, 1461, Edward and Warwick, with a Yorkist army, marched northward to meet the Lancastrians. The armies met at Towton. The Lancastrians were totally defeated, and Henry and Margaret fled into Scotland. Edward returned to London, and was crowned at Westminster on January 7th of the same year.

WARWICK'S GREATEST VICTORY.

The Lancastrians had thus to attack uphill through the blinding snow, instead of compelling their antagonists to assail at a disadvantage. A hand-to-hand conflict all along the line followed. Both sides fought stubbornly; orders had been given on both sides, so the chronicler says, to give no quarter. How long this continued it is hard to say; the armies may very well have been face to face by seven in the morning, though one account names nine o'clock. The losses on the victorious side, enormous for a hand-to-hand battle, in which the front lines only can fall, prove that it must have lasted a long while. About noon Norfolk, coming up at length from Ferry Bridge by the great road, took the Lancastrians in flank. Still it was only gradually that they gave way; the battle had lasted for ten hours before the Lancastrians finally broke and fled by the only way open to them, towards the narrow bridge over the Cork. The swollen stream was scarcely fordable, the bridge was soon blocked, thousands were trampled down in the water, till the latest fugitives escaped over a causeway of their comrades' bodies. In modern times many thousands of the defeated army would have been taken prisoners, as happened at Blenheim when Marlborough pinned the French right against the Danube. The fury of civil war in the 15th century allowed very few prisoners to be made. Over 30,000 corpses are said to have been buried near Towton, of whom about a quarter were Yorkists. How many more found their last resting-place in the river cannot be guessed; all we know is that the Lancastrian army was to all intents and purposes annihilated.

(From George's " Battles of English History ").

MARCH 30th.

**TREATY OF PARIS: END OF CRIMEAN
WAR, 1856.**

The Crimean War, which was entered into by England and France "to maintain the integrity of the Turkish Empire as a barrier to the encroachments of Russia," dragged along from 1854 to 1856, bringing death to thousands and credit to few. In September, 1855, the Russians evacuated Sevastopol, which had been besieged by the Allies, leaving behind nothing but a mass of ruins. Early in 1856 the Congress of Paris met to discuss terms of peace, and on the above date the Treaty of Paris was signed by representatives of England, France, Russia, Austria, Prussia, Turkey, and Sardinia. The chief points of the treaty were that the Powers should recognise the independence of Turkey, that the Black Sea should be neutral and its ports thrown open to commerce of all nations, and that all places held by the Allies belonging to Russia should be restored.

**SEVASTOPOL AT THE CLOSE OF THE
WAR.**

Along the whole line of bastions of Sevastopol, which had for so many months seethed with remarkably vigorous life, which had for so many months seen dying heroes relieved one after another by death, and which had for so many months awakened the terror, the hatred, and finally the admiration of the enemy—on the bastions of Sevastopol, there was no longer a single man. All was dead, wild, horrible—but not silent.

Destruction was still in progress. On the earth, furrowed and strewn with the recent explosions, lay bent gun-carriages, crushing down the bodies of Russians and of the foe; heavy iron cannon silenced for ever, bombs and cannon-balls hurled with horrible force into pits, and half-buried in the soil, then more corpses, pits, splinters of beams, bomb-proofs, and still more silent bodies in gray and blue coats. All these were still frequently shaken and lighted up by the crimson glow of the explosions, which continued to shock the air. The foe perceived that something incomprehensible was going on in that menacing Sevastopol. Those explosions and the death-like silence on the bastions made them shudder; but they dared not yet believe, being still under the influence of the calm and forcible resistance of the day, that their invincible enemy had disappeared, and they awaited motionless and in silence the end of that gloomy night.

(From Tolstoy's "Sevastopol").

MARCH 31st.

PEACE OF UTRECHT, 1713.

This peace brought to an end the War of the Spanish Succession, a war which commenced in 1702, and was caused by Louis of France claiming the Crown of Spain for his grandson. Negotiations for peace had been going on for years—as early as 1706 the proposals had been made—but owing to the number of Powers involved and the different interest concerned, the final arrangements were not signed till the above date. By the terms of this treaty France and Spain were never to be united; France was to dismiss the Pretender, recognise Anne and the Protestant succession, and dismantle Dunkirk; England was to retain Gibraltar and Minorca, and to receive Hudson's Bay Territory, Newfoundland, and Nova Scotia from France; Cape Breton was reserved for France. There was also a clause transferring the right of importing negroes to Spanish America from France to the English South Sea Company. This was termed the Assiento Contract.

THE VALUE OF THE TREATY OF UTRECHT.

In the history of the expansion of England one of the greatest epochs is marked by the Treaty of Utrecht. In our survey this date stands out almost as prominently as the date of the Spanish Armada, for it marks the beginning of England's supremacy. At the time of the Armada we saw England entering for the race for the first time; at Utrecht England wins the race. Then she had the audacity to defy a Power far greater than her own, and her success brought her forward and gave her a place among great States. From about 1660 to 1770 France had been the first State in the world beyond all dispute. But the Treaty of Utrecht left England the first State in the world, and she continued for some years to be first without a rival. Her reputation in other countries, the respect felt for her claims in literature, philosophy, scholarship, and science, date from this period. If ever, it was after this time that she held the same kind of intellectual supremacy which France had held before. Much of this splendour was transient, but England has remained ever since that date on a higher level than ever before. It has been universally allowed ever since that no State is more powerful than England. But especially it has been admitted that in wealth and commerce, and in maritime power, no State is equal to her. This was partly because her rivals had fallen off in power, partly because she herself had advanced.

(From Seeley's "Expansion of England").

APRIL 1st.

MARRIAGE OF NAPOLEON AND MARIA LOUISA.

Napoleon Bonaparte married twice. His first wife was Josephine, widow of the Viscount de Beauharnais who was guillotined in 1794. Josephine married Napoleon in 1796. In 1809 Napoleon, desirous of having an heir to the throne, divorced Josephine, and in the following year married Maria Louisa, daughter of the Emperor of Austria. A son was born in 1811. He was given the title of King of Rome. On Napoleon's downfall in 1815, Maria Louisa returned to Austria. She died in 1847. Napoleon's son, the "King of Rome," on the exile of Napoleon to St. Helena, was allowed to take the title of Duke of Reichstadt. He died in 1832.

AN ANECDOTE OF MARIA LOUISA.

Shortly after the union of Maria Louisa with Napoleon, the Empress being very deficient in her knowledge of the French language, a conversation took place respecting some new political measures adopted by the Austrian Court, which not exactly meeting the views of Napoleon, he, in his hasty manner, when speaking of the Emperor Francis, called him "un vieux ganache," which means "an old dotard." As Maria Louisa had never before heard the term used, she requested to know its meaning; upon which her husband, unwilling that she should learn the truth, informed her that "un vieux ganache" meant "a very bright and clever fellow." On the ensuing day a deputation waited upon the Empress, headed by Cambaceres, the Arch-Chancellor, and Duke of Parma, in order to felicitate her upon the recent nuptials; when, after hearing the grand speech prepared for the occasion, in her reply to Cambaceres, conceiving that no greater compliment could be paid to this great dignitary, she, in her answer, addressed him under the title of "un vieux ganache," to the astonishment of the whole Court, as well as the discomfiture of the Arch-Chancellor, who stood confounded upon the occasion. This curious circumstance, at which Napoleon laughed heartily, became the subject of universal conversation in all the societies of Paris, the Empress being the only person who remained ignorant of the *éclat* which her unconscious mistake had occasioned.

(From "Anecdotes of Napoleon").

APRIL 2nd.

BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN, 1801.

The Battle of Copenhagen, or, as it is sometimes called, the "Battle of the Baltic," was one of the great victories gained by Nelson.

In 1801 Napoleon, having succeeded in affecting a northern Confederacy of Russia, Sweden, and Denmark, for the purpose of destroying the naval power of Britain, England sent a fleet (under the joint command of Admiral Parker and Lord Nelson) to Copenhagen to subdue the Danes, and break up the Confederacy.

The Danes, however, made such a sturdy resistance that after the battle had been going on for some hours Admiral Parker gave the signal for recall. Nelson, pretending not to see this signal, continued the fight, and silenced the Danish batteries.

THE SIGNAL WHICH NELSON COULD NOT SEE.

Nelson was pacing the quarter-deck. A shot through the mainmast knocked the splinters about; and he observed to one of his officers, with a smile, "It is warm work; and this day may be the last of any of us," and then stopping short at the gangway, added, with emotion, "But mark you! I would not be elsewhere for thousands." About this time the signal-lieutenant called out that No. 39 (the signal for discontinuing the action) was thrown out by the commander-in-chief. He continued to walk the deck, and appeared to take no notice of it. The signal master met him at the next turn, and asked him if he should repeat it. "No," he replied, "acknowledge it." Presently Nelson called after him to know if the signal for close action was still hoisted; and being answered in the affirmative, said, "Mind you keep it so." He now paced the deck, moving the stump of his lost arm in a manner which always indicated great emotion. "Do you know," said he to Mr. Ferguson, "what is shown on board the commander-in-chief? No. 39!" Mr. Ferguson asked what that meant. "Why, to leave off action!" Then shrugging up his shoulder, he repeated the words "Leave off action; now damn me if I do! You know, Foley" (turning to the captain), "I have only one eye—I have a right to be blind sometimes," and then putting the glass to his blind eye, in that mood of mind which sports with bitterness, he exclaimed "Damn the signal! Keep mine for closer battle flying! That's the way I answer such signals! Nail mine to the mast."

(From Southey's "Life of Nelson").

APRIL 3rd.

DEATH OF PRINCE ARTHUR, 1203.

Henry II. of England left five sons, William, Henry, Richard, Geoffrey, and John. Only Richard and John survived him. Richard ascended the throne in 1189, and died in 1216. The next heir to the throne was Arthur, son of Geoffrey. John, however, seized the throne. Arthur some time afterwards fell into his uncle's hands, who imprisoned him in various castles in France. Arthur is supposed to have been either murdered at the instigation of John, or to have been killed in attempting to escape. Shakespeare adopts the latter view.

SHAKESPEARE'S ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF PRINCE ARTHUR.

Arthur. The wall is high ; and yet will I leap down ;
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not !
There's few, or none, do know me ; if they did,
The ship boy's semblance hath disguised me quite.
I am afraid ; and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away ;
As good to die, and go, as die, and stay.

(Leaps down.)

O me ! my uncle's spirit is in these stones :—

Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones !

(Dies.)

(From Shakespeare's " King John ").

APRIL 4th.

DEATH OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH, 1774.

Goldsmith was born in Longford in 1728. His father was a clergyman. Goldsmith was educated privately until he entered Trinity College, Dublin, at the age of sixteen. His college days were very miserable. He was unfitted to be a student, and his tutors were rough and unfeeling. He left his University in disgrace, but returned and took his degree in 1749. He tried in turn the Church, Law, and Medicine, and failed in all. He set out on a wandering tour through the Continent, and returned poorer than when he started. But when he began to write, success rewarded him. The "Vicar of Wakefield" secured his reputation as novelist. Poems and plays followed, but Goldsmith was never of a thrifty turn, and he died over £2,000 in debt.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

Beside yon struggling fence that skirts the way
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned;
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge;
In arguing too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though vainsated he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

(From Goldsmith's "Deserted Village").

APRIL 5th.

DEATH OF JOHN STOW, 1605.

Stow has left us in his writings the most interesting account we have of London in the days of Elizabeth. He was a London citizen. His father was a tailor of Cornhill. In his latter years Stow became an antiquarian, and began to publish the results of his work. Unfortunately, like so many men who have given up their lives to noble purpose, he died in great poverty. Henry Morley says of him: "He was the one Londoner who, in the reign of Elizabeth, made thorough study of his native city, and resolved to set down all he knew of its past history and present state."

SPORTS IN OLD LONDON.

And for defence and use of the weapon, there is a special profession of men that teach it. Ye may have read in mine Annals how that in the year 1222 the citizens kept games of defence, and wrestlings, near unto the hospital of St. Giles-in-the-Field, where they challenged, and had the mastery of the men in the suburbs, and other commoners, etc. Also, in the year 1453, of a tumult made against the Mayor at the wrestling beside Clerke's Well, etc. Which is sufficient to prove that of old time the exercise of wrestling, and such like, hath been much more used than of later years. The youths of the city also have used on holy days, after evening prayer, at their masters' doors to exercise their wasters and bucklers; and the maidens, one of them playing on a timbrel, in sight of their masters and dames, to dance for garlands hung athwart the streets: which open pastimes in my youth being now suppressed, worse practices indoors are to be feared. As to the baiting of bulls and bears, they are to this day much frequented, namely, in Bear Gardens on the Bank's side, wherein be prepared scaffolds for beholders to stand upon. Sliding upon the ice is now but children's play; but in hawking and hunting many grave citizens at this present time have great delight, and do rather want leisure than goodwill to follow it.

(From Stow's "Survey of London").

APRIL 6th.

STORMING OF BADAJOZ, 1812.

Badajoz, a town and fortress on the Guadiana, and capital of the Province of Badajoz in Spain, figured very conspicuously during the Peninsular War. In 1811 it was captured by the French under Soult. In the same year the English, under Wellington, made two unsuccessful attempts to capture the place. In 1812, on April 6th, the town was stormed and captured by Wellington, after the most sanguinary contest of the whole war. The English lost over 5,000 men in the siege and the assault, and the excesses which followed the capture of the place have left a stain upon the English Army.

THE BREACH AT BADAJOZ.

Now a multitude bounded up the great breach as if driven by a whirlwind, but across the top glittered a range of sword-blades, sharp pointed, keen edged on both sides and firmly fixed in ponderous beams, which were chained together and set deep in the ruins; and for ten feet in front the ascent was covered with loose planks, studded with sharp iron points, on which the feet of the foremost being set, the planks moved, and the unhappy soldiers, falling forward on the spikes, rolled down upon the ranks behind. Then the Frenchmen, shouting at the success of their stratagem, and leaping forward, plied their shot with terrible rapidity, for every man had several muskets: and each musket, in addition to its ordinary charge, contained a small cylinder of wood, stuck full of leaden slugs, which scattered like hail when they were discharged.

Again the assailants rushed up the breaches, and again the sword-blades, immovable and impassable, stopped their charge, and the hissing shells and thundering powder-barrels exploded unceasingly. Hundreds of men had fallen, and hundreds more were dropping, but still the heroic officers called aloud for new trials, and sometimes followed by many, sometimes by few, ascended the ruins; and so furious were the men themselves that in one of these charges the rear strove to push the foremost on to the sword-blades, willing even to make a bridge of their writhing bodies; but the others frustrated the attempt by dropping down; and men fell so fast from the shot that it was hard to know who went down voluntarily, who were stricken, and many stooped unhurt that never rose again.

(From Napier's "Peninsular War").

APRIL, 7th.

BIRTH OF WORDSWORTH, 1770.

William Wordsworth formed one of that group of poets known as the "Lake Poets," which included Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth. He was born at Cockermouth, in Cumberland, and was educated at Cambridge. Wordsworth travelled much in France in the early days of the Revolution, and became imbued with ideas of freedom which afterwards found voice in some of his poems. Afterwards he abandoned the enthusiastic faith of his earlier manhood, and devoted himself to the worship of Nature. On the death of Southey, Wordsworth became the Poet Laureate of England. He died in 1850.

IN THE EARLY SPRINGTIME.

I hear a thousand blended notes,
While in the grove I sat reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that sweet bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopp'd and play'd,
Their thoughts I cannot measure:
But the least motion which they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man?

W. WORDSWORTH.

APRIL 8th.

BATTLE OF ATBARA, 1896.

The Soudan from the year 1819 was under the administration of the Egyptians. In 1883 the Soudanese, being cruelly oppressed, rose under the Mahdi, annihilated an Egyptian army under Hicks Pasha, and in 1884 shut up Gordon in Khartoum. In 1885 Khartoum fell; in the same year the Mahdi died, and his place was taken by another religious leader, the Khalifa. In 1896 England sent an army under Kitchener to restore peace in the Soudan. The Soudanese proved warriors of no mean type, and our troops were sore pressed on several occasions. At Atbara, however, the Khalifa's army was defeated, and again at Omdurman in September of the same year. After the destruction of Omdurman, the whole Nile Valley came under British influence.

HOW KITCHENER'S MEN CAPTURED THE ZARIBA.

O! a cry more of dismayed astonishment than of pain, and a man was upon his feet and over on his back, and the bearers were dashing in from the rear. He was dead before they touched him, but already they found another for the stretcher. The bugle again, and up and on; the bullets were swishing and lashing now like rain on a pond. But the line of khaki and purple tartan never bent or swayed; it just went slowly forward like a ruler. The officers at its head strode, self-containedly; and the unkempt, unshaven Tommies, who, in camp, seemed little enough like Covenanters or Ironsides, were now quite transformed. The bullets had whispered to raw youngsters in one breath the secret of all the glories of the British Army. Forward and forward, more swishing about them and more crashing from them. Now they were moving, always without hurry, down a gravelly incline. Three men went down without a cry at the very foot of the Union Jack, and only one got to his feet again; the flag shook itself and still blazed splendidly. Next a supremely furious gust of bullets, and suddenly the line stood fast. Before it was a loose, low hedge of dry camel thorn—the zariba, the redoubtable zariba. That it? A second they stood in wonder, and then "Pull it away" suggested somebody. Just half-a-dozen tugs, and the impossible zariba was a gap and a scattered heap of brushwood. Beyond is a low stockade and trenches; but what of that? Over and in! Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

(From Stevens' "With Kitchener to Khartoum").

APRIL 9th.

DEATH OF LORD BACON, 1626.

Francis Bacon, "The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind," was born in London on January 22nd, 1560. He belonged to a noble family. After leaving Cambridge, where he was educated, Bacon settled in London, where for some ten years he studied law. He was called to the Bar in 1582. His rapid rise in the legal profession was due largely to the patronage of the Earl of Essex. During the reign of James I. Bacon became Lord Chancellor. In 1621 he was accused of bribery and corruption, was heavily fined, and was forbidden to enter court. He died in disgrace on the above date. During his life Bacon had written many works, by which he is more remembered than by his professional career. Of these the best known and most widely read are his "Essays."

THE ADVANTAGES OF STUDIES.

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. To spend too much time in Studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humour of the scholar; they perfect nature, and are perfected by experience: for natural abilities are like natural plants that need pruning by study; and Studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men condemn Studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation.

Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and disclosure, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts, others are to be read but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man; and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know what he doth not.

Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtile; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend.

(From Bacon's "Essay on Studies").

APRIL 10th.

BIRTH OF WILLIAM HAZLITT, 1778.

William Hazlitt, essayist and dramatic critic, was born in Manchester. He was intended for the Unitarian ministry, but soon abandoned the idea and took to writing instead. Through his father, Hazlitt became acquainted with Coleridge, who persuaded him to publish his works. His first book, "An Essay on the Principles of Human Action," was published in 1805. Coming to London, Hazlitt contributed to various papers and magazines, and lectured on English writers. Up to the time of his death he was a most prolific writer. His last work was a "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte." Hazlitt died on September 18th, 1830.

READING OLD BOOKS.

When I take up a work that I have read before (the oftener the better), I know what I have to expect. The satisfaction is not lessened by being anticipated. When the entertainment is altogether new, I sit down to it as I should to a strange dish—turn and pick out a bite here and there, and am in doubt what to think of the composition. In turning to a well-known author, there is not only an assurance that my time will not be thrown away, or my palate nauseated with the most insipid or vilest trash, but I shake hands with and look an old, tried, and valued friend in the face. In reading a book which is an old friend with me (say, the first novel I ever read), I not only have the pleasure of imagination and of a critical relish of the work, but the pleasures of memory added to it. It recalls the same feelings and associations which I had in first reading it, and which I can never have again in any other way. Standard productions of this kind are links in the chain of our conscious being. They bind together the different scattered divisions of our personal identity. They are landmarks and guides in our journey through life. They are pegs and loops on which we can hang up, or from which we can take down, at pleasure, the wardrobe of a moral imagination, the relics of our best affections, the tokens and records of our happiest hours.

(From "Essays of William Hazlitt").

APRIL 11th.

AMERICAN CIVIL WAR BEGAN, 1861.

In 1861 began that great struggle between the Northern and Southern parts of the United States, over the question of Slavery. The Northern States, known as the Federals, aimed at the abolition of Slavery; the Southern States, or the Confederates, opposed this. The war lasted till 1865, and in the end victory remained with the North. During the war there was great distress in Lancashire, in consequence of the stoppage of the supplies of the raw material used in the cotton industry in the North of England, nearly all of which comes from the Southern States of America. The destruction of Federal shipping by the Confederate privateer, "Alabama," cost England 3,000,000 pounds sterling (see also June 19th).

THE FIRST BATTLE OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

Unmoved by the rush of the fugitives of the Brigades of Bee and Evens, Jackson moved steadily forward, and so firm and resolute was their demeanour that Bee rode after his men, and pointing with his sword to the first brigade, shouted, "Look, there is Jackson standing like a stone wall!" The general's words were repeated, and henceforth the brigade was known as the Stonewall Brigade, and their general by the nickname of Stonewall Jackson, by which he was ever afterwards known. The greater part of the fugitives rallied, and took up their position on the right of Jackson, and the Federal forces, who were hurrying forward assured of victory, found themselves confronted suddenly by 2,600 bayonets. After a moment's pause they pressed forward again, the artillery preparing a way for them by a tremendous fire. Jackson's brigade rushed forward on receiving the order, burst through the Federals with whom they were engaged, and, supported by the reserves, drove the enemy from the plateau. But the Federals, still vastly superior in force, brought up the reserves, and prepared to renew the attack; but 1,700 fresh men of the army of the Shenandoah came upon the field of battle, Smith and Early brought up their divisions from the river, and the whole Southern line advanced at the charge, drove the enemy down the slopes and on towards the fords. A panic seized them, and their regiments broke up and took to headlong flight, which soon became an utter rout. Many of them continued their flight for hours, and for a time the Federal Army ceased to exist; and had the Confederates advanced, as Jackson desired that they should do, Washington would have fallen into their hands without a blow being struck in its defence.

This, the first great battle of the war, is sometimes known as the Battle of Manassas, but more generally as Bull Run.

(From Henty's "With Lee in Virginia").

APRIL 12th.

BATTLE OF GUADALOUPE, 1782.

This great naval victory, known also as the "Battle of the Saints," was won by Rodney over the French admiral, De Grasse. In 1782 the French had captured in the West Indies Nevis and Montserrat, and a large French fleet under De Grasse was anchored at Martinique, preparing to attack Jamaica. Rodney with an English fleet lay in waiting for an opportunity of attacking the French. At last De Grasse sailed from Martinique and was met by Rodney. The battle resulted in a complete victory for the English.

THE END OF A GREAT SEA FIGHT.

On board the "Ville de Paris" every spar had been shot down, stripped from the masts, which had themselves been riddled, and were tottering. The rudder had been smashed away, and the ship could not be steered. From three to four hundred of her crew were dead or in the cockpit. All the cartridges in the magazines were exhausted, and they had to supply the guns by ladling loose powder into them from open barrels brought up on deck. All was dark below, and they waded ankle deep and stumbled amid the horrible *débris* of what that morning had been living human beings. Even then De Grasse would not give in; not, at least, to any British captain. He stoutly resisted until, a little after six o'clock, he caught sight of Hood's flag at the "Barfleur's" mast head showing above the smoke a little way off. He would wait until Hood came up and then surrender. It was a point of honour; his flagship should lower her colours only to a flagship. As the "Barfleur" got nearer, De Grasse fired a challenging gun. It was to attract the approaching flagship's attention. Hood marked the gun and understood it. As the "Barfleur" began to close with the French flagship, De Grasse made a show of opening fire on her, "which I," continued Hood, "totally disregarded till I had proved by firing a single gun from the quarter-deck that I was within point blank." That was the "Barfleur's" distance. Ranging up to the "Ville de Paris," Hood greeted the French admiral with one tremendous salvo of round shot and grape at close quarters that crashed through the sides of De Grasse's doomed flagship as though they were cardboard. That one broadside struck down sixty men. In less than ten minutes the end had come. De Grasse stepped to the taffrail, and with his own hand pulled the "Ville de Paris's" ensign down. The battle of the "Glorious Twelfth of April" had been fought and won.

(From Fraser's "Famous Fighters of the Fleet").

APRIL 13th.

CAPTURE OF MAGDALA, 1868.

Magdala is the chief town of Abyssinia. In 1865 Theodore, ruler of Abyssinia, fancying he had been slighted by England's refusal to help him against the Egyptians, with whom he had a quarrel, seized many English subjects and imprisoned them. Peaceful overtures having led to nothing, an English force was despatched from India for the purpose of capturing Magdala. The force was under the command of Sir Robert Napier. After a most difficult march through an almost unknown country Magdala was reached. On the above date this town was captured. Theodore died by his own hand. The defences of Magdala were destroyed and the expedition returned.

THE END OF THEODORE.

Larger grew the crowds around the body. Officers and privates as they came up hastened to get a glimpse of it. The released captives hurried to obtain a farewell glance at their dead captor, and when they recognised him, all doubts as to his identification were at an end. Theodore had been fighting in disguise, knowing that bright colours attracted the marksmen. The Commander-in-Chief, with his staff, rode up to view the corpse, but not one kind word of sympathy for the dead Emperor's fate was uttered. He who had been merciless to others was not deserving of sympathy. Not until the last moment, when on the threshold of certain defeat, did he surrender his life. Seeing speedy death in the levelled muskets of the advancing soldiers, he had quickly retired behind the stack, and with muzzle of the revolver—the Queen's gift—in his mouth, the Imperial Suicide had fired, and died.

(From H. M. Stanley's "Magdala").

APRIL 14th.

BATTLE OF BARNET, 1471.

The marriage of Edward IV. to the daughter of Sir Richard Woodville alienated Warwick and his supporters from the King's side. Warwick threw in his influence with the Lancastrians, but being compelled to flee to France, he entered into a compact with Margaret, wife of Henry VI., to place her husband once more on the throne. In 1470 Warwick returned to England, collected an army, drove Edward from the Kingdom, released Henry VI. from the Tower, and replaced him on the throne. Edward returned to England in 1471, entered London with a large army, and Henry was again sent to the Tower. The king-maker marched to meet Edward. The rival armies met at Barnet, north of London, and in the battle which ensued the Lancastrians were totally defeated and Warwick and his brother were slain.

DEATH OF WARWICK.

Where they stood they were visible to thousands, but not a man stirred against them. The memory of Warwick's past achievements—the consciousness of his feats that day—all the splendour of his fortunes and his name, made the mean fear to strike, and the brave ashamed to murder. The gallant D'Eyncourt sprung from his steed and advanced to the spot. His followers did the same.

"Yield, my lords, yield! Ye have done all that men could do."

"Yield, Montagu," whispered Warwick. "Edward can harm not thee."

"Not with power and glory gone. We yield not, Sir Knight," answered the marquis in a calm tone.

"Then die and make room for the new men whom ye so have scorned!" exclaimed a fierce voice.

Seven points might the shadow have traversed on the dial, and before Warwick's axe and Montagu's sword seven souls had gone to judgment. But numbers rushed on numbers, as the fury of the conflict urged on the lukewarm. Montague was beaten to his knee—Warwick covered him with his body—a hundred axes resounded on the earl's casque—a hundred blades gleamed round the joints of his harness:—a simultaneous cry heard:—over mounds of the slain, through the press into the shadow of the oaks, dashed Gloucester's charger. The conflict had ceased—the executioners stood mute in a half-circle. Side by side, axe and sword still gripped in their iron hands, lay Montagu and Warwick.

(From Lord Lytton's "Last of the Barons").

APRIL 15th.

DEATH OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN, 1865.

Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States when the Civil War broke out, was of very humble origin. He began life as a rail splitter. He educated himself, became a barrister, entered Congress, and was elected President in 1861. After crushing the Rebellion of the Southern States, Lincoln was assassinated some six weeks after his second presidential election, when at a performance at a theatre in Washington. His murderer, John Wilkes Booth, escaped at the time, but was afterwards followed and killed.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF LINCOLN.

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
 But O heart! heart! heart!
 O the bleeding drops of red,
 Where on the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores
 a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
 Here, Captain! dear father!
 This arm beneath your head!
 It is some dream that on the deck
 You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won.
 Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
 But I, with mournful tread,
 Walk the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

(From Walt. Whitman's "Leaves of Grass").

APRIL 16th.

BATTLE OF CULLODEN, 1746.

At Culloden Moor the Stuarts made their last bid for fortune, and lost. The young Pretender had landed in Scotland the previous year. Things looked very bright for the Stuart cause at one time. With Cope defeated at Prestonpans and the clans gathering round him, Prince Charles thought the time was ripe for invading England. He advanced across the Border and marched as far as Derby. Not meeting with the support he expected, he retreated once more to Scotland, closely followed by an English army under the Duke of Cumberland, a son of George II. The rival armies met on Culloden Moor, in Inverness-shire. The Highlanders were routed, Prince Charlie became a fugitive and the Stuart cause was lost. But the Duke of Cumberland earned the title of "Butcher" in consequence of the severity with which he treated the clans after the battle.

CULLODEN DAY.

Fair lady, mourn the memory
Of all our Scottish fame!
Fair lady, mourn the memory
Ev'n of the Scottish name!
How proud we were of our young prince,
And of his native sway!
But all our hopes are past and gone,
Upon Culloden Day.

There was no lack of bravery there,
No spare of blood or breath,
For one to two, our foes we dared,
For freedom or for death.
The bitterness of grief is past,
Of terror and dismay;
The die was risked and finely cast
Upon Culloden Day.

(From "Jacobite Songs and Ballads")

APRIL 17th.

DEATH OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, 1790.

Benjamin Franklin, journalist, philosopher, diplomatist, and statesman, was born in Boston, Massachusetts, on January 17th, 1706. Like so many other prominent American statesmen, Franklin was a self-educated man. He commenced life as a printer. From that he passed into journalism. In 1747 Franklin was elected a member of the Assembly of Philadelphia, and was twice sent to England as an envoy, the second time in 1764 to protest against the taxation of the American colonies without representation. Franklin took a prominent part in the proceedings which led to the formation of the United States. Besides his fame as a diplomatist and statesman, Franklin achieved distinction for his researches in electrical science, and for his contributions to literature.

FRANKLIN'S RULES FOR MORAL EXCELLENCE.

1. TEMPERANCE.—Eat not to dulness; drink not to elevation.
2. SILENCE.—Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.
3. ORDER.—Let all your things have their places; let each part of your business have its time.
4. RESOLUTION.—Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.
5. FRUGALITY.—Make no expense but to do good to others or yourself; that is, waste nothing.
6. INDUSTRY.—Lose no time; be always employed in something useful; cut off all unnecessary actions.
7. SINCERITY.—Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly; and, if you speak, speak accordingly.
8. JUSTICE.—Wrong none by doing injuries, or omitting the benefits that are your duty.
9. MODERATION.—Avoid extremes; forbear resenting injuries, so much as you think they deserve.
10. CLEANLINESS.—Tolerate no uncleanness in body, clothes, or habitation.
11. TRANQUILLITY. Be not disturbed at trifles, or at accidents common or unavoidable.
12. CHASTITY.
13. HUMILITY.—Imitate Jesus and Socrates.

(From "The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin").

APRIL 18th.

DEATH OF JUDGE JEFFREYS, 1689.

George Jeffreys, better known as "Judge Jeffreys," whose name is synonymous with all that is cruel and unjust, was born at Acton, in Denbighshire, in 1648, and was educated for the law. Jeffreys managed to secure Court favour and rose rapidly in his profession, until in 1683 he was appointed Chief Justice of the King's Bench. His cruelty to the followers of Monmouth, after the Battle of Sedgemoor, is a foul stain upon his memory. He sent hundreds of people, most of them innocent, to the gallows during what was called the "Bloody Assize," and transported many hundreds more. When James II. fled from the country, Jeffreys also tried to escape, but he was caught, lodged in the Tower for his own safety, and died there on the above date, "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung."

CHARACTER OF JEFFREYS.

His behaviour was beyond anything that was ever heard of in a civilised nation. He was perpetually either drunk or in a rage, liker a fury than the zeal of a judge. He required the prisoners to plead guilty, and, in that case; he gave them some hope of favour if they gave him no trouble; otherwise, he told them he would execute the letter of the law upon them in its utmost severity. This made many plead guilty who had great defence in law. But he showed no mercy. He ordered a great many to be hanged up immediately, without allowing them a minute's time to say their prayers. He hanged in several places about six hundred persons. England had never known anything like it. The instances are too many to be reckoned up.

But which brought all his excesses to be imputed to the King himself, and to the orders given by him, was, that the King had a particular account of all his proceedings writ to him every day. And he took pleasure to relate them in the drawing room to foreign ministers, and at his table, calling it Jeffreys' campaign; speaking of all he had done in a style that neither became the majesty nor the mercifulness of a great Prince. Dykeveld was at that time in England, one of the ambassadors whom the States had sent over to congratulate the King's coming to the Crown. He told me that the King talked so often of these things in his hearing that he wondered to see him break out in those indecencies.

(From Burnet's "History of His Own Time").

APRIL 19th.

DEATH OF BYRON, 1824.

London has the honour of being the birthplace of this great poet. Born in 1788, he was educated at Harrow and Cambridge. Byron's first poems, "Hours of Idleness," were written at the age of 19. His "Childe Harold" was first published in 1812 and finished in 1818. He was the poet of Freedom, and died in her service at Missolonghi, in Greece, where he had gone to throw in his lot with the Greeks, who were struggling for their independence.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride:
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rockbeating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail:
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

BYRON.

APRIL 20th.

THE "RUMP" PARLIAMENT DISSOLVED, 1653.

The "Rump" Parliament was the remains of the Long Parliament of 1641, after the leading Presbyterians had been excluded by "Pride's Purge" in 1648. In 1653 the "Rump" was dissolved by Cromwell, who, with the aid of his soldiers, turned out the members. Six years later the Parliament again assembled, but was finally dissolved the following year, on the arrival of Monk in London.

CROMWELL DISSOLVES THE "RUMP" PARLIAMENT.

Quitting Whitehall, he summoned a company of musketeers to follow him as far as the door of the Commons. He sate down quietly in his place. . . . At the question "that the Bill do pass" he at length rose, and his tone grew higher as he repeated his former charges of injustice, self-interest, and delay. "Your hour hath come," he ended, "the Lord hath done with you." A crowd of members started to their feet in angry protest. "Come, come," replied Cromwell, "we have had enough of this"; and striding into the midst of the chamber, he clapt his hat on his head, and exclaimed: "I will put an end to your prating!" In the din that followed his voice was heard in broken sentences—"It is not fit that you should sit here any longer! You should give place to better men! You are no Parliament." . . . Thirty musketeers entered at a sign from their general, and the fifty members present crowded to the door. The Speaker refused to quit his seat, till Harrison offered "To lend him a hand to come down." Cromwell lifted the mace from the table. "What shall we do with this bauble?" he said. "Take it away!" The door of the House was locked at last, and the dispersion of the Parliament was followed a few hours later by that of its executive committee, the Council of State.

(From Green's "Short History of the English People").

APRIL 21st.

BIRTH OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË, 1816.

Charlotte Brontë was born at Thornton, in Yorkshire. Her father was a clergyman. Charlotte became a governess. "Jane Eyre," the most popular of this writer's novels, was published in 1847, and was followed by "Shirley" in 1849, and "Villette" in 1852. In 1854 Charlotte Brontë married a Mr. Nicholls. She died in 1855. Augustine Birrell ranks Charlotte Brontë as the second greatest woman novelist of the United Kingdom.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË'S ADVICE ON THE CHOICE OF BOOKS.

You ask me to recommend you some books for your perusal. I will do so in as few words as I can. If you like poetry, let it be first-rate—Milton, Shakespeare, Thomson, Goldsmith, Pope (if you will, though I don't admire him), Scott, Byron, Campbell, Wordsworth, and Southey. Now don't be startled at the names of Shakespeare and Byron. Both these were great men, and their works are like themselves. You will know how to choose the good and avoid the evil; the finest passages are always the purest, the bad are invariably revolting. Scott's sweet, wild, romantic poetry can do you no harm. Nor can Wordsworth's, nor Campbell's, nor Southey's—the greatest part at least of his; some is certainly objectionable. For history, read Hume, Rollin, and the Universal History, if you can; I never did. For fiction, read Scott alone; all novels after his are worthless. For biography, read Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," Boswell's "Life of Johnson," Southey's "Life of Nelson," Lockhart's "Life of Burns," Moore's "Life of Sheridan," Moore's "Life of Byron," Wolfe's "Remains." For natural history, read Bewick, Audubon and Goldsmith, and White's "History of Selborne."

(From Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë").

APRIL 22nd.

DEATH OF HENRY VII., 1509.

Henry VII. was born in 1456. He was the son of Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, whose father, Owen Tudor, had married the widow of Henry V. Henry VII. came to the throne in 1485, after the Battle of Bosworth. He was the first king of the Tudor line of sovereigns. By his marriage to Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV., the Houses of York and Lancaster were united. During his reign occurred the attempts of Lambert Simnel and Perkin Warbeck to obtain the throne. In 1509 Henry's eldest daughter Margaret married James IV. of Scotland, and this eventually led to the union of England and Scotland under one King. Henry VII. reigned twenty-four years, and was succeeded by his son, Henry VIII.

CHARACTER OF HENRY VII.

His capacity was excellent, but somewhat contracted by the narrowness of his heart; he possessed insinuation and address, but never employed these talents except where some great point of interest was to be gained; and while he neglected to conciliate the affections of his people, he often felt the danger of resting his authority on their fear and reverence alone. He was always extremely attentive to his affairs; but possessed not the faculty of seeing far into futurity; and was more expert in providing a remedy for his mistakes, than judicious in avoiding them. Avarice was, on the whole, his ruling passion; and he remains an instance, almost singular, of a man placed in a high position, and possessed of talents for great affairs, in whom that passion predominated above ambition.

(From Hume's "History of England").

APRIL 23rd.

"SHAKESPEARE'S DAY."

William Shakespeare died on April 23rd, 1616, which is supposed to be the anniversary of his birthday. He was born in 1564 at Stratford-on-Avon, and his bones were laid to rest in 1616 in the parish church of the same place. But few facts of Shakespeare's life are known. He married Anne Hathaway when he was only nineteen. He came to London, and became an actor and playwright. In all, Shakespeare wrote thirty-seven plays, which may be divided into comedies, tragedies, and historical plays. Among the very best of these are "The Merchant of Venice," "Macbeth," and "Julius Cæsar."

ADVICE TO A SON.

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear't, that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all—To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou can'st not then be false to any man.

(From Shakespeare's "Hamlet").

APRIL 24th.

BIRTH OF ANTHONY TROLLOPE, 1815.

Anthony Trollope came of a literary family. His mother, Mrs. Frances Trollope, wrote several novels, his brother Thomas was also a writer of some reputation, and Thomas's wife has also several novels to her name. Anthony Trollope was educated at Winchester and Harrow. He became a Government official and took to novel writing in 1848. His best effort was "Barchester Towers." Besides many novels, he wrote a short life of Thackeray in the "Men of Letters" series. He died in 1882.

A CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION IN TROLLOPE'S DAYS.

On reaching London I went to my friend Clayton Freeling, and was taken by him to the scene of my future labours in St. Martin's-le-Grand. Sir Francis Freeling was the secretary, but he was greatly too high an official to be seen at first by a new junior clerk. I was taken therefore to his eldest son, and by him I was examined as to my fitness. I was asked to copy some lines from the "Times" with an old quill pen, and at once made a series of blots and false spellings. "That won't do, you know," said Henry Freeling to his brother Clayton. Clayton, who was my friend, urged that I was nervous, and asked that I might be allowed to do a bit of writing at home and bring it as a sample on the next day. I was then asked whether I was a proficient in arithmetic. What could I say? I had never learned the multiplication table, and had no more idea of the rule of three than of conic sections. "I know a little of it," I said humbly, whereupon I was sternly assured that on the morrow, should I succeed in showing that my handwriting was all that it ought to be, I should be examined as to that little of arithmetic. I went to work, and, under the surveillance of my elder brother, made a beautiful transcript of four or five pages of Gibbon. With a faltering heart I took these on the next day to the office. With my caligraphy I was enchanted, but was certain that I should come to the ground among the figures. But when I got to "The Grand," as we used to call our office in those days, I was seated at a desk without any further reference to my competency. No one condescended even to look at my beautiful penmanship.

That was the way in which candidates for the Civil Service were examined in my young days.

(From "An Autobiography" by Anthony Trollope).

APRIL 25th.

DEATH OF COWPER, 1800.

William Cowper was born in Hertfordshire in 1731. He was educated at the Westminster School, and commenced his career as an attorney's clerk. He was called to the bar in 1754. He published his first poems in 1782. Soon after appeared the ballad, "John Gilpin." He wrote some of the most beautiful hymns in the English language. He suffered much from nervous depression, and died in 1800.

THE REWARD OF KINDNESS.

Androcles, from his injured lord in dread
Of instant death, to Libya's desert fled.
Tired with his toilsome flight, and parch'd with heat,
He spied, at length, a cavern's cool retreat;
But scarce had given to rest his weary frame,
When, hugest of his kind, a lion came:
He roar'd approaching: but the savage din
To plaintive murmurs changed, arriv'd within;
And with expressive looks, his lifted paw
Presenting, aid implored from whom he saw.
The fugitive, through terror at a stand,
Dared not awhile afford his trembling hand;
But bolder grown, at length inherent found
A pointed thorn, and drew it from the wound.
The cure was wrought; he wiped the rancous blood,
And firm and free from pain the lion stood.

* * * * *

Home! native home! O might he but repair!
He must—he will, though death awaits him there.
He goes, and doom'd to perish, on the sands
Of the full theatre unpitied stands;
When lo! the selfsame lion from his cage
Flies to devour him, famish'd into rage.
He flies, but viewing in his purposed prey
The man, his healer, pauses on his way,
And soften'd by remembrance into sweet
And kind composure, crouches at his feet.
Mute with astonishment the assembly gaze;
And why, ye Romans? Whence your mute amaze?
All this is natural: Nature bade him rend
An enemy; she bids him spare a friend.

WILLIAM COWPER.

APRIL 26th.

DEATH OF DANIEL DEFOE, 1731.

Daniel Defoe was born in Fore Street, London. His proper name was Foe. His father was a butcher. In 1688 Daniel Defoe opened a hosier's shop in Cornhill. This proved a failure, and Defoe then took to writing for a livelihood. His writings, in all, extend to some two hundred and fifty books and pamphlets, embracing subjects as diverse as the lives of highwaymen to a family guide to religion. In 1719 appeared "Robinson Crusoe," with which Defoe's name will be ever associated. For some of his writings Defoe was severely handled by the Government, being placed in the pillory and imprisoned on more than one occasion. Defoe died in 1731, and was buried in the Dissenters' Burial Ground in City Road, London.

THE FOOTPRINTS ON THE SANDS.

It happened one day, about noon, going towards my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plainly to be seen on the sand. I stood like one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen an apparition. I listened; I looked round me; but I could hear nothing or see anything. I went up to a rising ground to look farther; I went up the shore and down the shore, but it was all one—I could see no other impression but that one.

I went to it again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my fancy; but there was no room for that, for there was exactly the print of a foot—toes, heel, and every part of a foot. How it came thither I knew not, nor could I in the least imagine; but after innumerable fluttering thoughts, like a man perfectly confused, and out of myself, I came home to my fortification, not feeling, as we say, the ground I went on, but terrified to the last degree, looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man.

When I came to my castle (for so I think I called it ever after this), I fled into it like one pursued. Whether I went over by the ladder, as first contrived, or went in at the hole in the rock which I had called a door, I cannot remember; no, nor could I remember the next morning, for never frightened hare fled to cover, or fox to earth, with more terror of mind than I to this retreat.

I slept none that night. I presently concluded that it must be some of the savages of the mainland opposite, who had wandered out to sea in their canoes, and, either driven by the currents or by the contrary winds, had made the island, and had been on shore, but were gone away again to sea.

(From Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe").

APRIL 27th.

BIRTH OF GIBBON, 1737.

This great historian was born at Putney. He was educated at Westminster School and Oxford. In 1763 he travelled on the Continent, and while at Rome conceived the idea which led to the writing of his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." The last volume of this work was not published till 1788. In 1774 Gibbon was elected to Parliament as member for Liskeard, and on the outbreak of war between England and France, in 1778, he was employed to draw up the manifesto on that occasion, for which he was rewarded by the post of Commissioner of the Board of Trade. His Parliamentary career terminated in 1784. Gibbon died in 1794.

THE RISE OF KNIGHTHOOD IN EUROPE.

Between the age of Charlemagne and that of the Crusades a revolution had taken place among the Spaniards, the Normans, and the French, which was gradually extended to the rest of Europe. The cavalry formed the strength of the armies, and the honourable name of *miles*, or soldier, was confined to the gentlemen who served on horseback, and were invested with the character of knighthood.

The dignity of their birth was preserved by pure and equal alliances; their sons alone might legally pretend to the honour of knighthood; but a valiant plebeian was sometimes enriched and ennobled by the sword, and became the father of a new race. He swore to accomplish the duties of his profession; and education, example, and the public opinion were the inviolable guardians of his oath. As the champion of God and the ladies, he devoted himself to speak the truth; to maintain the right; to protect the distressed; to practise courtesy, a virtue less familiar to the ancients; to pursue the infidels; to despise the allurements of ease and safety; and to vindicate in every perilous adventure the honour of his character. The abuse of the same spirit provoked the illiterate knight to disdain the arts of industry and peace; to esteem himself the sole judge and avenger of his own injuries; and proudly to neglect the laws of civil society and military discipline.

Yet the benefits of this institution, to refine the temper of Barbarians, and to infuse some principles of faith, justice, and humanity, were strongly felt, and have often been observed.

The asperity of national prejudice was softened; and the community of religion and arms spread a similar colour and generous emulation over the face of Christendom.

(From Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire").

APRIL 28th.

BIRTH OF THE SEVENTH EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, 1801.

Anthony Ashley Cooper, seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, was born in London. He has left a name behind him dear to all who love their fellowmen. Lord Shaftesbury spent his whole life in endeavouring to better the condition of the working classes. He associated himself with every movement of philanthropy, and was instrumental in obtaining the passing of several Factory Acts. He died at Folkestone in 1885.

CHILD LABOUR IN FACTORIES.

When factories were first built there was a strong repugnance on the part of parents, who had been accustomed to the old family life under the domestic system, to send their children into these places. It was in fact considered a disgrace so to do; the epithet of "factory girl" was the most insulting that could be applied to a young woman, and girls who had once been in a factory could never find employment elsewhere. It was not until the wages of the workman had been reduced to a starvation level that they consented to their children and wives being employed in the mills. But the manufacturers wanted labour by some means or other, and they got it. They got it from the workhouses. They sent for parish apprentices from all parts of England, and pretended to apprentice them to the new employments just introduced. The mill-owners systematically communicated with the overseers of the poor, who arranged a day for the inspection of pauper children. Those chosen by the manufacturer were then conveyed by waggons or canal boats to their destination, and from that moment were doomed to slavery. Sometimes regular traffickers would take the place of the manufacturer; and transfer a number of children to a factory district, and there keep them, generally in some dark cellar, till they could hand them over to a mill-owner in want of hands, who would come and examine their height, strength, and bodily capacities, exactly as did the slave-dealers in the American markets. After that children were simply at the mercy of their owner, nominally as apprentices, but in reality as mere slaves, who got no wages, and whom it was not worth while even to feed or clothe properly, because they were so cheap and their places could be so easily supplied.

(From Gibbins' "Industrial History of England")

APRIL 29th.

BIRTH OF EDWARD IV., 1441.

Edward IV. was the son of Richard, Duke of York. He was born at Rouen. The bad government of Henry VI. and the unsettled state of England prompted Edward's father to revive his claim to the throne, through Lionel, son of Edward III.

After the Duke of York's death at the Battle of Wakefield in 1460 Edward took up the claim. In 1461 Edward was elected King by Parliament. His marriage into the Woodville family alienated Warwick, his most powerful supporter. Edward had to flee the country, and Henry VI. was once more restored.

Returning in 1471, he met and defeated Warwick at the Battle of Barnet, in which the "King-maker" was killed. This battle secured the throne for Edward, and he reigned till his death in 1483. During this reign Caxton set up the first printing press at Westminster.

CHARACTER OF EDWARD IV.

His personal beauty, his success in war, the familiarity of his manners, his splendid household, and the share which he allowed himself to take in the commercial enterprise of the day, endeared Edward to the burgher class, and rendered him on the whole a popular monarch. But beneath this splendid exterior there existed a pitiless cruelty, a selfishness which sought its gratification in unbounded license, and which was ready to crush relentlessly any, however nearly related to himself, who crossed his path. The mixture of sensuality, love of the new state of society, mingled with political selfishness and cruelty, remind us rather of the character of an Italian tyrant than of an English King.

(From Bright's "History of England").

APRIL 30th.

BIRTH OF MARY II., 1662.

Mary was the daughter of James, Duke of York, afterwards James II., and Anne Hyde, daughter of the Earl of Clarendon. She was brought up as a Protestant under the will of Charles II. In 1677 she married William of Orange. After the Revolution she reigned with William as Mary II. Mary was very popular with the English people, her popularity only decreasing on one occasion, when she quarrelled with her sister Anne over the dismissal of Marlborough. Mary died of the smallpox on December 28th, 1694.

THE GOOD WORK OF QUEEN MARY.

The Queen continued still to set a great example to the whole nation, which shined in all the parts of it. She used all possible methods for reforming whatever was amiss : she took ladies off from that idleness, which not only wasted their time, but exposed them to many temptations. She engaged many both to read and to work ; she wrought many hours a day herself, with her ladies, and her maids of honour working about her, while one read to them all. The female part of the Court had been in the former reigns subject to censure, and there was great cause for it ; but she freed her Court so entirely from all suspicion, that there was not so much as a colour for discourses of that sort.

She did divide her time so regularly, between her closet and business, her work and diversion, that every minute seemed to have its proper employment ; she expressed so deep her sense of religion, with so true a regard to it ; she had such right principles and just notions ; and her deportment was so exact in every part of it, all being natural and unconstrained, and animated with due life and cheerfulness ; she considered everything that was laid before her so carefully, and gave such due encouragement to a freedom of speech ; she remembered everything so exactly, observing at the same time the closest reservedness, yet with an open air and frankness ; she was so candid in all she said, and cautions in every promise she made ; and, notwithstanding her own great capacity, she expressed such a distrust of her own thoughts, and was so entirely resigned to the King's judgment, and so constantly determined by it, that, when I laid all these things together, which I had large opportunities to observe, it gave a very pleasant prospect to balance the melancholy view that rose from the ill posture of our affairs, in all other respects.

(From Burnet's " History of His Own Time ").

MAY 1st.

BIRTH OF ARTHUR WELLESLEY, DUKE OF WELLINGTON, 1769.

Britain's most famous general was born at Dangan Castle, Ireland. He received his early education at Eton and his military training at Angers, in France. At the age of eighteen he entered the English Army, and rapidly rose in the Service. In 1797 he was made lieutenant-general. In 1803 Sir Arthur Wellesley gained his first great victory at Assaye, in India, where he broke the power of the Mahrattas. In 1808 he began the Peninsula campaign in Spain. Wellington's crowning victory was at Waterloo in 1815, where he defeated Napoleon and brought to an end the Napoleonic Wars. His later life was devoted to politics. From 1828 to 1830 Wellington held the position of Prime Minister of England. He died on September 14th, 1852.

THE COMMANDER WHO NEVER LOST AN ENGLISH GUN.

It is singular that he who carried on war in so many parts of the world should never have lost a gun to the enemy. "Returning with him one day from the hunting field," says Lord Ellesmere, "I asked him whether he could form any calculation of the number of guns he had taken in the course of his career." "No," he replied, "not with any accuracy; somewhere about 3,000, I should guess. At Oporto, after the passage of the Douro, I took the entire siege train of the enemy; at Vittoria and Waterloo I took every gun they had in the field. What, however, is more extraordinary is, I don't think I ever lost a gun in my life. After the Battle of Salamanca," he went on to explain, "three of my guns attached to some Portuguese cavalry were captured in a trifling affair near Madrid, but they were recovered the next day. In the Pyrenees Lord Hill found himself obliged to throw eight or nine guns over a precipice, but those also were recovered, and never fell into the enemy's hands at all."

(From Gleig's "Life of Wellington").

MAY 2nd.

LAMBERT SIMNEL CROWNED AT DUBLIN, 1487.

During the reign of Henry VII. two attempts were made by impostors to obtain the throne—that of Perkin Warbeck and that of Lambert Simnel. Simnel was the son of a carpenter of Oxford. He fell into the hands of Simon, a priest, who trained him to impersonate Edward, Earl of Warwick, who was actually at that time a prisoner in the Tower. Simnel landed in Ireland with his supporters and was crowned. Coming over to England the rebels were met and defeated by Henry at Stoke (June 16th, 1487). Simnel was captured and made a scullion in the king's kitchen. The date of his death is uncertain.

WHO LAMBERT SIMNEL REALLY WAS.

Much mystery surrounded the fate of the sons of Edward, that idle rumour prevailed that one, if not both of them, were still alive. The imprisonment of Warwick in the Tower aroused suspicions that the King would put him to death, and rumours were even spread that he had actually been made away with. It was under these circumstances that Richard Simon, a priest of Oxford, stirred perhaps by some restless spirits behind the scenes, inspired an adventurous boy named Lambert Simnel, whose education doubtless had been entrusted to him by his parents, with the idea of personating a young prince of the House of York. The lad was only ten years of age, the son of one Thomas Simnel, described afterwards in an Act of Parliament as "late of Oxford, joiner," but in another document as an organ maker, while the blind poet, Bernard Andre, who lived at the time, was not sure whether the youth claimed a baker or a shoemaker for his father. His origin, therefore, was obscure enough, but he was a bright lad and an apt scholar. He was first encouraged to personate Richard, Duke of York, the younger of the two princes murdered in the Tower, but, perhaps owing to the rumour that Warwick had died in prison, it was thought that he could as safely fit himself with the character of the latter personage. And to prevent immediate detection Simon carried his pupil over to Ireland, where he was declared to be the Earl of Warwick, son of the Duke of Clarence, newly escaped from the Tower.

(From Dr. J. Gairdner's "Henry VII.").

MAY 3rd.

DEATH OF TOM HOOD, 1845.

“ He sang ‘ The Song of the Shirt ’ ” is a fitting epitaph for kindhearted Tom Hood. There is no doubt that this and other poems drew attention to the condition of the classes to which he referred.

Hood was born in the City of London on May 23rd, 1799. Hood may be called a self-educated man. No public school or university claims him. He received some education from a day school, but in the main he gathered his knowledge as he could. He was apprenticed in turn to a merchant, and afterwards to an engraver, but his literary genius came to the front with such success that at the age of twenty-two he became sub-editor of the “ London Magazine.” It was in the pages of this magazine that Hood published many of his earlier poems. It was while working for the magazine that Hood discovered his true vein—the vein of humour, which he followed up for the next twenty years. “ The Song of the Shirt ” appeared in the Christmas number of “ Punch ” in 1843. In 1844 Hood started a new periodical, “ Hood’s Monthly Magazine,” which was cut short after a few months’ issue by the death of the author on the above date.

THE REWARD OF “ SWEATED ” LABOUR.

“ Work—work—work
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,—
Band, and gusset, and seam,—
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

“ Work—work—work!
My labour never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags.
That shattered roof,—and this naked floor,—
A table,—a broken chair,—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there.

(From Tom Hood’s “ Song of the Shirt ”).

MAY 4th.

CAPTURE OF SERINGAPATAM, 1799.

Seringapatam is a town in the south of Mysore, Southern India. In 1799 it was a fortress of great strength. At that time Mysore was governed by Tippoo Saib, son of the famous Hyder Ali, who fought stubbornly against the English some years earlier. From 1789 to 1799 the English were constantly at war with Tippoo Saib, brought about largely by French influence over the Rajah.

An English army, under Sir David Baird, laid siege to Seringapatam in May, 1799, and it fell on the above date, Tippoo Saib being killed. Sir Arthur Wellesley figured in this campaign. The capture of this town and the death of Tippoo Saib added over 20,000 square miles to English territory in Southern India.

TIPPOO SAIB'S CRUEL TASTES.

Everywhere within and about the palace, evidence met the eye or ear of his depraved and sanguinary tastes. His name meant tiger; he called his soldiers his tigers of war; and the tigers of the Indian jungles were his pets, and often his executioners—for the attendant that offended him, or the prisoner that was brought into his presence, was not unfrequently turned into a barred room or large cage, where the savage animals were let loose upon him. Near the door of his treasury an enormous tiger had been found chained. There were other tigers in the edifice, and so numerous as to give some trouble to Colonel Wellesley. The history and character of the son of Hyder were, in a manner, told by the barbarous big toy which was invented for his amusement, which was found in his palace, and which may now be seen in the library of the East India House, Leadenhall Street. This rude automaton is a tiger killing and about to devour a European, who lies prostrate under the savage beast. In the interior of the tiger there is a rude kind of organ, played upon by turning a handle, like our street hand-organs; and the notes produced are intended to represent the growls of the tiger and the moans of the dying man. Other toys, indicative of the same tastes, were found in Tippoo's dwelling.

(From Macfarlane's "History of British India").

MAY 5th.

DEATH OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, 1821.

After Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo, various schemes were suggested for enabling him to escape from France. None of these, however, came to anything, and on July 15th, 1815, Napoleon gave himself up to the English. He was exiled to St. Helena, where he landed in October, 1815. His treatment during his exile has been the subject of much controversy. Probably the last word has been said by Dr. Holland Rose, the greatest living authority on Napoleonic matters. Napoleon was buried at St. Helena, but in 1846 his remains were conveyed to France, and now lie in a stately tomb at the Invalides, in Paris.

THE LAST SCENE AT ST. HELENA.

At the close of the month the symptoms became most distressing, aggravated as they were by the refusal of the patient to take medicine or food, or to let himself be moved. On May 4th, at Dr. Arnot's insistence, some calomel was secretly administered, and with beneficial results, the patient sleeping and even taking some food. This was his last rally. Montholon thought he heard the words "France armée, tête d'armée, Josephine;" he lingered on insensible for some hours; the storm died down; the sun bathed the island in a flood of glory, and as it dipped into the ocean, the great man passed away.

* * * * *

Clad in his favourite green uniform he tared forth to his resting place under two large weeping willow trees in a secluded valley; the coffin, surmounted by his sword and the cloak he had worn at Marengo, was borne with full military honours by Grenadiers of the 20th and 66th Regiments, before a long line of red coats; and their banners, emblazoned with the names of "Talavera," "Albuera," "Pyrenees," and "Orthez," were lowered in a last salute to our mighty foe. Salvos of artillery and musketry were fired over the grave; the echoes rattled upwards from ridge to ridge, and leaped from the splintery peaks far into the wastes of ocean to warn the world beyond that the greatest warrior and administrator of all ages had sunk to rest.

(From Dr. Holland Rose's "Life of Napoleon I.").

MAY 6th.

BIRTH OF ROBESPIERRE, 1758.

Among the men who stood out prominently in the early days of the French Revolution, Robespierre is perhaps the best known. He was educated for the law, and was elected to the States General in 1789.

His earnestness and power of oratory soon brought him to the front, and he was appointed to the position of public accuser. He reached the height of his power when he was elected President of the National Assembly. At first he worked in conjunction with Danton, but fearing his power Robespierre sacrificed Danton at the first opportunity. Robespierre held power during the period known as the "Reign of Terror," and sent to the guillotine hundreds of victims. His tyranny brought about his fall. Even his friends felt their lives were not safe. A combination of parties secured his arrest on July 27th, 1794, and the following day he was guillotined.

THE VARIED CHARACTER OF ROBESPIERRE.

His self-complacency was as intense as his faith. He was the chosen minister of Virtue, to preach its gospel to the regenerated world. That seems to have been his profound conviction, and that was unquestionably the foundation of his strength. There is little doubt that in this respect the man was honest. His weak sentiment was real. His love of order and of decency was genuine. His incorruptibility was known and rare. His conceit was phenomenal. His power of self-deception was unbounded. On the whole, Robespierre was faithful to his theories. He was capable, as he showed on more than one occasion, of attacking popular proposals, if they seemed to him opposed to principle. He did not, it is true, denounce the lawlessness and outrage which he naturally detested; but his reticence was probably due less to the calculations of a subtle policy than to his singular faculty of persuading himself, whenever riots or massacres occurred, that it was only the people executing justice, and that the justice of the people must be right. Robespierre never took the lead at critical moments, when decisive action was needed. He was constitutionally nervous and undecided. He had none of the audacity which made Danton great. Fearless in sophistry, he was timid in action. In disguising crime in the panoply of virtue, so satisfactorily as to deceive himself, Robespierre had no peer.

(From Malet's "French Revolution").

MAY 7th.

BIRTH OF ROBERT BROWNING, 1812.

Robert Browning was born in Camberwell. He wrote verses at quite an early age. His first poem was published in 1833. From that date to his death he produced plays and poems. For ordinary readers, Browning's shorter poems are the most popular; the best known of these are "How they Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," and "The Pied Piper of Hamelin." Browning introduces many of his philosophical ideas into the longer poems. With the exception of a few of the poems, Browning is not much appreciated by young people. He is essentially the poet for adults. Robert Browning died on December 12th, 1889, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD.

Oh, to be in England,
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now.

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spry's edge—
That's the wise thrush; he sings each note twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with heavy dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

ROBERT BROWNING.

MAY 8th.

DEATH OF LORD BROUGHAM, 1868.

Lord Brougham was a judge, statesman, writer, and philanthropist. He was born in Edinburgh on September 19th, 1778. He was called to the Scottish bar in 1800. Brougham was one of the earliest contributors to the "Edinburgh Review." He entered Parliament in 1810, and soon distinguished himself as a speaker. In 1820 Brougham assisted in the defence of Queen Caroline. He took a great share in the founding of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge and of the London University. He was a stout Liberal, and was Lord Chancellor at the time of the Reform Bill.

LORD BROUGHAM ON CHEAP BOOKS.

I begin by assuming that there is no class of the community so entirely occupied with labour as not to have an hour or two every other day, at least, to bestow upon the pleasure and improvement to be derived from reading—or so poor as not to have the means of contributing something towards purchasing this gratification, the enjoyment of which, beside the present amusement, is the surest way to raise our character and better our condition. The first method which suggests itself for promoting knowledge among the poor is the encouragement of cheap publications. The method of publishing in numbers is admirably suited to the circumstances of the classes whose income is derived from wages. Twopence is easily saved in a week by almost any labourer; and by a mechanic sixpence in a week may without difficulty be put by. It is equally certain that the publication of cheap books increases the number of readers among the poor; and one can hardly conceive a greater benefit than those would confer who should make a judicious selection from our best authors upon ethics, politics, and history, and promote cheap editions of them in numbers.

(From Lord Brougham's "Speeches").

MAY 9th.

ATTEMPT OF COLONEL BLOOD TO STEAL THE CROWN JEWELS.

Colonel Blood was one of the most notorious characters in the reign of Charles II. He was an Irishman by birth. At the time of the Civil War he sided with the Parliament, but on the Restoration he was deprived of his possessions, whereupon he organised a plot for seizing Dublin Castle. This failed, and Blood fled to Holland. Finding his way to England some years later, he became identified with several of the plots during the reign of Charles II. One daring plot to secure the Crown jewels was nearly successful. Blood had actually got outside the precincts of the Tower with the jewels, when the alarm was given, and he was captured with the crown in his possession. Brought before Charles II., he warned him that if punished his confederates would wreak their revenge upon the King. Charles pardoned him, introduced him to Court, and restored to him his possessions. He died in 1687.

CAPTURE OF COLONEL BLOOD.

The drawbridge terminated in a ward-house and a little gate, at which a soldier stood sentinel. Blood exclaimed "Come on, he will not resist; he is a coward, by his eye!" and they rushed on. Blood's canonical habit and the substantial burgher-look of his companions hindered people from suspecting them, and they were close upon the horses when suddenly a figure darted from a low public-house on the way, followed by three or four stout men with bludgeons, who yelled out "Here he is—lo, the man! Seize him in the King's name! It is Blood!" The bludgeon-men, who wore the uniform of the City Marshal's catchpoles, now rushed forward, and a pell-mell combat began. Blood laid about him so fiercely that he quickly made himself a clear space; but at the moment the colonel had nearly hacked his way to his horse a crowd of soldiers and warders came running towards the gate. Foremost of these was young Edwards, who, cutlass in hand, rushed upon Blood just as he set his foot in the stirrup. The colonel drew another pistol and fired it almost close to the sailor's forehead, but by some fortunate accident the ball only grazed his skin. When at last Edwards contrived to trip him up, and wrested the rich prize from his grasp, and a hundred hands clutched him at once, he yielded with a bitter smile, exclaiming, "Well, I am your prisoner! But no matter, it was a gallant attempt, however unsuccessful, for it was for a crown."

(From Emma Robinson's "Whitefriars").

MAY 10th.

OUTBREAK OF THE INDIAN MUTINY AT MEERUT, 1857.

On the above date began the great struggle in India, known as the Indian Mutiny. For some time previous to the outbreak the native soldiers of the East India Company—the Sepoys—had shown much dissatisfaction. The reasons for this unrest were partly religious and partly political. There had been a long-standing tradition that the English rule in India should only last one hundred years from the date of Plassey, 1757. The English had received numerous warnings of this intended outbreak, but no measures had been taken to prepare for it. On Sunday, May 10th, 1857, the Sepoys at Meerut broke into mutiny, massacred their officers and families, and marched away to Delhi to restore the ancient Mogul dynasty. The decisive struggle centred round three towns, Delhi, Cawnpore, and Lucknow. By the efforts of Havelock, Outram, and Campbell, directed by the administrative hand of Sir John Lawrence, the Mutiny was brought to a close in 1858. The great result of the outbreak was the transferring of the power of the East India Company to the hands of the Crown. In 1876 Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India.

THE BEGINNING OF THE MUTINY.

The parade ended; the dishonoured eighty-five marched off with clank of chained feet to the local gaol. But that night, in the huts and round the camp fires of all the Sepoy regiments, the whispered talk was of mutiny and revenge. The men took fire. To wait for the 3rd, the day fixed for simultaneous mutiny throughout Bengal, was too sore a trial for their patience. The next day was Sunday, the Sahibs would all be present at evening service in the church; they would be unarmed. So the church bells that called the British officers to prayer should call their Sepoys to mutiny. In the dusk of that historic Sabbath evening, as the church bells awoke, and sent their pulses of clangorous sound over the cantonment, the men of the 3rd Native Cavalry broke from their quarters, and in wild tumult, with brandished sabres and cries of "Deen," "Deen," galloped to the gaol, burst open the doors, and brought back in triumph the eighty-five "martyrs." The Sepoy infantry regiment, the 11th and 20th, ran to their lines and fell into rank under their native officers. A British sergeant, running with breathless speed, brought the news to Colonel Finnis of the 11th. "For God's sake, sir," he said, "fly! The men have mutinied."

(From "Tale of the Great Mutiny").

MAY 11th.

BATTLE OF FONTENOY, 1745.

In 1741 England became involved in the War of the Austrian Succession. In 1713 the Emperor, Charles VI. of Austria, had by the Pragmatic Sanction settled Hungary and his other hereditary dominions on his daughter, Maria Theresa. By the Treaty of Vienna, 1731, England and Holland had agreed to support this arrangement. On the death of the Emperor Charles, Frederick the Great and Louis XV. of France attempted to seize Hungary for the Elector of Bavaria. England and Holland stood by Maria Theresa. In 1745 a French army, composed largely of Irish driven from their native land by the Treaty of Limerick (1691), defeated a mixed army of English, Dutch, and Austrians, at Fontenoy, a village in Hainault. The Duke of Cumberland commanded the allied forces.

THE IRISH BRIGADE AT FONTENOY.

More idly than the summer flies, French tirailleurs rush round;
As stubble to the lava tide, French squadrons strew the ground;
Bomb-shell, and grape, and round shot tore, still on they
marched and fired—

Fast, from each volley, grenadier and voltigeur retired.

“Push on, my household cavalry!” King Louis madly cried:
To death they rush, but rude their shock—not unavenged they
died.

On through the camp the column trod—King Louis turns his
rein:

“Not yet, my liege,” Saxe interposed, “the Irish troops
remain;”

And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo
Were not these exiles ready then, fresh, vehement, and true.

* * * * *

Like lions leaping at a fold, when mad with hunger's pang,
Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang;
The English strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied,
staggered, fled—

The green hill-side is matted close with dying and with dead.

Across the plain, and far away passed on that hideous wrack,
While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon their track.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,

With bloody plumes, the Irish stand—the field is fought and
won.

(From Thomas Davis's "Fontenoy").

MAY 12th.

EXECUTION OF STRAFFORD, 1641.

Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, was born in London in 1593. As a member of Parliament, he supported the opponents of Charles I., but afterwards became a Royalist. Charles heaped favours upon him. As Lord Deputy of Ireland, he carried out a strong policy known as the "Thorough." When impeached by the Commons of high treason, he was deserted by the King and was executed on Tower Hill on the above date.

LORD STRAFFORD ON THE SCAFFOLD.

Arrived at the scaffold, he ascended without hesitation, followed by his brother, the members of the Church, and several of his friends, knelt down an instant, then rose and addressed the people: "I desire," said he, "for the kingdom every earthly prosperity; while I lived this was my constant endeavour; dying it is my only wish. But I entreat each and all of you who listen to me to examine yourselves seriously, your hands on your hearts, while the beginning reformation of a kingdom should be written in characters of blood; think over this when you go to your homes. Never let me be so unhappy that the least drop of my blood should rise up in judgment against any of you; but I fear you are in a wrong place." He knelt down again and prayed for a quarter of an hour; then turning to his friends he took leave of them all, shaking hands with each, and giving each some advice. "Now," said he, "I have nigh done; one stroke will make my wife husbandless, my dear children fatherless, and my servants masterless, and will separate me from my dear brother and all my friends! But let God be to you and them all in all." As he disrobed, "I thank God," added he, "I am not afraid of death, nor daunted with any discouragement rising from my fears; but do as cheerfully put off my doublet at this time as ever I did when I went to bed." He called the executioner, forgave him, prayed an instant, laid his head on the block, and gave the signal himself. His head fell; the executioner held it up to the people, saying, "God Save the King."

(From Guizot's "History of the English Revolution").

MAY 13th.

FOUNDING OF HUDSON BAY COMPANY, 1670.

Hudson Bay received its name from the explorer Hudson, who penetrated into the bay in 1610. In 1670 the monopoly of trading in furs in the Hudson Bay district was granted to Prince Rupert, who, together with others, formed the Hudson Bay Company, in whose hands the practical control was vested of the whole of what is now the North of the Dominion of Canada. In 1858 part of the Hudson Bay Territory was formed into British Columbia, and in 1869 the landed privileges of the Hudson Bay Company were purchased by Canada.

THE HUDSON BAY TRAPPER.

The trapper, be he white man or Indian, of necessity leads a solitary, desolate, and dangerous life. To be alone in the trackless forest demands a courage and endurance of no ordinary kind. The lone trapper knows not the emulation, the wild dash and hurrah of the soldier, as he marches up to the deadly breach; he cannot feel that powerful incentive to be brave arising from the knowledge that a gallant deed will be handed down with his name to posterity; he has no opportunity for display before his fellows; alone with nature and his Creator, he is self-dependent, and his indomitable courage can only spring from a firm reliance on his own strength.

As he penetrates the forest, his keen eyes scan every mark upon the snow for the tracks he seeks. The perceptions of the Indian or half-breed are so nice, his attention so constantly on the alert, and his conclusions so rapidly formed, that he draws inferences from general signs with great readiness and accuracy. As a consequence, he reads signs left behind by a passing animal as readily and truly as if he had been personally present and witnessed the whole scene. It matters little whether they are fresh or half obliterated; he never makes a mistake in his perusal of the language of tracks—marks left printed in that book the hunter knows so well—the face of Nature.

(From Robinson's "The Great Fur Land").

MAY 14th.

BATTLE OF LEWES, 1264.

During the reign of Henry III. occurred the struggle between the King and the barons. The wholesale invasion of England by friends of Henry's French wife Eleanor, and the corrupt government of the King, precipitated the crisis. The barons under Simon de Montfort confronted the Royalist forces at Lewes. The result was a great victory for the barons. Henry was captured, and his son Edward surrendered shortly afterwards. One of the results of this battle was the decision that a Council should be called to help the King in the government of the country. This led to the First Parliament, 1265.

PRINCE EDWARD AT THE BATTLE OF LEWES.

Prince Edward rushed upon the Londoners, who had demanded the post of honour in leading the rebel army, but who, from their ignorance of discipline and want of experience, were ill fitted to resist the gentry and military men, of whom the prince's body was composed. They were broken in an instant; were chased off the field; and Edward, transported by his military ardour, and eager to revenge the insolence of the Londoners against his mother, put them to the sword for the length of four miles, without giving them any quarter, and without reflecting on the fate which in the meantime attended the rest of the army.

Prince Edward, returning to the field of battle from his precipitate pursuit of the Londoners, was astonished to find it covered with the dead bodies of his friends, and still more to hear that his father and uncle were defeated and taken prisoners, and many considerable barons were in the hands of the victorious enemy.

(From Hume's "History of England").

MAY 15th.

BIRTH OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE,
1820.

In 1844 Florence Nightingale devoted herself to hospitals and visited many institutions in European countries. When the Crimean War broke out, Miss Nightingale went to the front to organise a system of nursing. From that point her work is known to all, and her example has been followed by others in more recent wars. On her return from the Crimea, Miss Nightingale devoted herself to forming institutions for nurses, etc. She has also written much on nursing and hospitals in general.

THE ANGEL OF THE HOSPITALS.

Honour to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low!

Thus, thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp.

The wounded from the battle plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

LONGFELLOW

MAY 16th.

BATTLE OF ALBUERA, 1811.

In 1811 Badajoz was besieged by the English, and the French, under Marshal Soult, were hurrying forward to its relief. Beresford, a British general, was sent to intercept Soult. Beresford had a force which outnumbered the advancing French, but including only 7,000 English, the remainder being composed of Spanish troops whose loyalty was very doubtful. Beresford took up a strong position on some heights protected in front by the Albuera River. Soult attacked with great vigour, and affairs seemed very serious at one period of the battle, but the bravery of the English regiments decided the contest in favour of Beresford, and Soult was compelled to march away and abandon all hopes of relieving Badajoz. The loss on both sides was very heavy.

THE LAST CHARGE OF THE ENGLISH AT ALBUERA.

Such a gallant line, issuing from the midst of the smoke and rapidly separating itself from the confused and broken multitude, startled the enemy's heavy masses, which were increasing and pressing onward as to an assured victory; they wavered, hesitated, and then vomiting forth a storm of fire, hastily endeavoured to enlarge their front, while a fearful discharge of grape from the artillery whistled through the English ranks. Suddenly and sternly recovering, they closed on their terrible enemies, and then was seen with what a strength and majesty the British soldier fights. In vain did Soult, by voice and gesture, animate his Frenchmen; in vain did the hardiest veterans, extricating themselves from the crowded columns, sacrifice their lives to gain time for the mass to open out on such a fair field; in vain did the mass itself bear up, and fiercely striving, fire indiscriminately upon friends and foes, while the horsemen hovering on the flank threatened to charge the advancing line. Nothing could stop that advancing infantry. No sudden burst of undisciplined valour, no nervous enthusiasm weakened the stability of their order; their flashing eyes were bent on the dark columns in their front; their measured tread shook the ground; their dreadful volleys swept away the head of every formation; their deafening shouts overpowered the dissonant cries that broke from all parts of the tumultuous crowd as, foot by foot, and with a horrid carnage, it was driven by the incessant vigour of the attack to the farthest edge of the hill.

(From Napier's "Peninsular War").

MAY 17th.

RELIEF OF MAFEKING, 1900.

Mafeking is a small town in the north-east corner of Cape Colony. The defence of this town was one of the best reported episodes of the Boer War. The siege of the town by the Boers commenced in October, 1899. The defence was organised and carried out by General Baden-Powell, who with a small body of defenders resisted every effort of the enemy to take the place by assault. The town was relieved by Colonel Mahon on May 17th.

THE MAN WHO DEFENDED MAFEKING.

Colonel Baden-Powell is a soldier of a type which is exceedingly popular with the British public. A skilled hunter and an expert at many games, there was always something of the sportsman in his keen appreciation of war. In the Matabele campaign he had outscouted the savage scouts and found his pleasure in tracking them among their native mountains, often alone and at night, trusting to his skill in springing from rock to rock in his rubber-soled shoes to save him from their pursuit. There was a brain quality in his bravery which is rare among our officers. Full of veldt craft and resource, it was as difficult to outwit as it was to outfight him. But there was another curious side to his complex nature. The French have said of one of their heroes, "*Il avait cette graine de folie dans sa bravoure que les Français aiment,*" and the words might have been written of Powell. An impish humour broke out in him, and the mischievous schoolboy alternated with the warrior and the administrator. He met the Boer commandos with chaff and jokes, which were as disconcerting as his wire entanglements and rifle-pits. The amazing variety of his personal accomplishments was one of his most striking characteristics. From drawing caricatures with both hands simultaneously, or skirt dancing, to leading a forlorn hope, nothing came amiss to him; and he had that magnetic quality by which the leader imparts something of his virtues to his men. Such was the man who held Mafeking for the Queen.

(From Sir Conan Doyle's "The Great Boer War").

MAY 18th.

MURDER OF "EDWARD THE MARTYR," 978.

Edward II., or "Edward the Martyr," as he is generally called, was the son of Edgar the Peaceable by his first wife. Edgar had another son Ethelred, by his second wife Elfrida. The story runs that Elfrida, in order to secure the throne for Ethelred, stabbed Edward while he was on a visit to her at Corfe Castle, in Dorsetshire.

THE MURDER OF KING EDWARD.

The next year, 979, the young King Edward was murdered, or, as they said at the time, martyred. Now certainly he was not really a martyr either for his Christian faith or for right and truth in any shape. But he was a good youth, and was unjustly and cruelly killed, so people looked on him as a sort of saint, and called him Edward the Martyr. The Chronicle greatly laments his death, and says that a worse deed had never been done since the English came into Britain. It does not, however, say who killed him, but only that he was killed at eventide at Corfes Gate. This is a place in Dorsetshire, now called Corfe Castle. It is called the gate because it stands in a gap between two great ranges of hills. Some fine ruins of the castle still remain, and a small part is likely as old as the time of Edgar. Henry of Huntingdon says that Edward was killed by his own people by order of his stepmother, Ælfthryth. William of Malmesbury, in another part of his book, says that Alderman Ælfhere killed him, but in recording his death he attributes the crime to Ælfthryth. If Ælfthryth did it, it was no doubt to secure the succession to her son Æthelred; if Ælfhere did it, which I do not at all believe, he may have had some hope of being chosen himself as King, as he is said to have been a kinsman of King Edgar's. I can only say that for certain that Edward was murdered at Corfe, and as Florence says that Ælfthryth had a hand in his death, it is most likely that it was so. His body was buried at Wareham, which is very near Corfe, without any royal honours, but the next year, 980, Alderman Ælfhere translated it with great pomp to King Alfred's minster at Shaftesbury.

(From Freeman's "Old English History").

MAY 19th.

DEATH OF GLADSTONE, 1898.

William Ewart Gladstone, the most prominent English Statesman of the latter part of the 19th century, was born at Liverpool on 29th December, 1809. He was educated at Eton and Oxford. He first entered Parliament in 1832 as Tory Member for Newark. His political opinions changed in after years, and he became the famous leader of the Liberal Party. Mr. Gladstone held the position of Premier on four occasions—in 1868, 1880, 1886, and 1892.

Besides his fame as a Statesman, Mr. Gladstone has left behind him a great reputation as a writer, especially on Homeric studies and theological subjects. He died on the above date, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

THE GRAND OLD MAN.

He was called "The Grand Old Man," and "The Grand Old Man" he always will remain. Never was there a character which more aptly deserved that title, sacred to age and to grandeur, of genius, of purpose, and of career. Mr. Gladstone was possessed through his life with an eager passion to do the right thing at all times. Sometimes no doubt he took a wrong view of things; but never was he inspired by any save the most rightful motives. No human interest was indifferent to him, and the smallest wrong as well as the greatest aroused his most impassioned sympathy and made him resolve that the wrong should be righted.

He was loved by his friends, he cannot but be honoured even by his political enemies—for personal enemies he never could have had. The name, conferred on him by nobody knows whom, will be borne by him to all time, and so long as the history of Victoria's reign remains in the memory of civilisation he will still be "The Grand Old Man."

(From McCarthy's "Life of Gladstone").

MAY 20th.

DEATH OF COLUMBUS, 1506.

Christopher Columbus was born in Genoa in 1437. From his earliest years he evinced a strong passion for geographical knowledge. He first crossed the Atlantic in 1492, when he discovered the West India Islands. He did not visit the mainland of America till 1498. On his return to Europe, after this voyage, he fell under the displeasure of his sovereign and died in disgrace in his 70th year.

IDEAS OF THE EARTH IN DAYS OF COLUMBUS.

They observed that in the Psalms the heavens are said to be extended like a hide, that is, the curtain or covering of a tent, which was formed of the hides of animals; and that St. Paul compares the heavens to a tabernacle, or tent, extended over the earth, which they thence inferred must be flat.

Others, more versed in science, admitted the globular form of the earth, and the possibility of an opposite and habitable hemisphere, but maintained that it would be impossible to arrive there, in consequence of the insupportable heat of the torrid zone. Even granting this could be passed, they observed that the circumference of the earth must be so great as to require at least three years to the voyage, and those who should undertake it must perish of hunger and thirst. He was told that, admitting the earth to be spherical, it was only inhabitable in the northern hemisphere; that the opposite half was a chaos, a gulf, or a mere waste of water. Not the least absurd objection advanced was that, should a ship ever succeed in reaching in this way the extremity of India, she could never get back again for the rotundity of the globe would present a kind of mountain, up which it would be impossible for her to sail with the most favourable wind.

Such are specimens of errors and prejudices with which Columbus had to contend throughout the examination of his theory.

(From Washington Irving's "Life of Columbus").

MAY 21st.

EXECUTION OF MONTROSE, 1650.

James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, was the principal supporter of the fortunes of Charles I. in Scotland. He was born in 1612. He was well educated and in his early manhood travelled to many parts of Europe. On his return to Scotland, he first sided with the Covenanters, but afterwards took up arms against them and gained several decisive victories, the results of which, however, were spoilt by the difficulty he experienced in keeping his clansmen together. A reverse, which he suffered in 1645 at Philiphaugh, caused Montrose to leave Scotland. In 1650 Montrose returned and made an effort in favour of Charles II. This was fruitless and he had to fly into hiding. He was betrayed, delivered to his enemies, and executed at Edinburgh on the above date.

THE LAST WORDS OF MONTROSE.

[According to Montrose's cruel sentence, after his execution, his body was to be cut up and portions displayed in prominent places in different towns in Scotland.]

There is a chamber far away
Where sleep the good and brave,
But a better place ye have named for me
Than by my father's grave.
For truth and right, 'gainst treason's might,
This hand hath always striven,
And ye raise it up for a witness still
In the eye of earth and heaven.
Then nail my head on yonder tower,
Give every town a limb,
And God who made shall gather them :
I go from you to Him !

(From Aytoun's " Execution of Montrose ").

MAY 22nd.

MUTINY AT THE NORE, 1797.

The year 1797 is memorable as the year in which two serious outbreaks occurred in the English Fleet—one at Spithead in April and the above at the Nore. Food was bad, the men were badly treated, and wages had not been altered since the reign of Charles II. The Mutiny lasted till June 13th. The ringleader, Parker, was hanged, and the sailors soon forgot their grievances in fighting against the Dutch, whom they defeated the same year at Camperdown.

FLOGGING ROUND THE FLEET. (HOW ENGLISH SAILORS WERE PUNISHED AT THE TIME OF THE MUTINY AT THE NORE).

A man sentenced to be flogged round the fleet receives an equal part of the whole number of lashes awarded alongside each ship composing that fleet. For instance, if sentenced to three hundred lashes in a fleet composed of ten sail, he will receive thirty alongside of each ship. A launch is fitted up with a platform and shears. It is occupied by the unfortunate individual, the provost-marshal, the boatswain and his mates, with their implements of office, and armed marines stationed at the bow and stern. When the signal is made for punishment, all the ships in the fleet send one or two boats each with crews cleanly dressed, the officers in full uniform and marines under arms. These boats collect at the side of the ship where the launch is lying, the hands are turned up and ship's company is ordered to mount the rigging, to witness that portion of the whole punishment which, after the sentence had been read, is inflicted upon the prisoner. When he has received the allotted number of lashes, he is for the time released, and permitted to sit down with a blanket over his shoulders, while the boats which attend to the execution of the sentence make fast to the launch and tow it to the next ship in the fleet, where the same number of lashes are inflicted with corresponding ceremonies; and thus he is towed from one ship to another until he has received the whole of his punishment.

(From Marryat's "King's Own").

MAY 23rd.

BATTLE OF RAMILLIES, 1706.

This was one of Marlborough's most decisive victories. Ramillies is a small village some twenty-eight miles south-east of Brussels. The French forces were commanded by Villeroi. The French made a strong resistance, but had to retreat in disorder on Brussels. As the result of the battle many towns of importance fell into the hands of the Allies.

MARLBOROUGH'S LAST CHARGE AT RAMILLIES.

The real crisis of the battle was the cavalry fight that followed. The Dutch general charged, and the first line of the French were driven back. But the second line consisted of the finest troops of France—the Maison du Roi—the French Household Brigade, the regiment which had won Steinkirk, and which consisted now, as then, of the young nobles famous for their valour, and careless of their lives. The Dutch were driven back. Marlborough ordered up every available sabre and himself galloped to the front. Just as he was coming forward he was recognised by some French dragoons, who nearly made him prisoner. Sword in hand he fought himself free, and tried to make his horse leap a ditch, but he fell to the ground. An aide-de-camp brought him another horse, and as a colonel held the stirrup, a cannon ball took off his head. Saved as it were by miracle, Marlborough headed the charge. The famous French regiment was overpowered by numbers, the village of Ramillies was taken, and immediately afterwards the Tomb of Attomond. The French line was thus cut in two. The French still held Anderkirk, the village on their left, and the advance of the Allies was impeded by the confusion which reigned all over the field. Marlborough halted his troops to re-form their lines, and the French bravely attempted to face them. When Marlborough once more ordered the advance to be sounded, a panic seized the French and they fled. The battle had lasted three hours. Till late into the night the flying French were pursued by the English cavalry. All their artillery, except six guns, fell into the hands of the Allies. The French lost in killed, wounded, and prisoners, 15,000 men; the Allies less than a quarter of that number.

(From "The Age of Anne"—E. E. Morris).

MAY 24th.

BIRTH OF QUEEN VICTORIA, 1819.

Victoria was the daughter of the Duke of Kent, brother of William IV. She came to the throne in 1837, and reigned till her death in 1901. Her reign is the longest in English history, and was marked by remarkable changes in the social and commercial life of the people of England. The following are among the many improvements during the reign :—The introduction of Penny Post, the Education Acts, the Repeal of the Corn Laws, the extension of the Franchise, and the practical application of electricity.

The reign is also notable for the number of famous writers who figured in it. Among poets, there were Tennyson, Browning, Southey, and Campbell; among novelists, Dickens, Thackeray, Kingsley, and Lytton; in art there were Turner, Landseer, and Millais, and in science, Darwin, Tyndall, and Huxley. Such were a few of the most prominent.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

Her court was pure ; her life serene ;
God gave her peace ; her land reposed ;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as mother, wife, and queen.

And statesmen at her council met
Who know the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet.

By shaping some august decree,
Which kept her throne unshaken still,
Broad-based upon her people's will
And compass'd by the inviolate sea.

TENNYSON.

MAY 25th.

BIRTH OF EMERSON, 1803.

This famous American writer was the son of a Unitarian minister. He was born in Boston. He was intended for the ministry, but took to literature and lecturing. Emerson's writings are noted for their deep inspiring thoughts, with here and there some touches of delicate wit. Besides his Essays, Emerson has written some verse, which is also marked with the same deep and subtle thought as his prose. Emerson died at Concord, Mass., on 27th of April, 1882.

AN AMERICAN'S VIEW OF ENGLISH PEOPLE.

The bias of the nation is a passion for utility. They love the lever, the screw, the pulley, the waterfall, windmills, tide-mills; the sea and the wind to bear their freight ships. Now their toys are steam and galvanism. They are heavy at the fine arts, but adroit at the coarse; not good in jewelry or mosaics, but the best iron-masters, colliers, wool-combers, and tanners in Europe. They apply themselves to agriculture, to draining, to resisting encroachment of sea, wind, travelling sands, cold and wet sub-soil; to fishery, to manufactures of indispensable staples—salt, plumbago, leather, wool, glass, pottery, and brick—to bees and silkworms; and by their steady combinations they succeed. They study use and fitness in their building, in the order of their dwellings, and in their dress. The Frenchman invented the ruffle, the Englishman added the shirt. The Englishman wears a sensible coat buttoned to the chin, of rough but solid texture. They have diffused the taste for plain substantial hats, shoes, and coats through Europe. They secure the essentials in their diet, in their arts, and manufactures. Every article of cutlery shows in its shape thought and long experience of workmanship. They put the expense in the right place, as in their sea-steamers, in the solidity of the machinery and the strength of the boat. They build roads, aqueducts, warm and ventilate houses. And they have impressed their directness and practical habits on modern civilisation.

(From Emerson's "English Traits").

MAY 26th.

DEATH OF SAMUEL PEPYS, 1703.

The "Diary" of Pepys is the best gossip concerning London life in the days of Charles II. Samuel Pepys was the son of a tailor. He was educated at St. Paul's School and Cambridge. Influence obtained Pepys a post in the Army Pay Office, and he afterwards became Secretary to the Admiralty. His "Diary" covers the years 1660—1669. From his position Pepys was able to write about the Court, the Navy, and affairs of State. His descriptions of social life are, however, the most entertaining.

PEPYS TAKES A LITTLE HOLIDAY.

Taking some bottles of wine and beer and some cold fowl with us into the coach, we took coach and four horses, which I had provided last night, and so away. A very fine day, and so towards Epsom, talking all the way pleasantly. The country very fine, only the way very dusty. To Epsom, by eight o'clock, to the well; where much company, and I drank the water: they did not, but I did drink four pints. After dinner we all lay down, the day being wonderful hot, to sleep, and each of us took a good nap, and then rose; and then I walked them to the wood hard by, and there got them in the thickets till they had lost themselves, and I could not find the way into any of the walks in the wood, which, indeed, are very pleasant, if I could have found them. At last got out of the wood again; and I, by leaping down the little bank, coming out of the wood, did sprain my right foot, which brought me great present pain; and so the women and I walked upon the Downs, where a flock of sheep was; and the most pleasant and innocent sight that ever I saw in my life. So to our coach, and so over the common and through Epsom town to our inn, and there had a dish of cream, but it was sour, and so had no pleasure in it; and paid our reckoning, and took coach, it being about seven at night, and passed and saw the people walking with their wives and children to take the air, and we set out for home, the sun by-and-by going down, and we in the cool of the evening all the way with much pleasure home, talking and pleasing ourselves with the pleasure of this day's work.

(From Pepys' "Diary").

MAY 27th.

DEATH OF JOHN CALVIN, 1564.

“Luther has been called the heart of the Reformation, but Calvin its head.” Calvin was born in Picardy in 1509. He was intended for a lawyer, but turned to the study of Divinity. He travelled much over the Continent supporting the Reformation. Calvin wrote much in defence of his doctrines; over fifty of his works have been translated and published. Calvin was the spiritual father of John Knox, the Puritans, and the settlers of New England.

THE INDUSTRY OF CALVIN. .

Calvin was an example of patient industry. He must have been one of the busiest men that ever lived. For the last twenty years of his life it is said that he preached every day; lectured three times a week; attended the business meetings of the church; and yet found time to write letters to persons in several parts of the world and to be making books all the time. Besides his printed books there are more than two thousand of his written sermons, that are preserved in the library at Geneva.

I cannot tell how many volumes he published. Some time ago a society was formed in England called “The Calvin Translation Society.” The object of this society was to get his books, which were written in Latin and French, translated and written in English. Fifty-one large volumes of Calvin’s works have been published by this society. These volumes make a library in themselves. How busy he must have been! And yet he was not a strong man either. His health was feeble; and he was only fifty-five years old when he died. When we hear or read of Calvin, let us remember his patient industry, and try to imitate his example in this respect.

(From “The Reformation and its Heroes”).

MAY 28th.

BIRTH OF GEORGE I., 1660.

George the First was the first king of the House of Hanover. He came to the throne in 1714, according to the terms of the Act of Settlement. He was the son of Sophia, granddaughter of James I. George could not speak English, and was never popular with his subjects. During this reign the "Old Pretender," son of James II., made an attempt to restore the Stuarts. By the Septennial Act, 1716, the duration of Parliament was limited to seven years. Defoe, Swift, Addison, Steele, and Pope all lived in the reign of George I. The King died suddenly in 1727, while on a journey to Hanover.

LONDON STREETS IN GEORGE THE FIRST'S TIME.

A number of them are dirty, narrow, and badly built; others again are wide and straight, bordered with fine houses. Most of the streets are wonderfully well lighted, for in front of each house hangs a lantern or a large globe of glass, inside of which is placed a lamp, which burns all night. Large houses have two of these lamps suspended outside their doors by iron supports, and some have even four. The streets of London are unpleasantly full either of dust or of mud. This arises from the quantity of houses that are continually being built, and also from the large number of coaches and chariots, rolling in the streets day and night. Carts are used for removing mud, and in the summer time the streets are watered by carts carrying barrels, or casks, pierced with holes, through which the water flows. Another of the unpleasantries of the streets is that the pavement is so bad and rough that when you drive in a coach you are most cruelly shaken, whereas if you go on foot you have a nice smooth path with wide flat stones and elevated above the road. London does not possess any watchmen, either on foot or on horseback, to prevent murder and robbery; the only watchman you see is a man in every street carrying a stick and a lantern, who, every time the clock strikes, calls out the hour and state of the weather. The first time this man goes on his round he pushes the doors of the shops and houses with his stick to ascertain whether they are properly fastened. The houses are of brick; the walls are thin, most of them having only one foot and a-half thickness. A sort of moat, five or six feet in width and eight or nine deep, is dug in front of all the houses, and is called the "area." Almost all the houses have little gardens or courtyards at the back.

(From Saussure's "Reigns of George I. and George II.").

MAY 29th.

RESTORATION OF CHARLES II., 1660.

On the death of Oliver Cromwell in 1658, his son Richard was appointed Protector. He, however, was in no sense fitted to rule, and resigned the following year. General Monk, who had command of the Army, opened negotiations for the return of Charles. In May, 1660, a general invitation from the Lords and Commons was sent to Charles requesting him to return to England and take up the government. Charles landed at Dover on May 25th, and entered London on the above date—his birthday—amid great rejoicing. The stern government of Puritanism was over, and was succeeded by a reign of frivolity and vice.

THE MERRY MONARCH.

It has been the fashion to call Charles the Second "The Merry Monarch." Let me try to give you a general idea of some of the merry things that were done in the merry days when this gentleman sat upon his merry throne in merry England. The first merry proceeding was of course to declare that he was one of the greatest, the wisest, and the noblest kings that ever shone, like the blessed sun itself, on this benighted earth. The next merry and pleasant piece of business was for the Parliament, in the humblest manner, to give him one million two hundred thousand pounds a year, and to settle upon him for life that old disputed tonnage and poundage which had been so bravely fought for. Then the law went to work to see what was to be done to those persons (they were called Regicides) who had been concerned in making a martyr of the late king. Ten of these were merrily executed, that is to say, six of the judges, one of the council, Colonel Hacker and another officer who had commanded the Guards, and Hugh Peters, a preacher who had preached against the martyr with all his heart. These executions were so extremely merry that every horrible circumstance which Cromwell had abandoned was revived with appalling cruelty. The hearts of the sufferers were torn out of their living bodies, their bowels were burned before their faces, the executioner cut jokes with the next victim as he rubbed his filthy hands together, that were reeking with the blood of the last, and the heads of the dead were drawn on sledges with the living to the place of suffering. Still, even so merry a monarch could not force one of these dying men to say that he was sorry for what he had done. Nay the most memorable thing said among them was that if the thing were to be done again they would do it.

(From Dickens' "Child's History of England").

MAY 30th.

JOAN OF ARC BURNT AT ROUEN, 1431.

Joan of Arc was born at Domremi, near Lorraine, in 1412. Inspired by the conviction that she could deliver France from the English, she offered her services to the French king, to lead the French troops. The French were victorious, but Joan was captured, accused of sorcery—a common crime in those days—and was burnt at the stake. To the shame of the French king, it must be said that he made no effort to ransom her. Says the French historian: “Joan of Arc, the prophetess, the heroine, and the saint of French patriotism, the glory, the deliverance, and equally the shame of her country. Angel, maiden, warrior—she has become a fit blazon for the soldiers’ banner.” Joan of Arc was beatified by the Roman Church in 1909, and will soon be a canonised saint.

JOAN OF ARC’S UNSELFISH AIMS.

What is to be thought of her? What is to be thought of the poor shepherd girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine, who rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of safety, out of the religious inspiration of deep pastoral solitude, to a station in the van of armies, and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings? The poor maiden drank not herself from that cup of rest which she had secured for France. No! for her voice was then silent! No! for her feet were dust.

Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl. When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of her who gave up all for her country, thy ear will have been deaf for five centuries. To suffer and to do, that was thy portion in this life; to *do*—never for thyself, always for others; to *suffer*—never in the persons of generous champions, always in thy own—that was thy destiny; and not for a moment was it hidden from thyself. Life, thou saidest, is shut; let me use that life, so transitory, for glorious ends.

DE QUINCEY.

MAY 31st.

BIRTH OF WALT. WHITMAN, 1819.

This democratic American poet was born in Long Island, New York State. His early education was very limited, for he commenced working for a living at the age of twelve. He was, in turn, in a lawyer's office, a doctor's service, and at a printing desk. A large portion of his life was spent in wandering. At one time he acted as a nurse during the American Civil War. His poetry is very irregular in its form, but intensely democratic in its spirit. He died in March, 1892.

OLD WAR-DREAMS.

In midnight sleep of many a face of anguish,
Of the look at first of the mortally wounded (of that
indescribable look),
Of the dead on their backs with arms extended wide,
I dream, I dream, I dream.

Of scenes of nature, fields and mountains,
Of skies so beauteous after a storm, and at night the
moon so unearthly bright,
Shining sweetly, shining down, where we dig the
trenches and gather the heaps,
I dream, I dream, I dream.

Long have they pass'd, faces and trenches and fields,
Where through the carnage I moved with a callous
composure, or away from the fallen,
Onward I sped at the time—but now of their forms at
night
I dream, I dream, I dream.

WALT. WHITMAN.

JUNE 1st.

"THE GLORIOUS FIRST OF JUNE," 1794.

In February, 1793, France declared war against England, and the great struggle known as the Napoleonic Wars began. In May, 1794, a large French fleet was sent down the channel to escort a convoy of vessels laden with wheat due from America. The English Fleet under Lord Howe met the French squadron off Brest, and on June 1st totally defeated it. This battle is known as "The Glorious First of June."

THE VICTOR OF THE FIRST OF JUNE.

Howe, the victor of the First of June, does not stand in the front rank of British Admirals. He had no touch of Nelson's electric genius for war or Jervis's iron will. It may be doubted whether he could have followed an enemy's fleet through tempest and darkness and unknown reefs with the cool and masterful daring with which Hawke followed Conflans into the tangle of reefs off Quiberon. But Howe belongs to the type of men who are the strength of the State. Unselfish, loyal, single-minded, putting duty before glory, and the State before self. He was known as "Black Dick" amongst his crews, from his dark complexion and hair, and he was loved as few British leaders, by either sea or land, have ever been loved. And the secret of the affection he awakened lay not so much in his patience and gentleness of temper, or his keen regard for the health and comfort of his men—it was found in the crystalline simplicity and sincerity of his character, his calm indifference to either gain or fame, and his self-forgetting patriotism.

(From Fitchett's "Fights for the Flag").

JUNE 2nd.

THE GORDON RIOTS, 1780.

In 1778 a measure for relaxing some of the penal laws against the Catholics was passed. This gave offence to various Protestant societies. The agitation spread over England. The leader of the movement against the Catholics in London was Lord George Gordon, a nobleman of weak intellect. Riots broke out in London, and much property was destroyed and many lives lost before the disorder was quelled. Lord George Gordon was tried for high treason, but was acquitted. He was arrested later for another offence, and died in Newgate in 1787.

A SCENE DURING THE RIOTS.

They had torches among them, and the chief faces were distinctly visible. That they had been engaged in the destruction of some building was sufficiently apparent, and that it was a Catholic place of worship was evident from the spoils they bore as trophies, which were easily recognisable for the vestments of priests and rich fragments of altar furniture. Covered with soot, and dirt, and dust, and lime, garments torn to rags, their hair hanging wildly about them, their hands and faces jagged and bleeding with the wounds of rusty nails, Barnaby, Hugh, and Dennis hurried on before them all, like hideous madmen. After them the dense throng came fighting on, some singing, some shouting in triumph, some quarrelling among themselves, some menacing the spectators as they passed, some with great wooden fragments on which they spent their rage as if they had been alive; rending them limb from limb and hurling the scattered morsels high into the air; some in a drunken state, unconscious of the hurts they had received from falling bricks and stones and beams; one borne upon a shutter in the very midst, covered with a dingy cloth, a senseless, ghastly heap. Thus a vision of coarse faces, with here and there a blot of flaring, smoky light, a stream of demon heads and savage eyes and sticks and iron bars uplifted in the air and whirled about, a bewildering horror in which so much was seen and yet so little, which seemed so long and yet so short, in which there were so many phantoms not to be forgotten all through life, and yet many things that could not be observed in one distracting glimpse—it flitted onward, and was gone.

(From Dickens's "Barnaby Rudge").

JUNE 3rd.

BIRTH OF SYDNEY SMITH, 1771.

This famous humorist and essayist was born at Woodford in Essex. He was educated at Winchester and Oxford. An appointment as tutor brought him to Edinburgh, where he came in contact with Brougham and Jeffrey, with whom Sydney Smith founded the "Edinburgh Review" in 1803. He contributed to that journal till 1827. Sydney Smith was a strong Whig and never hesitated to express his opinions, even to his own detriment. He died in London on February 22nd, 1845.

WHAT WE "GAIN" BY A LONG WAR.

Taxes upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot—taxes upon everything which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, or taste; taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion; taxes on everything on earth, and the waters under the earth, on everything that comes from abroad, or is grown at home; taxes upon the raw material; taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man; taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to health, on the ermine which decorates the judge, and the rope which hangs the criminal; on the poor man's salt, and the rich man's spice; on the brass nails of the coffin, and the ribands of the bride; at bed or board, couchant or levant, we must pay. The schoolboy whips his taxed top, the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle on a taxed road; and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid 7 per cent., into a spoon that has paid 15 per cent., flings himself back upon his chintz bed, which has paid 22 per cent., and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid the license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed from two to ten per cent. Beside the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel, his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble, and he is then gathered to his fathers—to be taxed no more.

(From Sydney Smith's "Essays").

JUNE 4th.

BIRTH OF GEORGE III., 1738.

George III. was the grandson of George II. He ascended the throne in 1760, and reigned till his death in 1820. During his reign occurred the American War of Independence and the great struggle with Napoleon. The period is also marked by the inventions of Arkwright, Hargreaves, and Watt, and the change in English industry known as the Industrial Revolution. From 1810 till his death in 1820, George III. was more or less insane, and the country was under the Regency of his son George, afterwards George IV.

THE CHANGES DURING A LONG REIGN.

We have to glance over sixty years in as many minutes. To read the mere catalogue of characters who figured during that long period would occupy our allotted time. England has to undergo the revolt of the American Colonies; to submit to defeat and separation; to shake under the volcano of the French Revolution; to grapple and fight for the life with her gigantic enemy Napoleon; to gasp and rally after that tremendous struggle. The old society, with its courtly splendour, has to pass away; generations of Statesmen to rise and disappear; Pitt to follow Chatham to the tomb; the memory of Rodney and Wolfe to be superseded by Nelson's and Wellington's glory; the old poets who unite us to Queen Anne's time to sink into their graves; Johnson to die, and Scott and Byron to arise; Garrick to delight the world with his dazzling dramatic genius, and Kean to leap on the stage and take possession of the astonished theatre. Steam has to be invented; kings to be beheaded, banished, deposed, restored. Napoleon is to be but an episode, and George III. is to be alive through all these varied changes, to accompany his people through all these revolutions of thought, government, society; to survive out of the old world into ours.

(From Thackeray's "Four Georges").

JUNE 5th.

BIRTH OF ADAM SMITH, 1723.

The eminent author of "The Wealth of Nations" was born at Kirkcaldy. He was educated at Glasgow University and at Oxford. In 1751 he was appointed a professor in the university at Glasgow. In 1766 Adam Smith retired from public life and devoted his time to writing "The Wealth of Nations," which appeared in 1776. Adam Smith died in Edinburgh on July 8th, 1790.

THE INSTRUMENTS OF COMMERCE AND CIRCULATION.

In the rude ages of society, cattle are said to have been the common instrument of commerce; and, though they must have been a most inconvenient one, yet in old times we find things were frequently valued according to the number of cattle which had been given in exchange for them. The armour of Diomedes, says Homer, cost only nine oxen, but that of Glaucus cost a hundred oxen. Salt is said to be the common instrument of commerce and exchanges in Abyssinia; a species of shells in some parts of the coast of India; dried cod at Newfoundland; tobacco in Virginia; sugar in some of our West Indian Colonies; hides or dressed leather in some other countries.

In all countries, however, men seemed at last to have been determined by irresistible reasons to give the preference for this employment to metals above every other commodity, scarce anything being less perishable than they are, but they can likewise, without any loss, be divided into any number of parts, as by fusion those parts can easily be re-united again, a quality which no other equally durable commodities possess, and which more than any other quality renders them fit to be the instruments of commerce and circulation. The man who wanted to buy salt, for instance, must have been obliged to buy salt to the value of a whole ox or a whole sheep at a time. He could seldom buy less than this, because what he was to give for it could seldom be divided without loss; and if he had a mind to buy now, he must, for the same reasons have been obliged to buy double or triple the quantity, the value, to wit, of two or three oxen, or of two or three sheep. If, on the contrary, instead of sheep or oxen, he had metals to give in exchange for it, he could easily proportion the quantity of the metal to the precise quantity of the commodity which he had immediate occasion for.

(From Smith's "Wealth of Nations").

JUNE 6th.

DEATH OF ADMIRAL ANSON, 1762.

Anson was born in 1697 in Staffordshire. He entered the Navy, and became captain in 1724. He made several voyages, the most famous of which lasted three years and nine months (1740-44), having in that time circumnavigated the globe and captured an immense amount of treasure from Spanish ships. In 1761 Anson was made Admiral of the Fleet. Anson's voyages added much to our knowledge of geography.

SUPPLYING SHIPS WITH WATER IN OLDEN TIMES.

By the concurrent testimony of all the Spanish navigators, there is not one port between the Philippine Islands and the coast of California; so that from the time the Manila ship first loses sight of land she never lets go her anchor till she arrives on the coast of California. As this voyage is rarely of less than six months' continuance, and the ship is deep laden with merchandise and crowded with people, it may appear wonderful how they can be supplied with a stock of fresh water for so long a time. The method of procuring it is indeed extremely singular, and deserves particular recital.

It is well known to those who are acquainted with the Spanish customs in the South Seas that their water is preserved on ship-board in earthen jars. When the Manila ship first puts to sea, she takes on board a much greater quantity of water than can be stowed between decks, and the jars which contain it are hung all about the shrouds and stays, so as to exhibit, at a distance, a very odd appearance. Though it is one convenience of their jars that they are much more manageable than casks, and are liable to no leakage unless they are broken, yet it is sufficiently obvious that a six or even a three months' store of water could never be stowed in a ship so loaded by any management whatever, and, therefore, without some other supply, this navigation could not be performed. In short, their only method of recruiting their water is by the rains which they are always prepared to catch. For this purpose they take to sea with them a great number of mats, which, whenever the rain descends, they range slopingly against the gunwale, from one end of the ship to the other, their lower edges resting on a large split bamboo, whence all the water which falls on the mats drains into the bamboo, and by this, as a trough, is conveyed into a jar. And this method of furnishing themselves with water, however accidental and extraordinary it may at first sight appear, has never been known to fail them.

(From Anson's "Voyages").

JUNE 7th.

THE REFORM BILL PASSED, 1832.

The Industrial Revolution changed the face of England. The population of many towns rapidly decreased, while other towns considerably increased in size. This called for a redistribution of seats and a reduction of the Franchise. Agitation for Reform grew apace. In 1831 the Reform Bill passed the Commons. It was rejected by the Lords, but was again passed by the Commons and successfully carried through on the above date.

ENGLAND BEFORE THE REFORM BILL.

Many places which had been tolerably populous when the Sovereign first invited them to send representatives to the House of Commons lost their population and their importance and fell into actual decay. Yet the Sovereign continued to issue his writ and to invite those places to send representatives to Parliament. In some instances the places named actually ceased to be anything more than geographical expressions. The hamlet or village, or whatever it might have been, fell into ruin. There was no population. The owner of the soil was perhaps the sole resident.

The case of Old Sarum is famous. Old Sarum was a town in Wiltshire. It stood not far from where Salisbury now stands; Salisbury is in fact New Sarum. It returned members to Parliament in Edward I.'s time, and afterwards in the days of Edward III., and from that period down to the time of the Reform Bill, which we are now about to consider. But the town of Old Sarum gradually disappeared. Owing to the rise of "New Sarum," Salisbury, and to other causes, the population gradually deserted Old Sarum. Yet it continued to be represented in Parliament. Ludgershall, in Wiltshire, was another place which continued to send members to Parliament long after it had ceased to be a constituency. A place called Gatton, with seven electors, had two members. Two-thirds of the House of Commons was made up of the nominees of peers or great landlords. The patrons owned their boroughs and their members just as they owned their parks and their cattle. One duke returned eleven members; another nine. Seats were openly bought and sold. In some instances they were publicly advertised for sale. Public opinion had hardly any influence on the choice of many, if not most of the constituencies, even when there were constituencies to choose. Territorial influence and money settled the matter between them. While places no longer marked on the map had representatives, the great manufacturing towns were without representation.

(From McCarthy's "Epoch of Reform").

JUNE 8th.

BIRTH OF CHARLES READE, 1814.

Sir Walter Besant has placed Reade in the very first rank of novelists. Reade's works have done much to reform many abuses in England. "Never Too Late to Mend" was an attack on our prison system, "Hard Cash" struck at private lunatic asylums, and "Put Yourself in his Place" exposed the earlier and undesirable methods of trades unions. "The Cloister and the Hearth," however, is Reade's best work, and indeed one of the finest novels in the English language.

Charles Reade died in London on April 11th, 1884.

A DESPERATE FIGHT FOR LIFE.

It now flashed across Martin's mind that if they took Gerard away his life was not worth a button; and that if evil befell him, Margaret's heart would break. He cast his eyes wildly round like some savage beast seeking some escape, and in a twinkling formed a resolution terribly characteristic of those iron times and of a soldier driven to bay. He stepped to each door in turn, and imitating Dirk Brower's voice, said sharply "Watch the window!" He then quietly closed and bolted both doors. He then took up his bow and six arrows; one he fitted to his string, the others he put into his quiver. His knife he placed upon a chair behind them, the hilt towards him; and there he waited at the foot of the stair with the calm determination to slay those four men, or be slain by them. Two, he knew he could dispose of by his arrows, ere they could get near him, and Gerard and he must take their chance hand-to-hand with the remaining pair. Besides, he had seen men panic-stricken by a sudden attack of this sort. Should Brower and his men hesitate but an instant before closing with him, he should shoot three instead of two, and then the odds would be on the right side. He had not long to wait. The heavy steps sounded in Margaret's room, and came nearer and nearer. The lights also approached, and voices. Martin's heart, stout as it was, beat hard, to hear men coming thus to their death and perhaps to his; more likely so than not, for four is long odds in a battle-field of ten feet square, and Gerard might be bound perhaps and powerless to help. But this man, whom we have seen shake in his shoes at a Giles-o'-lanthorn, never wavered in this awful moment of real danger, but stood there, his body all braced for combat, and his eye glowing, equally ready to take life and lose it. Desperate game! to win which was exile instant and for life, and to lose it was to die that moment.

(From Reade's "Cloister and the Hearth").

JUNE 9th.

BIRTH OF GEORGE STEPHENSON, 1781.

"The Father of the Locomotive" was born at Wylam, seven miles from Newcastle. From his earliest years George Stephenson was brought into contact with engines, in connection with work in a coal-mine. Stephenson's first engine was built in 1815. The "Rocket" was built in 1829. George Stephenson died in 1848. His son Robert became the famous builder of bridges.

GEORGE STEPHENSON'S THOROUGHNESS.

Born in a poor condition, yet rich in spirit, he was from the first compelled to rely upon himself, and every step of advance which he made was conquered by patient labour. Whether working as a brakesman or an engineer, his mind was always full of the work in hand. He gave himself thoroughly up to it. Like the painter, he might say that he had become great "by neglecting nothing." Whatever he was engaged upon he was as careful of the details as if each were itself the whole. He did all thoroughly and honestly. There was no "scamping" with him. When a workman, he put his brains and labour into his work, and when a master he put his conscience and character into it. He would have no shop-work executed merely for the sake of profit. The materials must be as genuine as the workmanship was skilful. The structures which he designed and executed were distinguished for their thoroughness and solidity; his locomotives were famous for their durability and excellent working qualities. The engines which he sent to the United States in 1832 are still in good condition, and even the engines built by him for the Killingworth Colliery, upwards of thirty years ago, are working steadily there to this day. All his work was honest, representing the actual character of the man.

(From Smiles' "Lives of G. & R. Stephenson").

JUNE 10th.

THE BIRTH OF THE OLD PRETENDER,
1688.

James Edward Stuart, known in history as the "Old Pretender," was the son of James II. and Mary of Modena. He was brought up in France, at the Court of Louis XIV., who undertook to uphold his claim to the English throne. James saw service with the French Army at Oudenarde. In 1715 he landed in Scotland to make an effort for the English throne. This attempt is known as "The Fifteen." The attempt failed, and the "Old Pretender" returned to France. He died in 1765.

A JACOBITE BIRTHDAY TOAST TO THE
OLD PRETENDER.

Let every honest British soul
With cheerful loyalty be gay;
With James's health we'll crown the bowl,
And celebrate this glorious day.

Let no one care a fig
For the vile rebellious Whig,
That insect of usurpation;
Fill a bumper everyone
To the glorious tenth of June,
And a speedy restoration.

Britons, be loyal once again,
Ye've a precedent before ye;
This day, crowned with a Stuart's reign,
Shall blaze in future story.

Be resolute and brave,
Your country ye may save,
If once ye dare to be loyal:
Then at honesty's call
Let us conquer or fall
In the cause of our old line royal.

What though th' usurper's cause prevail?
Renew your constitution,
Expel that race, the curst entail
Of Whiggish revolution.

Be bought and sold no more
By a sordid German power;
Is it like our old proud-hearted nation?
Let King James then be the toast,
May he bless our longing coast
With a speedy and a just restoration.

(From "Jacobite Songs and Ballads").

JUNE 11th.

DEATH OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, 1847.

The discoverer of the North-West passage was born in Lincolnshire in 1786. He entered the Navy, and served at the Battles of Copenhagen and Trafalgar. Began Arctic explorations in 1818. He started on his last ill-fated voyage in 1845, and nothing was heard of him for 12 years. In 1857 Lady Franklin fitted out an expedition under Captain M'Clintock to search for news of her husband. This expedition brought back undoubted proofs of the fate of the explorer. He died in the north of King William's Land on the above date.

THE FATE OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

In the spring of the year 1845 Sir John Franklin, with a company of 138 men, sailed for the Polar Seas. He sailed away, and was heard of no more till next summer. Then came news of him; after that, no news at all. No news. No sign—nothing. Then anxiety was felt, and then alarm; and then search was made, and it was found that the ships had entered Barron's Straits, where there were distinct traces of their having wintered in the neighbourhood of Beachey Island and Cape Riley. Rewards were offered—expeditions sent out—twenty ships, a thousand men at different times, to seek the missing voyagers, but to seek for them in vain. No sign further; no trace whatever could be found—nothing to be done at home so it appeared, but to officially extinguish Sir John and his companions by announcing them as dead in the "London Gazette."

It is almost impossible for us to realise the fate of these Arctic sailors, ice-bound by the rigour of that Polar winter, sheltering themselves in snow huts, eating seal and walrus when they could get it, now and again visited by Esquimaux, and never for a moment doubting but that England was even then sending them the help they needed—only a question of time: Help would come or Death. Death took the lead of Help, and reached them first. And the last effort, when made—made too late—clears up the dark mystery which so long hung over the fate of these seamen. Relics have been found, precious relics, to show that they have perished—that Sir John—not reduced to cannibalism, not hopeless and altogether forlorn, peacefully ended his life; his companions, many of them, endured more than he; but the end came, and they died amid the rigours of the Frozen sea.

(From "Fifty Celebrated Men").

JUNE 12th.

CHARLES KINGSLEY BORN, 1819.

This eminent writer was born on the borders of Dartmoor in 1819. His father was vicar of the parish where he was born. Kingsley was educated at Cambridge. He was appointed to a living at Eversley, in Hampshire. Kingsley's ideas were democratic, and the publication of his novel, "Alton Locke," in 1849, obtained for him the title of "The Chartist Parson." Kingsley's best known works are "Westward Ho!" and "Hereward the Wake." His most popular poems, "Three Fishers" and "The Sands of Dee." Kingsley died on January 23rd, 1875.

THE DEATH OF HEREWARD.

And now he is all wounded and be-bled; and Winter, who has fought back to back with him, has fallen on his face; and Hereward stands alone, turning from side to side as he sweeps his sword right and left till the forest rings with the blows, but staggering as he turns; within the ring of eleven corpses he stands. Who will go in and make the twelfth?

A knight rushes in to fall headlong down, cloven through the helm, but Hereward's blade snaps short, and he hurls it away as his foes rush in with a shout of joy. He tears his shield from his left arm, and with it, says Gaimar, brains two more.

But the end is come. Taillebois and Evermue are behind him now; four lances are through his back, and bear him down upon his knees. "Cut off his head, Breton!" shouted Ivo. Raoul de Dol rushed forward, sword in hand. At that cry Hereward lifted up his dying head. One stroke more ere it was all done for ever. And with a shout of "Torfrida!" which made the Brunswald ring, he hurled the shield full in the Breton's face, and fell forward dead.

(From Kingsley's "Hereward the Wake").

JUNE 13th.

BIRTH OF DR. ARNOLD, 1795.

Thomas Arnold, the reformer of the English Public School system, was born at East Cowes, in the Isle of Wight. He was educated at Winchester and Oxford. He was appointed Headmaster of Rugby in 1828, a position which he held till his death in 1842. Arnold's success as a master was largely due to his conviction that boys could be trusted, and that the character of a school depends on the character of the Upper Forms.

DR. ARNOLD ENCOURAGED TRUE MANLINESS.

In proportion as he disliked the assumption of a false manliness in boys, it was his desire to cultivate in them true manliness, as the only step to something higher, and to dwell on earnest principle and moral thoughtfulness as the great and distinguishing mark between good and evil. Hence his wish that as much as possible should be done *by* the boys, and nothing *for* them; hence arose his practice, in which his own delicacy of feeling and uprightness of purpose powerfully assisted him, of treating the boys as gentlemen and reasonable beings, of making them respect themselves by the mere respect he showed to them; of showing that he appealed and trusted to their own common sense and conscience. Lying, for example, to the masters, he made a great moral offence, placing implicit confidence in a boy's assertion, and then, if a falsehood was discovered, punishing it severely—even with the lower forms he never seemed to be on the watch for boys; and in the higher forms any attempt at further proof of an assertion was immediately checked: "If you say so that is quite enough—*of course* I believe your word," and there grew up in consequence a general feeling that "it was a shame to tell Arnold a lie—he always believes one."

(From Stanley's "Life of Dr. Arnold").

JUNE 14th.

BATTLE OF NASEBY, 1645.

The Civil War between Charles and the People commenced in 1642. The Royalists were at first successful. The struggle was indecisive till Cromwell organised the Parliamentary Army on the "new model" of his Ironsides. In June, 1645, Oxford was being besieged by the Parliamentarians. Charles marched to its relief. He was met by Cromwell at Naseby, in the north-east of Northamptonshire. The Royalists were totally defeated, and the cause of Charles was ruined. Charles fled for protection to the Scottish Army. The Scots delivered him to the Parliament on the payment of the sum of £400,000, due to them for their expenses.

THE CHARGE OF CROMWELL'S IRON-SIDES AT NASEBY.

Stout Skippon hath a wound ; the centre hath given ground :

Hark ! hark !—What means the trampling of horsemen on
our rear ?

Whose banner do I see, boys ? 'Tis he, thank God, 'tis he, boys,
Bear up another minute : brave Oliver is here.

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dykes,
Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the Accurst,
And at a shock have scattered 'the forest of his pikes.

Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide
Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple Bar ;
And he—he turns, he flies :—shame on those cruel eyes
That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war.

LORD MACAULAY.

JUNE 15th.

SIGNING OF MAGNA CHARTA, 1215.

Disgusted and thoroughly aroused by the intolerable acts of King John, the Barons met in London in the autumn of 1214, and decided on combined action to check the King. The Archbishop, Stephen Langton, produced a copy of the Charter granted by Henry I., and this was the basis of the Great Charter which the Barons determined that John should sign. This was presented to the King in January, 1215. John promised his answer by Easter, and then took steps to checkmate the Barons. No answer forthcoming by Easter, the Barons raised an army and seized London. The King was brought to bay in June, 1215, and at Runnymede, between Staines and Windsor, was compelled to sign the great document of English freedom—the Magna Charta.

HOW MAGNA CHARTA GIVES JUSTICE TO THE POOR.

Not long ago it happened that a woman in London owed money to a man. The man to whom she owed the money, the "creditor" as he is called, went to law and got an order from the judge which enabled him to take from the woman who owed him the money, and who is called "debtor," enough of her property to pay the debt. Now the woman was a seamstress and earned her living by her sewing-machine.

The creditor sent bailiffs to take a sufficient amount of her property to pay the debt. Among other things the bailiffs took the sewing-machine. This was against the law and they had no right to do it. The woman in her turn went to the magistrate and told him what had been done. The magistrate said at once that the law had been broken. He ordered the creditor to give back the sewing-machine, and to pay a sum of money as a punishment for having broken the law. This is a wise and reasonable rule, for it is only fair that all men and women should be allowed to keep the means by which they get their living. It is only good sense too, for if one man be owed money by another it is no use taking from the debtor the very things by which he earns his livelihood. In the same way the law forbids a creditor to take the bed on which a man sleeps, or to take the tools with which he does his work. These rules were first laid down in the Great Charter.

(From Arnold Forster's "History of England").

JUNE 16th.

BATTLE OF DETTINGEN, 1743.

From 1740-48 England was engaged in the War of the Spanish Succession. On the above date the English army entirely defeated a French army at Dettingen in Bavaria. The event may well be remembered as being the last battle in which an English King was actually present. George II. was in command of the English forces.

GEORGE THE SECOND AT DETTINGEN.

On finding his advance checked at Dettingen, George at once left the rear and put himself at the head of the army. There seemed no course but to cut a way through De Grammont's forces. This commander, however, believing himself engaged with the advanced troops of the English army only, and thinking to crush them, rashly left his strong position and crossed the ravine. He found himself in front of the whole English army. The King's horse had run away with him, and he had dismounted and put himself at the head of his troops, and addressing them a few inspiring words, led them to the attack with great gallantry. De Noailles saw the destruction of his plans and hastened to retrieve the error of his nephew. His efforts, however, were useless. The mass of infantry, led by His Majesty in person, broke through the enemy, whose loss was so great that De Noailles recalled them beyond the Maine. The retreat towards the bridges became a rout, and they left more than 6,000 dead and wounded upon the field.

(From Bright's "History of England").

JUNE 17th.

BATTLE OF BUNKER'S HILL, 1775.

The war of American Independence broke out in April, 1775. Blood was first shed at Lexington, where an English detachment narrowly escaped annihilation. On the above date the English, under General Howe, attacked Bunker's Hill, an eminence commanding the town of Boston. The hill was captured after a most determined resistance on the part of the colonists. The British forces gained the day, but the transient victory was followed by the total defeat of Great Britain and the recognition of American independence.

THE THIRD ASSAULT ON BUNKER'S HILL.

All through these 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 bayonets
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.

Over heaps all torn and gory—shall I tell the fearful story,
How they surged above the breast-work, 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.

(From "Grandmother's Story of Bunker's Hill Battle," by
O. W. Holmes).

JUNE 18th.

BATTLE OF WATERLOO, 1815.

Napoleon escaped from Elba in March, 1815. He went to Paris, and was received with enthusiasm. Being threatened by the Allied Powers, he raised an army, and marched to meet them in Belgium. At Ligny he defeated the Prussians, but on the same day the French troops, under Ney, were repulsed at Quatre Bras. The Allies, under Wellington, fell back on Waterloo, closely followed by Napoleon. At Waterloo the English defeated the French, and the arrival of the Prussians under Blucher turned the defeat into a rout. This battle brought to a close the Napoleonic wars, which had raged for over twenty years. Napoleon surrendered in July, was exiled to St. Helena, and died in 1821.

THE CHARGE OF THE FRENCH CAVALRY AT WATERLOO.

On came the whirlwind—like the last
But fiercest sweep of tempest blast—
On came the whirlwind! steel gleams broke
Like lightning through the rolling smoke—
The war was waked anew.
Three hundred cannon-mouths roared loud,
And from their throats, with flash and cloud,
Their showers of iron threw.
Beneath their fire, in full career,
Rushed on the ponderous cuirassier;
The lancer couched his ruthless spear;
And, hurrying as to havoc near,
The cohorts' eagles flew.

(From Scott's "Waterloo").

JUNE 19th.

SINKING OF THE "ALABAMA," 1864.

The "Alabama" was a privateer, built in the Mersey, for the Confederate slave States of America. She was started as a privateer, and almost swept the seas clear of American shipping. On the above date the "Alabama" was sunk by a United States warship, the "Kearsage," off the French shore. At the conclusion of the war the United States Government made a claim against England for allowing the "Alabama" to leave the English shores to prey as a pirate on American shipping. The question was referred to arbitration, and England had to pay over three million pounds sterling.

THE LAST OF THE "ALABAMA."

The following are some instructive extracts from a letter written to Flag-Officer Barrow, in Paris, two days after the grim fight:—"We were three-quarters of an hour in coming up with the enemy. I had already pivoted the guns to starboard, and made all preparations to engage the enemy on that side. When one mile from him I opened with round shot, and in two or three minutes he replied. The enemy so pressed his ship now with force of stream, in order to keep our respective broadside bearing, that it became necessary to fight in a circle. Our spankergaff was shot away, and our ensign came down by the run" (surely a bad omen one might say). "It was immediately replaced by one at the mizzen masthead. The shell doing no harm, solid shot was once more resorted to and kept up. Our ship in little more than an hour was in a sinking condition. Had for some time hopes of reaching the French coast and beaching. The ship filled so rapidly, however, that the fires were extinguished and she began to sink. Hauled down my colours. Enemy nevertheless continued to fire. Tried now to save the wounded and boys who were unable to swim, no appearance of any assistance coming from the "Kearsage." Every man, in obedience to previous orders, just as the ship was going down, leapt overboard, and endeavoured to save himself by swimming. "Deerhound," the English yacht, at once sent assistance, and afterwards, very tardily, the enemy sent a boat, then another one."

(From Gordon Stables' "Sweeping the Seas").

JUNE 20th.

BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA, 1756.

The years 1756-7 are memorable as the years in which England established her supremacy in India. Surajah Dowlah, the ally of France, seized Calcutta, and threw his English prisoners into a small and stifling room, since known as the "Black Hole of Calcutta." Of 145 Europeans, twenty-three only survived—one a woman. In June, 1757, Clive defeated Dowlah at the Battle of Plassey, and won for England the Indian Empire.

THE HORRORS OF THE BLACK HOLE.

It was the very hottest season of the year, and the night was unusually sultry even for that season, for the Indians had set fire to the houses of the town, and the atmosphere was heated by the conflagration and the air charged with the smoke that proceeded from it. Attempts were made to burst open the door, but the door was strong, and opened inward. Mr. Holwell, who had succeeded in placing himself near one of the windows, addressed himself to an old Indian officer who commanded the guard and promised him a thousand rupees in the morning if he could only separate his prisoners into two chambers. The old man went to try, but returning in a few minutes said it was impossible. Mr. Holwell then offered him a larger sum, on which he withdrew once more, but only to return with the fatal sentence that no relief could be expected because the nabob was asleep and no one dared to waken him. The captives went raving mad with despair and a hell-like heat and thirst; they shrieked for water, water, and they fought with each other with maniac hands, feet, and teeth for possession of the ground nearest the windows. At the prayer of Mr. Holwell, the old Hindu officer brought some skins of water to the gratings, but the sufferers were too far gone in madness to drink; they battled with one another for the first draughts, and they spilt more than they drank. But not the contents of the largest and coolest water tank in India could have quenched the inward fire that consumed them. At two hours after midnight not more than fifty remained alive; at eight o'clock in the morning, when the tyrant rose from his perfumed couch and called for his prisoners, the dungeon door was found blocked up with the dead, and out of the one hundred and forty-six, only twenty-three ghastly figures were brought alive out of that truly Black Hole.

(From Macfarlane's "History of British India").

JUNE 21st.

BIRTH OF AYTOUN, 1813.

William Edmonstoune Aytoun, the author of "Lays of the Scottish Cavalier," was born in Edinburgh. He was educated for the law, and was called to the Scottish bar in 1840. Aytoun's literary efforts took the form at first of contributions to magazines, chiefly "Blackwood's," of which he became editor in 1854. Besides his success with ballad literature, Aytoun touched upon humorous verse in Les Bon Gaultier Ballads and other pieces. Aytoun died on August 4th, 1865.

THE RETURN FROM FLODDEN FIELD.

News of battle! Who hath brought it?
All are thronging to the gate;
"Warder—warder! open quickly!
Man—is this a time to wait?"
And the heavy gates are opened;
Then a murmur long and loud,
And a cry of fear and wonder
Bursts from out the bending crowd.
For they see in battered harness
Only one hard-stricken man;
And his weary steed is wounded,
And his cheek is pale and wan;
Spearless hangs a bloody banner
In his weak and drooping hand—
God! can that be Randolph Murray,
Captain of the City band?

(From Aytoun's "Edinburgh after Flodden").

JUNE 22nd.

BIRTH OF RIDER HAGGARD, 1856.

Rider Haggard was born in Norfolk. In 1875 he went to Natal as secretary to Sir Henry Bulwer. He also accompanied Sir Theophilus Shepstone to the Transvaal in 1879. The knowledge he obtained of Africa on these visits Haggard has embodied in his novels. His first novel to gain any popularity was "King Solomon's Mines," published in 1885. Besides his novels, Rider Haggard has written a good deal on agriculture, and has been a leading advocate of afforestation.

THE DEATH OF UMSLOPAGAS.

"Farewell, Inkosi-kaas," he cried. "Nay, nay, we will go together; we cannot part, thou and I. We have lived too long one with another, thou and I. None other shall hold thee. One more stroke, only one! a good stroke! a straight stroke! a strong stroke!" and, drawing himself to his full height, with a wild heart-shaking shout, with both hands he began to whirl the axe round his head till it looked like a circle of flaming steel. Then, suddenly, with awful force he brought it down straight on to the crown of the mass of sacred stone. A shower of sparks flew up, and such was the almost superhuman strength of the blow that the massive marble split with a rending sound into a score of pieces, whilst of Inkosi-kaas there remained but some fragments of steel and a fibrous rope of shattered horn that had been the handle. Down with a crash on to the pavement fell the fragments of the holy stone, and down with a crash on to them, still grasping the knob of Inkosi-kaas, fell the brave old Zulu—dead.

(From Rider Haggard's "Alan Quartermain").

JUNE 23rd.

BATTLE OF PLASSEY, 1757.

When the news of the Black Hole (June 20th) reached Clive he set sail for the Hooghly with a small army. He recaptured Calcutta and advanced to meet Surajah Dowlah. They met at Plassey, a small town between Calcutta and Moorshedabad. The enemy had an army 60,000 strong; Clive's army was only about 6,000 strong. In the battle which ensued Clive won a great victory, and laid the first stone of our Indian Empire.

HOW CLIVE WON INDIA FOR THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

The battle commenced with a cannonade in which the artillery of the Nabob did scarcely any execution, while the few field pieces of the English produced great effect. Several of the most distinguished officers in Surajah Dowlah's service fell. Disorder began to spread through his ranks. His own terror increased every moment. One of the conspirators urged on him the expediency of retreating. The insidious advice, agreeing as it did with what his own terrors suggested, was readily received. He ordered his army to fall back, and this order decided his fate. Clive snatched the moment, and ordered his troops to advance. The confused, dispirited multitude gave away before the onset of disciplined valour. No mob attacked by regular soldiers was ever more completely routed. The little band of Frenchmen, who alone ventured to confront the English, were swept down the stream of fugitives. In an hour the forces of Surajah Dowlah were dispersed, never to reassemble. Only five hundred of the vanquished were slain. But their camp, their guns, their baggage, innumerable wagons, and innumerable cattle remained in the power of the conquerors. With the loss of twenty-two soldiers killed and fifty wounded, Clive had scattered an army of nearly sixty thousand men, and subdued an empire larger and more populous than Great Britain.

(From Macaulay's "Essays on Clive").

JUNE 24th.

BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN, 1314.

Edward the First's dying wish that his body should be carried in front of the English Army till all Scotland was subdued was entirely disregarded by his son, who hurried to London to keep the festival of the Coronation. It was not till 1314 that Edward II. attempted to carry out the subjugation of Scotland. When on his way to relieve Stirling, which was being besieged by the Scots, he was met at Bannockburn by Bruce and a small Scottish army. The English were totally defeated, Edward only saving himself by flight.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ENGLISH CAVALRY AT BANNOCKBURN.

But in mid-space, the Bruce's care
Had bored the ground with many a pit,
With turf and brushwood hidden yet,
That form'd a ghastly snare.
Rushing, ten thousand horsemen came,
With spears in rest, and hearts on flame,
That panted for the shock!
With blazing crests and banner spread,
And trumpet-clang and clamour dread,
The wide plain thundered to their tread,
As far as Stirling Rock.
Down! down! in headlong overthrow,
Horsemen and horse, the foremost go,
Wild floundering on the field!
The first are in destruction's gorge,
Their followers wildly o'er them urge:—
The knightly helm and shield,
The mail, the acton and the spear,
Strong hand, high heart, are useless here!
Loud from the mass confused the cry
Of dying warriors swells on high,
And steeds that shriek in agony.

(From Scott's "Lord of the Isle").

JUNE 25th.

DEFEAT OF THE ENGLISH AT THE PEIHO RIVER, 1859.

In 1859 the Third Chinese War broke out. The cause was the violation by the Chinese of the Treaty of Tien-tsin. On the above date an English squadron, under Admiral Hope, was repulsed with great loss at an attack on the Chinese fort at the mouth of the Peiho River. The forts were captured during the next year. The war was closed by the Treaty of Peking, signed the same year, which, among other clauses, ceded Cowloon, an island near Hong Kong, to England.

THE ENGLISH REPULSED AT THE TAKU FORTS.

It was now, therefore, determined to land and storm the forts, and Captains Shadwell and Vansittart, Colonel Lemon, of the Marines, supported by Commanders Heath and Commerell, and Major Fisher, of the Engineers, landed with about 500 men to storm the forts. No sooner was the landing effected, and the men struggling through the deep mud left by the receding tide, than a heavy fire of musketry and great guns was opened upon them. That gallant and promising officer, Vansittart, was first shot through the neck, and as he pressed on was struck by a cannon-ball, which carried away his leg. Then Shadwell had his foot smashed by a gingall ball, and Colonel Lemon fell severely wounded. With undaunted front the gallant band never wavered for a moment, and though their numbers were fearfully thinned by the round shot and rifle bullets, they pressed on, headed by Commander Commerell. The first ditch being nearly empty was passed, but the second, close beneath the walls of the fort, was full of water, and here the gallant Commerell was compelled to halt with a handful of men, some 50 in all. As these, and about 150 men at the first ditch, were now all that were available to storm the forts frowning above them, a retreat was considered imperative. This was effected in a most orderly manner, but it was long after midnight before Commanders Commerell and Heath found themselves back on board their ships with the survivors.

(From Low's "Great Battles of the British Navy").

JUNE 26th.

DEATH OF GEORGE IV., 1830.

George IV. was the eldest son of George III. He ascended the throne in 1820, at the age of 58. For ten years previous to this he had acted as Regent, owing to the mental condition of his father. During his reign a distinct advance was made towards Free Trade, and attempts were also made towards the abolition of slavery. In 1829 was passed the Catholic Relief Bill, which admitted Roman Catholics to Parliament.

THACKERAY'S PORTRAIT OF GEORGE THE FOURTH.

To make a portrait of him at first seemed a small difficulty. There is his coat, his star, his wig, his countenance simpering under it; with a slate and a piece of chalk I could at this very desk perform a recognisable likeness of him. And yet, after reading of him in scores of volumes, hunting him through old magazines and newspapers, having him here at a ball, there at a public dinner, there at races, and so forth, you find you have nothing—nothing but a coat and a wig and a mask smiling below it—nothing but a great simulacrum. His sire and grand-sires were men. One knows what they were like. What they would do in given circumstances; that on occasion they fought and demeaned themselves like tough, good soldiers. They had friends whom they liked according to their natures; enemies whom they hated fiercely; passions and actions and individualities of their own. The sailor King who came after George was a man. The Duke of York was a man, big, burly, loud, jolly, cursing, courageous. But this George, what was he? I look through all his life, and recognise but a bow and a grin. I try and take him to pieces, and find silk stockings, padding, stays, a coat with frogs and a fur collar, a star and blue ribbon, a pocket handkerchief prodigiously scented, one of Truefitt's best nutty brown wigs reeking with oil, a set of teeth and a huge black stock, under waistcoats, more under waistcoats, and then nothing.

(From Thackeray's "Four Georges").

JUNE 27th.

FIRST MASSACRE AT CAWNPORE, 1857.

When the Sepoy mutiny broke out in India, a small garrison of Europeans held out against Nana Sahib and his Sepoys. After three weeks the garrison surrendered on condition that they should be allowed to retire safely to Allahabad. On marching to the river side to embark, the men were slaughtered and the women and children carried back to Cawnpore. Few men escaped this massacre, and the fate of the women and children is another story of horror (see July 15th).

THE TREACHERY OF THE SEPOYS.

Those who reached the river first took boat and set sail. But later comers were detained a long time, and while they were still preparing to embark they were horrified at hearing the report of guns. It was a masked battery of three guns which had begun to play on the wretches who were now within the toils of the heartless traitor, who, in disregard of oaths and treaties, had given orders for the slaughter in this manner of the heroes and their hapless dependents, whom he had found it so difficult to destroy in the intrenchment. Some of the boats took fire; volley after volley of musketry was directed against the unhappy passengers, scores of whom were shot dead in the boats, while others had bullets sent through them while they were endeavouring to swim to the banks, in the vain hope of being in safety there. A few boats were hastily rowed across the river, only to encounter a body of the 17th Native Infantry, who had just arrived from Azimghur to aid in the bloody work, for the performance of which they had been summoned thither. The murderers on both banks waded into the river, seized the boats within reach, and put all the men still remaining alive to the sabre. The women were spared for a more horrible fate. Many of them, poor things, were wounded, some with two or three bullets; and all in their agony of woe, with the children whose condition defies description, were taken ashore, and placed in a building in Nana Sahib's camp.

(From "The Story of the Indian Mutiny").

JUNE 28th.

BIRTH OF HENRY VIII., 1491.

Henry VIII. was the son of Henry VII. He came to the throne in 1509, and died in 1547. During the early years of his reign Henry was very popular, but as age crept upon him he became exceedingly cruel, and his desire to have a legitimate male heir led him to marry six wives, behead two, and divorce two. His reign is marked by the ecclesiastical struggle which led to the separation of the English Church from Rome.

CHARACTER OF HENRY VIII.

In his youth the beauty of his person, the elegance of his manners, and his adroitness in every martial and fashionable exercise were calculated to attract the admiration of his subjects. His court was gay and splendid, and the succession of amusements seemed to divert his attention, yet his pleasures were not permitted to encroach on his more important duties. He assisted at the council, perused the despatches, and corresponded with his generals and ambassadors; nor did the minister, trusted and powerful, dare to act till he had asked the opinion and taken the pleasure of his sovereign. His natural abilities had been improved by study, and his esteem for literature may be inferred from the learned education which he gave to his children, and from the number of eminent scholars to whom he granted pensions in foreign states, or on whom he bestowed preferment in his own. The immense treasure which he inherited from his father was perhaps a misfortune because it engendered habits of expense not to be supported from the ordinary revenue of the Crown. But as the King advanced in age his vices gradually developed themselves; after the death of Wolsey they were indulged without restraint; he became as rapacious as he was prodigal, as obstinate as he was capricious, as fickle in his friendships, as he was merciless in his resentments. Inflated with the praises of interested admirers, he despised the judgment of others, acted as if he deemed himself infallible in matters of policy and religion, and seemed to look upon dissent from his opinion as an equivalent to a breach of allegiance. In his estimation, to submit and obey were the great, the paramount duties of subjects, and his persuasion steeled his breast against remorse for the blood which he shed, and led him to trample without scruple on the liberties of the nation.

(From Lingard's "History of England").

JUNE 29th.

DEATH OF HUXLEY, 1895.

Thomas H. Huxley, the popular scientist, was born at Ealing in 1825. He was educated for a doctor, and entered the Navy as a surgeon. On his first voyage he commenced the scientific researches which became the work of his life. Huxley held the post of Lecturer in Natural History at the Royal College of Mines for thirty-one years. For ordinary readers, Huxley's "Essays" are the most interesting of his works.

THERE IS A CAUSE FOR ALL THAT HAPPENS IN NATURE.

The first thing that men learned, as soon as they began to study nature carefully, was that some events take place in regular order, and that some causes always give rise to the same effects. The sun always rises on one side and sets on the other side of the sky; the changes of the moon follow one another in the same order and with similar intervals; some stars never sink below the horizon of the place in which we live; the seasons are more or less regular; water always flows down-hill; fire always burns; plants grow up from seed and yield seed, from which like plants grow up again; animals are born, grow, reach maturity, and die, age after age, in the same way. Thus the notion of an order of nature and of a fixity in the relation of cause and effect between things gradually entered the minds of men. So far as such order prevailed, it was felt that things were explained; while the things that could not be explained were said to have come about by chance or to happen by accident.

But the more carefully nature has been studied, the more widely has order been found to prevail, while what seemed disorder has proved to be nothing but complexity; until at present, no one is so foolish as to believe that anything happens by chance, or that there are any real accidents, in the sense of events which have no cause. And if we say that a thing happens by chance, everybody admits that all we really mean is that we do not know its cause or the reason why that particular thing happens.

THOMAS HUXLEY.

JUNE 30th.

ACQUITTAL OF THE SEVEN BISHOPS, 1688.

In 1687 James II. issued the Declaration of Indulgence, granting Catholics and Dissenters freedom in the open exercise of their religion. This was done to favour the Roman Catholics. The Declaration in the following year was re-issued with an order that it should be read twice publicly from the pulpits (May 20th and 27th). Archbishop Sancroft and Bishops Lloyd, Turner, Lake, Ken, White, and Trelawney refused to obey. They were sent to the Tower, tried, and acquitted. Their acquittal was received with much rejoicing in England.

THE JURY DECLARE THE SEVEN BISHOPS NOT GUILTY.

At ten the Court again met. The crowd was greater than ever. The jury appeared in their box, and there was a breathless stillness. Sir Samuel Astry spoke: "Do you find the defendants, or any of them, guilty of the misdemeanour whereof they are impeached, or not guilty?" Sir Roger Langley answered, "Not Guilty." As the words were uttered Halifax sprang up and waved his hat. At that signal benches and galleries raised a shout. In a moment ten thousand persons who crowded the great hall replied with a still louder shout, which made the old oaken roof crack, and in another moment the innumerable throng without set up a third huzza, which was heard at Temple Bar. The boats which covered the Thames gave an answering cheer. A peal of gunpowder was heard on the water, and another, and another, and so in a few moments the glad tidings went flying past the Savoy and the Friars to London Bridge, and to the forest of masts below. As the news spread, streets and squares, market-places and coffee-houses, broke forth into acclamations. Yet were the acclamations less strange than the weeping. For the feelings of men had been wound up to such a point that at length the stern English nature, so little used to outward signs of emotion, gave way, and thousands sobbed aloud for very joy. Meanwhile, from the outskirts of the multitude, horsemen were spurring off to bear along all the great roads intelligence of the victory of our Church and nation.

(From Macaulay's "History of England").

JULY 1st.

BATTLE OF THE BOYNE, 1690.

In 1689 James II., who had been staying in France, landed in Ireland to make one more struggle for the throne which he had deserted. In June of the following year William landed in Ireland with a strong army of English, Dutch, and Germans. James took up a strong position on the banks of the Boyne. William marched to attack him. The Irish infantry fled after a feeble resistance, but the cavalry made a strong stand.

The battle resulted in a complete victory for William, and James' cause in Ireland was lost.

Among those killed at this battle was Walker, the brave defender of Londonderry. James fled to France and disappeared from history.

THE FLIGHT OF JAMES FROM THE BOYNE.

King James's valour had entirely evaporated before the first shot was fired. Instead of following William's example, and leading his troops in the conflict which was to decide the fate of his Crown, and which he himself had precipitated, he took up his position at a safe distance from danger, on the hill of Donore, and as soon as the battle approached that point he rode off to Duleek, where he placed himself at the head of the French troops, and led their retreat. He soon, however, rode on ahead, and arrived in Dublin in a state of consternation and despair, the first fugitive from the field of battle. In the meantime the army was whole and unbroken, marching in perfect order from the field of battle, while its King and commander was doing his best to ruin the cause by spreading dismay and alarm throughout the country. The next morning the King sent for the Mayor and Corporation of Dublin and told them that he was under the necessity of taking care of himself, and recommended them to do the same, and to make the best terms they could with the enemy. He then at once mounted and made his flight to Waterford, ordering the bridges to be broken down behind him, although the British Army had not yet moved from its position on the Boyne.

On reaching Waterford James at once embarked on board the ship he had ordered to be in readiness, and sailed for France.

(From Henty's "Orange and Green").

JULY 2nd.

BATTLE OF MARSTON MOOR, 1644.

In 1644 the Royalists were besieged in York by Fairfax and the Scottish Army. Prince Rupert was sent by Charles to relieve the city. Rupert marched to the relief, joined with the besieged under the Earl of Newcastle, and gave battle to the Parliamentarians at Marston Moor, a few miles south-west of York. The battle was long and fierce, and in the end was won by Cromwell's Ironsides. The loss on both sides was very great, but the whole of the guns and baggage of the Royalists fell into Cromwell's hands. This battle ruined the Royalist cause in the north of England.

A GALLANT CAVALIER AT MARSTON MOOR.

'Tis noon; the ranks are broken along the royal line;
They fly, the braggarts of the court, the bullies of the Rhine;
Stout Langley's cheer is heard no more, and Astley's helm is
down,
And Rupert sheathes his rapier with a curse and with a frown;
And cold Newcastle mutters, as he follows in the flight,
"The German boar had better far have supped in York to-
night."
The knight is all alone, his steel cap cleft in twain,
His good buff jerkin crimsoned o'er with many a gory stain,
But still he waves the standard, and cries amid the rout,
"For Church and King, fair gentlemen, spur on and fight it
out!"
And now he wards a Roundhead's pike, and now he hums a
stave,
And here he quotes a stage play, and there he fells a knave.
Good speed to thee, Sir Nicholas! thou hast no thought of fear;
Good speed to thee, Sir Nicholas! but fearful odds are here;
The traitors ring thee round, and with every blow and thrust,
"Down, down," they cry, "with Belial, down with him to the
dust!"
"I would," quoth grim old Oliver, "that Belial's trusty sword
This day were doing battle for the Saints and for the Lord."

(From Praed's "Sir Nicholas at Marston Moor").

JULY 3rd.

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG, 1863.

In January, 1861, the great struggle known as the American Civil War began. At first success seemed to favour the South, but the Battle of Gettysburg was the turning point of the war. At this battle the Southerners, under General Lee, were defeated by the Federals, under General Meade. This battle decided the British Government against recognising the Southern Confederacy.

A BATTLE SCENE AT GETTYSBURG.

The fusillade became appalling in its intensity. Hundreds of murderous daggers of red flame leapt out of the dun clouds of smoke in front of us. The din had reached a climax of fury, and began to tell on the most iron nerves. To the shatter of rifles the roar of distant batteries formed, as it were, a background of thunder, and the bullets that swept overhead and past our ears added their deadly hum to the volume of this diabolical symphony. Men fell to right and left; death takes them suddenly; they collapse in every conceivable posture; one lurches forward with outstretched hands, as though making a grab at some invisible antagonist. Another spins round and drops all of a heap, like an exhausted dancing Dervish, his limbs hideously twisted under him. Death puts an ungrammatical full stop to the sentence a soldier throws at his comrade; the mouth that spoke now tears the grass. You see the laugh on a man's face disappear with his jaw; he stands for a moment as though astounded, leering horribly at the enemy.

Hands fling up the rifle to clutch at breast and throat. They rarely fall backwards, these sudden favourites of death—always forward. Perhaps in their death agonies they may roll round and take a last look at the sky. They seldom scream; the man mortally wounded has no time to scream. He grunts and falls. In the fighting line sounds of distress are rarely heard. They belong to the hospital in the rear.

(From Wood's "Survivors' Tales").

JULY 4th.

DECLARATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE, 1776.

In 1765 the Stamp Act was passed—an Act raising taxes from our colonists in North America without their consent. Owing to the opposition of the colonists the Act was repealed the same year, the Home Government, however, still maintaining its right to tax the colonists. This was really the great point of dispute.

In 1767 an Act was passed imposing duties in America on tea, glass, paper, and painter's colours. This awakened fresh opposition. In 1773 the first open resistance took place. In 1775 the War of American Independence broke out.

On July 4th the Declaration of Independence was signed, and the United States sprang into being. By the Peace of Versailles in 1783, England recognised the United States of America as an independent Power.

WHAT THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE WAS.

The famous Declaration of Independency, penned by Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia, declared that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that to secure these rights Governments are instituted among men, deriving their ever just powers from the consent of the governed; that when any other form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government. It recounted the petitions for redress which had been presented, the appeals to the native justice and magnanimity of our "British brethren," and concluded as follows:—

"We therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the World for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare that the 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, as free and independent States, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and do all other acts and things which independent States may of right do. And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honour."

(From Ludlow's "War of American Independence").

JULY 5th.

CAPTURE OF JERUSALEM, 1100.

Jerusalem was besieged and taken by the Crusaders during the first Crusade. The siege lasted five weeks, and the place was defended with great bravery by the Saracens. On the capture of the town, on the above date, the Crusaders disgraced themselves by the massacre of the defenders. Godfrey of Bouillon, one of the most illustrious of the leaders of the First Crusade, was appointed by the Crusaders as King of Jerusalem and Defender of the Holy Sepulchre. Jerusalem was retaken by the Saracens, under Saladin, during the Third Crusade.

THE CRUSADERS CAPTURE JERUSALEM.

The final assault was carried on through the day with the same monotony of brute force and carnage which marked all the operations of this merciless war. The darkness of night brought no rest. The actual combat was suspended, but the besieged were incessantly occupied in repairing the breaches made by the assailants, while others were busied in making their dispositions for the last mortal conflict. In the midst of that deadly struggle, when it seemed that the Cross must after all go down before the Crescent, a knight was seen on Mount Olivet, waving his glistening shield to rouse the champions of the Holy Sepulchre to the supreme effort. "It is St. George the Martyr, who has come again to help us," cried Godfrey, and at his words the Crusaders started up without a feeling of fatigue and carried everything before them. The day, we are told, was Friday, the hour was three in the afternoon, when Lebold of Tournay stood, the first victorious champion of the Cross, on the walls of Jerusalem. The insults offered a little while ago to the crucifixes were avenged by Godfrey's orders in the massacre of hundreds, the carnage in the mosque of Omar swept away the bodies of thousands in a deluge of human blood, and the horses of the Crusaders, who rode up to the front of the temple, were up to the knees in the loathsome stream.

(From Cox's "Crusades").

JULY 6th.

BATTLE OF SEDGEMOOR, 1685.

On June 11th, 1685, the Duke of Monmouth landed at Lyme Regis with the intention of claiming the English crown. His Protestant opinions gathered round him a large number of the country people. He marched through the West country and made an unsuccessful attempt to capture Bath. A royal force under Faversham, with whom served Churchill, afterwards the famous Marlborough, was sent to oppose him. Monmouth tried to surprise the Royalist camp, but did not succeed. In the action which followed Monmouth was totally defeated. He was captured some days afterwards and executed. This fight was the last battle fought in England.

THE LAST STAND AT SEDGEMOOR.

At last our ranks were breaking. In the very centre of the pikemen steel caps were gleaming, and broadswords rising and falling. The whole body was swept back two hundred paces or more, struggling furiously the while, and was there mixed with other like bodies, which had been dashed out of all semblance of military order, and yet refused to fly. Men of Devon, of Dorset, of Wiltshire, and of Somerset, trodden down by horse, slashed by dragoons, dropping by scores under the rain of bullets, still fought on with a dogged, desperate courage for a ruined cause and a man who had deserted them. Everywhere, as I glanced around me, were set faces, clenched teeth, yells of rage and defiance, but never a sound of fear or of submission. Some clambered up upon the cruppers of the riders and dragged them backwards from their saddles. Others lay upon their faces and hamstrung the chargers with their scythe-blades, stabbing the horsemen before they could disengage themselves. Again and again the Guards crashed through them from side to side, and yet the shattered ranks closed up behind them and continued the longdrawn struggle. So hopeless was it, and so pitiable, that I could have found it in my heart to wish that they would break and fly, were it not that on the broad moor there was no refuge which they could make for. And all this time, while they struggled and fought, blackened with powder and parched with thirst, spilling their blood as though it were water, the man who called himself their King was spurring over the countryside with a loose rein and a quaking heart, his thoughts centred upon saving his own neck, come what might to his gallant followers.

(From Doyle's "Micah Clarke").

JULY 7th.

EXECUTION OF SIR THOMAS MORE, 1535.

Sir Thomas More was born in Milk Street, London, in 1478. He received a good education, and distinguished himself at an early age for his learning. He entered the legal profession. On the accession of Henry VIII., More attracted the King's attention, who promoted him to different positions of trust. In 1529 More became Lord Chancellor. When Henry declared himself Head of the English Church, Sir Thomas More refused to recognise his position. He was arrested for high treason, condemned, and executed on the above date. He was a man of great piety. His book, "Utopia," is one of the classics of English literature.

THE END OF A NOBLE LIFE.

The King commuted the sentence of hanging to that of beheading, a favour which More grimly expressed the hope that his friends might be spared the need of asking. Early on the morning he was carried from the Tower to Tower Hill for execution. His composure knew no diminution. "I pray thee, see me safely up," he said to the officer who led him from the Tower, up the steps of the frail scaffold; "as for my coming down, I can shift for myself." He encouraged the headsman to do his duty fearlessly; "Pluck up thy spirits, man; be not afraid to do thine office; my neck is very short." He seemed to speak in jest as he moved his beard from the block, with the remark that it had never committed treason. Then with the calmness of one who was rid of every care he told the bystanders that he died in and for the faith of the Catholic Church, and prayed God to send the King good counsel.

His body was buried in the Tower of London. The tomb that he had erected at Chelsea never held his remains. His head was placed, according to the barbarous custom of that day, on a pole on London Bridge, but his favourite daughter, Margaret Roper, privately purchased it a month later, and preserved it in spices till her death, nine years afterwards.

(From Sidney Lee's "Great Englishmen of the 16th Century").

JULY 8th.

DEATH OF PETER THE HERMIT, 1115.

This remarkable character, who roused Europe in the 11th century, was a soldier in his early years. He was a native of Picardy. Whilst on a pilgrimage to Palestine in 1093 he formed the idea of delivering that country from the hands of the Saracens. His preaching was so successful that Christians of Europe commenced the Crusades—or religious wars against the infidels. The first, led by the hermit in person, was a motley horde who were slaughtered by the Turks. The latter Crusades were organised armies. Richard I. of England figured in the Third Crusade. Edward I., when a prince, fought in the Eighth Crusade.

Peter the Hermit founded an abbey at Huy on the Maas, and died in 1115.

INFLUENCE OF PETER THE HERMIT.

Dwarfish in stature and mean in person, he was yet filled with a fire which would not stay, and the horrors which were burnt in upon his soul were those which would most surely stir the conscience and rouse the wrath of his hearers. His fiery appeals carried everything before them. Wherever he went, rich or poor, aged or young, the knight and the peasant, thronged round the emaciated stranger, who, with his head and feet bare, rode on his ass carrying a huge crucifix. He appealed to every feeling which may stir the heart of mankind generally, to every motive which should have special power over all faithful Christians. He called upon them for the deliverance of the land which was the cradle of the faith, for the punishment of the barbarian who had dared to defile it, for the rescue of the brethren who were the victims of his tyranny. The vehemence which choked his own utterance became contagious; his sobs and groans called forth the tears and cries of the vast crowds who hung upon his words, and who greedily devoured the harrowing accounts of the pilgrims whom Peter brought forward as witnesses to the truth of his picture.

(From Cox's "Crusades").

JULY 9th.

BIRTH OF HENRY HALLAM, 1778.

This great historian was born at Windsor, and educated at Eton and Oxford. He began his literary work by contributions to the "Edinburgh Review." In 1818 he published his first great work, "View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages." This work at once brought fame to the author. Hallam's most useful work to the English student is his "Constitutional History of England." The work is the best authority we have of the period which it covers—accession of Henry VII. to death of George II. Hallam died in 1859.

IGNORANCE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

Of this prevailing ignorance it is easy to produce abundant testimony. For some considerable intervals, scarcely any monument of literature has been preserved. In almost every council, the ignorance of the clergy forms a subject for reproach. It is asserted by one held in 992, that scarcely a single person was to be found in Rome itself who knew the first elements of letters. In England, Alfred declares that he could not recollect a single priest south of the Thames, (the most civilised part of England) at the time of his accession, who understood the ordinary prayers, or could translate Latin into his mother-tongue. Nor was this better in the time of Dunstan, when, it is said, none of the clergy knew how to write or translate a Latin letter. The homilies which they preached were compiled for their use by some bishops, from former works of the same kind, or the writings of the Christian fathers.

This universal ignorance was rendered unavoidable, among other causes, by the scarcity of books, which could only be procured at an immense price. From the conquest of Alexandria by the Saracens, at the beginning of the 7th century, when the Egyptian papyrus almost ceased to be imported into England, to the close of the 10th, about which time the art of making paper from cotton rags seems to have been introduced, there were no materials for writing except parchment, a substance too expensive to be readily spared for mere purposes of literature; hence an unfortunate practice gained ground, of erasing a manuscript in order to substitute another on the same skin. This occasioned the loss of many eminent authors, who have made way for the legends of saints, or other ecclesiastical rubbish.

(From Hallam's "Europe during the Middle Ages").

JULY 10th.

BIRTH OF CAPTAIN MARRYAT, 1792.

Captain Marryat, so dear to all lovers of sea stories, was born in London. He entered the Navy at the age of fourteen, and was present at some fifty or more naval engagements before he retired in 1830. His first novel, "The Naval Officer," was published in 1829. From 1832 to 1835 Marryat was editor of the "Metropolitan Magazine." Marryat's stories are, without doubt, the best tales of sea life in the 18th century ever written. Many of the scenes he describes are taken from episodes in his own career. Marryat died on August 9th, 1848.

A SAILOR'S YARN.

"Well, messmate,* I was on the gunnel as soon as the others, and a sword came down upon me like a flash of lightning. I had just time to lift my cutlass and save my head, and then I found that it was the sword of the French lieutenant who commanded the gunboat. He was a tall clean-built chap, with curls hanging down like a poodle dog's, every curl not thicker than a rope yarn, and mayhap a thousand of them, and he quite foamed at the mouth; that's another fault of these Frenchmen, they don't take things coolly, but puts themselves in a passion about nothing; so thinks I to myself, it won't do for you to go on chopping at that rate, for when I fended off he made my whole hand tingle with the force of his blow. So I darts at him and drives the hilt of my cutlass right into his mouth, and he fell, and his own men trod him underfoot, and on we went hammer and tongs. By this time the boarding of the launch and pin-nace to leeward, for they could not get up as soon as we did, created a divarsion, and bothered the Frenchmen, who hardly knew which way to turn; however, as there were more of our men on the other side, they most on 'em faced about, and the French officer was then able to get on his knees again, and while I was busy and did not see him, he just give me this cut across the figure-head, which don't add to my beauty, anyhow. Well, it was cut for cut, messmate; I just took one look at the beggar, and I drove my cutlass into his skull just as he was rising up, and he never rose again. That's my story."

(From Marryat's "Poor Jack").

JULY 11th.

BOMBARDMENT OF ALEXANDRIA, 1882.

In 1882 England had trouble in Egypt. In 1879 the Khedive, Ismael, of Egypt, got into financial difficulties, and was deposed by the Sultan of Turkey. At the prompting of England and France Tewfik Pasha was made Khedive, under the financial control of England and France. A certain section of the Egyptians objected to this, and under the leadership of Arabi Pasha raised a rebellion. In 1882 affairs assumed such a threatening attitude that England interfered. An English fleet was sent to Alexandria to demand the surrender of the forts, which were in the hands of the rebels. On Arabi's refusal to give them up, the place was bombarded. Arabi Pasha was finally defeated by Lord Wolseley at Tel-el-Kebir.

"WELL DONE, 'CONDOR.'"

[During the bombardment, the "Condor," a small gunboat under the command of Lord Charles Beresford, bravely engaged one of the chief forts, and earned from the Admiral the signal, "Well done, 'Condor.'"]

The enemy's fire on the ships attacking Fort Mex slackened, and soon ceased altogether. Irritated by the constant fire of the little "Condor," the Egyptian gunners now devoted their entire attention to us. They set about slewing their other Armstrongs in our direction. Their long black muzzles slowly turned their gaping mouths towards us. "In an instant Beresford decided," proceeds Mr. Villiers, "and gave the order for the 'Condor' to run in closer, and we came within 1,200 yards. We all saw in a moment the wisdom of the seeming audacity. We were well within their guard; though the Gypies blazed at us, they could only practise at our masts—they could not depress their guns sufficiently to hull us. We cheered again and again as their abortive attempts to get at us failed, for a shot below water-mark, with the lurch the 'Condor' was already making, with all her guns aboardside, would have sent her down to Davy Jones's locker in less than ten minutes.

"The Egyptians, in their rage, opened fire with their smooth-bores from the lower parapet. The round-shot would whistle through our rigging, making us lie low awhile; but we would scramble to our feet again, dropping another 9-inch shell well within their works, scattering their gunners, and making things quite unpleasant for them. Only once did the enemy touch us, when a deep thud started the little ship trembling from stem to stern. The carpenter was ordered below. There was an anxious moment or two, when at last he returned, reporting the glad news that 'all was well'; we had only been grazed."

(From Fraser's "Famous Fighters of the Fleet").

JULY 12th.

DEATH OF TITUS OATES, 1705.

The death of this infamous character recalls the pretended Popish plots in the reign of Charles II. Oates was the son of an Anabaptist minister. He was educated for the Church, became a Jesuit, and then declared himself a Protestant. He pretended to have discovered a Popish plot, and by his perjuries was the means of sending many innocent people to the scaffold. He was afterwards found out, declared guilty of perjury, and sentenced to be whipped. On the accession of William III. he was pensioned. He died on the above date.

THE PUNISHMENT OF TITUS OATES.

He was sentenced to be stripped of his clerical habit, to be pilloried in Palace Yard, to be led round Westminster Hall with an inscription declaring his infamy over his head, to be pilloried again in front of the Royal Exchange, to be whipped from Aldgate to Newgate, and, after an interval of two days, to be whipped from Newgate to Tyburn. If, against all probability, he should survive this horrible infliction, he was to be kept close prisoner during life. Five times every year he was to be brought forth from his dungeon and exposed on the pillory in different parts of the capital. This rigorous sentence was rigorously executed. On the day on which Oates was pilloried in Palace Yard he was mercilessly pelted and ran some risk of being pulled to pieces. On the following morning he was brought forth to undergo his first flogging. At an early hour an innumerable multitude filled all the streets from Aldgate to the Old Bailey. The hangman laid on the lash with such unusual severity as showed that he had received special instructions. For a time the criminal showed a strange constancy; but at last his stubborn fortitude gave way. His bellowing was frightful to hear. He swooned several times, but the scourge still continued to descend. After an interval of only forty-eight hours, Oates was again brought out of his dungeon. He was unable to stand, and it was necessary to drag him to Tyburn on a sledge. The bad man escaped with life, but so narrowly that his ignorant and bigoted admirers thought his recovery miraculous, and appealed to it as a proof of his innocence.

(From Macaulay's "History of England").

JULY 13th.

BALLOT ACT PASSED, 1872.

This Act introduced secret voting, with the object of preventing bribery and intimidation. Previous to the passing of this Act it was known for whom every elector voted, so it was possible either by threat or bribe to influence a voter to register his vote in a certain way. The Bill was introduced by Mr. Forster in 1871. It was stoutly resisted by the Conservatives. It was rejected by the Lords. The next session the Bill came up again, and was then passed by the Lords as an experiment to be tried for eight years. It has remained in force ever since. "No measure of reform has given more universal satisfaction or worked with happier effect than the ballot."

THE POOR VOTER ON ELECTION DAY.

The proudest now is but my peer,
The highest not more high;
To-day, of all the weary year,
A king of men am I.
To-day, alike are great and small,
The nameless and the known;
My palace is the people's hall,
The ballot-box my throne!
To-day let pomp and vain pretence
My stubborn right abide;
I set a plain man's common sense
Against the pedant's pride.
To-day shall simple manhood try
The strength of gold and land;
The wide world has not wealth to buy
The power in my right hand!
While there's a grief to seek redress,
Or balance to adjust,
Where weighs our living manhood less
Than Mammon's vilest dust—
While there's a right to need my vote,
A wrong to sweep away,
Up! clouted knee and ragged coat!
A man's a man to-day!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER,

JULY 14th.

CAPTURE OF THE BASTILE, 1789.

In 1789 the long-smouldering fire of revolution burst into flame in France. The first act of the people of Paris when they arose was to destroy the Bastile—the symbol of feudalism in the land. The Governor of the Bastile made practically no resistance, and the building was taken by the mob and destroyed. Only seven prisoners were found within its walls. The taking of the Bastile marks the beginning of that period of violence in France known as the Reign of Terror.

THE DOWNFALL OF THE BASTILE.

From time to time the cry arose "The Bastile! we will have the Bastile!" At length two men, more determined than the rest, dashing from the crowd, sprang upon a guardhouse and struck at the chain of the drawbridge with heavy hatchets. The soldiers shouted to them to retire, and threatened to fire; but they continued to strike, succeeded in breaking the chain and lowering the bridge, and then rushed over it, followed by the crowd.

In this way they advanced to cut the chain of the second bridge. A murderous discharge of grape-shot proceeded from the garrison, and many of the besiegers were killed and wounded.

The unfortunate Delaunay, dreading the fate that awaited him, wished to blow up the fortress and bury himself under the ruins. He went in despair towards the powder magazine, with a lighted match in his hand. The garrison stopped him, raised a white standard on its platform, and reversed the guns in the token of peace.

But the assailants still continued to fight and advance, shouting "Lower the bridges!" Through the battlements a Swiss officer proposed to lay down arms, on the promise that their lives should be spared. "Lower the bridges," rejoined the foremost of the assailants; "you shall not be injured."

The gates were opened and the bridge lowered on this assurance, and the crowd rushed into the Bastile. Those who led the multitude wished to save from its vengeance the Governor, Swiss soldiers, and Invalides; but cries of "Give them up! give them up! They fired on their fellow citizens, they deserve to be hanged!" rose on every side.

The Governor, a few Swiss soldiers, and Invalides were torn from the protection of those who sought to defend them and put to death by the implacable crowd.

(From Mignet's "History of the French Revolution").

JULY 15th.

THE MASSACRE OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN AT CAWNPORE, 1857.

On June 27th (*qui vide*) General Wheeler, who had been defending Cawnpore, surrendered to Nana Sahib, under promise of an uninterrupted passage to the nearest English troops. How the promise was kept is well known. The women and children who escaped the massacre of June 27th were imprisoned by Nana Sahib in Cawnpore. On the approach of Havelock, the Sepoy leader determined to slaughter these defenceless beings. This was done, and their bodies flung into a well. Havelock reached Cawnpore on the following day.

"REMEMBER CAWNPORE!"

[After this massacre, the cry of the English soldiers when fighting against the Sepoys was "Remember Cawnpore!"]

It was a little after 5 o'clock that five men, each carrying a tulwar, walked to the door of the Bebeeghur. Two were rough peasants; two belonged to the butcher's caste; one wore the red uniform of the Nana's bodyguard. The five men entered, and the shuddering crowd of women and children was before them. Then the door was closed, and over the scene that followed the horrified imagination refuses to linger. Wailing, broken shrieks, the sound of running feet, crept out on the shuddering air. Presently the door opened, and the man in the red uniform of the Nana's bodyguard came out with his sword broken short off at the hilt. There were 212 to be killed, and the strain on steel blades, as well as on human muscles, was severe.

He borrowed a fresh sword, and went back to his work, again carefully closing the door behind him. After a while he re-emerged once more with a broken blade, and, arming himself afresh, returned a third time to his dreadful business. It was dark when the five men came out and locked the door behind them, leaving that great company of wives and mothers and little children in the slaughter-house. The men had done their work roughly, and all through the night, though no cry was heard in the Bebeeghur, yet sounds as of sighs from dying lips and the rustle as of struggling bodies seemed to creep out into the darkness incessantly through its sullen windows and hard-shut doors. At 8 o'clock the next morning the five men returned, attended by a few sweepers. They opened the door and commenced to drag the nearer bodies, by their long tresses of hair, across the courtyard to the fatal well hard by.

(From Fitchett's "Tale of the Great Mutiny").

JULY 16th.

BIRTH OF REYNOLDS, 1723.

Sir Joshua Reynolds was the son of a clergyman, and was born at Plumpton, in Devonshire. He displayed artistic aptitude from his earliest days. On his return from a course of study in Rome, he took his place amongst the most eminent portrait painters of the day. He was the first president of the Royal Academy. His lectures delivered before the Academy are regarded as standard works on the principles of painting. He died on February 23rd, 1792.

GENIUS IN ART.

Genius is supposed to be a power of producing excellences which are out of the reach of the rules of art—a power which no precepts can teach, and which no industry can acquire.

This opinion of the impossibility of acquiring those beauties which stamp the work with the character of genius, supposes that it is something more fixed than in reality it is, and that we always do, and ever did, agree about what should be considered as a characteristic of genius.

But the truth is the degree of excellence which proclaims genius is different in different times and different places; and what shows it to be so is that mankind have often changed their opinion upon this matter.

When the arts were in their infancy, the power of merely drawing the likeness of any object was considered as one of its greatest efforts.

The common people, ignorant of the principles of art, talk the same language even to this day. But when it was found that every man could be taught to do this, and a great deal more, merely by the observance of certain precepts, the name of genius then shifted its application, and was given only to those who added the peculiar character of the object they represented; to those who had invention, expression, grace, or dignity, or, in short, such qualities or excellences the producing of which could not then be taught by any known rules.

(From Reynolds' "Discourses on Art").

JULY 17th.

BIRTH OF ISAAC WATTS, 1674.

This eminent divine and writer of hymns was born at Southampton. He was educated for the Nonconformist ministry, and spent most of his life in charge of a congregation in London. He died in 1748. Of his hymns the best known is "O God, our help in ages past." Another almost as well known is "There is a land of pure delight."

WATTS' BEST KNOWN HYMN.

[This is a paraphrase of the 90th Psalm, a psalm which has been sung or read over the graves of our fathers since 1662.]

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home;

Beneath the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame;
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the Same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

ISAAC WATTS.

JULY 18th.

BIRTH OF THACKERAY, 1811.

William Makepeace Thackeray was born at Calcutta. He came to England in 1816. He was educated at Charterhouse, and entered Cambridge in 1829, but only stayed there one year. He became a frequent contributor to the magazines, in which many of his novels first appeared. He was the editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*. Thackeray's novels are works for adults, but his Burlesques and Ballads can be appreciated by most children. Thackeray died on December 24th, 1863.

THACKERAY'S WORDS TO CHILDREN.

I'd say, we suffer and we strive,
Not less nor more as men than boys ;
With grizzled beards at forty-five,
As erst at twelve in corduroys.
And if, in time of sacred youth,
We learned at home to love and pray,
Pray Heaven that early Love and Truth
May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school,
I'd say how fate may change and shift ;
The prize be sometimes with the fool,
The race not always to the swift.
The strong may yield, the good may fall,
The great man be a vulgar clown,
The knave be lifted over all,
The kind cast pitilessly down.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the Awful Will,
And bear it with an honest heart,
Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go, lose or conquer as you can ;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

JULY 19th.

BATTLE OF HALIDON HILL, 1333.

Edward III. sought to re-establish English ascendancy over Scotland, which had been lost at Bannockburn. He supported Balliol against King David. In 1333 Edward was besieging Berwick. A large Scottish army marched to its relief. The rival armies met at Halidon Hill, near Berwick, and the Scots were entirely defeated, and their leader Douglas slain. Balliol's position was secured for a time by the presence of the English troops, but in 1341, the English garrisons having been withdrawn or driven out, David II. became undisputed king.

THE ROUT OF THE SCOTS.

The Scotch considerably outnumbered the investing force, but the English were strongly posted to the north of the town, on Halidon Hill, a position which, as all they had to do was to prevent the Scotch from entering and relieving Berwick, they were in no hurry to abandon. It had been Sir Archibald's intention to adhere to the traditional tactics which his countrymen had found so efficacious in former campaigns, and, avoiding a general engagement, to harass the enemy by perpetual skirmishing; but on this occasion, partly on account of the reckless impetuosity of his followers and partly from the necessity of taking the offensive in order to relieve the garrison, he determined to push across a morass which protected the enemy's front, and advance up the hill against them. The English army remained immovable till the Scots had waded through the marsh and were breasting the hill. This was the moment for which the archers had been waiting, and as soon as the leading files had advanced within range of their shot, they poured down upon them so sudden and irresistible a storm of arrows that they wavered, broke, and fell back upon the rear ranks, throwing them into such disorder that even flight became impossible. Then the English men-at-arms bore down upon the rout, and the Welsh and Irish irregulars rushed in upon the flanks, armed with their long knives, and such bloody carnage ensued, and so many knights and nobles fell, that it was the saying of the day that "the Scotch wars were over at last," for there was not a man left in Scotland who had skill to muster an army or lead it against the enemy.

(From Rev. W. Warburton's "Edward III.").

H*

JULY 20th.

THE FIRST FIGHT WITH THE SPANISH. ARMADA, 1588.

The expedition sent out by Philip of Spain to conquer England, generally referred to as the Spanish Armada, sailed from Lisbon at the end of May, 1588. It met with disaster from the first. A storm scattered the ships, and many had to put in to Corunna for repairs. On July 11th another start was made. On the above date the first engagement took place between the English and Spanish ships. The English fleet, hanging on the rear of the Armada, followed it up the Channel, attacking it at every opportunity. The last regular action took place on July 29th (*qui vide*). Only 53 vessels, out of 130 which left Spain were supposed to have returned.

SOME "SEA-DOGS" OF ELIZABETH'S TIME.

Slip on for a while the drawer's apron; come in through the rose-clad door which opens from the tavern, and look round you at the gallant captains, who are waiting for the Spanish Armada, as lions in their lair might wait for the passing herd of deer.

See those five talking earnestly in the centre of a ring, which longs to overhear, and yet is too respectful to approach close. Those soft, long eyes and pointed chin you recognise already; they are Walter Raleigh's. The fair young man in the flame-coloured doublet, whose arm is round Raleigh's neck, is Lord Sheffield; opposite them stands, by the side of Sir Richard Grenville, a man as stately even as he, Lord Sheffield's uncle, the Lord Charles Howard of Effingham, Lord High Admiral of England; next to him is his son-in-law, Sir Robert Southwell, captain of the "Elizabeth Jonas." But who is that short, sturdy, plainly-dressed man, who stands with legs a little apart and hands behind his back, looking up, with keen, grey eyes, into the face of each speaker? A coarse plebeian stamp of man: yet the whole figure and attitude are that of boundless determination, self-possession, energy; and when at last he speaks a few blunt words, all eyes are turned respectfully upon him; —for his name is Francis Drake.

(From Kingsley's "Westward Ho!").

JULY 21st.

BIRTH OF SIR SIDNEY SMITH, 1764.

Sir Sidney Smith has the unique distinction of being the first commander to inflict a defeat on Napoleon. Sidney Smith was born in Sussex. He entered the Navy at the age of 11, and by the age of 20 he had reached post-captain rank. He fought under Rodney and Howe. Sidney Smith is best remembered as the defender of Acre against the forces of Napoleon. He defended the town for over sixty days, until the arrival of reinforcements compelled the French to raise the siege. Sir Sidney Smith died in Paris in 1840.

A BALLAD OF SIR SIDNEY SMITH.

Gentlefolks, in my time I've made many a rhyme,
But the song I now trouble you with
Lays some claim to applause, and you'll grant it because,
'The subject's Sir Sidney Smith, it is;
The subject's Sir Sidney Smith.

We all know Sir Sidney, a man of such kidney,
He'd fight every foe he could meet;
Give him one ship or two, and without more ado,
He'd engage if he met a whole fleet, he would;
He'd engage if he met a whole fleet.

Thus he took, every day, all that came in his way,
Till Fortune, that changeable elf,
Order'd accidents so, that, while taking the foe,
Sir Sidney got taken himself, he did;
Sir Sidney got taken himself, he did.

His captors, right glad of the prize they now had,
Rejected each offer we bid,
And swore he would stay, lock'd up till Doomsday,
But he swore he'd be hang'd if he did, he did;
But he swore he'd be hang'd if he did.

So Sir Sid. got away, and his gaoler next day
Cried, "Sacre, diable, morbleu!
Mon prisonnier 'scape, I 'ave got in von scrape,
And I fear I must run away too, I must;
I fear I must run away too."

T. DIBDIN.

JULY 22nd.

BATTLE OF SALAMANCA, 1812.

One of the most decisive of Wellington's victories during the Peninsular War. In April of the same year Badajos fell before the English troops, and the road to Spain was open. Wellington advanced towards Madrid and was met by the French Army, under Marmont, at Salamanca, a place about 100 miles N.W. of Madrid. The French met with a signal defeat, and Wellington entered Madrid in August.

A RIFLEMAN'S RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BATTLE.

At daylight the enemy's columns were moving rapidly upon our right flank, and from the orders to send the baggage to the rear as soon as possible, we made up our minds to abandon Salamanca, although we felt sorry for such an event. However, before long our gallant chief found he had got Marmont into a trap at last, and immediately knew how to take advantage of it. A brisk cannonade commenced on both sides, and about 11 a.m. the columns on our right moved to the attack.

The high ground and tops or elevated points were crowded with Frenchmen, and in the afternoon these hills, the Arapiles, were lost and won often, but ultimately the French were completely driven off them. About 5 o'clock the Light Division were ordered to move forward. We had remained idle spectators, only keeping the right of the French line in check. We soon came in contact with the enemy, and very shortly drove him from the position.

An odd circumstance happened; I saw a partridge running on the ground between the contending lines. I ran, at the impulse of the moment, after it, caught it, and put the bird into my haversack, which afterwards afforded me a savoury supper.

The French were routed at all points, and darkness came on, which enabled many to escape that would otherwise have fallen into our hands. Marshal Marmont was wounded in the action, and was very near being captured. The pursuit was continued through a wooded country until 11 o'clock at night, when we bivouacked near the village of Huerta.

(From "A British Rifleman").

JULY 23rd.

THE BATTLE OF SHREWSBURY, 1403.

Owing to disagreements with Henry IV., the Percies (Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and his son, Harry, or Hotspur, as he was called), who had formerly been his friends, took up arms against him. Henry IV. at that time was at war with the Welsh, who had risen against him, under Owen Glendower. The Percies were marching with the object of joining their forces to Glendower's. Henry IV., however, intercepted them near Shrewsbury. In the battle which followed the insurgents were totally defeated, and Hotspur was slain.

HOTSPUR'S WORDS BEFORE THE BATTLE.

O gentleman, the time of life is short !
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
An' if we live, we live to tread on kings ;
If die, brave death, when princes ride with us !
Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.
I thank him that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking ; only this—
Let each man do his best : and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal,
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now, Esperance ! Percy ! and set on.
Sound all the lofty instruments of war ;
And by that music let us all embrace,
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.

(From Shakespeare's "Henry IV.").

JULY 24th.

CAPTURE OF GIBRALTAR, 1704.

In 1704 England was involved in the War of the Spanish Succession. Gibraltar was then in the hands of the Spanish Allies of Louis XIV. On July 21st a combined attack was made on the fortress by sea and land. The Prince of Hesse-Darmstadt commanded the troops and Sir George Rooke the fleet. On the 24th the fortress surrendered. From that time it has been in English hands, although several attempts have been made by the Spanish to recover it. The most noteworthy was the siege which commenced in 1779 and lasted till 1783. It was then defended by General Elliott.

THE ASSAULT ON THE ROCK FORTRESS.

The admiral made the signal to begin the cannonade, which was performed with great vivacity and effect, so that the enemy, in five or six hours, were driven from their guns, especially from the new mole head. The admiral, considering that by gaining that fortification the town might sooner be reduced, ordered Capt. Whitaker, with the armed boats, to possess himself of it; but Capts. Hicks and Jumper, who lay next the mole, pushed ashore with their pinnaces before the rest came up, whereupon the Spaniards sprung a mine, which blew up the fortifications, killed two lieutenants and forty men, and wounded sixty. The assailants nevertheless kept possession of the work, and being joined by Capt. Whitaker, advanced and took a small redoubt, half-way between the mole and the town.

The Marquis de Salines, who was Governor, being again summoned, thought proper to capitulate; hostages were therefore exchanged, and the Prince of Hesse, on the 24th of July, 1704, took possession of the gates.

Notwithstanding the works were very strong, mounting 100 pieces of ordnance, well appointed with ammunition and stores, yet the garrison, at most, consisted of only 150 men, exclusive of the inhabitants. The marquis marched out with all the honours of war, and the Spaniards who chose to remain were allowed the same privileges they had enjoyed under King Charles II.

(From Drinkwater's "Siege of Gibraltar").

JULY 25th.

DEATH OF CHARLES DIBDIN, 1814.

This famous writer of naval songs was born at Southampton in 1745. He attracted notice at an early age by his singing. He was educated for the Church, but took to music and composing as his profession. He became an actor and composed many operas. He wrote more than 100 sea-songs, which, it is said, did more to man the Navy than all the press-gangs of the day. He was granted a pension in 1803, which, however, was withdrawn after a few years. Dibdin's best-known song, perhaps, is "Tom Bowling."

PROVIDENCE WATCHES OVER SAILORS.

Go patter to lubbers and swabs, d'ye see,
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
A tight-water boat and a good sea-room give me,
And it ain't to a little I'll strike:
Though the tempest topgallant-masts smack smooth should
smite,
And shiver each splinter of wood,
Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bouze everything tight,
And under reef'd foresail we'll scud:
Avast! nor don't think me a milksop so soft
To be taken for trifles aback;
For, they say, there's a Providence sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

I heard our good chaplain palaver one day
About souls, heaven, mercy, and such;
And, my timbers! what lingo he'd coil and belay,
Why, 'twas all one to me as High Dutch:
But he said how a sparrow can't founder d'ye see,
Without orders that come down below;
And a many fine things, that proved clearly to me
That Providence takes us in tow:
For, says he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft
Take the topsails of sailors aback,
There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

JULY 26th.

BIRTH OF PRAED, 1802.

Winthrop Mackworth Praed was born in London. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge. He first distinguished himself as a writer at Eton, where he contributed much to the "Etonian." On leaving Cambridge, he was appointed to various Government offices. His poems and writings are mostly humorous descriptions of society. Praed died in 1835.

THE HAPPINESS OF CHILDHOOD.

Laugh on, fair cousins, for to you
All life is joyous yet;
Your hearts have all things to pursue,
And nothing to regret;
And every flower to you is fair,
And every month is May;
You've not been introduced to care,—
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

Old Time will fling his clouds ere long
Upon those sunny eyes;
The voice whose every word is song
Will set itself to sighs;
Your quiet slumbers,—hopes and fears
Will chase their rest away;
To-morrow, you'll be shedding tears,—
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

Perhaps your eyes may grow more bright
As childhood's hues depart;
You may be lovelier to the sight,
And dearer to the heart;
You may be sinless still, and see
This earth still green and gay;
But what you are you will not be,—
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day!

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

JULY 27th.

BATTLE OF KILLIECRANKIE, 1689.

James Grahame of Claverhouse, with the title of Viscount Dundee, made in 1689 an effort in Scotland to restore the fortunes of his royal master, James II. He raised the Scottish clans, and secured Blair Castle, commanding the rugged pass of Killiecrankie. William's general, Mackay, advanced to give him battle, and while toiling through the pass was attacked by Dundee and his Highlanders. The Lowlanders were defeated, but Dundee fell at the moment of victory. With his death died the only chance James had of success in Scotland.

THE SURPRISE IN THE PASS.

Soon we heard a challenge trumpet sounding in the Pass below,
And the distant tramp of horses, and the voices of the foe;
Down we crouched amid the bracken, till the Lowland hosts
 drew near,
Panting like the hounds in summer, when they scent the stately
 deer.
From the dark defile emerging, next we saw the squadrons
 come,
Leslie's foot and Leven's troopers marching to the tuck of
 drum,
Through the scattered wood of birches, o'er the broken ground
 or heath,
Wound the long battalion slowly till they gained the plain be-
 neath;
Then we bounded from our covert.—Judge how looked the
 Saxon then,
When they saw the ragged mountain start to life with armed
 men!
Like a tempest, down the ridges swept a hurricane of steel,
Rose the slogan of Macdonald—flashed the broadsword of
 Lochiell!
Vainly sped the withering volley 'mongst the foremost of our
 band—
On we poured until we met them, foot to foot and hand to
 hand.
Horse and foot went down like driftwood when the floods are
 black at Yule,
And their carcasses are whirling in the Garry's deepest pool.
Horse and men went down before us—living foe there tarried
 none
On the field of Killiecrankie, when that stubborn fight was done!
 (From Aytoun's "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers").

JULY 28th.

BATTLE OF TALAVERA, 1809.

This was one of the most fiercely contested fights of the Peninsular War. Affairs had been going badly with the English. In January the English troops had embarked from Corunna, and Joseph Bonaparte, with an immense army and some of the best generals of France, held undisputed sway. In April Wellesley entered the Tagus. Soult lay at Oporto and Victor at Talavera. Wellesley attacked the former first, defeated him, and then turned his attention to Victor. Victor, reinforced by King Joseph and a large army, gave Wellesley battle at Talavera, and on the above date was totally defeated, with a loss of nearly 8,000 men and many guns.

SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY'S NARROW ESCAPE.

A little way in advance of Talavera stands the Casa de Selinas, a fine old chateau surrounded by extensive woods. Anticipating the advance of the enemy, and desirous of observing the order of their march, Sir Arthur proceeded to the Casa. He was accompanied by the officers of his staff and a few orderlies only, and all, except the orderlies, dismounting in the courtyard, left their horses there and ascended to the roof. It was not long before the French made their appearance. But the woods being filled with Spanish soldiers, no danger was apprehended, especially as not a musket shot spoke of a collision between them and the enemy.

The whole was a delusion. The Spaniards, demoralised by their defeat a few days previously, fled at the first appearance of the enemy, and Sir Arthur and his staff suddenly beheld with astonishment clouds of French skirmishers round the chateau. There was not a moment to be lost. Without uttering a word, the group turned, ran hastily downstairs, jumped into their saddles, and put spurs to their horses.

Fortunately some English infantry were not far off. A smart skirmish ensued, amid the tumult of which Sir Arthur returned unhurt to his position at Talavera. "It was an awkward predicament enough," the Duke used to say, "but we had but one way out of it. We did not pick our steps, you may depend upon it, in running downstairs. We were soon in the saddle, and then there was a general dash through the gateway, and high time it was. If the French had been cool, they might have taken us all."

(From Gleig's "Life of Wellington"),

JULY 29th.

BATTLE OF GRAVELINES, 1588.

On July 19th the Spanish Armada appeared off Plymouth. The English fleet immediately put to sea to attack it. A running fight was maintained for a week, and the Spaniards lost heavily. On the 28th the English sent fire ships among the Spanish vessels. Those which had anchored cut their cables and took to flight. On the above date the last general engagement was fought. A great storm did the rest.

THE LAST OF THE ARMADA.

Thus, one by one, all these drove ashore either on the coast of Sligo or Donegal, or in Clew Bay or Galway Bay, or the rocks of Clare and Kerry, and the wretched crews who escaped the waves found a fate only more miserable. The gentlemen and officers, soiled and battered though they were, carried on land such ornaments as they possessed. The sailors and soldiers had received their pay at Corunna, and naturally took it with them in their pockets. The wild Irish were tempted by the plunder. The gold chains and ducats were too much for their humanity, and hundreds of half-drowned wretches were dragged out of the waves only to be stripped and knocked on the head, while those who escaped the Celtic skenes and axes, too weak and exhausted to defend themselves, fell into the hands of the English troops who were in garrison in Connaught.

The more intelligent of the Irish chiefs hurried down to prevent their countrymen from disgracing themselves. They stopped the robbing and murdering, and a good many unfortunate victims found shelter in their castles. Such Spaniards as were taken prisoners by the English met a fate of which it is impossible to read without regret. Flung as they were upon the shore, ragged, starved, and unarmed, their condition might have moved the pity of less generous foes. But the age was not pitiful. Catholic fanaticism had declared war against what it called heresy, and the heretics had to defend their lives and liberties by such means as offered themselves. There might be nothing to fear from the Spanish prisoners in their present extremity, but if allowed to recover and find protection from Irish hospitality they might and would become eminently dangerous. The number of English was small, far too small to enable them to guard two or three thousand men. With the exception, therefore, of one or two officers who were reserved for ransom, all who were captured were shot or hanged on the spot.

(From Froude's "Spanish Story of the Armada").

JULY 30th.

RELIEF OF LONDONDERY, 1689.

The siege of this city forms an important episode in the campaign of James II. in Ireland. At the approach of James more than 30,000 Protestants of Ulster fled to the city for refuge. Lundy, the Governor, was ready to surrender the town to James, but he was deposed and the defence placed in the hands of Walker, a clergyman. The siege began on the 19th of April, and lasted 105 days. When relieved on July 30th the inhabitants were reduced to the last stages of starvation. Walker, the brave defender, was killed at the Battle of the Boyne.

THE BREAKING OF THE BOOM.

The sun had just set. The evening sermon in the cathedral was over, and the heart-broken congregation had separated, when the sentinels on the tower saw the sails of three vessels coming up the Foyle. Soon there was a stir in the Irish camp. The besiegers were on the alert for miles along the shores. The ships were in extreme peril, for the river was low, and the only navigable channel ran very near to the left bank, where the batteries were most numerous. Leake performed his duty with a skill and a spirit worthy of his noble profession, exposed his frigate to cover the merchant-men, and used his guns with great effect.

At length the little squadron came to the place of peril. Then the "Mountjoy" took the lead, and went right at the boom. The huge barricade cracked and gave way; but the shock was such that the "Mountjoy" rebounded, and stuck in the mud. A yell of triumph rose from the bank; the Irish rushed to their boats, and were preparing to board, but the "Dartmouth" poured on them a well-directed broadside, which threw them into disorder. Just then the "Phoenix" dashed at the breach which the "Mountjoy" had made, and was in a moment within the fence.

Meantime the tide was rising fast. The "Mountjoy" began to move, and soon passed safe through the broken stakes and floating spars. But her brave master was no more. A shot from one of the batteries had struck him; and he died by the most enviable of all deaths, in sight of the city which was his birthplace, which was his home, and which had just been saved by his courage and self-devotion from the most frightful form of destruction.

(From Macaulay's "History of England").

JULY 31st.

DEATH OF TROMP, 1653.

Martin Tromp, or "Van" Tromp, as he is often erroneously named, was born in 1597. His father was a Dutch commander, and Martin went to sea when quite a child. He rapidly rose in the Dutch Navy, and obtained the post of admiral. Tromp is best remembered as the antagonist of Blake. Tromp was killed in the great sea fight between the English and Dutch off the coast of Holland, which lasted three days.

THE ADMIRAL'S BROOM.*

Van Tromp was an admiral brave and bold;
The Dutchman's pride was he,
And he cried "I'll reign on the rolling main,
As I do on the Zuyder Zee."

And, as he paced his quarter-deck,
And looked o'er the misty tide,

He saw Old England like a speck,

And he shook his fist and cried:

"I've a broom at the mast," said he,

"For a broom is the sign for me,

That the world may know, wherever I go,
I sweep the mighty sea."

Now Blake was an admiral true as gold,

And he walked by the English sea;

And, when he was told of that Dutchman bold,

A merry laugh laughed he:

"His broom may be trim and gay,

But we'll haul it down to-day;

When he says he'll sweep the mighty deep,

It's a game that two can play."

So he blazed away at the Dutchman gay,

Till he made Mynheer to fall;

Then he hoisted a whip to the mast of his ship,

And cried to his merry men all:

"I've a whip at the fore," says he,

"For a whip is the sign for me,

That the world may know, wherever we go,

We ride and rule the sea."

F. E. WEATHERLY.

* Published, with Music, by Enoch & Son.

AUGUST 1st.

BATTLE OF THE NILE, 1798.

In 1798 Bonaparte, full of dreams of Eastern conquest, landed in Egypt. Success at first attended him. Nelson, however, who had been in pursuit of the French fleet, found it anchored safely, as Napoleon thought, in Aboukir Bay. Nelson proceeded to attack it without delay. The French fleet was entirely destroyed. One of the most thrilling episodes of the battle was the blowing up of the "Orient," the French admiral's flagship. This victory isolated the French Army in Egypt, and so made an end of Napoleon's scheme for the conquest of India.

TRUE UNTO DEATH.

[Young Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son of the Admiral of the "Orient," remained at his post after the ship had taken fire, and perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder.]

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.
The flames rolled on—he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.
He called aloud:—"Say, father, say
If yet my task is done!"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.
"Speak, father!" once more he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!"
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.
He shouted but once more aloud,
"My father! must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.
There came a burst of thunder-sound—
The boy—oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea!—
With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part;
But the noblest thing which perished there
Was that young faithful heart.

MRS. HEMANS.

AUGUST 2nd.

DEATH OF WILLIAM RUFUS.

William Rufus was the second son of William the Conqueror. He came to the throne according to the terms of his father's will, the eldest son Robert being satisfied with the Dukedom of Normandy.

Prompted by Odo, his half-brother, Robert, however, made an effort to gain the English throne. But arrangements were made with Rufus, and Robert allowed his claim to drop. Rufus became possessor of Normandy shortly afterwards, for Robert, who wanted money to go on the Crusades, pawned it to him for a sum of money.

William's period of rule in England was a time of tyranny. He was faithless, rapacious, and cruel. William Rufus was shot, whilst hunting in the New Forest, by Sir Walter Tyrrel, whether purposely or by accident is uncertain.

HOW RUFUS MET HIS DEATH.

On the morning of the last day of his life Rufus had a great feast with his friends in Winchester Castle, after which he prepared for the proposed chase. Whilst he was going on his horse and joking with his guests, a workman presented him with six new arrows; he examined them, praised the workmanship, took four for himself, and gave the other two to Walter Tyrrel, saying "Good marksmen should have good arms."

Henry, the king's brother, accompanied him to the forest; the hunters dispersed; but Walter Tyrrel remained with him, and their dogs hunted together. They had taken their station opposite to each other, each with his arrow in his crossbow and his finger on the trigger, when a large stag, tracked by the hounds, advanced between the king and his friend. William drew, but, his bowstring breaking, the arrow did not fly, and the stag, confused by the noise, stood still, looking around him. The king signed to his companion to shoot, but the latter took no notice, either not seeing the stag, or not understanding the signs. William then impatiently cried aloud, "Shoot, Walter, shoot—as if it were the devil!" And at the same instant an arrow, either that of Walter, or some other, struck him in the breast; he fell without uttering a word and expired.

(From Thierry's "Norman Conquest").

AUGUST 3rd.

DEATH OF ARKWRIGHT, 1792.

Richard Arkwright, famous for his inventions in connection with cotton spinning, was born at Preston in 1732. His parents were very poor, and Arkwright was brought up to the trade of a barber. Later he became a dealer in hair. In 1768 he set up his first spinning machine. After many reverses, Arkwright at length was successful with his inventions, and reached fame and wealth. He was knighted in 1786.

WHAT ENGLAND OWES TO ARKWRIGHT.

Arkwright was struck by the idea that something might be done in the art of mechanical spinning. Weaving by hand labour was too slow a process for the rapidly-increasing demand for cotton goods. Why not invent a mechanical spinner? Now, it was very obvious that something of the kind was wanted, and Arkwright and his friend Kay directed their efforts to supply the want. The invention was immensely successful. The ragged wanderer, ex-chin-scraper of Preston, grew wealthy and was knighted.

But others disputed the originality of his invention. His patent right was questioned and invalidated; but, whatever might be urged as to the originality of some parts of the invention, nothing could be more clear than that the combination and practical application of the apparatus was entirely Arkwright's. To him England owes her cotton trade—the most important branch of English manufacture.

Look at the lesson of this man's life. He was poor, ill-educated, in a very humble position, but he rose by his own industry and perseverance, step by step, inch by inch, to rank and affluence—the barber became a man of fortune and title, and won honourable place in history. He accomplished this by doing everything well. He did everything thoroughly well—gave his whole mind and energy to whatever engaged his attention. This was the man whose name stands first and foremost in England's cotton peerage.

(From "Fifty Celebrated Men").

AUGUST 4th.

BATTLE OF EVESHAM, 1265.

During the years 1264—5 occurred the struggle in England known as the Barons' Wars. Simon de Montfort was the leader of the Barons. After the Battle of Lewes, 1264, by the Mise of Lewes, an arrangement was made by which all disputes were to be referred to a parliament. In 1265 the First Parliament was called together. The King's forces, however, strengthened by many barons jealous of the power of Montfort, attacked him at Evesham. Simon de Montfort and his son were both killed, and Henry III. was restored to power.

DEATH OF DE MONTFORT.

O happy hills ! O summer sky !
Above the valley bent !
Your peacefulness rebukes the rage
Of blood on blood intent !
No thought was then for death or life
Through that long dreadful hour,
While Simon 'mid his faithful few
Stood like an iron tower.

And triple sword thrusts meet his sword,
And thrice the charge he foils,
Though now in threefold flood the foe
Round those devoted boils ;
And still the light of England's cause
And England's love was o'er him,
Until he saw his gallant boy
Go down in blood before him :—

He hove his huge two-handed blade,
He cried " 'Tis time to die ! "
And smote about him like a flail,
And cleared a space to lie :—
" Thank God ! " he said ; nor long could life
From loved and lost divide him :—
And night fell o'er De Montfort dead,
And England wept beside him.

T. FRANCIS PALGRAVE, in " The Visions of England."

AUGUST 5th.

DEATH OF LORD NORTH, 1792.

Lord North was largely responsible for the loss of our American Colonies. A member of an old English family, he was educated at Eton and Oxford, and entered Parliament at the age of 22. Of strong Tory principles, he soon secured advancement, and in 1759 became a Lord of the Treasury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1767. In 1770 he became Prime Minister. In all his actions, however, Lord North was only the tool of George III.

LORD NORTH AS PRIME MINISTER.

The new Prime Minister was a man whose unwieldy person and want of grace seemed little to fit him for the command of a popular assembly. His frame was bulky, his action very awkward, and his shortsighted, protruding eyes, swollen cheeks, and over-large tongue, enabled Walpole to compare him to a blind trumpeter. But under this awkward exterior he had great capacity for business and administration, and much sound sense; he was a first-rate debater, and gifted with wonderful sweetness of temper, which enabled him to listen unmoved, or even to sleep, during the most violent attacks upon himself, and to turn aside the bitterest invectives with a happy joke. With his accession to the premiership the unstable character of the Government ceased. Resting on the King, making himself no more than an instrument of the King's will, and thus commanding the support of all royal influence, from whatever source derived, North was able to bid defiance to all enemies till the ill-effects of such a system of government and of the King's policy became so evident, that the clamour for a really responsible minister grew too loud to be disregarded.

(From Bright's "History of England").

AUGUST 6th.

DEATH OF BEN JONSON, 1636.

Benjamin Jonson, dramatist, ranked by some second only to Shakespeare, was born in Westminster in 1574. He was entered for some time at Westminster School, but his mother having taken a second husband, a bricklayer, young Jonson was taken from school to assist his stepfather. He then became a soldier and served in the Low Countries. On his return to England he became an actor and then a playwright. His first great production was "Every Man in His Humour," in the acting of which Shakespeare took part. After that it was plain sailing. He produced plays, masques, poems, and miscellaneous writings, some of which have lived. Jonson's stone in Westminster Abbey bears the inscription "O rare Ben Jonson."

HYMN TO DIANA.

Queen and Huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep :
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright !

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose ;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close.
Bless us then with wished sight,
Goddess excellently bright !

Lay thy bow of pearl apart
And thy crystal-shining quiver :
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever ;
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright !

BEN JONSON. .

AUGUST 7th.

DEATH OF ADMIRAL BLAKE, 1657.

Robert Blake, one of the greatest of England's naval commanders, was born at Bridgewater in 1599. He saw no active service until past forty, and then he distinguished himself as a soldier in the Parliamentary Army. In 1649 Blake commenced his career as a naval commander, being appointed to command the English fleet. From that date till his death Blake was intimately associated with the naval history of England. His great rival was the Dutch Admiral, Tromp.

BLAKE, THE PIONEER OF OUR NAVAL GREATNESS.

He was the first man that declined the old track, and made it manifest that the science might be attained in less time than was imagined, and despised those rules which had been long in practice, to keep his ship and men out of danger, which had been held in former times a point of great ability and circumspection, as if the principal art requisite in the captain of a ship had been to be sure to come home safe again. He was the first man who brought the ships to contemn castles on shore, which had been thought ever very formidable, and were discovered by him to make a noise only, and to fright those who could rarely be hurt by them. He was the first that infused that proportion of courage into the seamen by making them see by experience what mighty things they could do if they were resolved, and taught them to fight in fire as well as in water; and though he hath been very well imitated and followed, he was the first that gave the example of that kind of naval courage, and bold and resolute achievements.

(From Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion").

AUGUST 8th.

DEATH OF GEORGE CANNING, 1827.

Canning ranks very high in the list of English statesmen. He was born in London in 1770, and was educated at Eton and Oxford. He entered Parliament in 1793 as a follower of Pitt, and in 1807 we find him holding the position of Minister of Foreign Affairs. The assistance given by Canning to Spain had a great deal to do with the success of the English arms in the Peninsula. Canning became Prime Minister in 1827, but died in August of the same year. Among some of the measures which Canning strongly advocated were Free Trade, Abolition of the Slave Trade, and the Emancipation of the Catholics.

CANNING'S INTENSE LOVE FOR LITERATURE.

Canning's passion for literature entered into all his pursuits. It coloured his whole life. Every moment of leisure was given up to books. He and Pitt were passionately fond of the classics, and we find them together of an evening, after a dinner at Pitt's, poring over some old Grecian in a corner of the drawing-room, while the rest of the company are dispersed in conversation. In English writings his judgment was pure and strict; and no man was a more perfect master of all the varieties of composition. He was the first English minister who banished the French language from our diplomatic correspondence, and vindicated before Europe the copiousness and dignity of our native tongue.

(From Bell's "Life of Canning").

AUGUST 9th.

THE ENGLISH EDUCATION ACT, 1870.

On this day, 1870, the Act establishing School Boards in England received the royal assent. This was really the first attempt at a system of national education. The Education Act was brought in by Mr. W. E. Forster. As one result of this measure, the number of children receiving education in 1885 was 3,000,000 against 1,000,000 in 1870. The number in 1908 was nearly 7,000,000. By Mr. Forster's Act, School Boards had power to build schools, to raise money for educational purposes, and to compel attendance of scholars. Other Education Acts have been passed since the above date, and the schools have been transferred from School Boards to County and Town Councils, but this may be taken as the beginning of a National System of Education.

A SCHOOL IN DICKENS' TIME.

"This is the first class in English spelling and philosophy, Nickleby," said Squeers, beckoning Nicholas to stand beside him. "We'll get up a Latin one, and hand that over to you. Now, then, where's the first boy?"

"Please, sir, he's cleaning the back parlour window," said the temporary head of the philosophical class.

"So he is, to be sure," rejoined Squeers. "We go upon the practical mode of teaching, Nickleby; the regular education system. C-l-e-a-n, clean, verb active, to make bright, to scour. W-i-n, win, d-e-r, der, winder, a casement. When the boy knows this out of book he goes and does it. It's just the same principle as the use of the globe. Where's the second boy?"

"Please, sir, he's weeding the garden," replied a small voice.

"To be sure," said Squeers, by no means disconcerted, "so he is. B-o-t, bot, t-i-n, tin, bottin, n-e-y, ney, bottinney, noun substantive, a knowledge of plants. When he has learned that bottinney means a knowledge of plants, he goes and knows 'em. That's our system, Nickleby; what do you think of it?"

"It's a very useful one, at any rate," answered Nicholas.

"I believe you," rejoined Squeers, not remarking the emphasis of his usher. "Third boy, what is a horse?"

"A beast, sir," replied the boy.

"So it is," said Squeers. "Ain't it, Nickleby?"

"I believe there is no doubt about that, sir," answered Nicholas.

"Of course there isn't. As you're perfect in that," resumed Squeers, turning to the boy, "go and look after my horse, and rub him down well, or I'll rub you down; the rest of the class go and draw water up, till somebody tells you to leave off, for it's washing day to-morrow, and they want the coppers filled."

(From Dickens' "Nicholas Nickleby"),

AUGUST 10th.

THE "TENTH OF AUGUST" MASSACRES, 1792.

On the above date the people of Paris, inflamed by the idea that Prussia and Austria had combined to crush the Revolution, marched to the Tuilleries. The royal palace was defended by the Swiss Guard. The indecision of the weak Louis XVI. ended in a massacre of this faithful body of soldiers. The King and his wife, Marie Antoinette, threw themselves for safety on the mercy of the National Assembly, but without success.

MASSACRE OF THE LOYAL SWISS GUARDS.

"Te!" shouted Peloux. "They don't like our guns' spit. Wait for the other one!" He blew up his linstock, made another mocking bow, and cried, "Look out behind, gentlemen!" and so fired the second gun through the doorway of the castle right into the thick of the crowd. Soldiers of all colours—red, green, white, and blue—fell dying in heaps.

That time it was the aristocrats that were panic-struck. They stopped firing at us from the doorway, and we had only the peppering of shots from the windows above. Capt. Garnier, rushing ahead of us, shouted "Forward!" and with lowered bayonets we charged up the steps into the castle—the hornet's nest, the snake's lair! All the way up those stairs it was nothing but sword points and bayonets. The Grenadiers and Swiss stood four men to a step, giving us cut and thrust as we came on; and the others higher up poured on us a steady fire. At each step four men had to be got rid of by bayonet, sword, or pistol. Peloux, who made fun of everything, pointed to the red coats of the Swiss mixed in with the green coats of the Grenadiers, and called out "Hallo, boys, we're going to pick tomatoes! Forward all who like tomatoes!" and as he spoke he let fly into the crowd above us two grenades, which went off with a tremendous noise.

We surged forward, yelling, "Vive la Nation!" with such a rush that the steps trembled under us. Some of the poor Swiss, losing their heads, flung themselves down upon the bayonets, or jumped over the balusters and broke their bones on the stone pavement below. They no longer kept a steady front against us, and upward we went, spitting with our bayonets and slinging behind us those of them who did stand firm, and who cried, in the very moment they got their death-thrust, "Vive le Roi!" "Vive la Reine!"

(From Le Gras's "The Reds of the Midi").

AUGUST 11th.

BIRTH OF MOREAU, 1763.

Jean Victor Moreau is best known to English readers as the victor at Hohenlinden—the battle immortalised by Campbell's poem. Moreau was born in Brittany. He joined the French Army and rose to the position of general. He was arrested by Napoleon's orders for complicity in a conspiracy, and was sentenced to two years' exile. He went to the United States, where he remained for eight years. In 1812 he returned and joined the Allies. At the Battle of Dresden, 1812, he had both legs shot away, from which wounds he died. It is said that Napoleon himself directed the shot which killed Moreau.

MOREAU'S GREAT VICTORY.

[Moreau's greatest victory was gained at Hohenlinden, near Munich, over the Austrians, on December 2nd, 1800.]

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drums beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven;
Then rushed the steed, to battle driven;
And louder than the bolts of Heaven
Far flash'd the red artillery.

'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war clouds, rolling dun,
When furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye Brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

(From Campbell's "Hohenlinden").

AUGUST 12th.

BIRTH OF SOUTHEY, 1774.

Southey is best remembered now by his "Life of Nelson"; with one or two exceptions his verse is seldom read. Born at Bristol, he was educated at Westminster and Oxford. While at Oxford he became acquainted with Coleridge. After trying various occupations, Southey at last settled at Keswick with Coleridge, and devoted himself to literature. He was one of the chief contributors to the "Quarterly Review." He was made Laureate in 1813, and died in 1843.

SOUTHEY'S LINES ON BOOKS.

My days among the Dead are passed;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old:
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedew'd
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the Dead, with them
I live in long past years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

AUGUST 13th.

BATTLE OF BLENHEIM, 1704.

The career of the Duke of Marlborough is marked by four great victories, Malplaquet, Oudenarde, Ramillies, and Blenheim—the last the greatest. In 1704 England was engaged in the War of the Spanish Succession. Marshal Tallard, with a French army, was threatening Vienna. Marlborough marched to oppose him. The armies met at Blenheim—called by the English Blenheim—and Marlborough gained a complete victory.

A FAMOUS VICTORY: WHAT IT MEANS.

- “ My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.
- “ With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born baby died,
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.
- “ Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene.”
“ Why, 'twas a very wicked thing,”
Said little Wilhelmine.
“ Nay, nay, my little girl,” quoth he,
“ It was a famous victory.
- “ And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win.”
“ But what good came of it at last?”
Quoth little Peterkin.
“ Why, that I cannot tell,” said he,
“ But 'twas a famous victory.”

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

AUGUST 14th.

DEATH OF COLIN CAMPBELL, 1863.

Colin Campbell was born at Glasgow in 1792. His father's name was Macliver, but Colin assumed the name of Campbell from his mother's side. He entered the Army in 1808, and saw much service through the Peninsular War. It was during the Indian Mutiny that he reached the zenith of his fame. He was given the command of the forces in India, and effected the final relief of Lucknow, and ultimately put down the outbreak.

CAMPBELL'S MASTERLY WITHDRAWAL FROM LUCKNOW.

It still remained, however, to withdraw from Lucknow the garrison and its encumbrances. To effect this evacuation in security required the utmost vigilance on the part of the troops and the greatest nicety in their handling, for the enemy still held threatening positions in overwhelming strength, and the long line from the Residency to the Dilkoocha, which had to be traversed by the garrison and its convoy, was exposed to hostile fire at many points. To protect the women and children from exposure to fire from the Kaiserbagh while crossing the open space between the Engine House and the Motee Mahal, a flying sap with canvas screens was constructed; and during the afternoon of the 19th their retirement as far as the Secundra-bagh was accomplished in safety. At midnight of the 22nd the withdrawal of the garrison began. In deep silence the original garrison quitted the Residency and passed through the advanced posts to the rear. Those in succession fell back until the ground had been abandoned as far as the Secundrabagh, where Hope's brigade was in position with fifteen guns. The troops were then drawn back across the canal, Sir Colin remaining with a detachment until the last gun was reported clear of the last village. Before dawn of the 23rd the whole force was in its assigned positions at the Dilkoocha and the Martinière. So adroit had been the arrangements that the enemy continued to fire on the positions for many hours after they had been relinquished. Thus terminated a series of difficult and delicate operations, the entire success of which was mainly owing to the steadfast adherence to Sir Colin Campbell's original design. Wisely planned and skilfully executed, it proved how much a comparative handful of disciplined soldiers could accomplish against stupendous odds and in difficult ground, under the guidance of a leader who combined great experience in war with the full possession of the confidence of his troops.

(From Forbes' "Colin Campbell")

AUGUST 15th.

BIRTH OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, 1771.

Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh, and educated for the Bar. Scott's first poem, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," appeared in 1805. "Waverley," the first of the famous Waverley novels, was published anonymously in 1814. Book succeeded book, and Scott amassed a fortune. In 1826, however, the failure of the firm of publishers in which he had an interest plunged him into ruin. Hampered with a debt of over one hundred thousand pounds, Scott set himself to clear this off. The hard work which this involved brought on apoplexy, from an attack of which he died in 1832. He was buried in Dryburgh Abbey.

YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

[Lochinvar's lady-love is about to be forced into a marriage with someone else. Lochinvar appears on the wedding morn, and asks to be allowed to have one dance with her, and to drink one cup of wine.]

The bride kiss'd the goblet : the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup. .
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered "'Twere better by far,
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!

"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
There was racing and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.

So daring in love, so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

(From Scott's "Marmion").

AUGUST 16th.

THE "PETERLOO" MASSACRE, 1819.

The long Napoleonic Wars were followed in England by a period of great distress. Riots broke out in various parts of England, where the people were starving for want of bread, which was then much dearer than it is now. The most memorable was that known as the "Manchester Massacre," or "Peterloo," out of derision to Waterloo. A great mass meeting was held at St. Peter's Field, a waste ground of Manchester. The meeting was dispersed by military and yeomanry. Many of the agitators were killed and hundreds disabled.

THE SCENE AT "PETERLOO."

A mighty shout was raised when Hunt appeared on the wagons that formed the hustings, and yet the magistrates determined to serve then and there the writ of arrest which the orator had brought on himself by some frothy talk about the butchers of Waterloo. The constables bearing the writ, and their escort of yeomanry, were soon wedged in among the crowd; whereupon the magistrates ordered the hussars to liberate the volunteer horsemen, who were now beginning to ply their swords in grim earnest. As the cavalry swept into the densely packed field, the crowd broke into a panic-stricken rush; and the space which had been filled with a good-humoured, orderly throng speedily became a scene of wild disorder, strewn with torn banners, maimed and bleeding figures, and ghastly heaps of writhing humanity at the further edge of the field. There were comparatively few deaths, for the hussars never disgraced their swords by using the edge; but the wounds lavishly dealt by the volunteer horsemen aroused a feeling of class hatred, which was intensified when Government approved the action of the magistrates and struck a medal in honour of the exploits of the yeomanry.

(From Rose's "Rise of Democracy").

AUGUST 17th.

THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER, 1483.

This is the date generally assigned to the murder of Edward V. and his brother, Richard, Duke of York, in the Tower of London. They had been placed there by Richard, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards known as Crook Back Richard III., and by his orders they were slain. In the reign of Charles II. some bones discovered in the Tower were looked upon as being the remains of Edward and Richard, and were interred in Westminster Abbey.

THE MURDER OF THE PRINCES.

Tyrrel.—The tyrannous and bloody act is done ;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children in their death's sad story.
“ O thus,” quoth Dighton, “ lay the gentle babes.”
“ Thus, thus,” quoth Forrest, “ girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms :
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay,
Which once,” quoth Forrest, “ almost changed my mind ;
But O, the devil ”—there the villain stopp'd :
When Dighton thus told on—“ We smothered
The most replenished sweet work of Nature,
That from the prime Creation, e'er she fram'd ” :—
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse ;
They could not speak ; and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

(From Shakespeare's “ King Richard III.”).

AUGUST 18th.

BIRTH OF LORD JOHN RUSSELL, 1792.

- . Lord John Russell's name is closely connected with the Reform Bill of 1832. His was the honour of proposing it. Early in his Parliamentary career he advocated the need for reform, and he left office when, as Prime Minister, in 1866, he failed to still further extend the franchise. Lord John Russell became Prime Minister twice. He died in 1878. "He had a character for dauntless courage and confidence among his friends; for boundless self-conceit among his enemies."
-

THE CHARACTER OF LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

To the last moments of his life Lord Russell refused to surrender wholly his concern in the affairs of men. The world listened respectfully to these few occasional words from one who had borne a leader's part in some of the greatest political struggles of the century, and who still from the very edge of the grave was anxious to offer his whisper of counsel or of warning. His had been on the whole a great career. He had not only lived through great changes, he had helped to accomplish some of the greatest changes his time had known. His life was singularly unselfish. He was often eager and pushing where he believed that he saw his way to do something needful, and men confounded the zeal of a cause with the eagerness of personal ambition. He never cared for money, and his original rank raised him above any consideration for enhanced social distinction. He had made many mistakes; but those who knew him best prized most highly both his political capacity and his personal character. His later years were made most happy and smooth by all the love of a household could do. He had lost a son, a young man of much political promise, Lord Amberley, who died in 1876; but on the whole he had suffered less in his later time than is commonly the lot of those who live to extreme old age.

(From McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times"). .

AUGUST 19th.

BIRTH OF AGNES STRICKLAND, 1806.

Agnes Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England" are well known to students of literature. Agnes Strickland was born in Suffolk. Her first literary effort took the form of poetry. Her first "Lives" were written in conjunction with her sister Elizabeth, and all her writings are imbued with a strong Stuart spirit. She died in 1874.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH SENT TO THE TOWER.

Her escort hurried her to the barge, being anxious to pass the shores of London at a time when they would be least likely to attract attention; but in their efforts not to be too late, they were too early, for the tide had not risen sufficiently high to allow the barge to shoot the bridge, where the fall of the water was so great that the experienced boatmen declined attempting it. The peers urged them to proceed, and they lay hovering upon the water in extreme danger for a time, and at length their caution was overpowered by the imperative orders of the two noblemen, who insisted on their passing the arch. They reluctantly essayed to do so, and struck the stern of the barge against the starling, and not without great difficulty and much peril succeeded in clearing it. Not one, perhaps, of the anxious spectators, who, from the houses that at that time overhung the bridge, beheld the jeopardy of the boat's company, suspected the quality of the pale girl, whose escape from the watery grave must have elicited an ejaculation of thanksgiving from many a kindly heart. Elizabeth objected to being landed at the Traitor's Gate, "neither well could she, unless she should step into the water over her shoe," she said. One of the lords told her "she must not choose," and as it was then raining, offered her his cloak. "She dashed it from her, with a good dash," says our author, and as she set her foot on the stairs, exclaimed, "Here lands as true a subject, being prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs. Before Thee, O God, I speak it, having no other friend but Thee alone!" To which the nobles who escorted her replied, "If it were so, it was the better for her." Instead of passing through the gates to which she had been thus conducted, Elizabeth seated herself on a cold damp stone, with the evident intention of not entering a prison which had proved so fatal to her race. Bridges, the lieutenant of the Tower, said to her, "Madam, you had best come out of the rain, for you sit unwholesomely." "Better sit here than a worse place," she replied, "for God knoweth, not I, whither you will bring me."

(From Agnes Strickland's "Life of Queen Elizabeth").

AUGUST 20th.

BIRTH OF GEORGE VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, 1592.

George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, was born in Leicestershire. He attracted the notice of James I. in 1614, and soon became his most prominent favourite. Buckingham figured largely in the episode known as the "Spanish Match"—a scheme to marry Charles to the daughter of the King of Spain. On the accession of Charles I. to the throne Buckingham still maintained his power. His arrogance, however, and his action in persuading Charles to declare war on France, made him most unpopular. He was assassinated in 1628 at Portsmouth, where he had gone to take command of an expedition to Rochelle.

THE ASSASSINATION OF BUCKINGHAM.

"Sign, my lord—sign Lady Winter's liberation," said Felton, holding a paper to the duke.

"What! by force? you are joking!—Hello, Patrick!"

"Sign, my lord!"

"Never."

"Never?"

"Help!" cried the duke, and at the same time sprang toward his sword.

But Felton gave him no time to draw it. He held the knife as the lady had stabbed herself with open in his bosom. With one bound he was on the duke.

At that moment Patrick entered the room crying, "A letter from France, my lord!"

"From France!" cried Buckingham, forgetting everything on thinking from whom that letter came.

Felton took advantage of this moment, and plunged the knife into his side up to the handle.

"Ah, traitor!" cried Buckingham, "thou hast killed me!"

"Murder!" screamed Patrick.

Felton cast his eyes round for means of escape, and seeing the door free he rushed into the next chamber, in which the deputies from Rochelle were waiting, crossed it as quickly as possible, and sprang towards the staircase. But on the first step he met Lord Winter, who, seeing him pale, wild, livid, and stained with blood, both on his hands and face, seized him by the throat.

Felton made no resistance. Lord Winter placed him in the hands of the guards, who led him, until they should receive fresh orders, to a little terrace looking out over the sea; and then he rushed into Buckingham's room.

(From Dumas' "Three Musketeers").

AUGUST 21st.

DEATH OF LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU, 1762.

The letters of Lady Mary Montagu are well worth the reading for the accounts which they contain of countries nowhere else so well described. Lady Mary was born in 1689. She made a run-away marriage with a Mr. Wortley Montagu in 1712. In 1716 Mr. Montagu was appointed ambassador at the Porte, and it was during his stay there that Lady Mary's letters were written. She witnessed inoculation for small-pox in Turkey, and on her return introduced the idea into England. She died on the above date.

LADY MONTAGU DESCRIBES VACCINATION.

The small-pox, so fatal and so general amongst us, is here entirely harmless by the invention of *ingrafting*, which is the term they give it. There is a set of old women who make it their business to perform the operation every autumn, in the month of September, when the great heat is abated.

People send to one another to know if any of their family has a mind to have the small-pox; they make parties for this purpose, and when they are met (commonly fifteen or sixteen together), the old women come with a nutshell full of the matter of the best sort of small-pox, and ask what veins you please to have opened.

She immediately rips open that you offer her with a large needle (which gives you no more pain than a common scratch), and puts into the vein as much venom as can lie upon the head of her needle, and after binds up the wound with a hollow bit of shell, and in this manner opens four or five veins. The Grecians have commonly the superstition of opening one in the middle of the forehead, in each arm, and on the breast, to mark the sign of the cross; but this has a very ill-effect, all these wounds leaving little scars, and is not done by those who are not superstitious, who choose to have them in the legs or that part of the arm that is concealed.

The children or young patients play together all the rest of the day, and are in perfect health to the eighth. Then the fever begins to seize them, and they keep their beds two days, very seldom three.

Every year thousands undergo this operation; and the French ambassador says pleasantly that they take the small-pox here by way of diversion, as they take the waters in other countries.
(From "Letters of Lady Montagu").

AUGUST 22nd.

BATTLE OF BOSWORTH FIELD, 1485.

This battle brought to an end the Wars of the Roses, which had raged in England for thirty years. Richard, Duke of Gloucester, having disposed of Edward V., had himself proclaimed King as Richard III. in 1483. He was not popular with the people, and a movement was soon made to drive him from the throne. This was headed by the Duke of Richmond, a descendant of Edward III. In 1485 Richmond landed at Milford, raised an army, and marched to meet Richard. The rival forces met at Bosworth, in Leicestershire. Richard III. was slain and his army dispersed. Richmond was declared king as Henry VII. He was the first monarch of the Tudor line.

END OF THE WARS OF THE ROSES.

Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,
That in submission will return to us :
And then as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose and the red :—
Smile, Heaven, upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity !—
What traitor hears me and says not Amen ?
England hath long been mad and scarr'd herself,
The brother blindly shedding the brother's blood,
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire ;
All this divided York and Lancaster.
Divided, in the dire division,
O ; now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together !
And let their heirs (God, if Thy will be so)
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,
With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days !
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody days again
And make poor England weep in streams of blood !
Let them not live to taste this land's increase,
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace !
Now evil wars are stopp'd, peace lives again :
That she may long live here, God say—Amen !

(From Shakespeare's " Richard III. ").

AUGUST 23rd.

EXECUTION OF WALLACE, 1305.

Sir William Wallace, the Scottish patriot, was outlawed for slaying an Englishman, and became a leader of the Scots against Edward. In 1297 he defeated an English army at Stirling, but in 1298 was himself defeated by Edward I. at Falkirk. After wandering about for some time, Wallace was at last betrayed into the hands of the English, taken to London, tried, and executed.

HOW A SCOTTISH PATRIOT MET HIS DEATH.

Joy, joy in London now !
He goes, the rebel Wallace goes to death,
At length the traitor meets the traitor's doom,
Joy, joy in London now !

He on a sledge is drawn,
His strong right arm unweapon'd and in chains,
And garlanded around his helmless head
The laurel wreath of scorn.

They throng to view him now,
Who in the field had fled before his sword,
Who at the name of Wallace once grew pale
And faltered out a prayer.

Yes, they can meet his eye,
That only beams with patient courage now,
Yes, they can gaze upon those manly limbs,
Defenceless now and bound.

And that eye did not shrink
As he beheld the pomp of infamy,
Nor did one rebel feeling shake those limbs
When the last moment came.

He called to mind his deeds,
Done for his country in the embattled field ;
He thought of that good cause for which he died,
And it was joy in death !

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

AUGUST 24th.

MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW, 1572.

For many years a great struggle had been going on in France between the Protestants and Catholics. In 1570 an assumed peace between the parties had been made, and many of the leading Protestants were induced to come to Paris. At the suggestion of his mother, Catherine, Charles IX. of France sanctioned a general massacre of the Huguenots. This colossal crime was carried out on August 24th. In Paris some 4,000 Huguenots were killed, and the massacre was still further extended to the provinces. Altogether over 40,000 Huguenots were massacred in France, but many of the persecuted Protestants escaped to England, and their descendants are living amongst us to this day.

THE MURDER OF ADMIRAL COLIGNY.

[Admiral Gaspard Coligny was one of the leaders of the Huguenot party in France. He was killed during the massacre of St. Bartholomew.]

Suddenly the windows of the first floor were lighted up with what seemed the reflection of torches. The window on which the Duke's eyes were fixed opened, or, rather, was shattered to pieces, and a man, his face and collar stained with blood, appeared on the balcony.

The Duke retreated a few paces. The object that Besme was trying to lift was now visible; it was the body of an old man. He raised it above the balcony, and threw it by a powerful effort at his master's feet. The heavy fall, the blood that gushed forth, startled even the Duke himself; but curiosity soon overpowered fear, and the light of the torches was speedily thrown on the body. A white beard, a venerable countenance, and limbs contorted by death were then visible.

"The Admiral!" cried twenty voices.

"Yes, the Admiral," said the Duke, approaching the corpse and contemplating it with silent satisfaction.

"Ah, here you are at last, Gaspard!" said the Duc de Guise, triumphantly. "You murdered my father; I avenge him." And he dared place his foot on the breast of the Protestant hero. But immediately the dying warrior opened his eyes, his bleeding and mutilated hand was clenched for the last time, and the Admiral, with a sepulchral voice, said to the Duke: "Henri de Guise, one day the foot of the assassin shall be placed on thy breast! I did not kill thy father, and I curse thee!"

(From Dumas' "Marguerite de Valois").

AUGUST 25th.

DEATH OF DAVID HUME, 1776.

David Hume, philosopher and historian, was born in Edinburgh in 1711. His "Essays" appeared in 1741. In 1754 Hume published the first volume of his "History of England." A lengthy stay in Paris brought Hume in contact with Diderot, Buffon, Rousseau, and other eminent writers. On returning to England, Hume was appointed Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department. He died at Edinburgh.

THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

But history is a most improving part of knowledge, as well as an agreeable amusement; and a great part of what we commonly call erudition, and value so highly, is nothing but an acquaintance with historical facts. An extensive knowledge of this kind belongs to men of letters; but I must think it an unpardonable ignorance in persons, of whatever sex or condition, not to be acquainted with the history of their own country, together with the histories of Ancient Greece and Rome.

I must add that history is not only a valuable part of knowledge, but opens the door to many other parts, and affords materials to most of the sciences; and, indeed, if we consider the shortness of human life and our limited knowledge, even of what passes in our own time, we must be sensible that we should be forever children in understanding, were it not for this invention, which extends our experience to all past ages, and to the most distant nations; making them contribute as much to our improvement in wisdom, as if they had actually lain under our observation. A man acquainted with history may, in some respect, be said to have lived from the beginning of the world, and to have been making continual additions to his stock of knowledge in every century.

(From Hume's "Essays").

AUGUST 26th.

BATTLE OF CRECY, 1346.

Edward III. laid claim to the French throne. In defence of this claim, he landed in France, and began the long struggle known as the Hundred Years' War. In 1346 the English Army, which was retreating before the French, made a stand at Crecy, a small village north-east of Abbeville. The resulting battle ended in a great victory for the English arms.

THE BLACK PRINCE AT THE BATTLE OF CRECY.

Early in the day some French, Germans, and Savoyards had broken through the archers of the Prince's battalion, and had engaged with the men-at-arms; upon this the second battalion came to his aid, and it was time they did so, for otherwise he would have been hard pressed. The first division, seeing the danger they were in, sent a knight off in great haste to the King of England, who was posted upon an eminence near a windmill. On the knight's arrival, he said: "Sir, the Earl of Warwick, the Lord Stafford, the Lord Reginald Cobham, and the others who are about your son are vigorously attacked by the French, and they entreat that you will come to their assistance with your battalion, for if numbers should increase against him they fear he will have too much to do." The King replied: "Is my son dead, unhorsed, or so badly wounded that he cannot support himself?" "Nothing of the sort, thank God," rejoined the knight, "but he is in so hot an engagement that he has great need of your help." The King answered, "Now, sir, return to those who sent you, and tell them from me not to send again for me this day, nor expect that I shall come, let what will happen, as long as my son has life; and say that I command them to let the boy win his spurs, for I am determined, if it please God, that all the glory of the day shall be given to him, and to those into whose care I have entrusted him." The knight returned and related the King's answer, which mightily encouraged them.

(From Froissart's "Chronicles").

AUGUST 27th.

BOMBARDMENT OF ALGIERS, 1816.

For centuries the Algerines had been a terror in the Mediterranean. They attacked ships of every Power, and carried the crews into slavery. In 1816 the English Government determined to put a stop to this state of affairs, and an English fleet, under Lord Exmouth, was sent to Algiers to demand certain concessions from the Dey. The negotiations came to nothing, and the English fleet bombarded the town. After a severe bombardment of some hours the Dey agreed to liberate all Christian slaves, and to pay a large sum of money for compensation.

THE TYRANNY OF THE ALGERINES.

In this present century, so late as 1816, the Algerine Turks held in captivity thousands of Christian slaves of all grades and classes, from all parts of Europe, and these were in many cases treated with a degree of cruelty which is perhaps equalled, but not surpassed, by the deeds recorded of negro slavery; and so hopeless were people as to the power or intention of governments to mend this state of things, that societies were formed in some of the chief countries of the world, including England, France, and America, for the express purpose of ransoming Christian slaves from those dreaded shores of Barbary.

Having said this, the reader will doubtless be prepared to hear that the civilised world, howling with indignation, assailed, burned, and exterminated this pirates' nest. Not at all. The thing was tolerated; more than that, it was recognised! Consuls were actually sent to the nest to represent Great Britain, France, Spain, Portugal, Holland, Sweden, Denmark, America; disgraceful treaties were entered into; and annual tribute was paid by each of these, in the form of a costly "present" to the Dey, for the purpose of securing immunity to their trading vessels! Whatever nation kept a consul at this nest and paid "black-mail" passed scot-free. The nation that failed in these respects was ruthlessly and systematically plundered, and this at the time when Lord Nelson was scouring the ocean with mighty armaments; when our songs lauded the wooden walls of Old England to the skies; and when Great Britain claimed to herself the proud title of "Mistress of the Sea!" If you doubt this, reader, let us assure you that all history asserts it, that recorded facts confirm it, and that our proper attitude in regard to it is to stand amazed, and admit that there are some things in this curious world which "no fellow can understand."

(From Ballantyne's "Pirate City").

AUGUST 28th.

DEATH OF LEIGH HUNT, 1859.

Leigh Hunt, the most charming of English essayists, was born at Southgate, near London, on October 19th, 1784. He was educated at Christ's Hospital School. His connection with literature may be said to have started at the age of twelve, when he wrote some verses which were published in 1810. From that date till his death Leigh continued his literary work. He suffered at one period of his life from monetary difficulties, and was dependent for some time on the generosity of Lord Byron. Leigh Hunt died at Putney on the above date.

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

King Francis was a hearty King, and loved a royal sport,
And one day as his lions fought, sat looking on the Court;
The nobles filled the benches, with the ladies in their pride,
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge with one for whom
he sighed :

And truly it was a gallant thing to see that crowning show,
Valour and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.
Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went
with their paws;

With wallowing might and stifled roar they rolled on one
another,

Till all the pit with sand and mane was in a thunderous smother;
The bloody foam above the bars came whisking through the air,
Said Francis then, "Faith, gentlemen, we're better here than
there."

De Lorge's love o'erheard the King, a beauteous lively dame,
With smiling lips and smart bright eyes, which always seemed
the same;

She thought, the Count, my lover, is brave as brave can be,
He surely would do wondrous things to show his love of me;
"King, ladies, lovers, all look on, the occasion is divine;
I'll drop my glove to prove his love; great glory will be mine."
She dropped her glove, to prove his love, then looked at him
and smiled;

He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild;
The leap was quick, return was quick, he has regained his
place,

Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face.
"By heaven!" said Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from
where he sat:

"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that."
LEIGH HUNT.

AUGUST 29th.

LOSS OF THE "ROYAL GEORGE," 1782.

In August, 1782, the "Royal George," one of the vessels of Lord Howe's fleet, was lying at Spithead undergoing repairs. In order that her exterior might be cleaned, the vessel was heeled over to one side. Through some fault, she was heeled too far, the water entered the lower ports, and she sank. Of some 1,000 persons on board at the time, over 900 were drowned, including Admiral Kempenfeldt. In 1839 the hull of the vessel, which had become a danger to passing ships, was blown up.

LOSS OF THE "ROYAL GEORGE."

Toll for the Brave !
The brave that are no more !
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore !
Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.
A land breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was over-set ;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.
It was not in the battle ;
No tempest gave the shock ;
She sprung no fatal leak ;
She ran upon no rock.
But Kempenfeldt is gone,
His victories are o'er ;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more.

COWPER.

AUGUST 30th.

BIRTH OF WILLIAM PALEY, 1743.

This celebrated English divine and philosophical writer was born at Peterborough. He was educated at Cambridge, where he afterwards became a tutor for some years. He entered the Church. His first book was his "Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy," which is still regarded as being one of the ablest of its kind. The most popular of his many works is his "Natural Theology," which was published in 1802. His book on "Evidences of Christian Religion" has long been a classic. Paley died on May 25th, 1805.

THE HAPPINESS OF THE ANIMAL WORLD.

It is a happy world after all. The air, the earth, the water, teem with delighted existence. In a spring noon, or a summer evening, on whichever side I turn my eyes, myriad of happy beings crowd upon my view. "The insect youth are on the wing." Swarms of new-born flies are trying their pinions in the air. Their sporting motions, their wanton mazes, their gratuitous activity, their continual change of place without use or purpose, testify their joy, and the exultation they feel in their lately-discovered faculties. A bee amongst the flowers, in spring, is one of the most cheerful objects that can be looked upon. Its life appears to be all enjoyment, so busy, and so pleased, yet it is only a specimen of insect life, with which, by reason of the animal being half-domesticated, we happen to be better acquainted than we are with that of others. The whole-winged insect tribe, it is probable, are equally intent upon their proper employments, and under every variety of constitution, gratified by the offices which the Author of their nature had assigned to them. Plants are covered with aphides, greedily sucking their juices, and constantly, as it should seem, in the act of sucking. It cannot be doubted but that this is a state of gratification. If we look to what the waters produce, shoals of the fry of fish frequent the margins of lakes, and of the sea itself. These are so happy that they know not what to do with themselves. Their attitudes, their vivacity, their leaps of the water, their frolics in it (which I have noticed a thousand times with equal attention and amusement), all conduce to show their excess of spirits, and are simply the effects of that excess. The young of all animals appear to me to receive pleasure, simply from the exercise of their limbs and bodily faculties, without reference to any end to be attained, or any use to be answered by the exertions.

(From Paley's "Natural Theology").

AUGUST 31st.

DEATH OF HENRY V., 1422.

Henry V. was the son of Henry IV. He was born in Monmouth in 1387, and ascended the English throne in 1413. He revived the claim of Edward III. to the French throne, invaded France, and defeated the French at the famous Battle of Agincourt in 1415. A notable feature in this reign was the increase in the number of Lollards in England. To this period is generally assigned the beginning of the Royal Navy. Among well-known men who lived in the reign of Henry V. was Richard Whittington. Henry was a good Statesman, an able soldier, and was very popular with the English people.

CHARACTER OF HENRY V.

Of his qualities as a ruler it is difficult to speak. It would be unjust to compare him with Richard Cœur de Lion, and speak of him as a great soldier and nothing more. On the other hand, we do not find in him—we have indeed no opportunity of finding in him—the great legislative power of Edward the First. But he was not unmindful of his duties as a king, and in the midst of his campaigns he found time for the cares of civil government. England never had a more popular Sovereign, though he made demands upon it in men and money which, considering the shortness of his reign, must have exceeded all precedent, and even in the country which he ruled as a stranger he won a general admiration and respect. I should not affect our estimate of his greatness that we now see his schemes of conquest to have been chimerical, his purpose of uniting the crowns of England and France an impossible dream. He must have himself found it to be so had he lived. When thirty years had passed, after an enormous expenditure of blood and treasure, nothing was left of his French conquests. But he had come nearer than any who had gone before him to the accomplishment of the great hope of his predecessors. He died in Paris the 'Heir of France.'

(From Church's "Henry the Fifth").

SEPTEMBER 1st.

DEATH OF SIR RICHARD STEELE, 1729.

This famous essayist was born in Dublin in 1672. His parents died while he was young. He was educated at the Charterhouse, where he met Addison. Steele lived in the age when noble patronage was essential to success. His first attempt at writing was a poem, which secured him a post as secretary to a lord. In 1709 appeared the "Tatler," which was followed by the "Spectator" in 1711, and the "Guardian" in 1713. Steele and Addison worked together in these productions. Steele became a Member of Parliament in 1713, and was knighted two years later.

A CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF.

The first sense of sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age; but was rather amazed at what all the house meant than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a beating the coffin and calling papa; for I know not how, I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My mother caught me in her arms, and, transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embraces, and told me, in a flood of tears, "Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him underground, whence he could never come to us again."

She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was a dignity in her grief amidst all the wildness of her transport, which, methought, struck me with an instinct of sorrow, that, before I was sensible of what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since.

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

SEPTEMBER 2nd.

GREAT FIRE OF LONDON BEGAN, 1666.

In 1665 London was smitten with the Plague, which carried off over 100,000 of the inhabitants. The following year another disaster fell on the city. The Great Fire commenced on the above date. This fire, which raged for five days, destroyed 14,000 houses and over one hundred public buildings. The Great Fire burnt out the last remains of the Plague, and prepared the way for a better built and more healthy London.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE FIRE: BY ONE WHO SAW IT.

[Samuel Pepys lived in the time of Charles II., and kept a diary of many things he did and saw. He lived through the time of the Plague and the Fire.]

2nd (Lord's Day).—Some of our maids sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast to-day, Jane called us up about three in the morning, to tell us of a great fire they saw in the City. So I rose and slipped on my nightgown, and went to her window, and thought it to be on the back side of Marke Lane at the farthest; but being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off, and so went to bed again, and to sleep. About seven, rose again to dress myself, and there looked out of the window; and saw the fire not so much as it was, and further off. So to my closet to set things to rights after yesterday's cleaning. By-and-by Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above 300 houses have been burned down to-night by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish Street, by London Bridge. So I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower, and there got up upon one of the high places, Sir J. Robinson's little son going up with me, and there I did see the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side the end of the bridge, which, among other people, did trouble me for poor little Michell and our Sarah on the bridge. So down, with my heart full of trouble, to the Lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it begun this morning in the King's baker's house in Pudding Lane, and that it hath burned down St. Magnus' Church and most of Fish Street already. So I down to the waterside, and there got a boat, and through bridge, and there saw a lamentable fire.

(From Pepys's "Diary").

SEPTEMBER 3rd.

“CROMWELL’S DAY”—DEATH OF CROMWELL, 1658. (BATTLE OF DUNBAR, 1650: BATTLE OF WORCESTER, 1651.)

Oliver Cromwell died on the anniversary of two of his famous victories. On September 3rd, 1650, Cromwell decisively defeated the Scots, under Leslie, at Dunbar, and on the same date in the following year he destroyed the hopes of Charles II. at Worcester.

“His day of double victory and death
Beheld him win two realms, and, happier, yield his breath.”

THE BATTLE OF DUNBAR.

The dispute “on this right wing was hot and stiff, for three-quarters of an hour.” Plenty of fire, from field-pieces, snaphances, matchlocks, entertains the Scotch main-battle across the Brock;—poor stiffened men, roused from the corn-shocks with their matches all out! But here on the right, their horse, “with lancers in the front rank,” charge desperately, drive us back across the hollow of the Rivulet;—back a little; but the Lord gives us courage, and we storm home again, horse and foot, upon them, with a shock like tornado tempests; break them, beat them, drive them all adrift. “Some fled towards Copperspath, but most across their own foot.” Their own poor foot, whose matches were hardly well alight yet! Poor men, it was a terrible awakening for them, field-pieces and charge of foot across the Brocksburn: and now here is their own horse in mad panic trampling them to death. Above Three-thousand killed upon the place: “I never saw such a charge of foot and horse,” says one; nor did I. Oliver was still near to Yorkshire Hodgson when the shock succeeded; Hodgson heard him say “They run! I profess they run!” And over St. Abb’s Head and the German Ocean, just then, bursts the first gleam of the level Sun upon us, ‘and I heard Nol say, in the words of the Psalmist, “Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered,”’—or in Rous’s metre,

Let God arise, and scattered
Let all his enemies be;
And let all those that do him hate,
Before his presence flee!

(From Carlyle’s “Cromwell”)

SEPTEMBER 4th.

CABUL MASSACRE, 1879.

In 1879 England had trouble in Afghanistan. In 1878 the English, wishing to guard against Russian intrigue, made the great mistake of trying to secure distinct influence in Afghanistan by insisting on the presence of a British Resident at Cabul. Notwithstanding some opposition, this point was gained, and Sir Louis Cavagnari and an English staff were settled in the capital. In 1879 the events of 1841 were re-acted. The Afghans rose, and Cavagnari and his party, a small contingent of Guides, were massacred by the Afghans. An English army was sent to Cabul, which was again occupied, and quietness secured for a time. But the folly of attempting to force our Resident upon the Ameer was afterwards recognised, and in 1882 the country was evacuated.

THE FALL OF THE CABUL RESIDENCY.

It would seem that the mutineers, on returning armed, after bursting through the city gate of the Bala Hissa, made at first for the arsenal buildings, and after looting these, turned their attention to the Residency and attacked the gate of it; but so stout was the defence there by rifle, sword, and bayonet that the assailants were checked, and eventually set the house on fire. They had discovered that loftier buildings, as stated, commanded the flat roof of the Residency, the upper story of which, being an ordinary hot-weather sleeping place, open all round, consisted of a wattled and plastered roof, supported by slight wooden pillars. Thus the mutineers were enabled, by their fire from the arsenal especially, to drive the gallant defenders ultimately to the ground floor, where for four hours they made an heroic resistance against the mob that surged around them so close that the young officers of Cavagnari's suite were firing their pistols into the very faces of their assailants with deadly effect.

Despairing of all succour now, the surviving heroes of the embassy "charged out in a body, and from the trench that had been dug before the Residency defied the Moslem dogs to the last."

It must have been at this time that Cavagnari received his wound, and was carried indoors.

(From Cassell's "British Battles on Land and Sea").

SEPTEMBER 5th.

BIRTH OF RICHELIEU, 1585.

Cardinal Richelieu was one of the greatest Statesmen of France. Born at Chinon, Richelieu was intended for the Army, but after a very short service he entered the Church. As a reward for reconciling the King and Queen of France, he was made a Cardinal. In 1624 Richelieu became Minister of State, a position which he held till his death in 1642. Richelieu was a man of vast ideas and sleepless energy, and he raised France to a very high position.

RICHELIEU OUT OF POWER.

[Richelieu's career was a long struggle against the French King; at times he was out of favour, and everyone shunned him. This scene describes such a time.]

Yes, at the great Cardinal's levée I was the only client! I stared round the room, a long narrow gallery, through which it was his custom to walk every morning, after receiving his more important visitors. I stared, I say, from side to side in a state of stupefaction. The seats against either wall were empty, the recesses of the window empty, too. The staring R., the blazoned arms, looked down on a vacant floor. Only on a little stool by the farther door sat a quiet-faced man in black, who read, or pretended to read, in a little book, and never looked up. One of those men, blind, deaf, secretive, who fatten in the shadow of the great. Suddenly this man closed his book, rose, and came noiselessly towards me. "M. de Berault," he said, "His Eminence awaits you."

I went round the screen, and I know not how it was, the watching crowd outside, the vacant antechamber in which I had stood, the stillness and silence—all seemed to be concentrated here, and to give to the man I saw before me a dignity which he never possessed for me when the world passed through his doors, and the proudest fawned on him for a smile. He sat in a great chair at the farther side of the hearth, a little red skull cap on his head, his fine hands lying still in his lap. But as I advanced he looked towards me with the utmost composure, with a face mild and almost benign, in which I strove in vain to read the trace of last night's passion. So that it flashed across me that if this man really stood (as afterwards I knew he did) on the thin razor-edge between life and death, between the supreme of earthly power, Lord of France and Arbiter of Europe, and the nothingness of the clod, he justified his fame. He gave weaker natures no room for triumph.

(From Stanley Weyman's "Under the Red Robe").

SEPTEMBER 6th.

DEATH OF JAMES II., 1701.

After his defeat at the Battle of the Boyne, in 1690, by William of Orange, James fled to France. He lived at St. Germain till his death. By his second wife, Mary of Modena, James had several children, one of whom, James Edward, is known as the Old Pretender.

James' two daughters, Mary and Anne, by his first wife, Anne Hyde, both became Queens of England. James was mean and possessed of much petty spite. He had courage, which, however, left him at a time when it was most needed. Unlike his brother, Charles II., James did not disguise his religious opinions, and his zeal for the Catholic Church cost him the English throne.

CHARACTER OF JAMES II.

He was a Prince that seemed made for greater things than will be found in the course of his life, more particularly of his reign; he was esteemed in the former parts of his life a man of great courage, as he was quite through it a man of great application to business; he had no vivacity of thought, invention, or expression: but he had a good judgment, where his religion or his education gave him not a bias, which it did very often; he was bred with strange notions of the obedience due to Princes, and came to take up as strange ones of the submission due to Priests. He was naturally a man of truth, fidelity, and justice; but his religion was so infused in him, and he was so managed in it by his Priests, that the principles which nature had laid in him had little power over him, when the concerns of his church stood in the way. He had no personal vices but of one sort; he was still wandering from one amour to another, yet he had a real sense of sin, and was ashamed of it; but Priests know how to engage Princes more entirely in their interests, by making them compound for their sins, by a great zeal for Holy Church, as they call it. In a word, if it had not been for his Popery, he would have been, if not great, yet a good Prince. By what I once knew of him, and by what I saw him afterwards carried to, I grew more confirmed in the very bad opinion, which I was always apt to have, of the intrigues of the Popish clergy, and of the confessors of Kings. He was undone by them, and was their martyr, so that they ought to bear the chief load of all the errors of his inglorious reign, and of its fatal catastrophe.

(From Burnet's "History of His Own Time").

SEPTEMBER 7th.

THE PORTEOUS RIOTS, 1736.

In January, 1736, three smugglers were captured at Pittenween, in Fifeshire, for robbery, and were sentenced to death. At the execution of one of the smugglers in Edinburgh, in April, some disturbance took place, and Capt. Porteous ordered the City Guard to fire upon the people. This was done, and several people were killed or wounded. For this Porteous was tried and sentenced to death. News of a reprieve having been received by the people, on the above date they marched against the prison in which Porteous was confined, seized him, and hung him upon a dyer's pole. For this offence the Lord Provost of Edinburgh lost his office, and the City was fined £1,500. Sir Walter Scott embodies this event in his "Heart of Midlothian."

CAPT. PORTEOUS IS EXECUTED BY THE PEOPLE.

[Butler, a preacher, has been trying to dissuade the people from the act.]

"Away with him—away with him!" was the general cry. "Why do you trifle away time in making a gallows?—that dyester's pole is good enough for the homicide."

The unhappy man was forced to his fate with remorseless rapidity. Butler, separated from him by the press, escaped the last horrors of his struggles. Unnoticed by those who had hitherto detained him as a prisoner, he fled from the fatal spot, without much caring in what direction his course lay. A loud shout proclaimed the stern delight with which the agents of this deed regarded its completion. Butler, then, at the opening into the low street called the Cowgate, cast back a terrified glance, and, by the red and dusky light of the torches, he could discern a figure waving and struggling as it hung suspended above the heads of the multitude, and could even observe men striking at it with their Lochaber axes and partisans. The sight was of a nature to double his horror, and to add wings to his flight.

(From Scott's "Heart of Midlothian").

SEPTEMBER 8th.

FALL OF SEBASTOPOL, 1855.

In 1854 England entered into the struggle known as the Crimean War, the object of which was to maintain the integrity of the Turkish Empire. The war was marked by the courage of the British troops and the mismanagement of the Government. Siege was laid to Sebastopol, a fortress in the Crimea. The siege lasted eleven months, when the Russians, finding the place no longer tenable, evacuated it, and left a pile of ruins to the Allies. The Crimean War was brought to a close by the Treaty of Paris, signed in 1856 (*vide* March 30th).

THE STORMING OF THE REDAN : BY ONE WHO WAS THERE.

[The Redan was one of the great forts covering Sebastopol. The capture of this fort by the English led to the evacuation of Sebastopol.]

Picture the sight you have often witnessed of a hailstorm on a paved roadway. The hail patters down, does it not? That represents rifle-fire. Then there is a scream of wind, and the ground is swept with a volley of hail. You have seen it? You understand? The pattering is the ceaseless rifle-fire; the volleys are the crashes of grape-shot.

We rush ahead, I know not how, and tumble helter-skelter and pell-mell, into the ditch. Then there are the ladders to climb, to swarm up, and the work with the bayonet to be done at the top.

Fancy yourself rushing the side of an ordinary house, scrambling up a ladder, and fighting for your footing at the top. You are pushed, or shot, or bayoneted, or thrown from your footing and your grip, and struggle in a heap in a ditch, which has become like a vast grave. How can men do it? How do they live at all through such a time? Again, I say, I cannot tell you. I am only a soldier, and the order is "Forward!" "Advance!" and my duty is to obey.

I am in the ditch, I say, and I mean to be in the Redan, which has threatened and defied us so long.

There is shouting, struggling, ordering, wild confusion, a furious pressing onward. The dead and wounded are thick about me. Men have fallen under their ladders or bags, officers who have been leading and encouraging, are still and silent; but there is no time to think, to look, or stop. Victory is so near at last that we may snatch it.

My furious advance is checked. I am struck and crippled by a spent grape-shot, and am knocked out of the fight and present knowledge of the battle.

(From Wood's "Survivors' Tales").

SEPTEMBER 9th.

BATTLE OF FLODDEN, 1513.

In 1513 Henry VIII. was in France with an English army besieging Touraine. The absence of the English King prompted James IV. of Scotland to invade England. The English forces were under the command of the Earl of Surrey, who was at Pontefract when he heard of James' invasion. Advancing to meet him, Surrey found the Scots posted in a strong position about six miles south of Coldstream. The resulting battle ended in a total defeat of the Scots. James was slain, together with hundreds of his nobles.

LAST STAND OF THE SCOTS AT FLODDEN.

But as they left the dark'ning heath,
More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in volleys hail'd,
In headlong charge their horse assail'd;
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep
To break the Scottish circle deep,
That fought around their King.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,
Unbroken was the ring;
The stubborn spearmen still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight;
Link'd in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well;
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded King.
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shatter'd bands;
And from the charge they drew,
As mountain waves from wasted lands,
Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loss his foemen know;
Their King, their Lords, their mightiest low.
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,
Of Flodden's fatal field.
(From Scott's "Marmion").

SEPTEMBER 10th.

DEATH OF SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT,
1583.

Sir Humphrey Gilbert was a half-brother of Sir Walter Raleigh. He was born at Dartmouth in 1539. He saw service as a soldier in Ireland and in the Netherlands. He was granted a patent by Elizabeth, empowering him to take possession of any unappropriated lands in North America, and started in 1578 with Sir Walter Raleigh on a voyage of discovery. This was unsuccessful. In 1583 he set out again and took possession of Newfoundland. On the voyage home he was lost in his small vessel, the "Squirrel."

THE LOSS OF SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.

Eastward from Campobello
Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed;
Three days or more seaward he bore,
Then, alas! the land-wind failed.

Alas! the land wind failed,
And ice-cold grew the night;
And never more on sea or shore
Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon the deck,
The Book was in his hand.
"Do not fear! Heaven is as near,"
He said, "by water as by land!"

In the first watch of the night,
Without a signal's sound,
Out of the sea mysteriously,
The fleet of Death rose all around.

Southward through day and dark,
They drift in close embrace,
With mist and rain, to the Spanish Main;
Yet there seems no change of place.

Southward, for ever southward,
They drift through dark and day;
And like a dream, in the Gulf-stream
Sinking, vanish all away.

(From Longfellow's "Sir Humphrey Gilbert").

SEPTEMBER 11th.

BATTLE OF MALPLAQUET, 1709.

Malplaquet was one of Marlborough's four great victories. Malplaquet is near Mons, in Flanders. During the War of the Spanish Succession the French, under Marshal Villars, were drawn up to defend Mons. Marlborough and Eugene attacked him. The French were driven back, and Mons was forced to capitulate. The loss on the side of the Allies was very heavy, being nearly double that of the French. Malplaquet was Marlborough's last victory.

THE BRAVERY OF THE GENERALS.

News now came that Villars, alarmed at the progress made on his left by Withers, had withdrawn the Irish brigade and some other of his best troops from his centre, to drive back the allies' right. Eugene galloped off with all haste to lead the right and carry them forward, while Marlborough directed Lord Orkney to attack the weakened French centre with all his strength, and ordered the cavalry to follow on the heels of the infantry. The fight on the right was fierce indeed, for here Villars and Eugene alike led their men. Both were wounded; Villars in his knee. He refused to leave the field, but insisted on being placed in a chair where he could see the battle and cheer on his men. The agony he suffered, however, and the great loss of blood, weakened him so that he fainted, and was carried off the field, the command devolving on Marshal Boufflers.

Eugene was wounded in the head. In vain his staff pressed him to retire in order that the wound might be dressed.

"If I am to die here," he said, "of what use to dress the wounds? If I survive, it will be time enough in the evening."

So, with the blood streaming over his shoulders, he kept his place at the head of his troops, who, animated by his example and heroism, rushed forward with such impetuosity that the works were carried.

(From Henty's "Cornet of Horse").

SEPTEMBER 12th.

DEATH OF MARSHAL BLUCHER, 1819.

This most celebrated of Prussian leaders during the Napoleonic Wars, was born in 1742. He saw much service in the Seven Years' War, after which campaign he retired from the Army and lived as a farmer for fifteen years. In 1793 Blücher again took up arms, and fought in many of the great battles against Napoleon. His timely arrival with the Prussians at Waterloo turned the defeat of the French into a rout. Blücher died in Silesia on the above date.

MARSHAL "VORWARTS."

Blücher was, in some respects, a general very unfit to cross swords with Napoleon. He was not a scientific soldier. Muffling, who had fought and marched by his side, and knew him perfectly, gives an unconsciously amusing sketch of his general and his limitations. "Old Prince Blücher," he says, "who had passed his seventieth year, understood nothing whatever of the conduct of war; so little, indeed, that when a plan was submitted to him for approval, even relating to some unimportant operation, he could not form any clear idea of it or judge whether it were good or bad." More scientific brains, those of Gneisenau and of Muffling himself, shaped the strategy of Blücher's campaigns. Blücher, it will be remembered, once in a London drawing-room declared jestingly he was the only man in the room who could kiss his own head, and thereupon went up to Gneisenau and bestowed a sounding kiss upon his face!

But Blücher was the one rough-tongued, hot-blooded, hard-fighting battle-leader of his army, who could march with the privates, and bandy rough wit with them, and whom the privates would follow to the very cannon's mouth. His men, as he rode by the column, says Chesney, would grasp his knee joyfully with a soldier's salutation, "Good work to-day, father." His familiar title amongst his soldiers of "Marshal Vorwärts" tells Blücher's character as a soldier. And Blücher had a quality of dogged loyalty which proved of supreme importance in the coming campaign, and which, in fact, made Waterloo possible. "You may depend upon this," Muffling told Wellington, "When he (Blücher) has agreed to any operation in common, he will keep his word should even the whole Prussian army be annihilated in the act." That was simple truth; and it was a happy circumstance for Europe that two such loyal and high-minded soldiers as Blücher and Wellington stood together in the path of Napoleon in this campaign.

(From Fitchett's "How England Saved Europe").

SEPTEMBER 13th.

BATTLE OF QUEBEC : DEATH OF WOLFE, 1759.

In 1759 the English were at war with the French in different parts of the globe. It was a year of victories for the English arms. Minden was fought and won; Boscawen destroyed a French fleet in Lagos Bay; Hawke scored a success in Quiberon Bay; Rodney broke up a French armament off Havre, and Wolfe settled on the Heights of Abraham the struggle between the English and French for Canada. By the defeat of the French at Quebec, Canada was secured for England. Wolfe was killed in the moment of victory. He was only thirty-two.

DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.

The order was given to charge. Then over the field rose the British cheer, mixed with the fierce yell of the Highland slogan. The clansmen drew their broadswords and dashed on, keen and swift as bloodhounds. At the English right, though the attacking column was broken to pieces, a fire was still kept up, chiefly, it seems, by sharpshooters from the bushes and cornfields, where they had lain for an hour or more. Here Wolfe himself led the charge, at the head of the Louisberg Grenadiers. A shot shattered his wrist. He wrapt his handkerchief about it and kept on. Another shot struck him, and he still advanced, when a third lodged in his breast. He staggered, and sat on the ground. Lieut. Brown, of the Grenadiers, one Henderson, a volunteer in the same company, and a private soldier, aided by an officer of artillery who ran to join them, carried him in their arms to the rear. He begged them to lay him down. They did so, and asked if he would have a surgeon. "There's no need," he answered; "it's all over with me." A moment after one of them cried out: "They run; see how they run!" "Who run?" Wolfe demanded, like a man roused from sleep. "The enemy, sir. Egad, they give way everywhere!" "Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton," returned the dying man; "tell him to march Webb's regiment down to Charles River, to cut off their retreat from the bridge." Then, turning on his side, he murmured, "Now, God be praised, I will die in peace!" and in a few moments his gallant soul had fled.

(From Parkman's "Montcalm and Wolfe").

SEPTEMBER 14th.

THE STORMING OF DELHI, 1857.

After the first outbreak of the Indian Mutiny at Meerut in May, 1857, a great number of the Sepoys proceeded to Delhi, the ancient capital of the Moguls. Here the old King was reinstated, and the town became the centre of the rising. An English army, small in number, but great in determination, began the siege of the city early in June, but owing to disease and lack of artillery, an assault was not made until the above date. The city was captured after a most stubborn resistance. From that point onwards there was no further question about the supremacy of the English, but the Mutiny was not entirely extinguished until the following year.

THE BLOWING UP OF THE CASHMERE GATE.

"They are at the gate now," cried Claude, excitedly. "Look, there go the bags of powder, and just see what a crowd of mutineers are watching them!"

As he spoke, hosts of dusky bodies leant over the parapets which surmounted the gateway, while shrill cries arose. But scarcely a shot was fired, so astonished were the mutineers at the boldness of the enemy.

It was an intensely exciting moment, and all in the third column, who were so situated as to be able to see what was happening, looked on in silence. They felt that even to shout words of encouragement might perhaps upset their comrades and ruin their hopes of success. Breathless, therefore, and filled with an intense longing to help, they looked on and saw Lieut. Salkeld follow his brother officer, bearing a lighted port-fire in his hands. In the face of a murderous discharge of musketry, he crossed the ditch and laid his bags of powder. Then he fell, desperately wounded, handing the port-fire to Sergt. Burgess as he did so. At that moment the latter was shot dead, and the port-fire went rolling upon the ground.

But there was another staunch-hearted man at hand. Bracing himself for the deed, Sergt. Carmichael squeezed through the port and ran across the bridge. A moment later he had grasped the torch and set fire to the fuse, only to fall mortally wounded as he did so.

Close on his heels came Sergt. Smith, who, seeing that the fuse was spluttering, leapt into the ditch, where he joined his comrades, and where also Bugler Hawthorne quickly put in an appearance. A few seconds later there was a sharp explosion, and the Cashmere Gate flew in fragments from its hinges.

(From Brereton's "A Hero of Lucknow").

SEPTEMBER 15th.

BIRTH OF FENIMORE COOPER, 1789.

The eminent novelist and creator of the "Leather-stocking" tales was born in New Jersey. After being dismissed from Yale for some misconduct, Cooper entered the American Navy as a common sailor, and worked his way up to the post of lieutenant. In 1811 he retired and took to writing. Fenimore Cooper's tales may be classed under two heads—tales of the sea, and stories of frontier life. He is best remembered by the latter. Probably his best works are "The Spy" and "Last of the Mohicans." Cooper died in 1851.

THE DEATH OF UNCAS.

"Woman," he said, "choose; the wigwam or the knife of Le Subtil!" Cora regarded him not, but dropping on her knees, she raised her eyes and stretched her arms towards heaven, saying in a meek and yet confiding voice—"I am thine! do with me as thou seest best!" "Woman," repeated Magua, hoarsely, and endeavouring in vain to catch a glance from her serene and beaming eye, "choose!" But Cora neither heard nor heeded his command. The form of the Huron trembled in every fibre, and he raised his arm on high, but dropped it again with a bewildered air, like one who doubted. Once more he struggled with himself and lifted the keen weapon again; but just then a piercing cry was heard above them, and Uncas appeared, leaping frantically, from a fearful height, upon the ledge. Magua recoiled a step, and one of his assistants, profiting by the chance, sheathed his own knife in the bosom of Cora. The Huron sprang like a tiger on his offending and already retreating countryman, but the falling form of Uncas separated the unnatural combatants. Diverted from his object by this interruption, and maddened by the murder he had just witnessed, Magua buried his weapon in the back of the prostrate Delaware, uttering an unearthly shout as he committed the dastardly deed. But Uncas arose from the blow, as the wounded panther turns upon his foe, and struck the murderer of Cora to his feet, by an effort in which the last of his failing strength was expended. Then, with a stern and steady look, he turned to Le Subtil, and indicated by the expression of his eye, all that he would do, had not the power deserted him. The latter seized the nerveless arm of the unresisting Delaware, and passed his knife into his bosom three several times, before his victim, still keeping his gaze riveted on his enemy with a look of inextinguishable scorn, fell dead at his feet.

(From Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans").

SEPTEMBER 16th.

BIRTH OF LOUIS XIV. OF FRANCE, 1638.

The reign of Louis XIV. was a famous one for France. It was the age of Richelieu, of Mazarin, of Corneille, of Molière, and of Turenne. Louis' aim was to make France the dominant power in Europe. English arms and English money prevented this; but for military prowess and for intellectual effort the reign of Louis Quatorze is pre-eminent in French history.

A BRILLIANT REIGN.

The monarch was the central figure of Europe, the despotic sovereign of a united country and the master of a superb army. Mazarin and the Fronde had schooled him well. To repress his passions, to keep down the princes of the blood, to be distant with his courtiers, to be secret in his business, to cultivate his natural talents for dissimulation, to work hard—these were to be the principles which should make him a great king. Above all, the Cardinal had urged him, with his dying breath, to have no prime minister. He was to succeed to a double power and prestige, those of the monarchy and those of the prime ministership. He took possession of both parts of his inheritance at once. On the day after Mazarin's death he announced to the council his intention of taking the government solely upon himself. His ministers—his *gens d'affaires*, he called them—were henceforward to look to him for instructions. His mother and the courtiers laughed at what they imagined was but a passing whim. But the whim lasted more than fifty years. During all that time no man in his kingdom worked harder than he. No despatch was signed, no agreement sealed, no money paid without his knowledge. His energy and diligence were no more remarkable than his ability. Devoid of political morality, he looked upon the state of Europe with an eye piercing and cynical, while the despatches written by himself to his ambassadors in all the European courts are models of clearness of expression and correctness of insight.

. (From "The English Restoration and Louis XIV.").

SEPTEMBER 17th.

BIRTH OF EDWARD LANE, TRANSLATOR OF THE "ARABIAN NIGHTS," 1801.

Everyone reads the "Arabian Nights," but few know to whom the translation is due. E. W. Lane was the most famous of English Arabic scholars. He was born at Hereford, but went, when still a youth, to Egypt. Lane's "Modern Egyptians" is the standard book on that subject. This was published in 1836. The "Arabian Nights" first appeared two years later. Lane has written many other works dealing with Mohammedan life. He died in 1876.

MORGIANA DESTROYS THE ROBBERS.

Morgiana, remembering Ali Baba's orders, got his bathing linen ready, and ordered Abdalla, who was not then gone to bed, to set on the pot for the broth; but while she scummed the pot the lamp went out, and there was no more oil in the house, or any candles. What to do she did not know, for the broth must be made. Abdalla, seeing how very uneasy she was, said, "Do not fret and tease yourself, but go into the yard, and take some oil out of one of the jars."

Morgiana thanked Abdalla for his advice and took the oil-pot and went into the yard; and as she came nigh the first jar, the robber within said softly, "Is it time?"

Any other slave but Morgiana would have made such a noise, as to have given an alarm, which would have been attended with ill consequences; whereas Morgiana, apprehending immediately the danger Ali Baba, his family, and she herself were in, and the necessity of applying a speedy remedy without noise, conceived at once the means, and collecting herself, without showing the least emotion, answered, "Not yet, but presently." She went in this manner to all the jars, giving the same answer, till she came to the jar of oil.

By this means Morgiana found that her master, Ali Baba, who thought that he had entertained an oil-merchant, had admitted thirty-eight robbers into his house; looking on this pretended merchant as their captain. She made what haste she could to fill her oil-pot, and returned into her kitchen; where, as soon as she had lighted her lamp, she took a great kettle, and went again to the oil jar, filled the kettle, and set it on a great wood fire to boil; and as soon as it boiled, went and poured enough into every jar to stifle and destroy the robber within.

(From the "Arabian Nights").

SEPTEMBER 18th.

BIRTH OF DR. JOHNSON, 1709.

Samuel Johnson was born at Lichfield. His father was a bookseller. He started life as an usher in a school, and after his marriage opened a school of his own. Pupils were few; David Garrick was one. In 1737 Johnson came to London to earn his living by his pen. After a severe struggle, he at length met with his reward. In 1750 the "Rambler" appeared, and in 1755 his "Dictionary." Johnson's literary work extended in many directions. He wrote poems, plays, essays, and lives. Johnson is remembered now more through Boswell's "Life" than by his own works.

ON THE VICE OF LYING.

The character of a liar is at once so hateful and contemptible, that even of those who have lost their virtue it might be expected that from the violation of truth they should be restrained by their pride. Almost every other vice that disgraces human nature, may be kept in countenance by applause and association; the corrupter of virgin innocence sees himself envied by the men, and at least not detested by the women; the drunkard may easily unite with beings, devoted like himself to noisy merri-ments or silent insensibility, who will celebrate his victories over the novices of intemperance, boast themselves the companions of his prowess, and tell with rapture of the multitudes whom unsuccessful emulation has hurried to the grave; even the robber and the cut-throat have their followers, who admire their address and intrepidity, their stratagems of rapine, and their fidelity to the gang. The liar, and only the liar, is invariably and universally despised, abandoned, and disowned; he has no domestic consolations, which he can oppose to the censure of mankind; he can retire to no fraternity, where his crimes may stand in the place of virtues; but is given up to the hisses of the multitude, without friend and without apologist. It is the peculiar condition of the falsehood to be equally detested by the good and bad. "The devils," says Sir Thomas Brown, "do not tell lies to one another; for truth is necessary to all societies, nor can the society of hell subsist without it."

(From Dr. Johnson's "Essays").

SEPTEMBER 19th.

BATTLE OF POITIERS, 1356.

At a place some five miles north of Poitiers, the capital of the French department of Vienne, was fought one of the most decisive battles of the Hundred Years' War. In 1355 the Black Prince had landed in France with an English army, and laid waste the southern provinces. In 1356 he found himself hemmed in by an immense French army under John. The battle which ensued resulted in the total defeat of the French. The French king, John, was captured and sent to England, where he died in 1364.

CAPTURE OF KING JOHN OF FRANCE.

As soon as the Prince's marshals were come back, he asked them if they knew anything of the King of France. They replied, "No, sir, nothing for a certainty; but we believe he must be either killed or made prisoner, since he has never quitted his battalion." The Prince, then addressing the Earl of Warwick and Lord Cobham, said, "I beg of you to mount your horses and ride over the field, so that on your return you may bring me some certain intelligence respecting him." The two barons immediately mounted their horses, left the Prince, and made for a small hillock that they might look about them; from this position they perceived a crowd of men-at-arms on foot, advancing very slowly. The King of France was in the midst of them, and in great danger, for the English and Gascons had taken him and were disputing who should have him—some bawling out, "It's I that have got him;" "No, no," replied others, "we have him." When the two barons saw this troop of people they descended from the hillock, and sticking spurs into their horses, made up to them. On their arrival they asked what was the matter, and were informed that the King of France had been made prisoner, and that upwards of ten knights and squires challenged him at the same time as belonging to each of them. The two barons then pushed through the crowd by main force, and ordered all to draw aside. They commanded, in the name of the Prince, and under pain of instant death, that everyone should keep his distance, and none approach unless ordered so to do. All then retreated behind the King, and the two barons, dismounting, advanced to the royal prisoner with profound reverence, and conducted him in a peaceable manner to the Prince of Wales.

(From Froissart's "Chronicles").

SEPTEMBER 20th.

BATTLE OF THE ALMA, 1854.

This was the first battle in which English troops had been engaged since 1815. The Crimean War commenced in 1854. The English troops landed early in the year, intending to march straight on Sebastopol, the fortified town of the Peninsula. At the River Alma they found their way barred by the Russians. The Allied troops attacked the Russian position with great bravery, and drove the Russians before them. Owing to the fatigue of the troops, the Russians were not followed up, and they fell back in good order to the fortifications of Sebastopol.

THE CRITICAL MOMENT OF THE BATTLE.

At this very time an immense mass of Russian infantry were seen moving down towards the battery. They halted. It was the crisis of the day. Lord Raglan saw the difficulties of the situation. He asked if it would be possible to get a couple of guns to bear on these masses. The reply was "Yes," and an artillery officer, whose name I do not now know, brought up two guns to fire on the Russian squares. The first shot missed, but the next, and the next cut through the ranks so cleanly, and so keenly, that a clear lane could be seen for a moment through the square. After a few rounds the columns of the square became broken, wavered to and fro, broke, and fled over the brow of the hill, leaving behind them six or seven distinct lines of dead lying as close as possible to each other, marking the passage of the fatal messengers. This act relieved our infantry of a deadly incubus, and they continued their magnificent and fearful progress up the hill. "Highlanders," said Sir C. Campbell, ere they came to the charge, "I am going to ask a favour of you; it is that you will act so as to justify me in asking permission of the Queen for you to wear a bonnet! Don't pull a trigger till you're within a yard of the Russians!" They charged, and well they obeyed their chieftain's wish; Sir Colin had his horse shot under him, but his men took the battery at a bound. The Russians rushed out and left multitudes of dead behind them. The French turned the guns on the hill against the flying masses, which the cavalry in vain tried to cover. A few faint struggles from the scattered infantry, a few rounds of cannon and musketry, and the enemy fled to the south-east, leaving three generals, drums, three guns, 700 prisoners, and 4,000 wounded behind them. The Battle of the Alma was won.

(From Russell's "War in the Crimea").

SEPTEMBER 21st.

BATTLE OF PRESTONPANS, 1745.

In 1745 occurred the "Rebellion of the Forty-five"—the last civil war in Britain. Prince Charles Edward Stewart, romantically known as the Young Chevalier, landed in Scotland in July, and the clans gathered around him. The Royalist troops were under the command of Sir John Cope—an incompetent leader, still remembered in ballads as "Johnnie Cope." At Prestonpans, near Edinburgh, the royal forces were met by the Highlanders and ignominiously put to flight. Cope fled to Berwick, carrying the news of his own defeat.

A BALLAD OF PRESTONPANS.

It was upon an afternoon,
Sir John marched into Preston town,
He says, "My lads, come lean you down,
And we'll fight the boys in the morning."

But when he saw the Highland lads,
Wi' tartan trews and white cockades,
Wi' swords and guns, and rungs and gauds,
O Johnnie he took wing in the morning.

O then he fled into Dunbar,
Crying for a man-of-war;
He thought to have passed for a rustic tar,
And gotten awa' in the morning.

Sir John then into Berwick rade,
Just as the deil had been his guide;
Gi'en him the world, he wadna staid
T' have foughten the boys in the morning.

Said the Berwickers unto Sir John,
"O what's become of all your men?"
"In faith," says he, "I dinna ken;
I left them a' this morning."

(From "Jacobite Songs and Ballads").

SEPTEMBER 22nd.

BIRTH OF LORD CHESTERFIELD, 1694.

Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, held a prominent position in political and literary circles during his lifetime. He was born in London, and was educated at Cambridge. He entered Parliament in 1716, and after holding various offices in different ministries, retired from public life in 1748. Lord Chesterfield is best remembered now by his "Letters to His Son," drawn up with the view of directing his son in his conduct through life.

Making due allowance for the morals of the age, these "Letters" contain much sensible advice. Chesterfield died on March 24th, 1773.

CHESTERFIELD'S ADVICE ON CONVERSATION.

Do not put your worst qualities foremost. Do not seek to distinguish yourself by being ridiculous; nor entertain that miserable ambition to be the sport and butt of the company. By aiming at a certain standard of behaviour, or intellect, you will at least show your taste and value for what is excellent. There are those who blurt out their good things with so little heed of what they are about, that no one thinks anything of them; as others by keeping their folly to themselves gain the reputation of wisdom. Express whatever occurs to you, that cannot offend others, or hurt yourself. Keep some opinions to yourself. Say what you please of others, but never repeat what you hear said of them to themselves. If you have nothing yourself to offer, laugh with the witty—assent to the wise: they will think none the worse of you for it. Listen to information on subjects you are unacquainted with, instead of always striving to lead the conversation to some favourite one of your own. By the last method you will shine, but will not improve. It is much more difficult to be able to converse on an equality with a number of persons in turn, than to soar above their heads and excite the stupid gaze of all companies by bestriding some senseless topic of your own, and confounding the understanding of those who are ignorant of it. Be not too fond of argument. Indeed, by going much into company you will be weaned from this practice, if you set out with it. Rather suggest what remarks may have occurred to you on a subject, than aim dictating opinions to others or at defending yourself at all points. You will learn more by agreeing in the main with others and entering into their trains of thinking, than by contradicting and urging them to extremities.

(From Lord Chesterfield's "Letters").

SEPTEMBER 23rd.

BATTLE OF ASSAYE, 1803.

Assaye is a village in the north-east of the Nizam's dominions, India. It is memorable in history as being the place where the Duke of Wellington, then General Wellesley, gained his first great victory. The battle was fought during the Mahratta War. The enemy was retiring, and Wellesley intercepted the line of retreat. The Mahrattas numbered some 50,000; the English forces were about 5,000 strong. The result of the battle was a great victory for the English general, but with a loss of over one-third of his army. This battle entirely broke up the power of the Mahrattas, then the most powerful military organisation in India.

WELLINGTON FIRST DISPLAYS HIS MILITARY GENIUS.

In his front were two rivers, the Kistna and the Juah, which joined at Peepulquon, a little higher up; and if he could occupy the ground that lay between them before their junction, the two streams would be such a protection to both his flanks that even a smaller force than his might hold its ground against a great preponderance of numbers. But his native guides, though they were the best that could be procured, assured him that the Kistna was absolutely impassable. He himself could not see the river, and the enemy's cavalry was in such force that he could not risk sending out any small detachment to reconnoitre. But accurate and certain knowledge was of such vital importance that he resolved to see for himself, and accordingly, with his most trustworthy guides, and the whole of his cavalry for his escort, he rode forward till he came in sight of the Kistna, and also of the village of Assaye, which was on the Juah. The guides repeated their assurance that there was no passage across the Kistna; but his glass showed him that there was a village on its near bank, and on the further bank another exactly opposite to it. With intuitive sagacity, which he afterwards called "common sense," he argued that "two villages could never have been built so close to one another on opposite sides of a stream without some habitual means of communication." And with this conviction, in defiance of all his guides, he took what seemed the desperate resolution of marching for the river. And he was right. He found a passage, led his small army across, and had no more to fear from the enemy's cloud of cavalry; his own army, small as it was, was sufficient to fill the space between the two streams, so that both his flanks were secure.

(From Yonge's "Life of Wellington")

SEPTEMBER 24th.

DEATH OF ELIZA COOK, 1889.

Eliza Cook was born in London in 1818. She began to write verse at an early age. Her poems soon attracted attention, and gained for her the reputation of a writer of simple harmonious verse. Miss Cook's patriotic poems breathe an intense love of country. Miss Cook also conducted "Eliza Cook's Journal," a healthy-toned magazine, which ran from 1849 till 1854. Government recognised Miss Cook's claims as an author by a pension in 1864. She died on September 25th, 1889.

THE FLAG OF OLD ENGLAND.

'Tis the streamer of England—it floats o'er the brave—
'Tis the fairest unfurled o'er the land or the wave;
But though brightest in story and matchless in fight,
'Tis the herald of Mercy as well as of Might.
In the cause of the wrong may it ever be first—
When tyrants are humbled and fetters are burst;
Be "Justice" the war-shout, and dastard is he
Who would scruple to die 'neath the Flag of the Free;

It may trail o'er the halyards—a bullet-torn rag,
Or flutter in shreds from the battlement crag;
Let the shot whistle through it as fast as it may,
'Till it sweep the last glorious tatter away.
What matter! we'd hoist the blue jacket on high,
Or the soldier's red sash from the spearhead should fly
Though it were but a riband, the foeman should see
The proud signal, and own it—the Flag of the Free!

Have we ever looked out from a far foreign shore,
To mark the gay pennon each passing ship bore;
And watch'd every speck that arose on the foam,
In hope of glad tidings from country and home?—
Has our straining eye caught the loved colours at last,
And seen the dear bark bounding on to us fast?
Then, then have our hearts learnt how precious can be
The fair streamer of England—the Flag of the Free.

ELIZA COOK.

SEPTEMBER 25th.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW, 1857.

The defence of the Residency at Lucknow holds one of the highest places among the famous deeds for which the British race is renowned. The siege was commenced on July 1st, and during the terrible heat of an Indian summer the garrison withstood all the skill of the enemy, trained by Englishmen, to capture the place. Among the gallant deeds performed during the siege, that of Kavanagh in conveying messages to and from Havelock is best remembered. On the above date a relieving force, under the command of Havelock, Outram, Neil, and Campbell, forced its way to the gates of the Residency, and the place was saved. The final relief took place in November.

THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW.

Oh, they listened, looked, and waited,
Till their hope became despair;
And the sobs of low bewailing
Filled the pauses of their prayer.
Then up spake a Scottish maiden,
With her ear unto the ground:
" Dinna ye hear it?—dinna ye hear it?
The pipes of Havelock sound!"

Oh, they listened, dumb and breathless,
And they caught the sound at last;
Faint and far beyond the Goomtee
Rose and fell the piper's blast!
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving
Mingled woman's voice and man's:
" God be praised!—the march of Havelock!
The piping of the clans!"

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,
Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,
Came the wild MacGregor's clan-call,
Stinging all the air to life.
But when the far-off dust-cloud
To plaided legions grew,
Full tenderly and blithesomely
The pipes of rescue blew!

(From Whittier's " Pipes at Lucknow ").

SEPTEMBER 26th.

DEATH OF MARQUIS WELLESLEY, 1842.

Richard Cowley Wellesley was the elder brother of Arthur Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington. He was born in Dublin on June 20th, 1760. At Eton and Oxford he distinguished himself as a classical scholar. He entered Parliament in 1781. In 1797 he was appointed by Pitt to be Governor-General of India, in which position, aided by his brother Arthur, then a general, he conceived schemes which ended in the breaking up of the Mahratta power, and the expulsion of the French from India. In 1821 he became Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He died on September 26th, 1842.

WELLESLEY'S GOOD WORK IN INDIA.

During the whole of his Indian administration, Marquis Wellesley laudably exerted himself to promote the welfare of the natives. Like Warren Hastings, he was the patron of every project which seemed likely to improve the condition and civilisation of the people, or to be useful in giving the European servants of the Company the means of becoming better acquainted with their languages, their manners and modes of thinking, their ancient laws and institutions. Lord Wellesley's strenuous efforts were also directed to the extension of the commerce and commercial intercourse of India, and to the commencement and formation of those important financial reforms which in the course of a few years doubled the revenues of the Company, with advantage to British commerce and without injustice or oppression to the natives. He saw that the employment of cheap India-built ships in the trade with Europe would be of equal advantage to England and to India; and therefore he prepared so to employ them, and gave encouragement to those who extended the building of country ships. His administration in India was not only brilliant, but also productive of lasting good; and though his great political system, for making the power of England supreme, was interrupted for the time, it has been found absolutely necessary to carry it out under his successors.

(From Macfarlane's "History of British India").

SEPTEMBER 27th.

BATTLE OF BUSACO, 1810.

In 1810 Wellington had made arrangements to fall back on his lines of Torres Vedras. His movement, however, was opposed by the French under Massena and Ney. A stand was made by the English near the ridge of Busaco, a position which the French were unable to take. A flanking movement by Massena forced Wellington to resume his retreat, which he carried out in such a masterly way that the English troops reached Torres Vedras undefeated and in good order.

AN INCIDENT AT BUSACO.

A gleam of humour at this point crosses the grim visage of battle. Picton, on lying down in his bivouac the night before the battle, had adorned his head with a picturesque and highly-coloured nightcap. The sudden attack of the French woke him; he slipped on cloak and cocked hat, and rode to the fighting line, when he personally led the attack which flung the last of Regnier's troops down the slope. At the moment of the charge he took off his cocked hat to wave the troops onward; this revealed the domestic headdress he unconsciously wore, and the astonished soldiers beheld their General, on flame with warlike fury, gesticulating martially in a nightcap. A great shout of laughter went up from the men as they stopped for a moment to realise the spectacle; then with a tempest of mingled laughter and cheers they flung themselves on the enemy.

(From Fitchett's "Deeds That Won the Empire").

SEPTEMBER 28th.

DEATH OF THOMAS DAY, 1789.

Thomas Day, the author of the well-known children's book, "Sandford and Merton," was born in London in 1748. He was educated at the Charterhouse and Oxford. A legacy of some hundreds of pounds a year enabled Day to exercise his tastes in the direction of literature and philanthropy. He was an ardent disciple of Rousseau, and brought up his children in conformance with the ideas of that reformer. John Day wrote other works besides the one mentioned above, but these are now seldom read. He died from the effects of a fall from a horse.

CHARACTER OF A SPOILT CHILD.

The consequence of this was, that, though Master Merton had everything he wanted, he became very fretful and unhappy. Sometimes he ate sweetmeats till he made himself ill, and then he suffered a great deal of pain, because he would not take bitter physic to make him well. Sometimes he cried for things that it was impossible to give him, and then, as he had never been used to be contradicted, it was many hours before he could be pacified. When any company came to dine at the house, he was always to be helped first, and to have the most delicate parts of the meat, otherwise he would make such a noise as disturbed the whole company. When his father and mother were sitting at the tea-table with their friends, instead of waiting till they were at leisure to attend to him, he would scramble upon the table, seize the cake and bread-and-butter, and frequently upset the tea-cups. By these pranks he not only made himself disagreeable to everybody else, but often met with very dangerous accidents. Frequently he cut himself with knives, at other times threw heavy things upon his head, and once he narrowly escaped being scalded to death by a kettle of boiling water. He was also so delicately brought up, that he was perpetually ill; the least wind or rain gave him a cold, and the least sun was sure to throw him into a fever. Instead of playing about, and jumping, and running like other children, he was taught to sit still for fear of spoiling his clothes, and to stay in the house for fear of injuring his complexion. By this kind of education, when Master Merton came over to England he could neither write nor read, nor cipher; he could use none of his limbs with ease, nor bear any degree of fatigue; but he was very proud, fretful, impatient.

(From "Sandford and Merton").

SEPTEMBER 29th.

BIRTH OF CLIVE, 1725.

Robert Clive, the founder of our Indian Empire, was born at Market Drayton, in Shropshire. He went to India as a clerk in the East India Company's service. The dull routine of a desk was not, however, suitable for Clive, who left it very soon for a military life. The siege of Pondicherry gave him a chance to distinguish himself. He rapidly secured promotion, and became at last the leader of the English forces in India. In 1751 he captured Arcot from the French, and defended it against them in a most skilful manner. His most famous exploit was the defeat of Surajah Dowlah at Plassey, in 1757. In 1758 he was appointed the first English Governor of India. Clive died by his own hand in 1774.

THE BOYHOOD OF CLIVE.

Some lineaments of the character of the man were early discerned in the child. There remain letters written by his relations when he was in his seventh year; and from these letters it appears that, even at that early age, his strong will and his fiery passions, sustained by a constitutional intrepidity which sometimes seemed hardly compatible with soundness of mind, had begun to cause great uneasiness to his family. "Fighting," says one of his uncles, "to which he is out of measure addicted, gives his temper such a fierceness and imperiousness, that he flies out on every trifling occasion." The old people of the neighbourhood still remember to have heard from their parents how Bob Clive climbed to the top of the lofty steeple at Market Drayton, and with what terror the inhabitants saw him seated on a stone spout near the summit. They also relate how he formed all the idle lads of the town into a kind of predatory army, and compelled the shopkeepers to submit to a tribute of apples and half-pence, in consideration of which he guaranteed the security of their windows. He was sent from school to school, making very little progress in his learning, and gaining for himself everywhere the character of an exceedingly naughty boy. One of his masters, it is said, was sagacious enough to prophesy that the idle lad would make a great figure in the world. But the general opinion seems to have been that poor Robert was a dunce, if not a reprobate. His family expected nothing good from such slender parts and such a headstrong temper. It is not strange, therefore, that they gladly accepted for him, when he was in his eighteenth year, a writership in the service of the East India Company, and shipped him off to make a fortune or to die of a fever at Madras.

(From Macaulay's "Clive").

SEPTEMBER 30th.

BIRTH OF LORD ROBERTS, 1832.

Earl Roberts, commonly known as "Bobs," was born at Cawnpore. He was sent to England to be educated, and entered the Army in 1851. Present in India during the Mutiny, he won the V.C. in that campaign. He saw much service in Afghanistan, and was in command of the English Army which relieved Candahar in 1881. After he defeated General Cronje at Paardeburg, in the South African War in 1900, he returned home, leaving Lord Kitchener to carry on the war. Lord Roberts has contributed much to military literature, including a history of his own life.

"LITTLE BOBS."

The typical English soldier! He lives simply and temperately; his element the open air; his literature history and biography; his favourite animal the horse; his keenest enjoyment a great run with the hounds. The problems of the modern world do not touch him. Religion is a simple matter to him; he has no difficulty in reconciling his profession with the spirit of Christianity, no misgiving as to the governance of the world and its affairs. To live vigorously and uprightly is to him the manifest duty of mankind; all those diversions and amusements which harden a man's muscles and brace his moral fibres are good and profitable. Effeminacy, luxury, ease, and subtlety of thinking are either unwise or dangerous. Patriotism is manifestly a man's duty. And as patriotism presents itself so clearly to him as a man's duty, Lord Roberts is a keen Imperialist. He is so much a soldier that he can never be a politician. To make the British Empire self-supporting, and, above all things, to bind it together as one solid influence for good in the affairs of the world, seems to him the inevitable path of our destiny. The supreme concern, the consuming passion of his days, is the welfare of the Army and the happiness and efficiency of the British soldier. Far from regarding the Army as a burden and a necessary evil, he looks upon it as a blessing to the State. So long as it is conducted on the just and humane principles governing the British military system, he does not see how an army can prove anything but a blessing to a nation.

HAROLD BEGBIE, in the "Pall Mall Magazine."

OCTOBER 1st.

BIRTH OF HENRY III., 1207.

Henry III. was the eldest son of John. He came to the throne in 1216. In his reign the British Constitution began to assume its present form. Henry was much influenced by unworthy favourites, the chief of whom was Hubert de Burgh. He was opposed during his reign by the Barons, under Simon de Montfort. The Battles of Lewes (1264) and Evesham (1265) were fought in this reign. Henry was devoted to the Pope, and had small idea of what constituted good government. He died in 1272.

THE FIRST ENGLISH PARLIAMENT.

Meanwhile, the cry of the people grew louder for a larger share in the government of the land. The burden of song and ballad was "Let the community of the realm advise, and let it be known what the generality, to whom their own laws are best known, think on the matter. They who are ruled by the laws know those laws best: they who make daily trial of them are best acquainted with them; and since it is their own affairs which are at stake, they will take more care, and will act with an eye to their own peace." With this feeling Simon sympathised. Accordingly, Simon now inaugurated the influential reform with which his name is associated. Previous Parliaments consisted of "King's Men" (the great earls and landowners who held land of the King), the clergy, and the knights of the shire. Slowly the national gathering had come to have, in some measure, a representative character. In the Parliament which Simon had previously moved the King to call, all these were recognised, the sheriffs being definitely instructed as to the last class, to send from each county "four of the most discreet knights of the aforesaid county, elected for this purpose by the assent of the said county." To the Parliament that met in January, 1265, a new class was summoned. Each borough of England was ordered to send "two of their most discreet, loyal, and honest men." The towns had before sent their representatives to the county courts; but now clergyman, baron, knight of the shire, merchant, or tradesman would sit together in the highest national assembly, to confer concerning matters which concerned them all. In Simon's hands the greatest instrument of justice and liberty ever devised by the wit of man was greatly developed towards its final form.

(From Eayrs' "From Alfred to Victoria").

OCTOBER 2nd.

EXECUTION OF MAJOR ANDRÉ, 1780.

In 1780 England was at war with America. The fortress of West Point, some sixty miles north of New York, was in the hands of the Americans, under the command of a Major Arnold. This traitor opened negotiations with the English general, Clinton, to deliver the fortress into his hands. Major André was the English officer selected to carry through the negotiations. He was arrested within the American lines, tried as a spy, and notwithstanding the efforts of General Clinton, was hanged. His body was in 1821 exhumed, brought to England, and buried in Westminster Abbey.

THE DEATH OF MAJOR ANDRÉ.

His death is one of the blackest stains on the character of Washington, for *his* obduracy alone prevented the mitigation of the punishment. In vain was it represented to him that Sir Harry Clinton and his predecessor, Sir William Howe, had never put to death any person for a breach of the rules of war; in vain was it shown that Captain Robinson, of the American Army, who had been taken as a spy by the British, had recently been exchanged as a prisoner of war; and in vain did Arnold, through whose plots he had been captured, plead by letter for his life—Washington was obdurate still, and left his victim to perish by the hands of the common hangman! And yet this obdurate Commander-in-Chief of the Americans professed to commiserate his victim's fate, and applauded the fortitude with which he met his death: but so did others of the American generals, and yet all the while kept twisting the rope that was to hang him! The same may be said of Lafayette. He also praised his courage, frankness, and delicacy, and "lamented his fate," and yet did nothing to avert his doom.

(From Hume and Smollett's "History of England").

OCTOBER 3rd.

TREATY OF LIMERICK, 1691.

The defence of Limerick is as famous in Irish history as that of Londonderry. William failed to take the place and was compelled to raise the siege. In 1691 the Dutch general, Ginkell, having defeated the Irish at Aughrim, turned his attention to Limerick. The town held out from August till October 1st, when terms were arranged for its surrender. On the above date the Treaty of Limerick was signed.

THE RESULTS OF THE TREATY.

The principal military articles were:—The garrison to be permitted to march out of the city with arms and baggage, drums beating and colours flying. Those officers and soldiers who wished might go to any foreign country, the Government to provide them with ships; those who chose might join the army of William and Mary. Ginkell was anxious to keep these soldiers in the King's Army; but only 1,000 joined. More than 20,000 sad exiles—among them Sarsfield—went to Brest and entered the French service. They formed the nucleus of the famous Irish Brigade, who afterwards distinguished themselves in many a battlefield—Fontenoy, Ramillies, Blenheim, Landen, and others; always led by Irish officers, exiles like themselves. There was at this time, and for long after, a vast exodus of the very flower of the Irish people to the Continent. Between 1691 and 1745 it is reckoned that 450,000 Irishmen died in the service of France; and many, who if they had remained at home would have lived in obscurity and degradation, attained positions of influence and power in every country on the Continent.

(From Joyce's "Child's History of Ireland").

OCTOBER 4th.

ALEXANDER SELKIRK PLACED UPON
A DESOLATE ISLAND, 1704.

A simple and uninteresting event in itself, and yet it was the means of giving children one of their greatest books, "Robinson Crusoe." Alexander Selkirk was a Scottish mariner, who, having quarrelled with his captain on one of his voyages, was turned adrift as a punishment on to the Island of Juan Fernandez. Here he remained alone till 1709, when he was taken off by another vessel. His story gave Daniel Defoe the idea for his famous book, "Robinson Crusoe."

THE PLEASURES OF SOLITUDE.

[Supposed to be spoken by Alexander Selkirk.]

I am monarch of all I survey ;
My right there is none to dispute ;
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O Solitude ! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face ?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech ;
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see ;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair ;
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There's mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought !
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

WILLIAM COWPER.

OCTOBER 5th.

DEATH OF LORD CORNWALLIS, 1805.

Lord Cornwallis, Statesman and soldier, was born in London in 1738. He entered the Army and distinguished himself during the Seven Years' War as aide-de-camp to the Marquis of Granby. At the outbreak of the American War of Independence, Cornwallis was appointed to a command, and obtained several successes over the Colonists. Owing to the incapacity of Sir Harry Clinton, on whom he had relied for support, Cornwallis had to surrender with his army at Yorktown in 1781. In 1786 Lord Cornwallis was appointed Governor-General of India, and in that capacity brought about the submission of Tippoo Sahib. Cornwallis was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland during 1798. Again appointed Governor-General of India in 1804, he only lived till the following year. He died at Ghazipur.

LORD CORNWALLIS'S WORK IN INDIA.

Lord Cornwallis, the first of the new dynasty of Parliamentary Governors-General, went to India with a high reputation as a soldier and a diplomatist, sure of the support of the strongest Ministry that had ever governed England, and invested with well-defined supreme authority, military as well as civil, under a full statutory title. He was Governor-General over all three Presidencies, and he was also appointed Commander-in-Chief. Such a concentration of power in one man, his rank, his reputation, his intimacy with Pitt and Dundas, all combined to sweep away the obstacles that had blocked the path of Hastings, and for the first time to clothe the representative of England in India with the attributes of genuine rulership. In the exercise of these ample powers he was materially aided by the political situation in Europe and Asia. The unfortunate and misconducted wars of Lord North's government had ceased; they had been succeeded, in the East and in the West, by a period of peace for England; it was the interval of cloudy stillness before the explosion of the great revolutionary cyclone in Europe, which was not felt in India until 1793. Such a breathing time was well suited for carrying out in India wide internal reforms, for consolidating the British position by a stroke at our foremost and most intractable Indian antagonist in Mysore, and for inaugurating a scheme of peaceful alliances with the other native princes, which lasted with the fair weather, but collapsed as soon as the storm-wave of European commotions reached the shores of India.

(From Lyall's "British Dominion in India").

OCTOBER 6th.

DEATH OF LORD TENNYSON, 1892.

Alfred Tennyson was born at Somersby, in Lincolnshire, in 1809. He was educated at Cambridge, where he won the Chancellor's Prize for Verse with a poem entitled "Timbuctoo." In 1830 Tennyson's first published volume appeared—"Poems: chiefly Lyrical." From that date till his death fresh verses constantly appeared from his pen. In 1850 Tennyson was appointed Laureate. Besides poems, he wrote several plays, the most important being "Harold," "Queen Mary," and "Becket." Lord Tennyson died at Aldworth, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. He died very peacefully while the harvest moon flooded his bedroom with the glory of the night. "Not dirge, but proud farewell," accompanied the sweetest singer of our time to the verge of the river of death, across which he, more than any other man of the nineteenth century, taught the eye to discern, amid the gloom of the valley of the dark shadow, the far-off gleam of the new life of immortal love.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

Break, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.
O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!
And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!
Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

TENNYSON.

OCTOBER 7th.

DEATH OF EDGAR ALLAN POE, 1849.

Poe, one of America's foremost poets and prose writers, was born at Boston on the 19th January, 1809. When only three years old Poe's parents died, and he was adopted by John Allan, a wealthy merchant. In 1815 the family came to England, but returned to the United States in 1820. Poe fell into dissipated habits, joined the Army, was dismissed, and lost the favour of Mr. Allan. Thrown on his own resources, he took to writing. His writings were successful, but he lost many good opportunities through his irregular habits, and remained in poor circumstances till the last. Poe's life was not a happy one, and no doubt this accounts for the morbid tone of many of his writings.

THE BEAUTIFUL SOUND OF BELLS.

Hear the sledges with the bells—

Silver Bells!

What a world of merriment their melody foretells!

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,

In the icy air of night,

While the stars that oversprinkle

All the heavens, seem to twinkle

With a crystalline delight,

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells

From the jinkling and tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells—

Golden Bells!

What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!

Through the balmy air of night

How they ring out their delight!

From the molten golden notes

What a liquid ditty floats!

What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!

How it swells!

How it dwells

On the future! How it tells

Of the rapture that impels

To the swinging and the ringing,

To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

OCTOBER 8th.

DEATH OF HENRY FIELDING, 1754.

Henry Fielding, "the Father of the English Novel," was born at Glastonbury in 1707. He was educated at Eton. The events of his life are not easy to trace. It is certain, however, that he married a heiress, and on her money lived for some years the life of a country gentleman. On the failure of his wife's fortune, Fielding took a theatre, and when this too failed, tried his hand at law. He was contributing to literature all the time. "Joseph Andrews," published soon after the appearance of Richardson's "Pamela," made his fame. Fielding died in Lisbon, where he had gone for the benefit of his health, which for many years had been failing.

A FINE TYPE OF ENGLISHMAN.

What a genius! What a vigour! What a bright-eyed intelligence and observation! what a wholesome hatred for meanness and knavery! What a vast sympathy! What a cheerfulness! What a manly relish of life! What a love of humankind! What a poet is here, watching, meditating, brooding, creating! What multitudes of truths has that man left behind him! What generations he has taught to laugh wisely and fairly! What scholars he has formed and accustomed to the exercise of thoughtful humour and the manly play of wit! What a courage he had! What a dauntless and constant cheerfulness of intellect, that burned bright and steady through all the storms of his life, and never deserted its last wreck! It is wonderful to think of the pains and misery which the man suffered; the pressure of want, illness, remorse, which he endured; and that the writer was neither malignant nor melancholy, his view of truth never warped, and his generous human kindness never surrendered. Indeed I think, with his noble spirit and unconquerable generosity, Fielding reminds one of those brave men of whom one reads in stories of English shipwrecks and disasters: of the officer on the African shore, when disease had destroyed the crew, and he himself is seized by fever, who throws the lead with a death-stricken hand, takes the soundings, carries the ship out of the river or off the dangerous coast, and dies in the manly endeavour; of the wounded captain, when the vessel founders, who never loses his heart, who eyes the danger steadily, and has a cheery word for all, until the inevitable fate overwhelms him, and the gallant ship goes down. Such a brave and gentle heart, such an intrepid and courageous spirit, I love to recognise in the manly, the English Harry Fielding.

(From Thackeray's "English Humourists").

OCTOBER 9th.

EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE FINISHED, 1759.

The Eddystone is a reef of rocks some nine miles from the Cornish coast. Winstanley made the first attempt to build a lighthouse on the rock in 1696. This was swept away in 1702. The second attempt was made by Rudyard in 1709. This edifice lasted till 1755, when it was destroyed by fire. In 1757 Smeaton commenced a new lighthouse. This was completed on the above date. Smeaton's work stood till 1882, when the present building, commenced in 1879, was finished.

A GUIDING LIGHT TO MARINERS.

Many a heart has leapt with gladness at the cry of "The Eddystone in sight!" sung out from the main-top. Homeward-bound ships from far-off ports no longer avoid the dreaded rock, but eagerly run for its light as the harbinger of safety. It might even seem as if Providence had placed the reef so far out at sea as the foundation for a beacon such as this, leaving it to man's skill and labour to finish His work. On entering the English Channel from the west and south, the cautious navigator feels his way by careful soundings on to the great bank which extends from the Channel into the Atlantic; and these are repeated at frequent intervals until land is in sight. Every fathom nearer shore increases a ship's risks, especially in nights when, to use the seamen's phrase, it is "as dark as a pocket." The men are on the look-out, peering anxiously into the dark, straining the eye to catch the glimmer of a light; and when it is known that "the Eddystone is in sight," a thrill runs through the ship, which can only be appreciated by those who have felt or witnessed it after long months of weary voyaging. Its gleam across the waters has thus been a source of joy, and given a sense of relief to thousands; for the beaming of a clear light from one known and fixed spot is infallible in its truthfulness, and a safer guide for the seaman than the bearings of many hazy and ill-defined headlands.

(From "The Story of John Smeaton").

OCTOBER 10th.

BIRTH OF NANSEN, 1861.

Fridtjof Nansen was born near Christiania. He made his first voyage into the Arctic Regions in 1882, and on his return received an appointment in the Natural History museum at Bergen.

In 1889 he became leader of a scientific journey across Greenland. This, Nansen describes in his "First Crossing of Greenland." In 1893 Nansen started in the "Fram" with the intention of reaching the North Pole. He returned in 1896, having reached the highest latitude yet attained by Arctic explorers.

Among other appointments, Nansen was in 1905 made Norwegian Minister in London.

NANSEN'S PRESENCE OF MIND.

In the matters of ability and physical power Dr. Nansen is a prince of explorers. An anecdote relating to his promptitude of action in cases of urgency may be aptly introduced here to show his courage and his fertility of resource either in the matter of upholding right or of averting danger. One who is intimately acquainted with Nansen says:—"I call to mind a little incident when the doctor's presence of mind saved a young Englishman who was then a novice on ski. We were at the time travelling over some all but unknown country in the Yottenheim or Norwegian Alps, and knowing that a village was near and that night was coming on, one of the party proposed a short cut, which necessitated a longish glissade down a snow slope. Off we went, the doctor first and the Englishman following, Alexander Nansen bringing up the rear. When three parts of the way down, to the astonishment of the followers, the doctor was seen suddenly to wheel, and stopping on his ski, within their own length (a feat which few who had not been accustomed to this mode of travelling from their youth upwards could accomplish), he thrust out his ski staff and tripped up his companion, who was at that instant rushing past him down the slope at express speed. The motive of this seemingly extraordinary action was soon manifest; we were within a dozen feet of a sheer precipice some thousands of feet in depth, down which, but for the doctor's ready resource, we should surely have been dashed."

(From Bain's "Life of Fridtjof Nansen").

OCTOBER 11th.

BATTLE OF CAMPERDOWN, 1797.

In the year 1797 France and Holland were allied against Britain. The Dutch had prepared a naval armament with the view of combining with the French fleet, and making a descent on Ireland. The Dutch, under De Winter, set sail for Brest to join the French. The English admiral, Duncan, who was on the watch for the fleets, attacked the Dutch at Camperdown, off the coast of Holland. The Dutch met with a heavy defeat. For this victory Duncan was created Earl of Camperdown.

THE SURRENDER OF THE DUTCH ADMIRAL AT CAMPERDOWN.

Shortly after one o'clock the "Hercules" took fire, and having no hope of escape unless she threw her powder overboard, struck her flag—an example which, after her captain went below wounded, the "Wassenacr" followed. De Winter, through these losses and the defection of Story, had now four English ships aboard of him, but he still fought on until, somewhere about two o'clock, his flag halliards were shot away, and immediately afterwards all his three masts went by the board. Then, the only living man on the quarter-deck of a mastless battleship, of which half the crew had perished, and cut off from the main body of his fleet, De Winter bade his gunners cease their fire.

This being taken as a tacit sign of submission, Lieut. Richardson, climbing up the sides of the "Vrijheid" from the jolly boat of the "Circe," discovered the Admiral kneeling on the quarter-deck while he helped the carpenter to patch a hole in a small boat, by means of which he hoped to escape. Recognising the futility of resistance, he allowed himself to be carried on the "Venerable," where he formally offered Duncan his sword. But the latter, knowing full well that it was the first time such a fate had befallen a Dutch Admiral, and that De Winter was now his guest through no fault of his own, declined to receive it, saying, with a grace that well became the moment of victory, "Rather a brave man's hand than his sword."

(From Cassell's "Britain's Sea Kings and Sea Fights").

OCTOBER 12th.

DISCOVERY OF AMERICA, 1492.

In August, 1492, Christopher Columbus set out from Portugal on a voyage for the purpose of seeking a passage to India by sailing westward. On the above date he landed on one of a group of islands, now known as the Bahamas. This island he named San Salvador. In his later voyages Columbus landed on the mainland of America, and he was followed by the Cabots and Da Gama. For many years after these voyages the land discovered was looked upon as being the eastern coast of Asia, and Columbus himself died in this belief.

COLUMBUS LANDS IN THE NEW WORLD.

As he approached the shore, Columbus, who was disposed for all kinds of agreeable impressions, was delighted with the purity and suavity of the atmosphere, the crystal transparency of the sea, and the extraordinary beauty of the vegetation. He beheld, also, fruits of an unknown kind upon the trees which overhung the shores. On landing he threw himself on his knees, kissed the earth, and returned thanks to God with tears of joy. His example was followed by the rest, whose hearts indeed overflowed with the same feelings of gratitude. Columbus, then rising, drew his sword, displayed the royal standard, and assembling round him the two captains and the rest who had landed, he took solemn possession in the name of the Castilian sovereigns, giving the island the name of San Salvador. Having complied with the requisite forms and ceremonies, he called upon all present to take the oath of obedience to him, as admiral and viceroy, representing the persons of the sovereigns.

(From Washington Irving's "Life of Columbus").

OCTOBER 13th.

DEATH OF MURAT, 1815.

Joachim Murat, one of the leading characters of Napoleon's court and camp, was born in 1771. His father was an inn-keeper. He commenced life as a waiter, but afterwards enlisted in the French army. His presence and daring attracted the notice of Napoleon, who appointed him on his staff. Murat married Caroline, Napoleon's sister. In 1808 Murat was made King of the Two Sicilies. On the fall of Napoleon, Murat took refuge in Corsica. He made an effort to regain his kingdom, and landed in Calabria. He was captured and shot on the above date.

THE QUALITIES OF A GREAT CAVALRY LEADER.

Murat, King of Naples, Napoleon's brother-in-law, was also so remarkable a character during the whole wars of the Revolution, that some account of his peculiarities seems desirable. So early as the Battles of Millesimo and Montenotte, in 1796, he was Napoleon's adjutant, and by his intrepidity and daring contributed not a little to the triumphs of that memorable campaign. It was by these qualities, as well as his handsome figure and dashing manners, that he laid the foundation of the reputation which gained for him the attention of the Emperor's sister, and, by winning her hand, led to his brilliant fortunes. His piercing *coup-d'œil*; his skill in judging of the positions of the enemy; his chivalrous demeanour when leading his troops into battle; his calm intrepidity in the midst of the most appalling dangers; his tall figure and noble carriage, as well as incomparable seat on the splendid chargers which he always bestrode, gave him the air of a hero of romance, not less than the character of a first-rate cavalry officer. At the head of his gallant cuirassiers he feared no danger, never paused to number his enemies; but with matchless hardihood threw himself into the midst of the hostile array, where he hardly ever failed to achieve the most dazzling exploits. In Napoleon's campaigns—at Austerlitz, Jena, and Eylau—Murat was always at the head of so immense a body of horse as to render success almost a matter of certainty; and it was to the weight of this formidable phalanx, generally eighteen or twenty thousand strong, that the Emperor mainly trusted for the gaining as well as the following up of his victories.

(From Alison's "History of Europe").

OCTOBER 14th.

BATTLE OF HASTINGS, 1066.

Early in October, William, Duke of Normandy, landed with his army at Pevensey Bay, Sussex. William landed unopposed, for Harold and the Saxon troops were still in the north, where they had just won the Battle of Stamford Bridge. Harold hurriedly marched south to meet William. Taking up a strong position on Senlac Hill, near Hastings, the Saxons awaited the Norman attack. The battle was fiercely contested, and for many hours the result was doubtful. The better generalship of William and the death of Harold gave the victory to the Normans, and the Saxons were driven from the field. The Duke of Normandy marched to London, was crowned on Christmas Day, 1066, and the Norman Period of English History then commenced.

THE DEATH OF KING HAROLD.

On rush the Norman knights. But Harold is already in the breach, rallying around him hearts eager to replace the shattered breastworks.

"Close shields! Hold fast!" shouts his kingly voice.

Before him were the steeds of Brase and Grantmesnil. At his breast their spears; Haco holds over the breast the shield. Swinging aloft with both hands his axe, the spear of Grantmesnil is shivered in twain by the king's stroke. Cloven to the skull rolls the steed of Brase. Knight and steed roll on the bloody sward.

But a blow from the sword of De Lacy has broken down the guardian shield of Haco. The son of Sweyn is stricken to his knee. With lifted blades and whirling maces the Norman knights charge through the breach.

"Look up, look up, and guard thy head," cried the fatal voice of Haco to the King.

At that cry the King raises his flashing eyes. Why halts his stride? Why drops his axe from his hand? As he raised his head, down came the hissing death shaft. It smote the lifted face; it crashed into the dauntless eyeball. He reeled, he staggered, he fell back several yards, at the foot of his gorgeous standard. With desperate hand he broke the head of the shaft, and left the barb quivering in the anguish.

Gurth knelt over him.

"Fight on," gasped the King. "Conceal my death! Holy Crosse! England to the rescue! Woe—woe!"

Rallying himself for a moment, he sprang to his feet, clenched his right hand, and fell once more—a corpse.

(From Lytton's "Harold").

OCTOBER 15th.

THE SURRENDER OF THE BRITISH ARMY AT SARATOGA, 1777.

In October, 1777, the curtain fell upon the last scene of England's attempt to tax her American Colonies. The position of the British Army had gradually got worse and worse, and finally the English General, Burgoyne, found himself faced by a large American force of over 13,000 men, under Gates. The English were forced by famine to surrender, and on the above date terms were agreed to, by which the English troops were compelled to lay down their arms, on condition of receiving a free transport to England. The actual surrender took place on the 17th. One great result of this surrender was the recognition by France of the "Independent United States of America." Henceforth, the "American Colonies" were a thing of the past.

END OF BRITISH RULE IN AMERICA.

Honours and rewards were liberally voted by the Congress to their conquering general and his men; "and it would be difficult" (says the Italian historian) "to describe the transports of joy which the news of this event excited among the Americans. They began to flatter themselves with a still more happy future. No one any longer felt any doubt about their achieving their independence. All hoped, and with good reason, that a success of this importance would at length determine France and the other European Powers that waited for her example to declare themselves in favour of America. The truth of this was soon displayed in the conduct of France. Franklin and his brother commissioners found all their difficulties with the French Government vanish. The time seemed to have arrived for the House of Bourbon to take a full revenge for all its humiliations and losses in previous wars. In December a treaty was arranged, and formally signed in the February following, by which France acknowledged the Independent United States of America. This was, of course, tantamount to a declaration of war with England. Spain soon followed France; and before long Holland took the same course. Largely aided by French fleets and troops, the Americans vigorously maintained the war against the armies which England, in spite of her European foes, continued to send across the Atlantic. But the struggle was too unequal to be maintained by this country for many years; and when the treaties of 1783 restored peace to the world, the independence of the United States was reluctantly recognised by their ancient parent and recent enemy, England.

(From Creasy's "Decisive Battles of the World").

OCTOBER 16th.

BIRTH OF ROBERT STEPHENSON, 1803.

Robert Stephenson was the son of George Stephenson. He was born at Willington Quay, a few miles from Newcastle. His early years were the years of his father's struggles, and very hard years for Robert. The success of George Stephenson's steam engine brought brighter days, and Robert was able to attend a course of study at Edinburgh University. In 1824 he went to America, where he stayed for three years in charge of some mines there. On his return Robert assisted his father in the construction of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway. Robert Stephenson's fame chiefly rests on his reputation as a builder of bridges, the chief of which are the Menai Bridge, the High Level Bridge at Newcastle, and the Victoria Bridge over the St. Lawrence. Robert Stephenson died in 1859, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

ROBERT STEPHENSON'S EARLY EDUCATION.

As a scholar he was steady and diligent, and his master was accustomed to hold him up to the laggards of the school as an example of good conduct and industry. During the time Robert attended school at Newcastle, the father made the boy's education instrumental to his own. Robert was accustomed to spend some of his spare time at the rooms of the Literary and Philosophical Institute; and when he went home in the evening he would recount to his father the results of his reading. His father also practised him in reading plans and drawings without reference to the written descriptions. Thus he taught him to read a drawing as easily as he would read a page of a book. While Robert went on with his lessons in the evenings, his father was usually occupied with his watch and clock cleaning, or in contriving models of pumping engines, or endeavouring to embody in a tangible shape the mechanical inventions which he found described in the odd volumes of Mechanics which fell in his way. This daily and unceasing example of industry and application in the person of a loving and beloved father imprinted itself deeply upon the boy's heart in characters never to be effaced. A spirit of self-improvement was thus early and carefully planted and fostered in Robert's mind, which continued to influence him through life; and to the close of his career he was proud to confess that if his professional success had been great, it was mainly to the example and training of his father that he owed it.

(From Smiles' "Lives of the Engineers").

OCTOBER 17th.

DEATH OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, 1586.

Among the many gallant courtiers who thronged the Court of Elizabeth, Sir Phillip Sidney held a very high place. Born at Penshurst, Kent, in 1554, after spending some years abroad in travel, Sidney returned to England, where he at once attracted the notice of Elizabeth. He rapidly rose in her favour, and she employed him in many important diplomatic missions. In 1586 the English were assisting the Dutch against the Spaniards, and Sidney was appointed Governor of Flushing. On September 22nd, 1586, Sir Philip Sidney was mortally wounded at an engagement near Zutphen.

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY'S LAST FIGHT.

On the 21st September, 1586, the English Army learned that a troop of Spaniards conveying provisions to Zutphen was to reach the town at daybreak next morning. Five hundred horsemen of the English Army were ordered to intercept the approaching force. Without waiting for orders, Sidney determined to join in the encounter. The little English force soon found itself by mistake under the walls of the town, and threatened alike in front and at the rear. A force of three thousand Spanish horsemen almost encircled them. They were between two fires—between the Spanish Army within the town and the Spanish Army which was seeking to enter it. The Englishmen twice charged the reinforcements approaching Zutphen, but were forced to retreat under the town walls. At the second charge Sidney's horse was killed under him. Remounting another, he foolhardily thrust his way through the enemy's ranks, then perceiving his isolation, he turned back to rejoin his friends, and was struck as he retreated by a bullet on the left thigh, a little above the knee. He managed to keep his saddle until he reached the camp, a mile and a-half distant. What followed is one of the classical anecdotes of history, and was thus put on record by Sidney's friend Greville:—

“Being thirsty with excess of bleeding, he called for drink, which was presently brought him; but as he was putting the bottle to his mouth he saw a poor soldier carried along, who had eaten his last at the same feast, ghastly casting up his eyes at the bottle, which Sir Philip perceiving, took it from his head before he drank and delivered it to the poor man with these words, ‘Thy necessity is greater than mine,’ and when he had pledged this poor soldier he was presently carried (by barge) to Arnheim.”

Sidney's wife hurried from England to his bedside at Arnheim, and after twenty-six days' suffering he died.

(From “Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century”).

OCTOBER 18th.

THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW, 1812.

In 1812 Napoleon began that Russian Campaign, the failure of which was one of the principal causes of his ultimate downfall. The quarrel of Napoleon with Russia arose out of the refusal of that country to carry out the Berlin Decree against English commerce. Napoleon entered Russia in June with an immense army of some 500,000 men.

The French entered Moscow in September, 1812, Napoleon intending to make that city his winter quarters. A few days after the arrival of the French the town was set on fire. In a few days the city was a mass of blazing ruins. The French Army was forced to retreat. A severe winter and the unceasing attacks of the Russians annihilated the Grand Army. Less than 10,000 men re-crossed the border.

SCENES IN THE RETREAT.

The soldiers no longer sought to keep the gold and jewels which they had found in the smoking ruins of Moscow. When the weather became excessively cold, they tried to get furs, at no matter what price.

The soldiers were impatient to see the sun rise, that they might start off again, without having taken the least nourishment to renew their strength. They were demoralised. They marched without looking before them either to the right or left, and knocked against generals or comrades without distinction; and these dull, apathetic men were those who, six months previously, had made all Europe tremble.

With a boot and an old shoe on my feet, a crutch in my hand, dressed in a pink cloak lined with ermine and a hood over my head, I marched along with my faithful soldier and my two horses, which strayed at will without ever losing sight of us.

I ate horseflesh half cooked, and was sprinkled with grease and blood from the chin to the knees. My face was begrimed, my beard long, and I looked like a Mayence ham, and, in spite of my condition, I often laughed at my costume and those of my comrades. We marched with long icicles on every hair of our beards; the skins, which half covered us, singed at the few bivouac fires we were able to light.

Dead horses were not sufficient for three-fourths of a starving army, and it was only the more courageous who could get that. Those who had neither knife, sabre, nor axe, and whose hands were frozen, could not eat. I have seen soldiers on their knees, and others seated near these carcasses, and biting the flesh like hungry wolves.

(From "Valmy to Waterloo: the Diary of a Soldier of Napoleon").

OCTOBER 19th.

DEATH OF KING JOHN, 1216.

John was one of the worst sovereigns who ever sat on the English throne. He does not appear to have had one redeeming feature. He was an ungrateful son, a grossly ungenerous brother, and a tyrannical prince. He quarrelled with every section of society, the Church, the Barons, and the People. He was the son of Henry II., and he ascended the throne in 1199, a position which should have been held by Arthur, his brother Geoffrey's son. The tyranny of John led to a combination of the Barons, who forced upon John the Magna Charta, drawn up by Stephen Langton. This was signed by John on June 19th, 1215 (*qui vide*). John, who had no intention of keeping to this charter, raised an army and laid waste the land. The Barons called in the aid of the French King, who sent troops to England to help them. While marching against the Barons, John fell into a fever, from which he died.

THE END OF A BAD KING.

But, happily for England and humanity, his death was near. Crossing a dangerous quicksand, called the Wash, not very far from Wisbeach, the tide came up and nearly drowned his army. He and his soldiers escaped; but looking back from the shore where he was safe, he saw the roaring water sweep down in a torrent, overturn the waggons, horses, and men that carried his treasure, and engulf them in a raging whirlpool, from which nothing could be delivered.

Cursing and swearing and gnawing his fingers, he went on to Swinestead Abbey, where the monks set before him quantities of pears and peaches and new cider—some say poison too, but there is very little reason to suppose so—of which he ate and drank in an immoderate and beastly way. All night he lay ill of a burning fever, and haunted with horrible fears. Next day they put him in a horse litter, and carried him to Sleaford Castle, where he passed another night of pain and horror. Next day they carried him, with greater difficulty than on the day before, to the castle of Newark-upon-Trent; and there in the forty-ninth year of his age, and the seventeenth of his vile reign, was an end of this miserable brute.

(From Dickens' "Child's History of England").

OCTOBER 20th.

BATTLE OF NAVARINO, 1827.

In 1827 Greece was struggling to throw off the yoke of Turkey. In June, 1827, Greece seemed at her last gasp. Athens had been captured by the Turks. At this point Canning succeeded in forming an alliance between England, France, and Russia for the object of helping Greece to secure her freedom. In October, 1827, Turkey had refused to grant the armistice to the Greeks demanded by the Powers, and a combined English, French, and Russian fleet sailed into Navarino Bay, where the Turkish fleet was at anchor. The English fleet was commanded by Sir E. Codrington, one of Nelson's men. After fruitless negotiations, the Turks opened fire, which brought about a general engagement. As a result, the Turkish fleet was entirely destroyed. Turkey recognised the independence of Greece in 1829.

CODRINGTON AT NAVARINO.

Of Codrington's own cool courage it is almost unnecessary to speak. Almost everyone about him was shot down, and at one time he stood the only uninjured man on his own quarter-deck. His hat was shot through, his watch was crushed by a bullet, his coat was pierced. Tahir Pasha, the Turkish vice-admiral, told afterwards how, as he watched Codrington—"tall as a mast," to use his own words—on the quarter-deck of the "Asia," he drew up a company of riflemen and told them the only hope of victory lay in shooting that tall Englishman, and the riflemen fired repeated volleys at him, but somehow failed to hit him. It will give some idea of the tumult and distraction of a great fight to read Codrington's description of the noise, of the smoke, which was so thick that the men could not see the ships at which they were firing, etc.; and how, at last, when the Turkish flagship had vanished, "in my anxiety to ascertain that we were not firing into each other, I tried to make the general signal to cease firing; but as fast as the flags could be attempted to be shown, either the men hoisting them were killed, or the means by which the signals were to be displayed were shot away. I then tried to despatch a boat with this object, when it was found that we had no boat that could swim; an attempt by hailing to get one from the 'Genoa' was equally unsuccessful, and I was obliged to give up the attempt, and leave things to take their course."

(From Fitchett's "Fights for the Flag").

OCTOBER 21st.

BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR: DEATH OF LORD NELSON, 1805.

In 1804 Spain joined France against England, and it was by the strength of the combined fleets that Napoleon hoped to crush England's naval power. In 1805 Nelson had returned to England after an unsuccessful chase after the Spanish fleet, which at length had sought safety in Cadiz Harbour. In September, 1805, Nelson set out again on what was to be his last voyage. Acting under express orders from Napoleon, the French and Spanish fleets sailed from Cadiz, and were met by the English fleet under Nelson off Cape Trafalgar. The battle which ensued resulted in the greatest victory ever gained by Britain on the seas. England, however, had to mourn the loss of her famous commander, Nelson being mortally wounded at the moment of victory.

THE MAN WHO SHOT NELSON.

Within a quarter of an hour after Nelson was wounded above fifty of the "Victory's" men fell by the enemy's musketry. They, however, on their part, were not idle, and it was not long before there were only two Frenchmen left alive in the mizzen-top of the "Redoubtable." One of them was the man who had given the fatal wound; he did not live to boast of what he had done. An old quarter-master had seen him fire, and easily recognised him because he wore a glazed cocked hat and a white frock. This quarter-master and two midshipmen, Mr. Collingwood and Mr. Pollard, were the only persons left in the "Victory's" poop; the two midshipmen kept firing at the top, and he supplied them with cartridges. One of the Frenchmen, attempting to make his escape down the rigging, was shot by Mr. Pollard, and fell on the poop. But the old quarter-master, as he cried out "That's he, that's he!" and pointed at the other, who was coming forward to fire again, received a shot in his mouth and fell dead. Both the midshipmen then fired at the same time, and the fellow dropped in the top. When they took possession of the prize they went into the mizzen-top and found him dead, with one ball through his head and another through his breast.

(From Southey's "Life of Nelson").

OCTOBER 22nd.

THE EDICT OF NANTES REVOKED, 1685.

In 1598 Henry of Navarre, who had become King of France, with the title of Henry IV., signed the famous Edict of Nantes, which gave to French Protestants the right to exercise their religion, and which put an end for a time to the wars of religion which had been waged in France for many years. This Edict was again confirmed in 1622. During the reign of Louis XIV. the persecution of the Huguenots commenced afresh. On the above date the King revoked the Edict of Nantes, when thousands of Huguenots left France, to seek other countries, in which they could follow their religious beliefs. The effect of this action was to drive over half-a-million people from France. It was not until the reign of Napoleon Bonaparte that Protestants received the same civil and political right as the Catholics.

THE RESULTS OF PERSECUTION.

The Edict of Nantes was revoked; and a crowd of decrees against sectaries appeared in rapid succession. Boys and girls were torn from their parents and sent to be educated in convents. All Calvinistic ministers were commanded either to abjure their religion or to quit their country within a fortnight. It was thought that the flocks, thus separated from the evil shepherds, would soon return to the true fold. It was calculated that, in a few months, fifty thousand families quitted France for ever. Nor were the refugees such as a country can well spare. They were generally persons of intelligent minds, of industrious habits, and of austere morals. In the list are to be found names eminent in war, in science, in literature, and in art. Some of the exiles offered their swords to William of Orange, and distinguished themselves by the fury with which they fought against their persecutor. A more peaceful class erected silk manufactories in the eastern suburb of London. One detachment of emigrants taught the Saxons to make the stuff and hats of which France had hitherto enjoyed a monopoly. Another planted the first vines in the neighbourhood of the Cape of Good Hope.

(From Macaulay's "History of England").

OCTOBER 23rd.

BIRTH OF THOMAS HUGHES, 1823.

Every British boy has read, or ought to have read, "Tom Brown's Schooldays." Thomas Hughes was the author. He was born in Berkshire, and educated at Rugby, of which school we get such fine pictures in the above book. Thomas Hughes became a lawyer, entered Parliament, and interested himself, together with Charles Kingsley, in bettering the social conditions of the working classes. Arthur, who figures in "Tom Brown," stands for Arthur Stanley, afterwards the famous Dean, and author of "Life of Dr. Arnold." Hughes died in 1896.

"TOM BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS."

Within a few minutes therefore of their entry all other boys who slept in Number 4 had come up. Poor little Arthur was overwhelmed with the novelty of his position. The idea of sleeping in the room with strange boys had clearly never crossed his mind before, and was as painful as it was strange to him. He could hardly bear to take his jacket off; however, presently, with an effort, off it came, and then he paused and looked at Tom, who was sitting at the bottom of his bed talking and laughing.

On went the talk and laughter. Arthur finished his washing and undressing, and put on his nightgown. He then looked round more nervously than ever. Two or three of the little boys were already in bed, sitting up with their chins on their knees. The light burned clear, the noise went on. It was a trying moment for the poor little lonely boy; however, this time he didn't ask Tom what he might or might not do, but dropped on his knees by his bedside, as he had done every day from his childhood, to open his heart to Him who heareth the cry and beareth the sorrows of the tender child and the strong man in agony.

Tom was sitting at the bottom of his bed unlacing his boots, so that his back was towards Arthur, and he didn't see what had happened, and looked up in wonder at the sudden silence. Then two or three boys laughed and sneered, and a big brutal fellow, who was standing in the middle of the room, picked up a slipper and shied it at the kneeling boy, calling him a snivelling young shaver. Then Tom saw the whole, and the next moment the boot he had just pulled off flew straight at the head of the bully, who had just time to throw up his arm and catch it on his elbow.

"Confound you, Brown, what's that for?" roared he, stamping with pain.

"Never mind what I mean," said Tom, stepping on the floor, every drop of blood in his body tingling; "if any fellow wants the other boot he knows how to get it."

OCTOBER 24th.

ON THE EVE OF AGINCOURT, 1415.

The disordered state of France during the reign of Henry V. encouraged that king to revive the old claim of Edward III. to the French throne. He landed in France in August, and captured Harfleur. Disease, however, had so weakened his forces that Henry was compelled to fall back towards Calais. On October 24th he found his path barred, near the village of Agincourt, by an immense French Army. Expecting to be attacked, the English formed in battle array, but the French preferred to spend the night in carousing, which gave the English troops an opportunity for a night's rest. The next day the French advanced to the attack, and the great Battle of Agincourt was fought. The French were totally routed, chiefly owing to the skill and bravery of the English bowmen.

A BRAVE KING'S INSPIRING WORDS.

[The English Army was very small, and Westmoreland had expressed a wish that they had with them more men from England.]

I pray thee, wish not one man more.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England :
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks would share from me,
For the best hope I have.
He, that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tiptoe when this day is nam'd.
Then he will strip his sleeve, and show his scars,
And say, these wounds I had on Crispin's day.
Then shall our names
Familiar in their mouths as household words,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd ;
This story shall the good man teach his son ;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered ;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers :
For' he, to-day, that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition :
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd, they were not here :
And hold their manhoods cheap, whiles any speaks,
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

(From Shakespeare's "Henry V.").

OCTOBER 25th.

THE BALACLAVA CHARGE, 1854.

On the above date was fought the Battle of Balaclava, one of the engagements in the Crimean War. During the progress of the battle occurred one of the most unfortunate episodes of the campaign. Through the wrong construction being put on an order, the Light Brigade, some six hundred strong, was sent to charge the entire Russian Army in position. Of course, the charge was useless, and the Light Brigade was nearly destroyed. Lord Tennyson has immortalised the event in verse.

"FORWARD, THE LIGHT BRIGADE!"

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
"Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die,
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd;
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
Shatter'd and Sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not
Not the six hundred.

(From Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade").

OCTOBER 26th.

DEATH OF HOGARTH, 1764.

William Hogarth, the celebrated painter, was born in London on November 10th, 1697. He was apprenticed to a silversmith and studied art under Sir James Thornhill. In 1720 he set up for himself as an engraver. In 1729 he married the daughter of Sir James Thornhill. In 1730-31 he painted the "Harlot's Progress," and established his position. From that time till his death other works followed, the chief of which are "Industry and Idleness," "Marriage à la Mode," and the "Rake's Progress." Hogarth died at Chiswick.

HISTORY IN HOGARTH'S PICTURES.

To the student of history these admirable works must be invaluable, as they give us the most complete and truthful picture of the manners and even the thoughts of the past century. We look, and see pass before us the England of a hundred years ago—the peer in his drawing-room, the lady of fashion in her apartment, foreign singers around her, and the chamber filled with gewgaws in the mode of that day; the church, with its quaint florid architecture and singing congregation; the parson with his great wig, and the beadle with his cane; all these are represented before us, and we are sure of the truth of the portrait. We see how the Lord Mayor dines in state; how the prodigal drinks and sports; how the poor girl beats hemp in Bridewell; how the thief divides his booty and drinks his punch at the night-cellar, and how he finishes his career at the gibbet. We see one of Walpole's Members of Parliament chaired after his election, and the lieges celebrating the event, and drinking confusion to the Pretender; we see the grenadiers and trainbands of the City marching out to meet the enemy, with sword and firelock, and white Hanoverian horse embroidered on the cap, the very figures of the men who ran away with Johnny Cope, and who conquered at Culloden.

(From Thackeray's "English Humourists").

OCTOBER 27th.

BIRTH OF CAPTAIN COOK, 1728.

James Cook, the famous navigator, was born at Cleveland, in the North Riding of York. In his early years he was apprenticed to the grocery business, but soon left this to join the Merchant Service. After several years spent in the Merchant Service, Cook joined the Navy, and by his ability and courage gradually rose to the post of commander. In 1768 Capt. Cook was commissioned by the English Government for survey work, chiefly of the Southern Seas, and it was while on one of these expeditions that he was killed at Hawäii, in the Sandwich Islands, in January, 1779.

THE WORK OF CAPTAIN COOK.

Let us, however, once more repeat briefly what those achievements were, because they were so great and splendid, and because no other sailor has ever so greatly enlarged the borders of the earth. He discovered the Society Islands; he proved New Zealand to be two islands, and he surveyed its coasts; he followed the unknown coast of New Holland for two thousand miles, and proved that it was separated from New Guinea; he traversed the Antarctic Ocean on three successive voyages, sailing completely round the globe in its high latitudes, and proving that the dream of the great southern continent had no foundation unless it was close around the Pole, and so beyond the reach of ships; he discovered and explored a great part of the coast of New Caledonia, the largest island in the South Pacific next to New Zealand; he found the desolate island of Georgia and Sandwichland, the southernmost land yet known; he discovered the fair and fertile archipelago called Sandwich Islands; he explored three thousand five hundred miles of the North American coast, and he traversed the icy seas of the North Pacific, as he had done in the south, in search of the passage which he failed to discover. All this, without counting the small islands which he found scattered about the Pacific.

(From Besant's "Captain Cook").

OCTOBER 28th.

DEATH OF ALFRED THE GREAT, 901.

Alfred was born at Wantage, in Berkshire, in 849. He was the youngest son of Ethelwulf, king of the West Saxons. He came to the throne at the age of twenty-two. His reign was one continual struggle against the Danes, who were over-running the land. Alfred gained a great victory over the Danes at Ethandune, after which a certain part of the land, east of a line along the Thames, Lea, and Ouse to Watling Street, was given to the Danes. This was termed the Danelagh. Alfred's fame has been handed down to us as a soldier, lawgiver, and writer. His was the first idea of a national system of education, and he may also be said to have founded the English Navy. He favoured arts and encouraged religion.

WHY ALFRED IS CALLED "THE GREAT."

Certainly no king ever gave himself up more thoroughly than Alfred did fully to do the duties of his office. His whole life seems to have been spent in doing all that he could for the good of his people in every way. And it is wonderful in how many ways his powers showed themselves. That he was a brave warrior is in itself no particular praise in an age when almost every man was the same. But it is a great thing for a prince, so large a part of whose time was spent in fighting, to be able to say that all his wars were waged for the deliverance of his country from the most cruel enemies. And we may admire too the wonderful way in which he kept his mind always straight and firm, never either giving way to bad luck or being puffed up by good luck. We read of nothing like pride or cruelty or injustice of any kind either towards his own people or towards his enemies. And if he was a brave warrior, he was many other things besides. He was a lawgiver; at least he collected and arranged the laws, and caused them to be most carefully administered. He was a scholar, and wrote and translated many books for the good of his people. He encouraged trade and enterprise of all kinds, and sent men to visit distant parts of the world, and bring home accounts of what they saw. And he was a thoroughly good man and a devout Christian in all relations of life. In short, one hardly knows any other character in all history so perfect; and though no doubt Alfred had his faults like other people, yet he clearly had none, at any rate, in the greater part of his life, which took away at all seriously from his general goodness.

(From Freeman's "Old English History").

OCTOBER 29th.

EXECUTION OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Raleigh was one of those famous men of Devon who did so much for England in the 16th century. He was born at Budleigh in 1552, and was related on his mother's side to Humphrey Gilbert. Raleigh saw service in France, fighting on the side of the Huguenots. He first attracted the notice of Elizabeth after a campaign in Ireland, where he greatly distinguished himself. He rapidly rose in favour, and became a distinguished person at Elizabeth's Court. He interested himself in the colonisation of Virginia, and took a prominent part in the stirring days of the Armada.

On the accession of James I. Raleigh fell into disgrace. He was committed to prison on false charges of complicity in the "Main" and "Bye" plots, and was imprisoned in the Tower for many years. Released in 1616, he was sent to discover a gold mine which he said existed on the banks of the Orinoco. The expedition was a failure, and on his return in 1618 Raleigh was arrested and executed on his old sentence.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S GREAT GIFTS.

Thus perished, in his sixty-fifth year, one of the most remarkable and accomplished Englishmen of his day; a man of varied and versatile gifts, an accomplished courtier, a successful captain both by land and sea, an erudite scholar, a profound thinker, and an eloquent author.

So keen was his love of science and natural history, that even in his last fatal voyage, when he had difficulties of every kind to contend with, when he was worn out with sickness, harassed with disappointment, and almost heartbroken with grief and mortification, he yet found it possible to devote a portion of his time to the objects of interest around him.

To his contemporaries he seemed at times an avaricious, self-seeking man, fond of display, and not over-scrupulous about the source from which he derived the diamonds and rubies that flashed and shone on his stately person; but even his acquisitiveness was a thing apart and distinct from the vulgar desire to obtain and hoard money. That he was possessed by a restless, unsatisfied ambition there can be no doubt, but his ambition, like his love of money, was not a purely selfish or personal failing. He was ambitious for his country; he longed to make England great, to found for her a naval supremacy, to rear for her, in the New World, a vast Empire, to protect and extend her commerce, and to secure her against foreign invasion.

(From Mrs. Hardy's "Afloat and Ashore with Raleigh").

OCTOBER 30th.

BIRTH OF GEORGE II., 1683.

George II. was the only son of George I. He was born in Hanover, and succeeded to the English throne in 1727. During the first ten years of the reign, England enjoyed peace, largely owing to the efforts of Sir Robert Walpole. In 1740 England was engaged in the War of the Austrian Succession. At the Battle of Dettingen in this War George II. was present, this being the last occasion in which an English king appeared in battle. In 1745 the "Young Pretender" landed in Scotland and made the last attempt to regain the crown for the Stuarts. The Seven Years' War commenced in 1756. In 1757 the Battle of Plassey won India for the English arms, and in 1759 Wolfe, at the Battle of Quebec, added Canada to the British Empire. William Pitt held the reins of state during the latter part of the reign. George II. died suddenly on October 25th, 1760.

GEORGE II. AND HIS QUEEN.

The King was in person short, and, like many short men, proud and touchy. The public called him "dapper," a word which fits the description of him so well that one historian always speaks of "Dapper George." He was also very precise, his notion of soldiering requiring a strict attention to small details of drill and uniforms; whilst his mind always found room for minute questions of etiquette, for which he seems to have had the taste of a gentleman-usher. There is no doubt about his bravery, nor about his love of justice and desire to do what was best for his kingdom and subjects. One curiously unkingly failing His Majesty had—avarice, and avarice not on a large scale such as might be worthier of a king. George's avarice was rather that of a petty tradesman, shown in a desire to handle and count money. George II. had an advantage over his father in that he could speak English fluently, though, as courtiers remarked behind his back, not very grammatically, and with a strong German accent. Caroline of Anspach was probably the most remarkable queen consort in English history. Caroline was both clever and wise. She could display sweet temper and be pleasant and agreeable to all round; but also her tongue could give utterance to the sharpest sarcasms and bitterest invectives. The Queen combined a statesman's grasp of public questions with a woman's tact. By skilfully choosing opportunities and arguments she instilled notions into the King's mind, and in such a subtle way that he thought they were his own, and thus she was wont to govern the King without his knowing it.

(From Morris' "Early Hanoverians").

OCTOBER 31st.

BIRTH OF JOHN EVELYN, 1620.

John Evelyn, whose "Diary" gives us such realistic scenes of the times of which he writes, was born at Wotton, near Dorking. After being educated at Oxford, Evelyn travelled for some time on the Continent. In 1652 he settled at Sayes Court, Deptford. He was appointed to several public offices, including Treasurer of Greenwich Hospital. He died at Wotton on February 27th, 1706. Evelyn's "Diary" covers a period of over seventy years, and covers the reigns of Charles I., Charles II., James II., William III., and the Commonwealth.

A GREAT FROST IN ENGLAND.

The frost continuing more and more severe, the Thames before London was still planted with booths in formal streetes, all sorts of trades and shops furnished and full of commodities, even to a printing presse, where the people and ladyes tooke a fancy to have their names printed, and the daye and yeare set down when printed on the Thames. This humour tooke so universally, that 'twas estimated the printer gain'd £5 a day, for printing a line onely, at 6d. a name, besides what he got by ballads, etc. Coaches plied from Westminster to the Temple; and from several other staires to and fro, as in the streetes, sleds, sliding with skeetes, a bullbaiting, horse and coach races, puppet plays and interludes, cookes, tippling, and other lewd places, so that it seem'd to be a bacchanalian triumph or canival on the water, whilst it was a severe judgment on the land, the trees not onely splitting as if by lightening struck, but men and cattle perishing in divers places, and the very seas so lock'd up with ice, that no vessels could stir out or come in. The fowls, fish, and birds and all our exotic plants and greenes universally perishing. Many parkes of deer were destroyed, and all sorts of fuell so deare that there were greate contributions to preserve the poore alive. Nor was this severe weather much lesse intense in most parts of Europe, even as far as Spaine and the most southern tracks. London, by reason of the excessive coldnesse of the aire hindering the ascent of the smoke, was so filled with the fuliginous streame of the sea-coale, that hardly could one see crosse the streetes, and this filling the lungs with its grosse particles exceedingly obstructed the breast, so as one could scarcely breathe. Here was no water to be had from the pipes and engines, nor could the brewers and divers other tradesmen worke, and every moment was full of disastrous accidents.

(From "Evelyn's Diary").

NOVEMBER 1st.

DEATH OF LORD GEORGE GORDON, 1793.

Lord George Gordon is identified with a most disgraceful page of English history—the “No Popery” riots of 1780. This nobleman was born in London in 1751, and was educated at Eton. He entered the Navy, but had a dispute with the Admiralty and resigned. In 1774 he became M.P. for Ludgershall, Wiltshire. In 1778 a Bill for the relief of Catholics having passed Parliament, this aroused the opposition of the various Protestant societies. Lord George became leader of the movement. In 1780 he headed a vast mob to the House of Commons to demand the repeal of the Bill. Riots broke out, and for five days the streets of London were in the hands of the mob. Much Catholic property was destroyed, and many lives were lost before the riots were put down. Lord George was tried for high treason, but got off. In 1787 he was again arrested for libel, was convicted, and died in Newgate of fever.

LORD GEORGE GORDON EXCITES THE MOB.

The Jack of Leyden of the age, Lord George Gordon, gave notice to the House of Commons last week that he would, on Friday, bring in the petition of the Protestant Association; and he openly declared to his disciples that he would not carry it unless *a noble army of martyrs, not fewer than forty thousand*, would accompany him. Forty thousand, led by such a lamb, were more likely to prove butchers than victims; and so, in good truth, they were very near being. Have you faith enough in me to believe that the sole precaution taken was that the Cabinet Council on Thursday empowered the First Lord of the Treasury to give proper orders to the civil magistrates to keep the peace,—and his Lordship forgot it!

Early on Friday morning the conservators of the Church of England assembled in St. George's Fields to encounter the dragon, the old serpent, and marched in lines of six and six—about thirteen thousand only, as they were computed—with a petition as long as the procession, which the apostle himself presented; but, though he had given out most Christian injunctions for peaceable behaviour, he did everything in his power to promote a massacre. He demanded immediate repeal of toleration, told Lord North he would have him torn to pieces, and, running every minute to the door or windows, bawled to the populace that Lord North would give them no redress, and that now this member, now that, was speaking against them.

(From “The Letters of Horace Walpole”).

NOVEMBER 2nd.

BIRTH OF MARIE ANTOINETTE, 1755.

The ill-fated Queen of Louis XVI. was the daughter of Francis I. of Austria and Maria Theresa. She was married at the age of fifteen to the son of Louis XV., her husband being the unfortunate Louis XVI. When Queen of France she became very unpopular, owing to her thoughtlessness and indifference to the sufferings of the people. At the outbreak of the Revolution she endeavoured to imbue her husband with some of her fiery spirit. She was brought before the Revolutionary tribunal on various charges. She was condemned to death, and was guillotined on 16th October, 1793.

MARY ANTOINETTE IN HER EARLY DAYS.

The Dauphiness, then fifteen years of age, beaming with freshness, appeared to all eyes more than beautiful. Her walk partook at once of the noble character of her princesses of the house, and of the graces of the French; her eyes were mild—her smile lovely. When she went to chapel, as soon as she had taken the first few steps in the long gallery, she discerned, all the way to its extremity, those persons whom she ought to salute with the consideration due to their rank; those on whom she should bestow an inclination on the head; and lastly those who were to be satisfied with a smile, while they read in her eyes a feeling of benevolence, calculated to console them for not being entitled to honours.

Louis XV. was enchanted with the young Dauphiness; all his conversation was about her graces, her vivacity, and the aptness of her repartees. She was yet more successful with the royal family, when they beheld her shorn of the splendour of the diamonds with which she had been adorned during the earliest days of her marriage. When clothed in a light dress of gauze or taffety, she was compared to the Venus di Medicis and the Atalanta of the Marly Gardens. Poets sang her charms, painters attempted to copy her features. An ingenious idea of one of the latter was rewarded by Louis XV. The painter's fancy had led him to place the portrait of Marie Antoinette in the heart of a full-blown rose.

(From Campan's "Memoirs of Marie Antoinette").

NOVEMBER 3rd.

BIRTH OF WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.
1794.

William Cullen Bryant is called the Wordsworth of America. He was born in Massachusetts, and was educated for the law. Much of his early education was received at home. He drifted into journalism and literature, and became editor of different well-known American papers. His writings were in favour of the anti-slavery movement, then at its height. Bryant died suddenly, from the result of a fall, on the 12th of June, 1878.

PEOPLE WHO PASS IN THE STREET.

How fast the flitting figures come !
The mild, the fierce, the stony face ;
Some bright with thoughtless smiles, and some
Where secret tears have left their trace.

They pass—to toil, to strife, to rest ;
To halls in which the feast is spread ;
To chambers where the funeral guest
In silence sits beside the dead.

And some to happy homes repair,
Where children, pressing cheek to cheek,
With mute caresses shall declare
The tenderness they cannot speak.

And some, who walk in calmness here,
Shall shudder as they reach the door
Where one who made their dwelling dear,
Its flower, its light, is seen no more.

Youth, with pale cheek and slender frame,
And dreams of greatness in thine eye !
Go'st thou to build an early name,
Or early in the task to die ?

Keen son of trade, with eager brow !
Who is now fluttering in thy snare ?
Thy golden fortunes, tower they now,
Or melt the glittering spires in air ?

Some, famine-struck, shall think how long
The cold dark hours, how slow the light ;
And some, who flaunt amid the throng,
Shall hide in dens of shame to-night.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

NOVEMBER 4th.

DEATH OF ADMIRAL BENBOW, 1702.

Admiral Benbow, one of the old type of seamen, was born at Shrewsbury in 1653. He first saw active service in merchant vessels, and at the age of thirty was master of his own vessel. Afterwards, when his bravery against some pirates brought Benbow before the notice of James II., he made him captain of a vessel in the Royal Navy. He was soon promoted to the rank of Rear Admiral, and rendered great service in the Navy during the reign of William III. He figured in many desperate engagements during the reign of Anne, and in an action off the West Indies, against the French, he had a leg shot away, from which wound he died at Jamaica on the same date.

HOW BENBOW JOINED THE ENGLISH NAVY.

In the year 1688 he was, while in command of the "Benbow," frigate, attacked on his passage to Cadiz by a Saltee rover of far superior force, against which he defended himself with the utmost bravery. At last the Moors boarded him, but were quickly beaten out of his ship again, with the loss of thirteen men, whose heads Capt. Benbow ordered to be taken off, and thrown into a tub of pork pickle. On reaching Cadiz he went on shore, ordering a negro servant to follow him with the Moors' heads in a sack. Scarcely had he landed when the officers of the revenue inquired of the servant what he had in his sack. The captain answered, "Salt provisions for his own use." "That may be," answered the officers, "but we must insist upon seeing them." The magistrates, when he came before them, treated Capt. Benbow with great civility, telling him that they were sorry to make a point of such a trifle, but that since he refused to show the contents of his sack to their officers, they were compelled to demand a sight of them. "I told you," said the captain, sternly, "they were salt provisions for my own use. Cæsar, throw them down upon the table; and, gentlemen, if you like them, they are at your service." The Spaniards were much struck at the sight of the Moors' heads, and no less so at the account the captain gave them of his engagement and defeat of so large a force of barbarians. They sent an account of the whole matter to the Court at Madrid, and the King of Spain was so much pleased with it that he requested to see the English captain, and the King wrote a letter to King James, who, upon Benbow's return, gave him a ship, which was his introduction to the Royal Navy.

(From Kingston's "Popular History of the Royal Navy").

NOVEMBER 5th.

BATTLE OF INKERMANN, 1854.

The Battle of Inkerman was one of the most fiercely contested fights of the Crimean War. It was the result of a sortie of the Russians from Sevastopol. The sortie took place in the early hours of the morning, during a thick mist. The English position was the chief point of attack. Inkerman has been termed the "Soldiers' Battle," because, owing to the fog, the troops fought hand to hand with the enemy, under little direction from their officers. The arrival of the French troops later in the day resulted in the Russians being driven back.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE FRENCH AT INKERMANN.

"Things look very bad, Jack," Allison said. "Ammunition is evidently failing, and it is impossible for our fellows to hold out much longer against such terrible odds. What on earth are the French doing all this time? Our fellows have been fighting single-handed for the last three hours. What in the world can they be up to?"

And regardless of the storm of bullets, he leaped to his feet and looked round.

"Hurrah, Jack! Here they come, column after column. Ten more minutes and they'll be up. Hurry up, you lubbers," he shouted in excitement; "every minute is precious, and you've wasted time enough, surely. By Jove, they're only just in time. There are the Guards falling back. Don't you see their bearskins?"

"They are only just in time," Jack agreed, as he stood beside his comrade. "Another quarter of an hour and they would have had to begin the battle afresh, for there would have been none of our fellows left. Hurrah! hurrah!" he cried, as, with a tremendous volley and a ringing shout, the French fell upon the flank of the Russians.

(From Henty's "Jack Archer").

NOVEMBER 6th.

DEATH OF HENRY FAWCETT, 1884.

Henry Fawcett, to whom England owes the introduction of Postal Orders, sixpenny telegrams, and numerous reforms in other directions, was born at Kirkby Lonsdale, Westmorland, in 1793. He was educated at Cambridge, and studied for the law. In 1858, by a gun accident, Fawcett lost the use of both his eyes. In 1865, notwithstanding his blindness, he was elected M.P. for Brighton. In 1880 he was made Postmaster-General, a position which he held till his death. During his Parliamentary career Fawcett did much to better the condition of the poorer classes, to secure the preservation of open spaces, and to defend the interests of the people of India. He contributed to the literature of Political Economy by his "Manual of Political Economy," a book which still holds a standard position.

HOW FAWCETT LOST HIS EYESIGHT.

On September 17th, 1858, Fawcett went out shooting with his father upon Harnham Hill. Harnham Hill commands a view of the rich valley where the Avon glides between the great bluffs of the chalk downs and beneath the unrivalled spire of Salisbury. It is one of the loveliest views, as Fawcett used to say, in the south of England. He now saw it for the last time. The party was crossing a turnip field and put up some partridges, which flew across a fence into land where Mr. Fawcett had not the right of shooting. In order to prevent this from happening again, Fawcett advanced some thirty yards in front of his party. Shortly afterwards another covey rose and flew towards him. His father was suffering from incipient cataract of one eye. He, therefore, could not see his son distinctly, and had for the moment forgotten their relative change of position. He thus fired at a bird when it was nearly in a line with his son. The bird was hit with the greatest part of the charge, for it was "completely shattered." A few pellets, however, diverged and struck Henry Fawcett. Most of these entered his chest, but, passing through a thick coat, only inflicted a trivial wound. Two of them went higher. He was wearing tinted spectacles to protect his eyes from the glare of the sun. One shot passed through each glass of the spectacle, making in each a clean round hole. Their force was partly spent, and was further diminished by the resistance of the spectacles. They might have otherwise reached the brain and inflicted a fatal injury. As it was, they passed right through the eyes, remaining permanently embedded behind them. Fawcett was instantaneously blinded for life.

(From Leslie Stephen's "Life of Fawcett").

NOVEMBER 7th.

LAST EXECUTION AT TYBURN, 1783.

The Tyburn gallows stood as near as can be ascertained at the corner of Edgware Road—Connaught Place. Here stood the "Tyburn Tree," so well depicted in Hogarth's fine picture of "The Idle and Industrious Apprentice." It was upon this gallows that the bodies of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw were hung at the Restoration. Tyburn Lane, which led to the gallows, is now the aristocratic Park Lane. After the above date, executions were carried out outside Newgate Prison. Disgraceful scenes generally accompanied these executions, people making the event a kind of holiday, and in 1868 an Act was passed prohibiting public executions.

TYBURN EXECUTIONS.

The number of persons who suffered the penalty of death at Tyburn is great, and they belonged to all sections of society. Roman Catholic priests, conjurors, highwaymen, lords, murderers, poisoners, traitors, sheep stealers, and forgers were hanged on the spot; here, in 1534, Elizabeth Barton, the Holy Maid of Kent, who had prophesied the speedy death of Henry VIII., and several of her supporters were executed, and so, a few years later, were Sir Thomas Percy, Sir John Bulmer, and the Abbot of Jervaux, for the share they had taken in a last desperate effort to restore the Catholic religion in England. The condemned used to be taken in an open cart, accompanied by a clergyman and a coffin, from Newgate to Tyburn. At "The George and the Blue Boar" Inn, in Holborn, the criminals would call for their last drink, but at the great gate of the leper hospital or at the churchyard gate of St. Giles's they were offered the "cup of charity," or "St. Giles's Bowl," by a white-robed priest. The gallows of Tyburn was triangular in plan, having three legs to stand on, and in consequence of the large number of criminals hanged there, it was a permanent structure. Scores of felons used to be executed there at one and the same time.

Says Dr. Johnson, in his "London":—

Scarce can our fields—such crowds at Tyburn die—
With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply.

Hogarth's print of the execution of Thomas Idle gives a good idea of the revolting scenes that took place around the gallows of Tyburn on execution day.

(From Heckethorne's "London Memories").

NOVEMBER 8th.

BIRTH OF LORD LYTTON (OWEN MEREDITH), 1831.

Edward Robert, Earl of Lytton, poet and Statesman, was the son of Lord Lytton, the famous novelist. He was born in London. He became private secretary to his uncle, Sir Henry Bulwer, in 1849, and from that date till 1873 held the post of consul in various European cities. In 1876 he was appointed Viceroy of India, in which position he remained till 1880. In 1887 Lord Lytton was appointed English Ambassador at Paris, where he died November 24th, 1891. Lord Lytton's literary works were published mostly under the name of "Owen Meredith," and comprise poetry, a romance, a drama, and some translations from the Servian.

THE DARK SIDE OF A MIGHTY CITY.

To the bridge she came
Just as the foggy lamps began to flame
Along the loud, dark streets. With eyes hard set
She stopp'd there, leaned against the parapet,
And watched the sallow, melancholy stream.
The enormous city, like a madman's dream,
Full of strange hummings and unnatural glare,
Beat on her brain. The shadows whisper'd "There
Is quiet, and an end to long distress,
Leap down! leap in! one anguish more or less
God keeps no strict account of." But to-night
She still fears those dark whispers. What right
Is hers to die?—a mother, and a wife,
Whose love has given hostages to life!
The voices of the shadows make reply
"Woman, no right to live is right to die."
Ah, no, for Willie waits for her at home,
Ill—then the little ones—no work has come,
Though long she waited, and their rent is due
To-morrow. Ah, to-morrow! Fiercer grew
The woman's fretful cough. Again
She wandered onward, thro' the endless rain
The roaring of the wheels began anew,
And London down its dismal vortex drew
This wandering minim of the misery
Of millions.

(From Poems by "Owen Meredith").

NOVEMBER 9th.

BIRTH OF AKENSIDE, 1721.

Mark Akenside was born at Newcastle-on-Tyne. He was educated for a dissenting minister, but determined to take up medicine as a profession. Akenside was one of those poets who have felt "very early the motions of genius." His greatest work, "The Pleasures of Imagination," was published when the author was only twenty-three. Although not eminently successful as a physician, Akenside published several medical works, which attracted much notice in his time. He died on June 23rd, 1770.

ON LOVE OF PRAISE.

Of all the springs within the mind
Which prompt her steps in fortune's maze,
From none more pleasing aid we find
Than from the genuine love of praise.

Nor any partial, private end
Such reverence to the public bears;
Nor any passion, Virtue's friend,
So like to Virtue's self appears.

For who in glory can delight
Without delight in glorious deeds?
What man a charming voice can slight,
Who courts the echo that succeeds?

But not the echo on the voice
More, than on virtue praise depends;
To which, of course, its real price
The judgment of the praiser lends.

If praise then with religious awe
From the sole perfect Judge he sought,
A nobler aim, a purer law,
Nor priest, nor bard, nor sage hath taught.

With which, in characters the same,
Though in an humbler sphere it lies,
I court that soul of human fame,
The suffrage of the good and wise.

MARK AKENSIDE.

NOVEMBER 10th.

BIRTH OF MARTIN LUTHER, 1483.

The great Protestant reformer was born at Eisleben. He was educated for the law, but his deep religious convictions prompted him to retire to the cloister to study the Scriptures. On leaving the cloister, Luther began to lecture on theology, and was soon known for the strength of his opinions. He then commenced his career as a reformer. In his sermons and writings he attacked the abuses of the Roman Church. This brought down on the reformer's head the whole power of the Papacy, and he suffered a time of great persecution. He died in 1546, and was buried at Wittenburg.

THE EARLY DAYS OF THE GREAT REFORMER.

In the month of May, 1497, two scholars wended their way along the high road from Mansfeldt to Bernberg, knapsacks on their backs, sacks in their hands, and great tears rolling down their cheeks; they were Martin Luther, aged fourteen, and his comrade, Hans Reincke, about the same. Both had just quitted the paternal roof, and were proceeding on foot to Magdeburg, to avail themselves of the current schulen, celebrated seminaries in the middle ages which still subsist. Here each boy paid his board and education by means of alms collected from the richer townsmen, under whose windows they used to sing twice a week, and of money they earned as choristers. Martin quitted this place in 1498, and directed his steps to Eisenach.

At Eisenach, Luther studied grammar, rhetoric, poetry, under a famous master, J. Trebonius, rector of the convent of the Barefooted Carmelites. The young scholar's ready comprehension, his natural eloquence, his rare power of elocution, his skill in composition, both prose and poetical, soon made him the object of his master's especial favour.

The reformer was probably as fortunate in his earliest preceptors as any child could hope to be in that severe age, but that is not saying very much. That his father was a remarkable peasant is sufficiently shown in the fact that he was a reader of books; but while he and his wife desired the best things for their son, they were strict even to harshness, while the schoolmaster they patronised believed in chastisement more heartily than in anything else. He seems to have sought to make up for all personal deficiencies by the vigour with which he thrashed his pupils.

(From "Anecdotes of Luther and the Reformation").

NOVEMBER 11th.

DEATH OF CANUTE, '1035.

Canute, or Cnut, was the son of Sweyn, King of Denmark, who had also made himself master of England. On the death of Sweyn, Canute was elected to succeed him, and in 1016 he became the first Danish King of England. Edmund Ironsides, however, was allowed to rule over the southern part of the kingdom until his death, which occurred during 1016. Canute, though harsh in his rule in the earlier part of his reign, tried hard to win the love of his people, and to a large extent succeeded. He reigned till his death on the above date, and was buried at Winchester.

CANUTE'S REBUKE TO HIS FLATTERERS.

King Canute was weary-hearted; he had reigned for years a
score,

Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, killing much and
robbing more;

And he thought upon his actions, walking by the wild sea-shore.

"Will the advancing waves obey me, bishop, if I make the
sign?"

Said the bishop, bowing lowly, "Land and sea, my lord, are
thine."

Canute turned towards the ocean—"Back!" he said, "thou
foaming brine.

"From the sacred shore I stand on, I command thee to retreat;
Venture not, thou stormy rebel, to approach thy master's seat:
Ocean, be thou still! I bid thee come not nearer to my feet!"

But the sullen ocean answered with a louder, deeper roar,
And the rapid waves drew nearer, falling sounding on the
shore;

Back the keeper and the bishop, back the King and courtiers
bore.

And he sternly bade them never more to kneel to human clay,
But alone to praise and worship That which earth and seas
obey:

And his golden crown of empire never wore he from that day.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

NOVEMBER 12th.

DEATH OF SIR JOHN HAWKINS, 1595.

John Hawkins belonged to that group of Devon seamen who did so much in the reign of Elizabeth to establish England's supremacy on the seas. He was born at Plymouth about the year 1532. He spent the early years of his life upon the sea, and has the doubtful credit of introducing the slave trade into England. In the later period of his career he gained more honourable distinction as a commander in the English Navy. For his services against the Armada he was knighted. He died at Porto Rico, when in command of an expedition against the Spanish settlements in the West Indies.

A SEA-FIGHT IN THE TIME OF HAWKINS.

And then began a fight most fierce and fell: the Spaniards, according to their fashion, attempting to board; the English, amid fierce shouts of "God and the Queen!" "God and St. George for England!" sweeping them back by showers of arrows and musket-balls, thrusting them down with pikes, hurling grenades and stinkpots from the tops; while the swivels on both sides poured their grape, and bar, and chain, and the great main-deck guns, thundering muzzle to muzzle, made both ships quiver and recoil, as they smashed the round shot through and through each other.

So it raged for an hour or more, till all arms were weary, and all tongues clove to the mouth. And sick men, rotting with scurvy, scrambled up on deck, and fought with the strength of madness; and tiny powder-boys, handing up cartridges from the hold, laughed and cheered as the shots ran past their ears; and old Salvation Yeo, a text upon his lips, and a fury in his heart as of Joshua or Elijah in old time, worked on, calm and grim, but with the energy of a boy at play. And now and then an opening in the smoke showed the Spanish captain, in his suit of black steel armour, standing cool and proud, guiding and pointing, careless of the iron hail, but too lofty a gentleman to soil his glove with aught but a knightly sword-hilt; while Amyas and Will, after the fashion of the English gentleman, had stripped themselves nearly as bare as their own sailors, and were cheering, thrusting, hewing, and hauling, here, there, and everywhere, like any common mariner, and filling them with a spirit of self-respect, fellow-feeling, and personal daring, which the discipline of the Spaniards, more perfect mechanically, but cold and tyrannous, and crushing spiritually, never could bestow.

(From Kingsley's "Westward Ho!").

NOVEMBER 13th.

BIRTH OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, 1850.

Robert Louis Stevenson, novelist and essay writer, ranks as one of the greatest of Scottish authors.

He was born in Edinburgh, and educated at the university there. He was called to the bar, but turned his attention to literature. Stevenson has written novels, essays, and poems. His most popular work, perhaps, is "The Treasure Island." "Familiar Studies of Men and Books" contain his best essays. Stevenson died at Samoa in 1894.

THE DEAR LAND OF STORY BOOKS.

At evening when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit;
They sit at home, and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the sofa track
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read,
Till it is time to go to bed.

There are the hills, there are the woods,
There are my starry solitudes;
And there the river by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away
As if in firelit camp they lay,
And I, like to an Indian scout,
Around their party prowled about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear land of story-books.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, in "The Child's Garden of Verse."

NOVEMBER 14th.

BIRTH OF SIR CHARLES LYELL, 1797.

This eminent geologist was a native of Forfarshire. He was educated at Oxford, where he first began to study geology. He was intended for the Law, but gave up that study for the purpose of scientific research. He published his great work, "The Principles of Geology," in 1830. This was followed by other books, including his "Travels in America." Lyell presents his subject to the reader in a most fascinating manner; indeed, it has been stated that much of his work "reads like a fairy tale." Lyell died in 1875, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

WILD GAME IN ENGLAND IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

The stag, as well as the fallow deer and the roe, were formerly so abundant in our island, that from five hundred to a thousand were sometimes slain at a hunting match. The otter, the marten, and the pole-cat were also in sufficient numbers to be pursued for the sake of their fur. Badgers have been expelled from nearly every district which at former periods they inhabited.

Besides these, which have been driven out from some haunts, and everywhere reduced in number, there are some which have been wholly extirpated, such as the ancient breed of horses and the wild boar. The beaver, which was eagerly sought after for its fur, had become scarce at the close of the ninth century; and by the twelfth-century was only to be met with in one river in Wales, and another in Scotland. The wolf, once so much dreaded by our ancestors, is said to have maintained its ground in Ireland so late as the beginning of the eighteenth century, though it had been extirpated in England at a much earlier period.

The bear only perished as a native of Scotland in 1057. Eagles, larger hawks, and ravens have disappeared from the more cultivated districts. The egret and the crane, which appear to have been formerly very common in Scotland, are now only occasional visitants. The bustard was formerly seen in the downs and heaths of various parts of our island, in flocks of forty or fifty birds; whereas it is now a circumstance of rare occurrence to meet with a single individual.

SIR CHAS. LYELL.

NOVEMBER 15th.

BIRTH OF WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM, 1708.

This eminent Statesman was born at Boconnoc, Cornwall. In 1735 he took his seat in Parliament as Member for Old Sarum. Pitt formed a party in opposition to Walpole, termed the "Patriots." In 1742, when Walpole was driven from power, the position of Pitt was recognised as a great leader. In 1757 Pitt became virtually the head of affairs, and devoted his energy to carrying on the war with France. In 1761 he resigned, not being able to agree with Lord Bute. In 1766 we find him forming another ministry, from which owing to ill-health he had to resign in 1768. Pitt spoke very strongly against England's action towards the American Colonies. When France favoured them, his attitude changed, and it was while speaking against peace with that country that Pitt was seized with illness in the House of Lords. He died in 1778, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

THE LAST SPEECH OF THE EARL OF CHATHAM.

The Duke of Richmond had given notice of an address to the throne, against the further prosecution of hostilities with America. Chatham determined to appear in his place on this occasion, and to declare that his opinions were decidedly at variance with those of the Rockingham party. He rested himself till the debate commenced, and then limped to his seat. His crutch was in his hand. He wore, as was his fashion, a rich velvet coat. His legs were swathed in flannel. When the Duke of Richmond had spoken, Chatham rose. For some time his voice was inaudible. At length his tones became distinct and his action animated. But it was clear that he was not himself. He lost the thread of his discourse, hesitated, repeated the same words several times. The House listened in solemn silence, and with the aspect of profound respect and compassion. The stillness was so deep that the dropping of a handkerchief would have been heard. The Duke of Richmond replied with great tenderness and courtesy; but while he spoke the old man was observed to be restless and irritable. The Duke sat down. Chatham stood up again, pressed his hand on his breast, and sank down in an apoplectic fit. Three or four Lords who sat near him caught him in his fall. The House broke up in confusion. The dying man was carried to the residence of one of the officers of Parliament, and was so far restored as to be able to bear a journey to Hayes. At Hayes, after lingering a few weeks, he expired in his seventieth year.
(From Macaulay's "Earl of Chatham").

NOVEMBER 16th.

BIRTH OF JOHN BRIGHT, 1811.

John Bright was born at Rochdale. He was educated at various private schools. His people were Quakers. He first came to the front when the Anti-Corn-Law League was formed in 1839. In this movement he worked with Cobden. In 1843 Bright became M.P. for Durham, and in 1847 one of the members for Manchester. As a member of the Peace Society, he opposed the Crimcan War. Bright was a great advocate for Parliamentary reform, and assisted much in passing the Act of 1867. John Bright held office under Mr. Gladstone for many years, but parted from him on the question of Home Rule for Ireland (1886-88). He died March 27th, 1889.

JOHN BRIGHT ON THE VALUE OF LIBRARIES.

What is a great love of books? It is something like a personal introduction to the great and good men of all past times. Books, it is true, are silent as you see them on their shelves; but silent as they are, when I enter a library I feel as if almost the dead were present, and I know if I put questions to these books they will answer me with all the faithfulness and fulness which has been left in them by the great men who have left the books with us. Have none of us, or may I say, are there any of us who have not felt some of this feeling when in a great library? When you are within its walls, and see these shelves, these thousands of volumes, and consider for a moment who they are that wrote them, who has gathered them together, for whom they are intended, how much wisdom they contain, what they tell the future ages, it is impossible not to feel something of solemnity and tranquillity when you are spending time in rooms like these. I say to you, you may have in a house costly pictures and costly ornaments, and a great variety of decoration, yet, so far as my judgment goes, I would prefer to have one comfortable room well stocked with books to all you can give me in the way of decoration which the highest art can supply. In the houses of the humble a little library in my opinion is a most precious possession. My own impression is that there is no greater blessing that can be given to an artisan's family than a love of books.

JOHN BRIGHT.

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NOVEMBER 17th.

OPENING OF THE SUEZ CANAL, 1869.

This famous canal, which shortens the passage to Bombay by twenty-four days, owes its existence to a French engineer, M. de Lesseps. It is about 100 miles long. Port Said stands at the northern extremity; Suez at the southern outlet. In 1870 only 486 vessels passed through the canal, but now the number runs into tens of thousands every year. England holds nearly half the shares in this great canal, owing to the action of Mr. Frederic Greenwood, of the "Pall Mall Gazette," who, in 1875, suggested to Mr. Disraeli to buy the shares which belonged to the Khedive of Egypt.

THROUGH THE SUEZ CANAL.

We had sundry visitors during the early morning, and before ten o'clock we were in the Canal and steaming on at regulation speed. As the sun rose the heat became intense, 96 degrees in the shade under double awnings. So far from there being a cool breeze to temper it, a hot wind blew from the desert, like the blast from a furnace. I stood on the bridge as long as I could bear the heat, to look at the strange desert view, which could be seen to a great advantage in going through at the top of high water. Sand, sand everywhere; here a train of camels, there a few Arab tents, now a whole party shifting their place of abode; a group of women washing, or a drove of buffaloes in a small tributary stream. After going about eight miles we stopped at a gare (as the stopping places are called) to allow three vessels to pass. They have an excellent plan of the Canal there, and little models of ships, which are arranged according to the telegrams constantly received, so that the chief officers at each end of the Canal know exactly where every ship is. Instant information is of course sent of any stoppage or any accident, but these occur comparatively seldom. There are only certain places in the Canal where vessels can pass one another, so one ship is always obliged to wait for another.

(From Lady Brassey's "Voyage in the Sunbeam").

NOVEMBER 18th.

BIRTH OF SIR WILLIAM S. GILBERT.

William S. Gilbert, the dramatist and lyric writer, who has contributed so largely to the gaiety of nations, was born in London in 1836. He was a clerk in the Privy Council Office from 1857 till 1862. He first began to contribute to different magazines, and it was in the columns of a comic paper that his inimitable "Bab Ballads" first appeared. He is the author of several dramas, notably "Pygmalion and Galatea," "Broken Hearts," and "The Palace of Truth," but his name is more widely known in connection with the Savoy Operas—"The Mikado," "Patience," "The Yeomen of the Guard," "The Pirates of Penzance," "H.M.S. Pinafore," etc.—which were written by him and set to music by the late Sir Arthur Sullivan. Mr. Gilbert's fearless satire, inexhaustible wit, courageous candour, and whimsical rhymes captivated the whole English-speaking world. He lifted the burlesque stage to a higher plane than it had ever been before, for his work was always wholesome, never vulgar or indecent. W. S. Gilbert is not merely a humorist; he is a poet besides. For example, the clear note of a brave soldier's resignation is nobly sounded in the ballad sung by Fairfax in the opera, "The Yeomen of the Guard," and it is therefore quoted below as one of the best examples of Gilbert's work. Mr. Gilbert received the honour of knighthood in 1907.

IS LIFE A BOON?

Is life a boon?
If so, it must befall
That Death, whene'er he call,
Must call too soon.
Though fourscore years he give,
Yet one would pray to live
Another moon.
What kind of plaint have I,
Who perish in July?
I might have had to die
Perchance in June.
Is life a thorn?
Then count it not a whit.
Man is well done with it;
Soon as he's born.
He should all things essay
To put the plague away;
And I, war-worn,
Poor captured fugitive—
My life most freely give.
I might have had to live
Another morn!
(From "The Yeomen of the Guard").

NOVEMBER 19th.

BIRTH OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD, 1831.

Among the famous men who have worked their way to the post of President of the United States, James Abram Garfield holds very high rank. Left fatherless when but a child, Garfield from his earliest days had to work hard to help to support his family. By heavy work during the summer months, young Garfield provided means to obtain some amount of learning during the winter. On the outbreak of the Civil War, Garfield received a command in the Ohio Volunteers. In 1861 he was in command of a brigade, and in 1862 he became Brigadier-General. He entered Congress in 1863. Whilst in Congress he rendered valuable help, particularly in military and financial questions, and in 1880 was nominated as President, to which position he was elected.

In July, 1881, he was shot at and wounded by a disappointed office-seeker, from which wound he died on the 19th September of the same year.

GARFIELD'S EARLY LOVE FOR READING.

From that time James was introduced into a new world—a world of thought. Words expressed thoughts to him, and books contained words, and so he went for books with all his mind, and might, and strength. There was nothing about the cabin equal to a book. He preferred the "English Reader" to anything that could be raised on the little farm. He revelled in books—such books as he could find at that time when there was a dearth of books. Day after day the "English Reader" was his companion. He would lie flat upon the cabin floor by the hour, or sprawl himself out under a tree; on a warm summer day, with the "English Reader" in his hand, exploring its mines of thought, mastering its wonderful knowledge, and making himself familiar with its inspiring contents. This was before the lad was five years old; and he was scarcely six years old when he had committed to memory a great portion of that "Reader." Other volumes, too, occupied much of his attention, though none to such an extent as the "English Reader." Such was his childish devotion to books that his mother could scarcely refrain from prophesying, even then, an intellectual career for him. She knew not how it could be done—all the surroundings of the family were unfriendly to such an experience—but somehow she was made to feel that there was a wider, grander field of action for that active, precocious mind.

(From "From Log Cabin to White House").

NOVEMBER 20th.

BATTLE OF QUIBERON BAY, 1759.

The year 1759 was a memorable year in the annals of English History. As chatty Horace Walpole has it, "Our bells are worn threadbare with ringing for victories," and of these victories not the least was that of Quiberon Bay.

Lord Hawke had been blockading the French fleet in Brest. In the autumn Hawke stood off for a time, and Conflans, the French admiral, seized the opportunity to slip out and seize a few English frigates, hoping to get back before Hawke could reach him. Unfortunately, however, for the French, Hawke was too quick, and caught the French fleet off Quiberon Bay. The battle was fought during a terrible storm, and resulted in a great victory for the English.

SOME RESULTS OF THE GREAT VICTORY.

"When I consider," Hawke wrote to the Admiralty, "the season of the year, the hard gales on the day of action, a flying enemy, the shortness of the day, and the coast they were on, I can boldly affirm that all that could possibly be done has been done." History confirms the judgment. There is no other record of a great sea fight fought under conditions so wild, and scarcely any other sea-battle has achieved results more decisive. Trafalgar itself scarcely exceeds it in the quality of effectiveness. Quiberon saved England from invasion. It destroyed for the moment the naval power of France. Its political results in France cannot be described here, but they were of the first importance. The victory gave a new complexion to English naval warfare. Rodney and Howe were Hawke's pupils; Nelson himself, who was a post-captain when Hawke died, learned his tactics in Hawke's school. No sailor ever served England better than Hawke. And yet such is the irony of human affairs, that on the very day when Hawke was adding the thunder of his guns to the diapason of surf and tempest of Quiberon, and crushing the fleet that threatened England with invasion, a London mob was burning his effigy for having allowed the French to escape his blockade.

(From Fitchett's "Deeds That Won the Empire").

NOVEMBER 21st.

DEATH OF JAMES HOGG, 1835.

James Hogg, Scottish poet, generally known as the "Ettrick Shepherd," was born at Ettrick, Selkirkshire, in 1770. His father was a farmer. The early education of Hogg was of a most meagre kind. He seems to have written his first verse in the intervals of minding his father's sheep. His first poem was published in 1800. Shortly after Hogg was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of Walter Scott, to whom he sent several of his poetical attempts, which Scott published in his "Border Minstrelsy." Hogg then came to England to embark in a literary career.

He soon became a well-known figure in literary society, and wrote much for "Blackwood." He died at Altrive on the above date.

THE SONG OF THE FARMER'S BOY.

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the grey trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.
Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.
Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.
Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.
Why the boys should drive away
Little maidens from their play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.
But this I know I love to play
Through the meadow among the hay :
Up the water and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

JAMES HOGG.

NOVEMBER 22nd.

BIRTH OF GEORGE ELIOT, 1819.

Mary Ann Evans, or Marian Evans, was born in Warwickshire. She was educated at various private schools, and at home by private masters.

The first work produced by this authoress was a translation of Strauss' "Life of Jesus." She began soon after to write for the "Westminster Review," and became the assistant editor of that paper in 1851. It was not till 1851 she published her first novel, "Scenes from Clerical Life," under the name of George Eliot. In 1858 this was followed by "Adam Bede," and then by the "Mill on the Floss," and her other works till 1866, which was the date of her last story. In 1830 George Eliot married a Mr. Cross, who died a few months after marriage. George Eliot died on 22nd December of the same year.

THE HAPPY DAYS OF YOUTH.

It was one of their happy mornings. They trotted along and sat down together, with no thought that life would ever change much for them; they would only get bigger and not go to school, and it would always be like the holidays; they would always live together and be fond of each other. And the mill with its booming—the great chestnut tree under which they played houses—their own little river, the "Ripple," and above all the great "Floss," along which they wandered with a sense of travel to see the rushing spring-tide, the awful eagle come up like a hungry monster, or to see the great ash which had once wailed and groaned like a man—these things would always be just the same to them. Tom thought people were at a disadvantage who lived on any other spot of the globe; and Maggie, when she read about Christian passing "the river over which there is no bridge," always saw the "Floss" between the green pastures by the great ash.

Life did change for Tom with Maggie, and yet they were not wrong in believing that the thoughts and loves of these first years would always be made part of their lives. We could never have loved the earth so well if we had had no children on it—if it were not the earth where the same flowers come up again every spring, that we used to gather with our tiny fingers as we sat lisping to ourselves on the grass—the same hips and haws on the autumn hedgerows—the same red-breasts that we used to call "God's birds," because they did no harm to the precious crops. What novelty is worth that sweet monotony where everything is known, and loved because it is known?

(From George Eliot's "Mill on the Floss").

DEATH OF RICHARD HAKLUYT, 1616.

"Hakluyt's Voyages" is a well-known book to students. The writer, Richard Hakluyt, was born in Herefordshire in 1553. He was educated at Westminster School and at Oxford. His tastes turned to geography, in which subject he became so expert that he was appointed lecturer in geography at Oxford. He is said to have introduced the use of globes in schools. Helped by Sir Walter Raleigh, Hakluyt commenced to compile a record of travels and geographical discoveries. In 1582 he published "A Collection of Voyages and Discoveries." Other similar works followed, numbering about twelve volumes. Hakluyt was buried in Westminster Abbey.

A VISIT TO THE ORKNEYS.

Upon which considerations, the day and year before expressed, he departed from Blackwall to Harwich, where, making an accomplishment of things necessary, the last of May we hoisted up sails, and with a merry wind we arrived at the islands called Orchades, or, vulgarly, Orkney, being in number thirty, subject and adjacent to Scotland, where we made provision of fresh water, in the doing whereof our general licensed the gentlemen and soldiers, for their recreation to go on shore. At our landing the people fled from their poor cottages with shrieks and alarms, to warn their neighbours of enemies, but by gentle persuasions we reclaimed them to their houses. It seemeth they are often frightened with pirates, or some other enemies, that move them to such sudden fear. Their houses are very simply builded with pebble stones, without any chimneys, the fire being made in the midst thereof. The good man, wife, children, and other of their family eat and sleep on the one side of the house, and their cattle on the other, very beastly and rudely in respect of civilisation. They are destitute of wood; their fire is turf and cow sharden. They have corn, bigge, and oats, with which they pay their king's rent to the maintenance of his house. They take great quantities of fish, which they dry in the wind and sun; they dress their meat very filthily, and eat it without salt. Their apparel is after the nudest sort of Scotland. Their money is all base. Their church and religion is reformed according to the Scots.

(From Hakluyt's "N.W. Passage").

NOVEMBER 24th.

DEATH OF SIR HENRY HAVELOCK, 1857.

Great commanders may be very well classed under two heads—those who achieved fame early in life, and those who did not attain success till past their middle age. Havelock belongs to the second class. Havelock had seen some forty-two years' service before the grand opportunity of his life career. Born in Castle Wearmouth, in Durham, in 1795, Havelock entered the Army in 1815. He saw much service in India and Afghanistan, but was only a lieutenant after twenty-three years' service. In 1856 he was in command of a division in Persia. In 1857, at the outbreak of the Mutiny, Havelock was sent to India, and began to organise the column for the Relief of Lucknow. This, after innumerable difficulties, he accomplished in September, 1857. The efforts he had undertaken were too much for him, and he died at Lucknow and was buried in the Alumbagh.

WHERE HAVELOCK LIES BURIED.

Next morning they buried him in the Alumbagh enclosure, under the mango tree, which still spreads its branches over his tomb. There stood around the grave Colin Campbell, and the chivalrous Outram, and staunch old Walter Hamilton, and the ever-ready Tytler; and the "Boy Harry," to whom the campaign had brought repute for reckless daring and the loss of a father; and the devoted Hargood, his "heart in the coffin there with Cæsar"; and the heroic William Peel; and that "colossal red Celt," the valiant ill-fated Adrian Hope; and honest Dick Pearson, the dead General's bugler, weeping for the loss of the best friend the Ross-shire lad had ever known. Behind stood in a wide circle the soldiers of the Ross-shire Buffs and of the Madras Fusiliers, who had done the dead chief's bidding in many a hard fight, and in whose war-worn hearts, as they looked down on the last of their old commander, was stirring many a memory of his ready praise of valour, and of his ceaseless regard for the welfare of his soldiers. The volleys of the firing party were the good soldier's fittest requiem; and so Henry Havelock was buried.

Guarded to a soldier's grave
By the bravest of the brave,
He hath gained a nobler tomb
Than an old cathedral gloom.
Nobler mourners paid the rite
Than the crown that craves a sight.
England's banners o'er him waved,
Dead, he keeps the realm he saved.

(From Forbes' "Havelock

NOVEMBER 25th.

DEATH OF JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART, 1854.

Lockhart's "Life of Scott" is almost as well known among readers as Boswell's "Life of Johnson." Lockhart was born near Wishaw in 1794. He was educated at Glasgow and Oxford, and was intended for the law. He, however, took to literature, and became connected with "Blackwood's Magazine." Lockhart met Scott in 1818. He married the poet's eldest daughter. In 1825 Lockhart became editor of the "Quarterly," which post he held till within a year of his death. Lockhart died at Abbotsford, and is buried in Dryburgh Abbey, beside Sir Walter. Among Lockhart's other chief works are his "Life of Napoleon," "Life of Burns," and "Ancient Spanish Ballads."

DEATH OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

As I was dressing on the morning of Monday, September 17th, Nicolson came into my room, and told me that his master had awoke in a state of composure and consciousness, and wished to see me immediately. I found him entirely himself, though in the last extreme of feebleness. His eye was clear and calm—every trace of the wild fire of delirium extinguished. "Lockhart," he said, "I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man. Nothing else would give you any comfort when you come to lie here." He paused, and I said, "Shall I send for Sophia and Anne?" "No," says he, "don't disturb them. Poor souls! I know they were up all night—God bless you all." With this he sunk into a very tranquil sleep, and, indeed, he scarcely afterwards gave any sign of consciousness, except for an instant on the arrival of his sons.

They, on learning that the scene was about to close, obtained a new leave of absence from their posts, and both reached Abbotsford on the 19th. About half-past one p.m., on September 21st, Sir Walter breathed his last, in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day—so warm, that every window was wide open—and so perfectly still, that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes. No sculptor ever modelled a more majestic image of repose.

(From Lockhart's "Life of Scott").

NOVEMBER 26th.

THE WRECK OF THE "WHITE SHIP,"
1120.

Henry I. had one son, William. In 1120 this son was drowned off the coast of Normandy. The blow was a severe one to Henry, for it was on this son that his hopes were placed for the succession to the throne. He however, secured the promise of his nobles to support the claim of his daughter Matilda, whom he married to the Count of Anjou, and from whom descended the Plantagenet line of Kings. The poetess Mrs. Hemans has kept the incident of the "White Ship" green in our memory.

A KING'S GREAT SORROW.

The bark that held a prince went down,
The sweeping waves rolled on;
And what was England's glorious crown
To him that wept a son?
He lived—for life may long be borne
Ere sorrow break its chain;—
Why comes not death to those who mourn?—
He never smiled again!

There stood proud forms around his throne,
The stately and the brave,
But which could fill the place of one,
That one beneath the wave?
Before him passed the young and fair,
In pleasure's reckless train,
But seas dashed o'er his son's bright hair—
He never smiled again!

He sat where festal bowls went round;
He heard the minstrel sing,
He saw the Tourney's victor crowned,
Amidst the knightly ring;
A murmur of the restless deep
Was blent with every strain,
A voice of winds that would not sleep—
He never smiled again!

MRS. HEMANS.

NOVEMBER 27th.

GREAT STORM IN ENGLAND, 1703.

On this date a storm, the most fearful ever experienced in the British Isles, swept over land and sea. In London alone damage was done to the extent of some two million pounds sterling, thousands of homes having their roofs blown away, and hundreds being entirely blown down. At sea the loss was even more disastrous. Hundreds of ships were wrecked on the coasts, and their crews drowned. The Eddystone Lighthouse, with its designer, Winstanley, was swept away during this storm.

AN ADVENTURE DURING THE GREAT STORM.

The beginning of the storm there lay a ship laden with tin in Helford Haven, about two leagues and a-half west of Falmouth. About eight o'clock in the evening the commander, whose name was Anthony Jenkins, went on board with his mate to see everything was safe, and to give orders, but went both on shore again, leaving only a man and two boys on board, not apprehending any danger, they being in safe harbour.

But between eleven and twelve o'clock the wind came about west and by south, and blew in so violent and terrible a manner that, though they rode under the lee of a high shore, yet the ship was driven from her anchors, and about midnight drove quite out of the harbour into the open sea, the men having neither anchor nor cable nor boat to help themselves.

But when the day broke they found they were to think no more of Plymouth, for they were far enough beyond it. By seven o'clock they found themselves broadside of the Isle of Wight.

Now came the last consultation for their lives. The other of the boys said he had been in a certain creek in the Isle of Wight, where, between the rocks, he knew there was room to run the ship in; so he desired the man to let him have the helm, and he stood directly in among the rocks, the people standing on the shore thinking they were mad, and that they would in a few minutes be dashed in a thousand pieces. However, the young bold fellow run her into a small cove, where she stuck fast, as it were, between the rocks on both sides, there being just room enough for the breadth of the ship. The ship, indeed, giving two or three knocks, staved and sunk, but the men and the two youths jumped ashore and were safe; and the lading being tin, was afterwards secured.

(From Defoe's "From London to Land's End").

NOVEMBER 28th.

BIRTH OF WILLIAM BLAKE, 1757.

William Blake, equally distinguished as a painter, engraver, and poet, was born in London. Of education he had little, but his genius burst forth, and we find him writing verse at the age of fourteen. He was apprenticed to an engraver. During his apprenticeship he was sent by his master to make drawings of the interior ornaments of many London churches, and no doubt this kind of work filled him with those mystical ideas which afterwards found expression in his poems. At the close of his apprenticeship he took to painting. In his leisure hours he wrote verses, most of which are imbued with a very religious tone. He died in London in 1827.

THE LITTLE BLACK BOY.

My mother bore me in the southern wild,
And I am black, but oh my soul is white,
White as an angel is the English child,
But I am black, as if bereaved of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree,
And, sitting down before the heat of day,
She took me on her lap and kissed me,
And pointing to the East, began to say :
“ Look on the rising sun : there God does live,
And gives his light and gives his heat away,
And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive
Comfort in morning, joy in the noonday.

“ And we are put on earth a little space,
That we may learn to bear the beams of love ;
And these black bodies and this sunburnt face
Are but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

“ For when our souls have learnt the heat to bear
The cloud will vanish, we shall hear His voice,
Saying, ‘ Come out from the grove, my love and care,
And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice.’ ”

Thus did my mother say, and kissed me,
And thus I say to little English boy,
When I from black, and he from white cloud free,
And round the tent of God like lambs we joy.

I'll shade him from the heat till he can bear
To lean in joy upon our Father's knee ;
And then I'll stand and stroke his silver hair,
And be like him, and he will then love me.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

NOVEMBER 29th.

BIRTH OF JOHN BUNYAN, 1628.

The famous author of the "Pilgrim's Progress" was born at Elstowe, near Bedford. His father was a tinker, and John was apprenticed to the same trade. Bunyan fought with the Parliamentarians in the Civil War. On the conclusion of the war he married and settled close to where he was born. Here he became a local preacher, and issued some religious pamphlets. In 1660 he was arrested for breaking the law which oppressed dissenters, and was imprisoned in Bedford Goal. This imprisonment lasted twelve years. While in prison Bunyan wrote many works. In 1675 he was again arrested and kept in gaol for six months. During this period he wrote the first part of the "Pilgrim's Progress." Bunyan died at Holborn in 1688, and was buried at Bunhill Fields, London. •

CHRISTIAN ESCAPES FROM DOUBTING CASTLE.

Now, a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed, brake out in this passionate speech : What a fool, quoth he, am I, thus to lie in a stinking dungeon when I may as well walk at liberty : I have a key in my bosom called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle. Then said Hopeful : That's good news, good brother ; pluck it out of thy bosom and try.

Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon door, whose bolt as he turned the key gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outer door that leads into the castle-yard, and with this key opened that door also. After that he went to the iron gate (for that must be opened too), but that lock went desperately hard ; yet the key did open it. Then they thrust open the gate to make their escape with speed. But that gate as it opened gave such a creaking, that it waked Giant Despair, who, hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail, for his fits took him again, so that he could by no means go after them. Then they went on, and came to the King's highway again, and so were safe, because they were out of his jurisdiction.

(From Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress").

NOVEMBER 30th.

BIRTH OF DEAN SWIFT, 1667.

Jonathan Swift was born in Dublin. At the age of fourteen he entered Trinity College, Dublin, but benefited very little by his college career.

In 1689 he was given the position of Secretary to his uncle, Sir William Temple. Swift was admitted to holy orders in 1695. While living with Sir William Temple, Swift found much time for study; he also came in contact with famous political men. In 1704 Swift brought out his "Tale of a Tub" and "Battle of the Books." These books, together with many political pamphlets, made his reputation as a writer.

Swift's famous work, "Gulliver's Travels," was published in 1726. Swift died in 1748, and was buried in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin.

GULLIVER IS FOUND BY THE GIANTS.

I was endeavouring to find some gap in the hedge, when I discovered one of the inhabitants in the next field advancing towards the stile, of the same size with him whom I saw in the sea pursuing our boat. He appeared as tall as an ordinary spire-steeple, and took about ten yards at every stride. I was struck with the utmost astonishment, and ran in to hide myself in the corn, from whence I saw him on the top of the stile looking back into the next field, and heard him call in a voice many degrees louder than a speaking-trumpet; but the noise was so high in the air that at first I certainly thought it was thunder. Whereupon seven monsters, like himself, came towards him with reaping hooks in their hands, each hook about the largeness of six scythes. Upon some words he spoke, they went to reap the corn in the field where I lay. I kept from them at as great a distance as I could, but was forced to move with extreme difficulty, for the stalks of the corn were sometimes not above a foot distant, so that I could hardly squeeze my body betwixt them. Being quite dissipated with toil, and wholly overcome by grief and despair, I lay down between two ridges, when one of the reapers, approaching within ten yards, made me apprehend that with the next step I should be squashed to death under his foot, or cut in two with his reaping hook. And, therefore, when he was again about to move, I screamed as loud as fear could make me. Whereupon the huge creature trod short, and, looking round about under him for some time, at last espied me as I lay on the ground.

(From "Gulliver's Travels").

DECEMBER 1st.

DEATH OF HENRY I., 1135.

Henry I. was the youngest son of William the Conqueror. When William Rufus died, Robert, the eldest son of the Conqueror, and the rightful heir to the throne, was away at the Crusades. Henry, who was in England, called a meeting of the barons, and was proclaimed King. On his return, Robert invaded England, but gave up his claim for a yearly sum of 3,000 marks. In 1106, Henry invaded Normandy, captured Robert, and kept him imprisoned in England till he died. Henry's daughter Matilda married Geoffrey Plantagenet, Count of Anjou, from whom descended the Plantagenet dynasty of English kings. Henry died in Normandy.

HENRY I.—THE LION OF JUSTICE.

Henry was a complete contrast to his predecessor. A clear-headed, practical man of business, he was always master of himself; his licentiousness was kept within the bounds of outward decency; he was as cruel, but not so wantonly cruel, as his brother; as keen in the chase, and in the enforcement of the forest laws; self-interest was his only guide, but this fortunately led him to a course favourable to good government. His advanced education gave him many varied interests, of which a menagerie of wild beasts at Woodstock was but one example. In spite of the Charter, Henry's extortion, though more carefully applied, was probably as great as that of Rufus; and at his death he had hoarded an immense sum. But the merits of his rule were great. He, like Rufus, stifled the dangers of feudalism. Whenever possible he took offices out of the hands of the old baronage, and created a fresh body of officials, "new men" from a lower class. Thus he raised Roger, a priest of low degree, to be justiciar and bishop of Salisbury; and under his minute and laborious attention a permanent administration was established, which brought all matters directly under the King. This increase of the kingly power was a vast gain. Law succeeded to brute force. By his severe impartiality and personal diligence in judicial work, Henry earned the title of the "Lion of Justice."

(From Osmund Airy's "History of England").

DECEMBER 2nd.

BATTLE OF AUSTERLITZ, 1805.

In 1805, Napoleon contemplated the invasion of England, and collected at Boulogne a vast army—the Army of England—for that purpose. The Battle of Trafalgar put an end to this scheme, and Bonaparte turned his attention to Austria. Marching towards Vienna, he met the combined Russian and Austrian forces, under their respective Emperors, at Austerlitz, a few miles from Brunn. The result was a great victory for the French—the greatest victory ever gained by Napoleon.

This battle is known as the “Battle of the Three Emperors,” from the fact that the forces were commanded by three Emperors in person. The victory of the French at Austerlitz gave the final touch to Pitt’s shattered health, and he died shortly afterwards.

A FAMOUS FRENCH CAVALRY CHARGE AT AUSTERLITZ.

At this moment I was standing near Napoleon, waiting orders. We heard a well-maintained fire of musketry; the Russians were repulsing one of our brigades. Hearing this sound, the Emperor ordered me to take the Mamelukes, two squadrons of Chasseurs, one of Grenadiers of the Guard, and to observe the state of things. I set off at full gallop, and, before advancing a cannon-shot, perceived the disaster. The Russian cavalry had penetrated our squares and were sabring our men.

“Courage, my brave fellows!” cried I to my party; “behold your brothers, your friends, butchered; let us avenge them, avenge our standards! Forward!” These few words inspired my soldiers; we dashed at full speed upon the artillery, and took them. Again we charged, and this time the charge was terrible. It was absolute butchery. We fought man to man, and so mingled together, that the infantry on neither side dared to fire, lest they should kill their own men. The intrepidity of our troops finally bore us in triumph over all opposition; the enemy fled in disorder in sight of the two Emperors of Austria and Russia, who had taken their station on a rising ground in order to be spectators of the contest. They ought to have been satisfied, for I can assure you they witnessed no child’s play.

(From Bourrienne’s “Memoirs of Napoleon”).

DECEMBER 3rd.

BIRTH OF ROWLAND HILL, 1795.

Sir Rowland Hill will ever be remembered in connection with the Penny Post. He was born at Kidderminster. From his earliest days he was possessed of an enterprising mind, and as he grew older became connected with movements of reform. He was one of the founders of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. His scheme for a Penny Post was introduced as early as 1837, but met with much opposition. Ultimately, however, the suggestions were listened to, and the scheme came into operation in 1840.

In 1846 Rowland Hill became Secretary to the Postmaster-General, and in 1854 became Secretary to the Post Office. Sir Rowland Hill died in 1879, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

ROWLAND HILL'S GREAT WORK: THE PENNY POST.

(See also January 10th).

As a first step after exhaustive examination of his subject, Rowland Hill wrote an effective pamphlet, which soon wrought conviction in the minds of all sensible men. His reasoning, according to Leigh Hunt, carried all along with it "as smoothly as wheel on railroad." He set forth the public gain to be expected from cheap and frequent postal conveyance; he declared that the object of his postal reform was not to increase the political power of this or that party, but to benefit all sects in politics and religion, and all classes, from the highest to the lowest. He claimed for his plan an increased energy to trade and the removal of temptations to fraud, and that by means of it an important step would be taken in general education. However, penny postage became an established fact, and the Shetland Islands, which had had to pay 1s. or more on their letters, now paid only the uniform penny, and wrote at least a dozen letters for every one they had written before. Be that as it may, "Letter, four-pence," ceased to be the cry; the sender paid the penny in cash; a little while later cut with a scissors a penny label from a sheet or strip of postage stamps, covered at the back with a "glutinous wash;" for a while he enclosed his letter in the somewhat fantastic yet artistically-drawn cover of Mulready, and finally abandoned himself to the luxury of the gummed envelopes and perforated or embossed postage stamps which have come down to our day.

(From F. E. Baines' "Forty Years at the Post Office").

DECEMBER 4th.

THE SHANGANI PATROL, 1894.

In 1894 the Chartered Company of South Africa was engaged in subduing the Matabele, who were making a strong resistance under their king, Lobengula. The Matabele had been defeated in two decisive battles, and the Company was anxious to secure the King, which would terminate hostilities. A force, under Major Forbes, was sent to pursue Lobengula. On December 3rd the force reached the River Shangani, on the opposite bank of which Lobengula was known to be. A small party, under the charge of Major Wilson, was sent to reconnoitre. This detachment was surrounded by the Matabele, and after a terrible fight, was destroyed, not one man escaping. It is believed, from native reports, that the men died singing the National Anthem.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM—THEN DEATH.

When Major Wilson with his 33 troopers were attacked in Matabeleland in 1894 by a force of 3,000 natives, who surrounded them in the forest, they fought from early morning till well on into the afternoon. All their horses were shot early in the day, and behind their dead bodies the troopers kept up a desperate fight for three hours. Not one attempted to escape. These "men of men," as the Matabele called them, fought on till their ammunition gave out, and there was not one man left to stand or fire.

When nearly all were wounded or killed, the Induna says, they (Wilson's party) left off firing, and all that could stand up, took off their hats, and sang something, the kind of song that he (the Induna) had heard missionaries sing to the natives. Knowing Wilson as we do, says a friend of his, we are sure it was "God Save the Queen." They then fired again, until only one man was left, and almost all the ammunition gone. The Matabele had such a dread of them that even then they did not rush in and assegai them until the last man had fallen, and were so impressed with their pluck that they did not mutilate them in any way, only stripped them. The Induna estimated that the Matabele lost eight to every one of the 34 white men killed, and said that Lobengula's warriors lay round the dead white men like grass. After many days Mr. Dawson found 33 skulls lying within a circle of 15 yards, and one skull lying 30 yards outside. He buried them under a wooden cross, inscribed "To Brave Men"

(From "Hymns That Have Helped")..

DECEMBER 5th.

DEATH OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS, 1870.

This famous French romance writer was born in 1803. He began life as a clerk, but bent his mind on writing, and at the age of twenty-seven wrote his first play. From that time he never looked back. Plays, romances, memoirs, and reviews fell from his pen as if he were a machine. He may be said to have put the history of France into romance. His life, like his novels, was full of excitement. He made fortunes and spent them—a large portion, it must be said, in charity.

Of the works of Dumas, the best known among the English-speaking race are the "Three Musketeers," "Twenty Years After," and "Monte Cristo."

A TERRIBLE ORDEAL.

[Dantès, who is in prison, has sewn himself in the winding sheet of a dead prisoner, with the hope of escaping. He finds himself thrown into the sea.]

They advanced fifty paces farther, and then stopped to open a door, then went forward again. The noise of the waves dashing against the rocks on which the château is built reached Dantès' ear distinctly as they went forward.

"Bad weather!" observed one of the bearers; "not a pleasant night for a dip in the sea."

"Why, yes, the abbé runs a chance of being wet," said the other; and then there was a burst of brutal laughter. Dantès did not comprehend the jest, but his hair stood erect on his head.

"Well, here we are at last," said one of them. "A little farther—a little farther," said the other. "You know very well that the last was stopped on his way, dashed on the rocks, and the Governor told us next day that we were careless fellows."

They ascended five or six more steps, and then Dantès felt that they took him, one by the head and the other by the heels, and swung him to and fro. "One!" said the gravediggers, "two! three!" and at the same instant Dantès felt himself flung into the air like a wounded bird, falling, falling with a rapidity that made his blood curdle. Although drawn downwards by the heavy weight which hastened his rapid descent, it seemed to him as if the fall lasted for a century. At last, with a horrible splash, he darted like an arrow into the ice-cold water, and as he did so he uttered a shrill cry, stifled in a moment by his immersion beneath the waves.

Dantès had been flung into the sea, and was dragged into its depths by a thirty-six pound shot tied to his feet. The sea is the cemetery of the Château d'If.

(From Dumas' "Monte Cristo").

DECEMBER 6th.

BIRTH OF WARREN HASTINGS, 1732.

This eminent Governor-General of India was born at Churchill, in Oxfordshire. After being educated at Westminster School, Hastings entered the East India Company's service, and was in India at the time of the Black Hole Tragedy.

Hastings rapidly rose in the service of the company, and after a stay of a few years in England, he returned to India in 1769 as second-in-command at Madras. In 1773 Hastings became Governor-General of India.

In 1784 Warren Hastings resigned his post, and returned to England, where he became the subject of a public enquiry as to certain of his acts whilst in India. He was impeached at the Bar of the House of Lords. His trial dragged along for over seven years, and at last he was acquitted. But the trial ruined him in health and means.

He returned to Daylesford, in Worcestershire, where he died August 22nd, 1818.

THE DREAMS OF HASTINGS' BOYHOOD.

The child was early sent to the village school, where he learned his letters on the same bench with the sons of the peasantry. The very ploughmen observed, and long remembered, how kindly little Warren took to his book. The daily sight of the lands which his ancestors had possessed, and which had passed into the hands of strangers, filled his young brain with wild fancies and projects. He loved to hear stories of the wealth and greatness of his progenitors, of their splendid house-keeping, their loyalty, and their valour. On one bright summer day the boy, then just seven years old, lay on the bank of the rivulet which flows through the old domain of his house to join the Isis. There, as threescore and ten years later he told the tale, rose in his mind a scheme which, through all the turns of his eventful career, was never abandoned. He would recover the estate which had belonged to his fathers. He would be Hastings of Daylesford. This purpose, formed in infancy and poverty, grew stronger as his intellect expanded, and as his fortune rose. He pursued his plan with that calm but indomitable force of will which was the most striking peculiarity of his character. When, under a tropical sun, he ruled fifty millions of Asiatics, his hopes, amidst all the cares of war, finance, and legislation, still pointed to Daylesford. And when his long public life, so singularly chequered with good and evil, with glory and obloquy, had at length closed for ever, it was to Daylesford that he retired to die.

(From Macaulay's "Warren Hastings").

DECEMBER 7th.

EXECUTION OF MARSHAL NEY, 1815.

Michael Ney, the "Bravest of the Brave," was one of Napoleon's most famous Generals. He was born in Lorraine in 1769—a year noted for the births of great men. He was educated for the Law, but enlisted in the French Army in 1787. He served in most of Napoleon's campaigns, and soon attracted the notice of Bonaparte by his skill and daring. He was created marshal in 1801.

During the disastrous Retreat from Russia, Ney commanded the rear-guard, and was the last to cross the border. On the abdication of Bonaparte in 1814, Ney took service under the Bourbons, but on the return of the Emperor from Elba in 1815, Ney once more joined his old master.

At Waterloo Ney fought with his accustomed bravery. After the surrender of Napoleon, Ney was arrested and shot as a traitor.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF THE BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE.

A little after eight o'clock, on the morning of December 7th, the Marshal, with a firm step and an air of perfect indifference, descended the steps leading to the court of the Luxembourg, and entered a carriage which conveyed him to the place of execution, outside the garden gates.

He alighted, and advanced towards the file of soldiers drawn up to despatch him. To an officer who proposed to blindfold him he replied: "Are you ignorant that, for twenty-five years, I have been accustomed to face both ball and bullet?" He took off his hat, raised it above his head, and cried aloud: "I declare before God and man that I have never betrayed my country; may my death render her happy! Vive la France!" He then turned to the men, and, striking his other hand on his heart, gave the word, "Soldiers—fire!"

Thus, in his forty-seventh year, did the "Bravest of the Brave" expiate one great error, alien from his natural character, and unworthy of the general course of his life. If he was sometimes a stern, he was never an implacable, enemy. Ney was sincere, honest, blunt even; so far from flattering, he often contradicted him on whose nod his fortunes depended. He was, with rare exceptions, merciful to the vanquished, and while so many of his brother marshals dishonoured themselves by the most barefaced rapine and extortion, he lived and died poor.

(From the "Court and Camp of Bonaparte").

DECEMBER 8th.

DEATH OF DE QUINCEY, 1859.

Thomas De Quincey, the essayist, was born at Greenhay, a suburb of Manchester, on August 15th, 1785. His father died in 1793, leaving his family a fortune. De Quincey entered Oxford, and stayed there for five years.

In his early manhood the essayist formed the habit of opium eating, which he did at first to allay the pains of rheumatism. In 1809 De Quincey went to live at Grasmere, in the cottage which had previously been occupied by Wordsworth, and there he lived for more than twenty years. "The Confessions of an Opium Eater," De Quincey's most famous work, first appeared in the "London Magazine" in 1821. This was followed by other works. His writings altogether run into some fifteen volumes. De Quincey died in Edinburgh.

THE FIRST STAGE COACH IN CHINA.

The hammer-cloth happened to be unusually gorgeous, and partly on that consideration, but partly also because the box offered the most elevated seat, was nearest to the moon, and undeniably went foremost, it was resolved by acclamation that the box was the imperial throne, and as for the scoundrel who drove, he might sit where he could find a perch. Peking gloried in the spectacle; and in the whole flowery people, constructively present by representation, there was but one discontented person, and that was the coachman. This mutinous individual audaciously shouted, "Where am I to sit?" But the privy council, incensed by his disloyalty, unanimously opened the door and kicked him into the inside. He had all the inside places to himself; but such is the cupidity of ambition that he was still dissatisfied. "I say," he cried out in an extempore petition, addressed to the Emperor through the window, "I say, how am I to catch hold of the reins?" "Anyhow," was the imperial answer; "don't trouble me, man, in my glory. How catch the reins? Why, through the windows, through the keyholes—anyhow!" Finally this contumacious coachman lengthened the check-strings into a sort of jury reins (temporary reins), communicating with the horses; with these he drove as steadily as Peking had any right to expect. The Emperor descended after the briefest of circuits; he descended in great pomp from his throne, with the severest resolution never to remount it. A public thanksgiving was offered for his Majesty's happy escape from the disease of a broken neck, and the state coach was dedicated thenceforward as a votive offering to the god Fo-Fo, whom the learned more accurately call Fi-Fi.

(From De Quincey's "Essays").

DECEMBER 9th.

BIRTH OF MILTON.

John Milton, one of England's greatest poets, was born in Bread Street, Cheapside. Milton was educated at St. Paul's Schools, where he distinguished himself as a scholar and poet. He afterwards proceeded to Cambridge. After his college career, Milton settled at Horton, Buckinghamshire, at which place, where he stayed for six years, he wrote the "Allegro," the "Penseroso," "Comus," and "Lycidas." At the outbreak of the Civil War, Milton settled in London, and took to writing political pamphlets. In 1649, the year of the execution of Charles I., Milton was appointed "Secretary of Foreign Tongues." In 1652 Milton became blind, probably brought about by working so much at night time. At the Restoration Milton, for a time, was driven into concealment, but in 1661 he settled in London, and gave himself up to poetry. "Paradise Lost" was completed about 1663; the work was composed at night by Milton, and dictated to one of his daughters. This was followed by "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes." In 1666 Milton became much reduced by losses occasioned by the Fire of London. Worn out by gout, Milton died on November 8th, 1674, in a house near Bunhill Fields, London. He was buried in St. Giles, Cripplegate.

MILTON DEPLORES HIS BLINDNESS.

Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with an universal blank
Of Nature's works, to me expung'd and ras'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou, Celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate; there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

JOHN MILTON.

DECEMBER 10th.

DEATH OF SIR HUGH MIDDLETON, 1631.

Middleton has left his name closely connected with the history of London, by his construction of the New River, which contributes largely to the water supply of the Metropolis. Hugh Middleton was born in Denbigh, North Wales. He came to London, and prospered in business as a goldsmith. In 1608 he undertook the work of supplying London with water, by uniting two waterways, one in Hertfordshire and one in Middlesex, and conveying the united stream with great labour and expense to the City. The undertaking has proved a great success, and the fortunate owners of shares have secured great fortunes.

HOW LONDON WAS FORMERLY SUPPLIED WITH WATER.

In order to fully comprehend the value of Myddleton's New River to the men of London, we must take a retrospective glance at the older water supply. Two or three conduits in the principal streets, some others in the northern suburbs, and the springs in the neighbourhood of the Fleet River, were all they had at their service. Leaden pipes ran all along Cheapside, to convey the water to various points; and the City records tell of the punishment awarded one dishonest resident, who tapped the pipe where it passed his door, and secretly conveyed the water to his own well. Except where conveyed to some public building, water had to be fetched for domestic use from these ever-flowing reservoirs. Large tankards, holding from two to three gallons, were constructed for their use. Many poor men lived by supplying water to the householders; "a tankard bearer" was hence a well-known London character. When water was required in smaller quantities, apprentices and servant girls were sent to the conduits. Hence they were not only gossiping places, but spots where quarrels constantly arose.

(From Chambers' "Book of Days").

DECEMBER 11th.

DEATH OF LLEWELYN, 1282.

Llewelyn was the last native "Prince of Wales." Up to the time of Edward I. the Welsh had maintained a kind of independence. With great bravery, combined with no inconsiderable amount of skill, they had defended themselves in their native fastnesses, and had defied the power of England. Edward I., however, determined to bring the Welsh to his feet. He marched an English Army into Wales, and after much severe fighting, defeated the Welsh in one final engagement in South Wales, in which their Prince Llewelyn was slain. Edward's son, afterwards Edward II., was created the first English Prince of Wales.

LLYWELYN'S LAST THOUGHTS.

So Llywelyn,—unarmed, unaware:—Is it she,
Bright star of his morning, when Gwynedd was free,
Fair bride, the long sought, taken early goes by?
In the heart of the breeze the lost Eleanor's sigh?

Or the one little daughter's sweet face with a gleam
Of glamour looks out, as the dream in a dream?
Or for childhood's first sunshine and calm does he yearn,
As the days of Maesmynan in memory return?

Or—dear to the heart's-blood as first love or wife,—
The mountains whose freedom was one with his life,
Gray farms, and green vales of that ancient domain,
The thousand-years' kingdom, he dreams of again?

Or is it the rage of stark Edward; the base,
Unkingly revenge on a kinglier race;
The wrong idly wrought on the patriot dead;
The dark castle of doom; the scorn-diadem'd head?

Lo, where Rhodri and Owain await thee! The foe
Slips nearing in silence: one flash—and one blow!
And the ripple that passes wafts down to the Wye
The last prayer of Llywelyn, the nation's last sigh.

But Llanynys yet sees the white rivulet gleam,
And the leaf of December fall sere on the stream;
While Ifon his dirge whispers on through the combe,
And the purple-topt hills gather round in their gloom.

T. FRANCIS PALGRAVE, in "The Visions of England."

DECEMBER 12th.

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BAREBONE'S PARLIAMENT DISSOLVED, 1653.

This assembly, known also as the "Little Parliament," or the "Assembly of Nominees," was held between July 4th and December 12th, 1653. It was summoned by Cromwell after the expulsion of the "Rump Parliament." The title "Barebone's" was given to it from the name of one of its members, a certain "Praise God Barbon," or Barebone, a leather seller of Fleet Street, who took rather an important part in the proceedings. Among the members of the Parliament were men as famous as Blake, Montague, Monk, and Ashley Cooper. After working at the reform of the law in many directions, Sydenham, one of the members, on the above date proposed that Parliament should resign their power into the hands of Cromwell. This was agreed to, all those objecting being expelled by soldiers.

THE ATTEMPTED WORK OF BAREBONE'S PARLIAMENT.

Concerning this Puritan Convention of the Notables, which in English History is called the *Little Parliament*, and derisively *Barebone's Parliament*, we have not much more to say. They are, if by no means the remarkablest Assembly, yet the Assembly for the remarkablest purpose who have ever met in the Modern World. The business is, No less than introducing of the Christian Religion into real practice in the Social Affairs of this Nation. Christian Religion, Scriptures of the Old and New Testament: such, for many hundred years, has been the universal solemnly recognised Theory of all men's Affairs; Theory sent down out of Heaven itself: but the question is now that of reducing it to Practice in said Affairs—a most noble, surely, and most necessary attempt; which should not have been put off so long in this Nation! We have conquered the Enemies of Christ; let us now, in real practical earnest, set about doing the Commandments of Christ, now that there is free room for us! Such was the purpose of this Puritan Assembly of the Notables, which History calls the *Little Parliament*, or derisively *Barebone's Parliament*.

(From Carlyle's "Cromwell").

DECEMBER 13th.

BIRTH OF DEAN STANLEY, 1815.

Arthur Penrhyn Stanley was born at Alderley, Cheshire. He was educated at Rugby and at Oxford. He was a tutor at Oxford for ten years, until 1851, when he was appointed Canon of Canterbury. In 1863 Stanley succeeded Trench as the Dean of Westminster. Besides his skill as a preacher, Stanley has left a name in literature. He travelled much in the East, and embodied his impressions in several volumes. Stanley's "Life of Arnold" is included among the best of English biographies. Dean Stanley figures as the Arthur in "Tom Brown's Schooldays." He died on July 18th, 1881.

WHAT THE BLACK PRINCE HAS LEFT US.

We have seen how, when he died, Englishmen thought that all their hopes had died with him. But we know that it is not so. It needs only a glance round the country to see that the high character of an English gentleman, of which the Black Prince was the noble pattern, is still to be found everywhere; and has since his time been spreading itself more and more through classes, which in his time seemed incapable of reaching it. It needs only a glance down the nave of our own cathedral, and the tablets on the walls, with their tattered flags, will tell you, in a moment, that he, as he lies up there aloft, with his head resting on his helmet, and his spurs on his feet, is but the first of a long line of English heroes—that the brave men who fought at Sobraon and Feroozeshah are the true descendants of those who fought at Crecy and Poitiers.

And not to soldiers only, but to all who are engaged in the long warfare of life, is his conduct an example. To unite in our lives the two qualities expressed in his motto, "Hoch muth" and "Ich dien" ("High spirit" and "Reverent service") is to be, indeed, not only a true gentleman and a true soldier, but a true Christian also. To show all who differ from us, not only in war, but in peace, that delicate forbearance, that fear of hurting another's feelings, that happy art of saying the right thing to the right person, which he showed to the captive king, would indeed add a grace and a charm to the whole course of this troublesome world, such as none could afford to lose, whether high or low. Happy are they who, having this gift by birth or station, use it for its highest purposes; still more happy are they who, having it not by birth and station, have acquired it, as it may be acquired, by Christian gentleness and Christian charity.

(From Stanley's "Memorials of Canterbury").

DECEMBER 14th.

DEATH OF GEORGE WASHINGTON, 1799.

George Washington, the first President of the United States, was of English descent. He was born in Virginia on February 22nd, 1732. He descended from the Washingtons of Northamptonshire. The family of Washingtons settled in America somewhere about 1658. Of George Washington's early days very little is known, most of the stories told about him probably being invented. His youth, however, spent in the forests of America, no doubt trained him in the habits of observation and cultivated his endurance, both of which qualities he displayed in later years. He served with the English under Braddock. He married well, and became one of the richest men in America. From his appointment as Commander-in-Chief of the American troops in 1775 till his death in 1799 the life of Washington is the story of the birth and progress of the United States.

THE BOYHOOD OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

His education was plain and practical. He never attempted to learn languages, nor manifested any inclination for rhetoric or *belles lettres*. His object, or the object of his friends, seems to have been confined to fitting him for ordinary business. His manuscript school books still exist, and are models of neatness and accuracy. Before he was thirteen years of age he had copied into a volume forms of all kinds of mercantile and legal papers, bills of exchange, notes of hand, deeds, bonds, and the like. This early self-tuition gave him throughout life a lawyer's skill in drafting documents, and a merchant's exactness in keeping accounts, and all his financial transactions are, to this day, to be seen posted up in books, in his own handwriting—monuments of his method and unwearied accuracy.

He was a self-disciplinarian in physical as well as mental matters, and practised himself in all kinds of athletic exercises, such as running, leaping, wrestling, pitching quoits, and tossing bars. His frame, even in infancy, had been large and powerful, and he now excelled most of his playmates in contests of agility and strength. Above all, his inherent probity and the principles of justice on which he regulated all his conduct, even at this early period of life, were soon appreciated by his schoolmates; he was referred to as an umpire in their disputes, and his decisions were never reversed. As he had formerly been military chieftain, he was now legislator of the school, thus displaying in boyhood a type of the future man.

(From Irving's "Life of Washington").

. **DECEMBER 15th.**

DEATH OF ISAAC WALTON, 1682.

There are some books that Englishmen never tire of reading ; Walton's " Complete Angler " in one of these. It is a wonderful little book, full of curious sayings and quaint country customs, and breathing throughout a great love of nature, which was the keynote of Walton's life. Isaac was born at Stafford on August 9th, 1593. He came to London, and in 1614 he retired from business. He went to live at Winchester, where he died on the above date.

ONE OF ISAAC WALTON'S LITTLE CHATS.

Well, scholar, having still a mile to Tottenham Hill Cross, I will, as we walk towards it, in the cool shade of this sweet honeysuckle hedge, mention to you some of the thoughts and joys that have possessed my soul since we two met together. And these thoughts shall be told you, that you also may join with me in thankfulness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift for our happiness. And any misery that I miss is a new mercy, and therefore let us be thankful. There have been, since we met, others that have met disasters of broken limbs ; some have been blasted, others thunder-struck ; and we have been freed from these, and all those many other miseries that threatened human nature ; let us, therefore, rejoice and be thankful. Nay, which is a far greater mercy, we are free from the unsupportable burden of an accusing tormenting conscience, a misery that none can bear ; and, therefore, let us praise Him for His preventing grace, and say, every misery that I miss is a new mercy. Nay, let me tell you there be many that have forty times our estates, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us ; who, with the expense of a little money, have eat and drank, and laught, and angled, and sung, and slept securely : and rose next day, and cast away care, and sung, and laught, and angled again ; which are blessings rich men cannot purchase with all their money. Let me tell you, scholar, I have a rich neighbour that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh ; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money ; he is still drudging on. We see but the outside of the rich man's hands ; few consider him to be like the silkworm that, when she seems to play, is, at the very same time, spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself ; and this many rich men do, loading themselves with corroding cares, to keep what they have, probably, unconscionably got. Let us, therefore, be thankful for health and a competence, and, above all, for a quiet conscience.

(From " The Complete Angler ").

DECEMBER 16th.

BOSTON "TEA-FIGHT," 1773.

In 1707 a tax had been passed by the English Government imposing duties on tea, among other things, taken in the American Colonies. The imposition of the tax was one of the chief causes of the American War of Independence. In 1770, owing to the strong opposition which had been made to this measure, the taxes were withdrawn with the exception of that on tea. 1773 the first active open opposition was shown by the Colonists.* On December 16th a body of Americans, disguised as Red Indians, boarded the English tea ships lying in Boston Harbour, and threw some £18,000 worth of tea into the water. This episode is known as the Boston "Tea Fight."

NO TAXED TEA.

Bad news from George on the English throne,
"You are thriving well," said he,
"Now by these presents be it known
You shall pay us a tax on tea;
'Tis very small,—no load at all,—
Honour enough that we send the call"

"Not so," said Boston, "good my lord,
We pay our governors here
Abundant for their bed and board,
Six thousand pounds a year.
(Your highness knows our homely word),
Millions for self-government,
But for tribute never a cent."

The cargo came, and who could blame
If *Indians* seized the tea,
And, chest by chest, let down the same
Into the laughing sea?
For what avail the plough or sail,
Or land or life, if freedom fail?

(From Emerson's "Boston").

DECEMBER 17th.

BIRTH OF JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER,
1807.

Whittier, the American poet and prose writer, was born in Massachusetts. His parents were poor, and, like many another genius, the poet's earlier days were by no means days of ease. He was apprenticed to journalism, and his many contributions soon began to attract notice. He gradually worked his way to the position of editor, and in 1832 he became editor of the "Haverhill Gazette," the paper of the town in which he was born. Whittier lived in the times when the struggle for Abolition of Slavery was taking place, and many of his poems and writings were written in the cause of emancipation. * Whittier died on September 7th, 1892.

THE FISHERMAN'S CHORUS.

Hurrah! the seaward breezes
Sweep down the bay amain;
Heave up, my lads, the anchor!
Run up the sail again!
Leave to the lubber landsmen
The rail-car and the steed;
The stars of heaven shall guide us,
The breath of heaven shall speed.

In the darkness as in daylight,
On the water as on land,
God's eye is looking on us,
And beneath us is His hand!
Death will find us soon or later,
On the deck or in the cot;
And we cannot meet Him better
Than in working out our lot.

Hurrah!—hurrah!—the west wind
Comes freshening down the bay,
The rising sails are filling—
Give way, my lads, give way!
Leave the coward landsman clinging
To the dull earth, like a weed,—
The stars of heaven shall guide us,
The breath of heaven shall speed.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

DECEMBER 18th.

BIRTH OF PRINCE RUPERT, 1619.

Prince Rupert was the nephew of Charles I. He was born at Prague. His parents were the King and Queen of Bohemia. He visited the English Court, and it seemed very probable at one time that he would be made a bishop! He served with distinction in the Thirty Years' War. In 1642 Rupert found himself again in England ready to help Charles in the Civil War. He fought in many of the battles, and combined a reckless dash with an ignorance of generalship. On the fall of Charles, he served with the French, then started buccaneering in the West Indies, returned to England at the Restoration, was made an admiral, and closed an eventful life on November 29th, 1682.

PRINCE RUPERT AS A BUCCANEER.

A man came tearing into the camp, half burst with running. "There's a pink," he gasped; "a Jack Spaniard, sailing close in along the coast. She's becalmed, and the current's been settin' her in. Her people are nigh frightened to death. I could see them with my eyes, standing to their guns."

Rupert started to his feet. "Now, sirs," he said, "a fisherman's boat with twenty volunteers, and she is ours."

Surely no adventurers have ever tempted the seas in so unworthy a vessel. The water gushed in by a thousand cracks, and nothing but the industry of the balers could keep her afloat. When she drew in range the Prince gave an order, and six of the paddles were taken in, and the deadly marksmen with their buccaneering-pieces shot at every head that showed. Helmsman after helmsman was dropped, till at last the tiller was left deserted. Port after port they searched with their bullets, till not a gun was manned; and then they took to paddles again and forced her madly alongside.

Like tigers the Spaniards defended their decks, and like tigers the buccaneers attacked. They had stamped their rotten vessel beneath the water when they boarded, and there was no retreat. If they could not beat the crew below, they must be beaten back themselves into the sea. They were fierce men all, fighting desperately, but even in that terrible *mêlée* Prince Rupert shone out like a very paladin. The Spaniards were eight to one, and when they saw the smallness of the numbers against them they resisted stubbornly. Time after time the Prince led the buccaneers to the charge, always with a less number to support him, and when at last those Spaniards who were left cried "Quarter," he had but nine followers to take away their arms.

(From "Prince Rupert the Buccaneer," by permission of.

Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne and Methuen and Co.).

DECEMBER 19th.

THE CAPTURE OF TOULON BY THE FRENCH, 1793.

Toulon is a naval port in the south of France. In 1793 the English under Hood captured the place and held it for four months. It was recaptured by the French on the above date. Toulon will always be remembered as the place where Napoleon first came to the front. In the siege of the town he had command of the French artillery, and it was his skill in arranging this important arm of the service that contributed largely to the recapture of the town.

THE BURNING OF TOULON.

In the night Fort Ponté was blown up by the English, and an hour afterwards a part of the French squadron was set on fire. Nine seventy-four-gun ships, and four frigates or corvettes, became a prey to the flames.

The fire and smoke from the arsenal resembled the eruption of a volcano, and the thirteen vessels which were burning in the road were like so many magnificent displays of fireworks. The masts, and forms of the vessels, were distinctly marked by the blaze, which lasted many hours, and formed an unparalleled spectacle. It was a heartrending sight to the French to see such grand resources and so much wealth consumed within so short a period.

The Commandant of Artillery then went to Malbosquet. The fort was already evacuated. He ordered the field-pieces to sweep the ramparts of the town, and heighten the confusion by throwing shells from the howitzers into the port, until the mortars, which were placed upon the road with their carriages, could be planted in the batteries, and shells thrown from them in the same direction.

During all this time the batteries of l'Eguillette and Balagnier kept up an incessant fire on the vessels in the road. Many of the English ships were much damaged, and a great number of transports with troops on board were sunk. The batteries continued their fire all the night, and at break of day the English fleet was seen out at sea.

The news of the taking of Toulon caused a sensation in Provence and throughout France, the more lively as such success was unexpected and almost un hoped for. From this event Napoleon's reputation commenced; he was made brigadier-general of artillery in consequence, and appointed to the command of that department in the Army of Italy.

(From Bourrienne's "Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte").

DECEMBER 20th.

BIRTH OF RICHARD OASTLER, 1789.

Richard Oastler was closely associated with the movement for factory reform, in which the Earl of Shaftesbury took such a leading part. For his work in this direction Oastler has been called the "Factory King." He was also a co-worker with Wilberforce in his efforts for negro emancipation. It was through the unwearied labour of such men as Richard Oastler that the Factory Acts came into force.

Besides being a very powerful speaker, Oastler did much good by his tracts, which educated the people to a knowledge of the evils against which he was fighting. Oastler's influence was chiefly felt through the manufacturing districts of the North of England. He died in 1861.

CHILD LABOUR IN COAL MINES.

The first employment of a very young child was that of a "trapper," and any occupation more barbarous it is difficult to conceive. The ventilation of a mine was a very complicated affair, and cannot be easily explained in a few words. Suffice it to say that were a door or trap left open after the passage of a coal-carriage through it, the consequences would be very serious, causing great heat and closeness when the miners were at work, and perchance an explosion. Behind each door, therefore, a little child, or trapper, was seated, whose duty it was, on hearing the approach of a coal-carriage, to pull open the door, and shut it again immediately it had passed. For twelve or fourteen hours a day the trapper was at his monotonous deadening work. He had to sit alone in the pitchy darkness and the horrible silence, exposed to damp, and unable to stir for more than a dozen paces with safety, lest he should be found neglecting his duty and suffer accordingly. Many of the mines were infested with rats, mice, beetles, and other vermin, and stories are told of rats so bold, that they would eat the horses' food in the presence of the miners, and have been known to run off with the lighted candles in their mouths and explode the gas. All the circumstances of a little trapper's life were full of horror, and upon nervous, sensitive children the effect was terrible, producing a state of imbecility approaching almost to idiocy. Except on Sunday they never saw the sun; they had no hours of relaxation, their meals were mostly eaten in the dark, and their homes were with parents who devoted them to this kind of life.

(From Hodder's "Life of Shaftesbury".)

DECEMBER 21st.

BIRTH OF LORD BEACONSFIELD, 1804.

Benjamin Disraeli, Statesman and writer, was born in London. His father, Isaac Disraeli, was the eminent author of "Curiosities of Literature" and other works. Benjamin Disraeli was apprenticed to a firm of solicitors, with a view of preparing him for the Bar.

In 1826 the publication of "Vivian Grey" brought him to the front. Disraeli's great aim was to get in Parliament, which he was successful in doing in 1837 as Tory member for Maidstone. He gradually rose in Parliamentary power until he became leader of the Tory Party. In 1867 Disraeli became Prime Minister, and again in 1874, in which position he remained till 1880. He was created Earl of Beaconsfield in 1876. On April 19th of that year he died, and was buried at Hughenden, near Wycombe. From the publication of "Vivian Grey" in 1826 till his death Disraeli produced many novels, mostly dealing with political life. His last novel was "Endymion."

BEACONSFIELD'S GOOD WORK. .

The crowning work of Disraeli's life, and that which will determine his future place in history, is the broad national policy of Imperialism which he has bequeathed to posterity. It is almost inconceivable to the present generation of patriotic Englishmen, that only a few years ago the policy of dismemberment and isolation was a cardinal principle among members of the great Liberal Party in this country. India and the Colonies were regarded as useless sources of expense, and it was seriously advocated that we should abdicate our position as a great Power, and confine our attention to our own insular affairs. This was the narrow doctrine which Disraeli succeeded in stamping out of the sphere of practical politics. Therein lies his chief claim to greatness. He achieved many splendid things throughout his brilliant career. He created and organised as perhaps no other English Statesman has done before him. He was not only the greatest party leader of modern times, but he was, perhaps, the greatest leader of the House of Commons who ever sat within the walls of Parliament. These great achievements were acknowledged by his own generation. It has been left for posterity to recognise the vast services which Lord Beaconsfield has rendered to the country by bequeathing to future generations a national policy which has made England's name great among the nations of the world.

(From Gorst's "Earl of Beaconsfield").

DECEMBER 22nd.

LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS, 1620.

On this day was founded the Colony of Plymouth, Mass. The early Colonists came originally from the North of England. They were Puritans. Being persecuted during the reign of James I., they fled to Holland in 1608.

In 1620 they procured two small ships and repaired to Plymouth, England, to make a start to the New World.

One ship proved unseaworthy, and placing all in the other vessel, the "Mayflower," the Pilgrims commenced their voyage on April 6th, 1620. On November 11th they dropped anchor in the waters of Cape Cod Bay. With some difficulty a suitable landing place was found, and on December 22nd the "Pilgrim Fathers" stepped ashore upon a huge boulder of Rock—the "Pilgrims' Rock"—and named their first settlement Plymouth. The 22nd of December has long been recognised by the descendants of the "Pilgrim Fathers" as a religious festival.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

The breaking waves dashed high on a stern and rock-bound coast,

And the woods against a stormy sky their giant branches tossed;
And the heavy night hung dark the hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark on the wild New
England shore.

Amidst the storm they sang, and the stars heard and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang to the anthems
of the free:

The ocean-eagle soared from his nest by the white waves' foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—this was their
welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair amidst that pilgrim band;
Why had *they* come to wither there, away from their child-
hood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye, lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high; and the fiery heart
of youth.

What sought they this afar? Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—They sought a faith's
pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground, the soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found,—freedom to
worship God!

MRS. HEMANS.

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DECEMBER 23rd.

BIRTH OF SAMUEL SMILES, 1812.

The author of "Self-Help" was born at Haddington. He was educated for the medical profession, and for some time practised in his native town. In his spare time he contributed short articles to an Edinburgh paper. After some years he moved his practice to Leeds, where he left medicine to become editor of the "Leeds Times." "Self-Help," the reproduction of short lectures, which Smiles delivered to a class of young men, was published in 1859. It was immediately successful, and at the present time is his most-read book. Other books followed, including lives of Boulton and Watt, Nasmyth, and an extensive "Lives of the Engineers."

Samuel Smiles died on April 16th, 1904.

THE EVILS OF BORROWING.

The proverb says that "An empty bag cannot stand upright"; neither can a man who is in debt. It is also difficult for a man who is in debt to be truthful; hence it is said that lying rides on debt's back. The debtor has to frame excuses to his creditor for postponing payment of the money he owes him; and probably also to contrive falsehoods. It is easy enough for a man who will exercise a healthy resolution to avoid incurring the first obligation; but the facility with which that has been incurred often becomes a temptation to a second, and very soon the unfortunate borrower becomes so entangled, that no late exertion of industry can set him free. The first step in debt is like the first step in falsehood, almost involving the necessity of proceeding in the same course, debt following debt, as lie follows lie. Haydon, the painter, dated his decline from the day on which he first borrowed money. He realised the truth of the proverb "Who goes a-borrowing goes a-sorrowing." The significant entry in his diary is "Here began debt and obligation, out of which I have never been and never shall be extricated as long as I live." His autobiography shows but too painfully how embarrassment in money matters produces poignant distress of mind, incapacity for work, and constantly recurring humiliations. The written advice which he gave to a youth when entering the Navy was as follows: "Never purchase any enjoyment, if it cannot be procured without borrowing of others. Never borrow money: it is degrading. I do not say never lend, but never lend if, by lending, you render yourself unable to pay what you owe; but under any circumstances never borrow."

(From Smiles' "Self-Help").

DECEMBER 24th.

BIRTH OF GEORGE CRABBE, 1754.

George Crabbe was born at Aldborough, in the county of Suffolk. He was apprenticed to a medical practitioner. After serving his apprenticeship he came to London for a few months' study, then retired to his native place to start a practice. Meanwhile, he had been writing poems, and finding he had no patients as a doctor, he decided to go to London and win fame with his pen.

When staying in London one of his poems got into the hands of Edmund Burke, who took compassion on the poet, and with the assistance of Dr. Johnson prepared one of Crabbe's poems, "The Library," for publication. Burke proposed to Crabbe to enter the Church, and secured for him the place of chaplain to the Duke of Rutland. He afterwards received appointments at different livings, and ultimately settled at Muston, in Leicestershire, where he died on February 3rd, 1832.

THE WONDERFUL POWER OF BOOKS.

But what strange art, what magic can dispose
The troubled mind to change its native woes?
Or lead us willing from ourselves, to see
Others more wretched, more undone than we?
This Books can do;—nor this alone; they give
New views of life, and teach us how to live;
They soothe the grieved, the stubborn they chastise,
Fools they admonish, and confirm the wise:
Their aid they yield to all: they never shun
The man of sorrow, nor the wretch undone:
Unlike the hard, the selfish, and the proud,
They fly not sullen from the suppliant crowd;
Nor tell to various people various things,
But show to subjects what they show to kings.
Come, Child of Care! to make thy soul serene,
Approach the treasures of this tranquil scene;
Survey the dome, and, as the doors unfold,
The soul's best cure, in all her cares, behold!
See here the balms that passion's wounds assuage,
See coolers here, that damp the fire of rage;
Silent they are—but though deprived of sound,
Here all the living languages abound:
Here all that live no more; preserved they lie,
In tombs that open to the curious eye.

(From Crabbe's "Library").

DECEMBER 25th.

BIRTH OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON, 1642.

Isaac Newton was born at Woolsthorpe, Lincolnshire, in the year of Galileo's death. He was educated at Grantham Grammar School and at Cambridge. He took up the study of mathematics. To the year 1666 may be attributed the story of the apple, which, unlike many of the early anecdotes of famous men, is probably true. This suggested the Law of Gravitation. In 1687 Newton published his "Principia." Among other inventions due to Newton is the modern sextant. Isaac Newton was elected a Member of Parliament in 1682, and was knighted by Queen Anne in 1705. He died in 1727, having lived from the time of Charles I. to that of George II. Sir Isaac Newton was buried in Westminster Abbey.

NEWTON AS A SCHOOLBOY.

According to information which Sir Isaac himself gave, he seems to have been very inattentive to his studies, and very low in the school. The boy, however, who was above him, having one day given him a severe kick upon his stomach, from which he suffered great pain, Isaac laboured incessantly till he got above him in school, and from that time he continued to rise till he was the head boy. From the habits of application which this incident had led him to form, the peculiar character of his mind was speedily displayed. During the hours of play, when the other boys were occupied with their amusements, his mind was engrossed with mechanical contrivances, either in imitation of something which he had seen, or in execution of some original conception of his own. For this purpose he provided himself with little saws, hatchets, hammers, and all sorts of tools, which he acquired the art of using with singular dexterity. The principal pieces of mechanism which he thus constructed were a windmill, a water-clock, and a carriage, put in motion by the person who sat in it.

Although Newton was at this time "a sober, silent, thinking lad," who scarcely ever joined in the ordinary games of his school-fellows, yet he took great pleasure in providing them with amusements of a scientific character. He introduced into the school the flying of paper kites; and he is said to have been at great pains in determining their best forms and proportions, and in ascertaining the position and number of the points by which the string should be attached. He made also paper lanthorns, by the light of which he went to school in the winter mornings, and he frequently attached these lanthorns to the tails of his kites on a dark night, so as to inspire the country-people with the belief that they were comets.

(From Brewster's "Life of Newton").

DECEMBER 26th.

BIRTH OF THOMAS GRAY, POET, 1716.

Thomas Gray was a Londoner. He was born in Cornhill. His father was a scrivener. Gray was educated at Eton and Cambridge. At Eton, Gray met Horace Walpole, and was induced to accompany him on a Continental tour which extended over two and a-half years. In 1741 Gray bent his mind to poetry, and produced his "Ode to Eton College." In 1750 the "Elegy" appeared. In 1757 Gray was offered the Laureateship, but declined to accept that honour. He died in 1771, and was buried in the Churchyard of Stoke Poges—immortalised by his "Elegy." Of the "Elegy," Dr. Johnson says: "The 'Churchyard' abounds with images which find a mirror in every mind, and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo."

GENIUS REPRESSED BY POVERTY.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear,
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

(From Gray's "Elegy").

DECEMBER 27th.

DEATH OF JOHN WILKES, 1797.

John Wilkes was M.P. for Aylesbury and editor of a paper, the "North Briton." In 1762, in No. 45 of this paper, Wilkes had written an article practically accusing the King of falsehood. For this offence he was arrested by a "general warrant," an illegal document in which no specific person was named. Wilkes was sent to the Tower, released by order of his judges, and became at once in the eyes of the people a hero and a martyr. The House of Commons, however, expelled him. Wilkes was condemned for libel and outlawed.

The Chief Justice declared in his favour. He was elected for Middlesex, but was not allowed to sit. This persecution increased his popularity, and in 1774 he was made Lord Mayor of London, was again returned for Middlesex, and took his seat in the Commons. He retired from Parliament in 1790, and died on the above date.

THE ASTONISHING POPULARITY OF WILKES.

As soon as Wilkes knew of his defeat in the City, he struck a yet bolder note for success. He came forward at once as a candidate for the County of Middlesex. The zeal of Horne, the friendship of Temple, the daring of Wilkes, carried the day. It was no ordinary victory. It was an astonishing triumph. There was great excitement in London when the result of the election was known. It pleased the popular fancy to insist that every window should be illuminated in honour of Wilkes's triumph, and all windows that were not lit up were unhesitatingly broken. For two days the town was practically at the mercy of the Wilkite mob. The trainbands were called out by the Mayor, who was an ardent courtier, but the men of the trainbands were, for the most part, no less ardent Wilkites. They lent their drums to swell the noise of Wilkes's triumph; they could not be counted upon to lend their muskets to the suppression of Wilkes's partisans. It is said that certain regimental drummers had beaten their drums for Wilkes; it was said that soldiers had been heard to declare that they would never fire upon the people. But the mob did not abuse its triumph. It was in its playful, not dangerous, mood. It stopped the carriages of the gentry, made the occupants cheer for Wilkes and Liberty, scrawled the number Forty-five upon the polished panels, broke the glasses, but in the main let the carriage-owners go unmolested.

(From McCarthy's "History of the Four Georges").

DECEMBER 28th.

DEATH OF LORD MACAULAY, 1859.

Thomas Babington Macaulay was born in Leicestershire on October 25th, 1800. His father, Zachary Macaulay, was one of those who struggled for the Abolition of Slavery. Thomas Macaulay displayed his genius when but a boy. He was sent to Cambridge, where he twice gained the Chancellor's Prize for English Verse. He first displayed his literary powers in a series of essays contributed to the "Quarterly Magazine" and to the "Edinburgh Review."

In 1830 Macaulay became Member of Parliament, and in 1839 was appointed Secretary for War. The first volumes of Macaulay's "History of England" appeared in 1848. He died in London on the above date, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

THE END OF THE GREAT HISTORIAN.

As we drove up to the porch of my uncle's house, the maids ran crying out into the darkness to meet us, and we knew that all was over. We found him in the library, seated in his easy chair, and dressed as usual; with his book on the table beside him, still open at the same page. He had told his butler that he should go to bed early, as he was very tired. The man proposed his lying on the sofa. He rose as if to move, sat down again, and ceased to breathe. He died as he had always wished to die; without pain; without any formal farewell; preceding to the grave all whom he loved; and leaving behind him a great and honourable name, and the memory of a life every action of which was as clear and transparent as one of his own sentences. It would be unbecoming in me to dwell upon the regretful astonishment with which the tidings of his death were received wherever the English language is read; and quite unnecessary to describe the enduring grief of those upon whom he had lavished his affection, and for whom life had been brightened by daily converse with his genius, and ennobled by familiarity with his lofty and upright example. "We have lost" (so my mother wrote) "the light of our home, the most tender, loving, generous, unselfish, devoted of friends. What he was to me for fifty years how can I tell? What a world of love he poured out upon me and mine! The blank, the void he has left—filling as he did so entirely both heart and intellect—no one can understand. For who ever knew such a life as mine, passed as the cherished companion of such a man?"

(From Trevelyan's "Life and Letters of Macaulay").

DECEMBER 29th.

MURDER OF THOMAS A BECKET, 1171.

Becket was the first Englishman after the Norman Conquest who reached a high position in England. He was born in London in 1117. After studying for some years in a lawyer's office, he entered the household of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who sent him abroad to study theology. By Henry II. he was raised to the highest dignities, and in 1162 was created Archbishop of Canterbury. In this position he quarrelled with the King over the question of the government of the clergy by the State. As a result of this quarrel Becket had to fly from England, and he remained abroad for six years. On his return a further quarrel broke out between him and the King, which led the King to express the wish that he could get rid of "this turbulent priest." Some knights, taking the King at his word, rode into Canterbury and slew Becket in the Cathedral.

THE SCENE IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

The next blow, whether struck by Tracy or Fitzurse, was only with the flat of the sword, and again on the bleeding head, which Becket drew back as if stunned, and then raised his clasped hands above it. The blood from the first blow was trickling down his face in a thin streak; he wiped it with his arm, and when he saw the stain, he said, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit." At the third blow, which was also from Tracy, he sank on his knees, his arms falling, but his hands still joined as if in prayer; with his face turned towards the altar of St. Benedict, he murmured in a low voice, "For the name of Jesus and the defence of the Church, I am willing to die." Without moving hand or foot, he fell flat on his face as he spoke, in front of the corner wall of the chapel, and with such dignity that his mantle, which extended from head to foot, was not disarranged. In this posture he received from Richard the Breton a tremendous blow. The stroke was aimed with such violence that the scalp or crown of the head was severed from the skull, and the sword snapped in two on the marble pavement. Hugh of Horsea, the sub-deacon, who had joined them as they entered the church, taunted by the others with having taken no share in the deed, planted his foot on the neck of the corpse, thrust his sword into the ghastly wound, and scattered the brains over the pavement. "Let us go—let us go," he said in conclusion; "the traitor is dead; he will rise no more."

(From Stanley's "Memorials of Canterbury")

DECEMBER 30th.

BIRTH OF ROGER ASCHAM, 1515.

Roger Ascham was the teacher of writing to Edward VI., Latin Secretary to Queen Mary, and instructor in Greek and Secretary to Queen Elizabeth. Thus his experience in teaching may be said to have been unique. He was born near Thirsk, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, and was educated at Cambridge, where he afterwards became a tutor. A book, written by Roger Ascham in 1544, "Toxophilus," praising the use of the bow as a means of defence against invasion, brought the author under the notice of Henry VIII., who settled a pension on him.

Ascham's "Schoolmaster," by which he is now remembered, was written to show "the right order of teaching and honesty of living, for the good bringing up of children and young men." It was not published till two years after his death, which occurred in 1568.

ASCHAM'S ENCOURAGEMENT TO SLOW PUPILS.

In wood and stone, not the softest, but hardest, be always aptest for portraiture, both fairest for pleasure, and most durable for profit. Hard wits be hard to receive, but sure to keep; painful without weariness, heedful without wavering, constant without newfangledness; bearing heavy things, though not lightly, yet willingly; enduring hard things, though not easily, yet deeply; and so come to that perfectness of learning in the end that quick wits seem in hope, but do not in deed, or else very seldom, ever attain unto. Also, for manners and life, hard wits commonly are hardly carried, either to desire every new thing, or else to marvel at every strange thing; and therefore they be careful and diligent in their own matters, not curious and busy in other men's affairs; and so they become wise themselves, and also are counted honest by others. They be grave, steadfast, silent of tongue, secret of heart. Not hasty in making, but constant in keeping any promise; not rash in uttering, but wary in considering every matter; and, thereby, not quick in speaking, but deep of judgment, whether they write, or give counsel in all weighty affairs. And these be the men that become in the end both most happy for themselves, and always best esteemed abroad in the world.

(From Ascham's "Schoolmaster").

DECEMBER 31st.

DEATH OF JOHN WYCLIFFE, 1384.

John Wycliffe, "the Morning Star of the Reformation," was born in Yorkshire in 1325. He seems to have been educated at Oxford. He preached against the abuses and errors of the Romish Church. He quarrelled with the bishops over the question of church government. Wycliffe organised a body of wandering preachers, who spread his ideas through the country. The followers of Wycliffe were called Lollards. Wycliffe's great work was the translation of the Bible into English. Wycliffe died at Lutterworth, in Leicestershire, on the above date.

WICLIF TRANSLATES THE BIBLE INTO ENGLISH.

It was then that the idea first dawned in his mind of transferring the dead letter of the Latin version of the Scriptures into the recently developed speech of his motherland. It is sufficient for us, however, to know that this great idea was ever present to his mind from the first, and that he presented his fellow-countrymen with the gift of the whole Bible in English—a task which his predecessors in the work had only done in fragments and paraphrases, and the like of which had long been vainly wished for in Germany and Bohemia. His was destined to be a translation into his mother-tongue, such as that tongue had become after eventful periods of the national history, and by a remarkable admixture of native dialects, which had made it the property at once of the high and the low, and the characteristic exponent of a nation rapidly advancing to mental and physical independence. A faithful verbal translation of the Bible, in a form of speech comprehensible to the whole people, was a treasure possessed by no other modern nation. It was accomplished chiefly through Wiclif's own exertions, although recent research has shown that some of his best pupils must have aided him truly and effectually in the work; for it is to be noted that there prevailed during the next few years a perfect emulation among the Wiclifites in this department of study. The English translation of the Bible of the 14th century, although extant only in individual portions and incomplete copies, is in fact the best specimen of the English prose of that day.

(From Pauli's "Pictures of Old England").

INDEX OF EVENTS.

Abercromby, Death of...	Mar. 28th.	Barebones' Parliament Dissolved ...	Dec. 12th.
Acre, Defence of ...	Mar. 16th.	Barnet, Battle of ...	April 14th.
Agincourt, Eve of ...	Oct. 24th.	Bastile, Capture of ...	July 14th.
Ainsworth, Harrison, Birth of ...	Feb. 4th.	Beaconsfield, Lord, Birth of ...	Dec. 21st.
Akenside, Birth of ...	Nov. 9th.	Becket, Murder of ...	Dec. 29th.
"Alabama," The Sinking of the ...	June 19th.	Bell Rock Lighthouse Completed ...	Feb. 1st.
Albuera, Battle of ...	May 16th.	Benbow, Admiral, Death of ...	Nov. 4th.
Alexandria, Bombardment of ...	July 11th.	Bishops, Seven, Acquittal of ...	June 30th.
Alfred the Great, Death of ...	Oct. 28th.	Black Hole of Calcutta	June 20th.
Algiers, Bombardment of	Aug. 27th.	Blake, Wm., Birth of...	Nov. 28th.
Alma, Battle of ...	Sept. 20th.	Blake, Admiral, Death of	Aug. 7th.
America, Discovery of...	Oct. 12th.	Blenheim, Battle of ...	Aug. 13th.
American Civil War Began ...	April 11th.	Blood's, Colonel, Attempt on Crown Jewels ...	May 9th.
American Independence, Declaration of ...	July 4th.	Blucher, Marshal, Death of ...	Sept. 12th.
Andre, Major, Execution of ...	Oct. 2nd.	Boston Tea Fight ...	Dec. 16th.
Anne, Queen, Birth of...	Feb. 6th.	Bosworth Field, Battle of	Aug. 22nd.
Anson, Admiral, Death of	June 6th.	Boyne, Battle of the ...	July 1st.
Antoinette, Marie, Birth of ...	Nov. 2nd.	Brontë, Charlotte, Birth of ...	April 21st.
Arkwright, Death of ...	Aug. 3rd.	Bright, John, Birth of...	Nov. 16th.
Armada, First Fight with the ...	July 20th.	Brougham, Lord, Death of ...	May 8th.
Arnold, Thomas (Dr.), Birth of ...	June 13th.	Browning, R., Birth of	May 7th.
Arthur, Prince, Death of	April 3rd.	Browning, Elizabeth B., Birth of ...	Mar. 6th.
Ascham, Roger, Birth of	Dec. 30th.	Bryant, Wm. Cullen, Birth of ...	Nov. 3rd.
Assaye, Battle of ...	Sept. 23rd.	Buckingham, Birth of...	Aug. 20th.
Athara, Battle of ...	April 8th.	Bunker's Hill, Battle of	June 17th.
Austerlitz, Battle of ...	Dec. 2nd.	Bunyan, John, Birth ...	Nov. 29th.
Australian Commonwealth Founded ...	Jan. 1st.	Burke, Edmund, Birth of	Jan. 12th.
Aytoun, Wm., Birth of	June 2nd.	Burnaby, Colonel, Birth of ...	Mar. 3rd.
Bacon, Francis, Death of	April 9th.	Burnet, Bishop, Death of	Mar. 17th.
Badajoz, Assault of ...	April 6th.	Burns, Robt., Birth of...	Jan. 25th.
Baillie, Johanna, Death of ...	Feb. 23rd.	Busaco, Battle of ...	Sept. 27th.
Balaclava, Battle of ...	Oct. 25th.	Bute, Earl of, Death of	Mar. 10th.
Ballot Act Passed ...	July 13th.	Byng, Admiral, Execution of ...	Mar. 14th.
Bannockburn, Battle of	June 24th.	Byron, Lord, Death of...	April 19th.

Cabul Massacre (1842)...	Jan. 13th.	Dumas, Alexander, Death of ...	Dec. 5th.
Cabul Massacre (1879)...	Sept. 4th.	Dunbar, Battle of ...	Sept. 3rd.
Calais, Loss of ...	Jan. 7th.	Eddystone Lighthouse Completed ...	Oct. 9th.
Calvin, Death of ...	May 27th.	Education Act Passed ...	Aug. 9th.
Campbell, Colin, Death of ...	Aug. 14th.	Edward IV., Birth of ...	April 29th.
Camperdown, Battle of	Oct. 11th.	Edward the Confessor, Death of ...	Jan. 5th.
Canal, Suez, Opening of	Nov. 17th.	Edward the Martyr, Murder of ...	May 18th.
Canning, Death of ...	Aug. 8th.	Eliot, George, Birth of	Nov. 22nd.
Canute, Death of ...	Nov. 11th.	Elizabeth, Death of Queen ...	Mar. 24th.
Carleton, William, Birth of ...	Mar. 4th.	Emerson, Birth of ...	May 25th.
"Carroll, Lewis," Death of ...	Jan. 14th.	Evelyn, John, Birth of...	Oct. 31st.
Cawnpore Massacre (1st)	June 27th.	Evesham, Battle of ...	Aug. 4th.
Cawnpore Massacre (2nd)	July 15th.	Falkirk, Battle of ...	Jan. 17th.
Charles I., Execution of	Jan. 30th.	Fawcett, Death of ...	Nov. 6th.
Charles II., Restoration of ...	May 29th.	Fielding, Death of ...	Oct. 8th.
Chatham, Earl of, Birth of ...	Nov. 15th.	First of June, Battle of	June 1st.
Chesterfield, Birth of ...	Sept. 22nd.	Five Members, Attempt to Arrest the...	Jan. 4th.
Ciudad Rodrigo, Storming of ..	Jan. 19th.	Flodden, Battle of ...	Sept. 9th.
Clive, Robert, Birth of...	Sept. 29th.	Fontenoy, Battle of ...	May 11th.
Cobbett, William, Birth of ...	Mar. 9th.	Fox, C. J., Birth of ...	Jan. 24th.
Collingwood, Admiral, Death of ...	Mar. 7th.	Franklin, B., Death of	April 17th.
Columbus, Christopher, Death of ...	May 20th.	Franklin, Sir John, Death of ...	June 11th.
Cook, Captain, Birth of	Oct. 27th.	Galileo, Death of ...	Jan. 8th.
Cook, Eliza, Birth of ...	Sept. 24th.	Garfield, President, Birth of ...	Nov. 19th.
Cooper, Fenimore, Birth of ...	Sept. 15th.	Garrick, David, Birth of ...	Feb. 20th.
Copenhagen, Battle of...	April 2nd.	George I., Birth of ...	May 28th.
Cornwallis, Lord, Death of ...	Oct. 5th.	George II., Birth of ...	Oct. 30th.
Corunna, Battle of ...	Jan. 16th.	George III., Birth of ...	June 4th.
Cowper, William, Death of ...	April 25th.	George IV., Death of ...	June 26th.
Crabbe, Birth of ...	Dec. 24th.	Gettysberg, Battle of ...	July 3rd.
Crammer, Burning of ...	Mar. 21st.	Gibbon, Edward, Birth of ...	April 27th.
Crecy, Battle of ...	Aug. 26th.	Gibraltar, Capture of ...	July 24th.
Cromwell, Oliver, Death of ...	Sept. 3rd.	Gilbert, Sir Humphry, Death of ...	Sept. 10th.
Culloden, Battle of ...	April 16th.	Gilbert, W. S., Birth of	Nov. 18th.
Darnley, Murder of ...	Feb. 9th.	Gladstone, W., Death of	May 19th.
Day, Thomas, Death of	Sept. 28th.	Glencoe, Massacre of ...	Feb. 13th.
De Quincy, Death of ...	Dec. 8th.	Goldsmith, Oliver, Death of ...	April 4th.
Defoe, Daniel, Death of	April 26th.	Gordon, "Chinese," Killed ...	Jan. 26th.
Delhi, Storming of ...	Sept. 14th.	Gordon, Lord George, Death of ...	Nov. 1st.
Dettingen, Battle of ...	June 16th.	Gordon Riots ...	June 2nd.
Dibdin, Death of ...	July 25th.	Goudaloupe, Battle of ...	April 12th.
Dickens, Charles, Birth of ...	Feb. 7th.	Gravelines, Battle of ...	July 29th.
Diike, Francis, Death of ...	Jan. 28th.		

Gray, Thomas, Birth of	Dec. 26th.	Lane, Edward, Birth of	Sept. 17th.
Grey, Lady Jane, Execution of	Feb. 12th.	Lecky, William, Birth of	Mar. 26th.
Haggard, Rider, Birth of	June 22nd.	Lewes, Battle of	May 14th.
Hakluyt, Death of	Nov. 23rd.	Limerick, Treaty of	Oct. 3rd.
Halidon Hill, Battle of	July 19th.	Lincoln, Death of	April 15th.
Hallaam, Henry, Birth of	July 9th.	Livingstone, David, Birth of	Mar. 19th.
Hastings, Battle of	Oct. 14th.	Mewellyn Slain	Dec. 11th.
Hastings, Warren, Birth of	Dec. 6th.	Lockhart, J. G., Death of	Nov. 25th.
Havelock, Henry, Death of	Nov. 24th.	London, Great Fire of	Sept. 2nd.
Hawkins, John, Death of	Nov. 12th.	Londonderry, Relief of	July 30th.
Hazlitt, Birth of	April 10th.	Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth, Birth of	Jan. 27th.
Henry I., Death of	Dec. 1st.	Louis XIV., Birth of	Sept. 16th.
Henry II., Birth of	Mar. 5th.	Louis XVI., Execution of	Jan. 21st.
Henry III., Birth of	Oct. 1st.	Lover, Samuel, Birth of	Feb. 24th.
Henry IV., Death of	Mar. 20th.	Lowell, James, Birth of	Feb. 22nd.
Henry V., Death of	Aug. 31st.	Lucknow, Relief of	Sept. 25th.
Henry VII., Death of	April 22nd.	Luddite Riots	Mar. 11th.
Henry VIII., Birth of	June 28th.	Luther, Martin, Birth of	Nov. 10th.
Hill, Rowland, Birth of	Dec. 3rd.	Lyell, Sir Chas., Birth of	Nov. 14th.
Hogarth, Death of	Oct. 26th.	Lytton (Owen Meredith), Birth of	Nov. 8th.
Hogg, Birth of	Nov. 21st.	Lytton, Bulwer, Death of	Jan. 18th.
Hood, Admiral, Death of	Jan. 27th.	Macaulay, Lord, Death of	Dec. 28th.
Hood, Tom, Death of	May 3rd.	Mafeking, Relief of	May 17th.
Howitt, Mary, Birth of	Mar. 12 h.	Magdala, Capture of	April 13th.
Hudson's Bay Company Formed	May 13th.	Magna Charter Signed	June 15th.
Hughes, Tom, Birth of	Oct. 23rd.	Malplaquet, Battle of	Sept. 11th.
Hugo, Victor, Birth of	Feb. 26th.	Marryat, Captain, Birth of	July 10th.
Hume, David, Death of	Aug. 25th.	Marston Moor, Battle of	July 2nd.
Hunt, Leigh, Death of	Aug. 28th.	Mary I., Birth of	Feb. 18th.
Huxley, Thomas, Death of	June 29th.	Mary II., Birth of	April 30th.
Indian Mutiny, Outbreak of	May 10th.	Mary, Queen of Scots, Execution of	Feb. 8th.
Inkerman, Battle of	Nov. 5th.	Melbourne, Lord, Birth of	Mar. 15th.
James I., Death of	Mar. 27th.	Middleton, Death of	Dec. 10th.
James II., Death of	Sept. 6th.	Milton, Birth of	Dec. 9th.
Jeffreys, Judge, Death of	April 18th.	Monk, General, Death of	Jan. 3rd.
Jerusalem, Capture of	July 5th.	Montagu, Lady Mary, Death of	Aug. 21st.
Joan of Arc Burnt	May 30th.	Montcalm, Birth of	Feb. 29th.
John, Death of King	Oct. 19th.	Montrose, Execution of	May 21st.
Johnson, Doctor, Birth of	Sept. 18th.	Moore, Thomas, Death of	Feb. 25th.
Jonson, Ben, Death of	Aug. 6th.	More, Sir Thomas, Execution of	July 7th.
Kane, Dr., Death of	Feb. 16th.	More, Hannah, Birth of	Feb. 2nd.
Killiecrankie, Battle of	July 27th.	Moreau, Birth of	Aug. 11th.
Kimberley, Relief of	Feb. 15th.	Moscow, Retreat from, Commenced	Oct. 18th.
Kingsley, Charles, Birth of	June 12th.		
Ladysmith, Relief of	Feb. 28th.		
Lamb, Charles, Birth of	Feb. 10th.		

Murat, Death of ...	Oct. 13th.	Quebec, Battle of ...	Sept. 13th.
Museum, Opening of the		Quiberon Bay, Battle of	Nov. 20th.
British ...	Jan. 15th.		
Mutiny at the Nore ...	May 22nd.	Raleigh, Execution of...	Oct. 29th.
		Ramillies, Battle of ...	May 23rd.
Nansen, Birth of ..	Oct. 10th.	Reade, Charles, Birth of	June 8th.
Nantes, Edict of, re-		Reform Bill Passed ...	June 7th.
voked ..	Oct. 2nd.	Reynolds, Sir Joshua,	
Napoleon, Death of ...	May 5th.	Birth of ...	July 16th.
Napoleon Lands at		Richard II., Birth of ...	Jan. 6th.
Cannes ...	Mar. 1st.	Richelieu, Birth of ...	Sept. 5th.
Napoleon, Marriage of,		Roberts, Lord, Birth of	Sept. 30th.
to Maria Louise ...	April 1st.	Robespierre, Birth of ...	May 6th.
Napoleon III., Death		Rodney, Lord, Birth of	Feb. 19th.
of ...	Jan. 9th.	Rorke's Drift, Defence	
Naseby, Battle of ...	June 14th.	of ...	Jan. 22nd.
Navarino, Battle of ...	Oct. 20th.	"Royal George," Loss	
Newman, John Henry,		of the... ..	Aug. 29th.
Birth of ...	Feb. 21st.	Rufus, William, Death	
Newton, Sir Isaac, Birth		of ...	Aug. 2nd.
of ...	Dec. 25th.	Rump Parliament, Crom-	
Ney, Execution of ...	Dec. 7th.	well Dissolved ...	April 20th.
Nightingale, Florence,		Rupert, Prince, Birth of	Dec. 18th.
Birth of ...	May 15th.	Ruskin, John, Death of	Jan. 20th.
Nile, Battle of the ...	Aug. 1st.	Russell, Lord John,	
North, Lord, Death of	Aug. 5th.	Birth of ...	Aug. 18th.
Oastler, Birth of ...	Dec. 20th.	Saint Bartholomew,	
Oates, Titus, Death of...	July 12th.	Massacre of ...	Aug. 24th.
Outram, Sir James, Birth		Saint Vincent, Battle of	Feb. 14th.
of ...	Jan. 29th.	Saint Vincent, Earl,	
		Death of ...	Mar. 13th.
Paley, W., Birth of ...	Aug. 30th.	Salamanca, Battle of ...	July 22nd.
Paris, Treaty of .	Mar. 30th.	Salisbury, Lord, Birth of	Feb. 3rd.
Paul, Emperor of Russia,		Saratoga, The Con-	
Assassination of ...	Mar. 23rd.	vention of ...	Oct. 15th.
Peel, Sir Robert, Birth		Scott, Sir Walter, Birth	
of ...	Feb. 5th.	of ...	Aug. 15th.
Penny Post Introduced	Jan. 10th.	Sebastopol, Capture of...	Sept. 8th.
Pepys, Samuel, Death of	May 26th.	Sedgemoor, Battle of ...	July 6th.
Peter the Hermit, Death		Selkirk, Alexander,	
of ...	July 8th.	Placed upon a Deso-	
"Peterloo," Massacre of	Aug. 16th.	late Island ...	Oct. 4th.
Pilgrim Fathers, Land-		Seringapatam, Capture	
ing of... ..	Dec. 22nd.	of ...	May 4th.
Pinkerton, John, Birth		Shaftesbury, Earl of,	
of ...	Feb. 17th.	Birth of ..	April 28th.
Pitt, William, Death of	Jan. 23rd.	Shakespeare's Day ...	April 23rd.
Plassey, Battle of ...	June 23rd.	Shangani Patrol ...	Dec. 4th.
Poe, Death of ...	Oct. 7th.	Shenstone, Death of ...	Feb. 11th.
Poitiers, Battle of ...	Sept. 19th.	Shrewsbury, Battle of...	July 23rd.
Porteous Riots ...	Sept. 7th.	Sidney, Sir Philip,	
Praed, Birth of ..	July 26th.	Death of ...	Oct. 17th.
Prestonpans, Battle of ..	Sept. 21st.	Simnel, Lambert,	
Pretender, Old, Birth of	June 10th.	Crowned at Dublin ...	May 2nd.
Pretender, Young, Death		Slave Trade, Abolition of	Mar. 25th.
of ...	Jan. 31st.	Sloane, Hans, Death of	Jan. 11th.
Princes in the Tower,		Smiles, Samuel, Birth of	Dec. 23rd.
Murder of ...	Aug. 17th.	Smith, Adam, Birth of...	June 5th.

Smith, Sidney, Birth of	July 21st.	Trollope, Anthony, Birth of	April 24th.
Smith, Rev. Sydney, Birth of	June 3rd.	Tromp, Death of	July 31st.
Southey, Robert, Birth of	Aug. 12th.	Tyburn, Last Execution at	Nov. 7th.
Stamp Act Passed	Mar. 22nd.	Utrecht, Peace of	Mar. 31st.
Stanley, Dean, Birth of	Dec. 13th.	Victoria, Queen, Birth of	May 24th.
Steele, Sir Richard, Death of	Sept. 1st.	Wallace, Execution of	Aug. 23rd.
Stephenson, George, Birth of	June 9th.	Walpole, Robert, Death of	Mar. 18th.
Stephenson, Robert, Birth of	Oct. 16th.	Walton, Isaac, Death of	Dec. 15th.
Stevenson, Robert Louis, Birth of	Nov. 13th.	Washington, George, Death of	Dec. 14th.
Storm, Great, in England	Nov. 27th.	Waterloo, Battle of	June 18th.
Stow, John, Death of	April 5th.	Watts, Isaac, Birth of	July 17th.
Strafford, Lord, Execution of	May 12th.	Wellington, Birth of	May 1st.
Strickland, Agnes, Birth of	Aug. 19th.	Wellesley, Marquis, Death of	Sept. 26th.
Swift, Birth of	Nov. 30th.	Wesley, John, Death of	Mar. 2nd.
Taku Forts, Storming of	June 25th.	"White Ship," Wreck of the	Nov. 26th.
Talavera, Battle of	July 28th.	Whitman, Walt., Birth of	May 31st.
Tennyson, Lord, Death of	Oct. 6th.	Whittier, John Greenleaf, Birth of	Dec. 17th.
"Tenth" of "August" Massacres	Aug. 10th.	Wilkes, John, Death of	Dec. 27th.
Thackeray, Wm. Makepeace, Birth of	July 18th.	William III., Death of	Mar. 8th.
Toulon, The Capture of	Dec. 19th.	Wolfe, General, Birth of	Jan. 2nd.
Towton, Battle of	Mar. 29th.	Worcester, Battle of	Sept. 3rd.
Trafalgar, Battle of	Oct. 21st.	Wordsworth, Birth of	April 7th.
		Wyclif, Death of	Dec. 31st.

ERRATUM.

On the page for November 22nd, George Eliot is said to have married Mr. Cross in 1830. For 1830 read 1880.

INDEX OF BOOKS REFERRED TO.

A complete list of the different editions of the works mentioned is not possible within the scope of this volume. We give editions with which we are familiar, and which are among the cheapest of those published. In some cases we have mentioned paper editions. Some of the out-of-print books are omitted.

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