

battles, and lost some others, an account of which would be very tiresome to you, I am sure.

Though upon the whole the French had rather the best of the war in Europe, Lord Clive, who had an army of English in the East Indies, to take care of our merchants and our towns there, beat the French generals, especially General Lally, who had the care of all the French merchants and their towns and goods. Indeed he beat General Lally so that the French have never had more than one or two small towns in that part of the world since.

If you look at the map of the world in this place, my dear little Arthur, you will wonder that two countries in Europe, so close together as England and France, should think of sending their soldiers and sailors so far off as India to fight their battles; but you will wonder still more when you learn that, not content with this, they sent other fleets and armies to North America, where they fought till the English conquered the greatest part of all the country that the French ever had in that part of the world. But the greatest victory we gained there was the battle of Quebec, where our brave and good General Wolfe was killed. Some day you will read his life, and then you will wish that all English soldiers could be like him.

We will now think about the civil war in King George II.'s reign. You remember that in his father's time the Pretender, whom the Scotch call James VIII., came from France to Scotland, and thought he could get the kingdom for himself, but he was soon obliged to go back again.

After that he went and lived in Italy, and married a princess of Poland, and had two sons. The eldest of these was a fine brave young man: the youngest