

CLASSIC LIVING BOOK

A HISTORY  
OF GERMANY

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H. E. Marshall

COMPLETE AND UNABRIDGED



# A History of Germany

H.E. MARSHALL



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## CHAPTER 1

# ABOUT THE GOD TEW AND HIS CHILDREN

**I**N the dim days of very long ago there was a country called Fensalir. It was a low-lying country of rich green meadows and fair cornfields. Beside the slow-flowing streams trees drooped their branches laden with wondrous fruit. Upon the endless meadows countless herds of cattle browsed. It was a rich and peaceful land, but no man knew where it began or where it ended, for round the fair green meadows there hung ever a soft white mist, and any who strayed far were lost in its rolling folds. Weary of the quiet peace, stung by the longing to adventure and to know, some indeed wandered forth, never to return.

Over this strange land there rilled a beautiful giantess. Her hair was gold with the gold of the cornfields, her dress was rich and green with the rich green of the meadows. Only she knew the length and breadth of the fair country over which she ruled. Only she knew what lay beyond the rolling mists. All who remained under her rule found lasting peace and gladness. For she was to them a gracious, tender mother. She spread her hands abroad to bless her land with warmth and fruitfulness; she stretched forth her skirts to shelter her people from cold and frost.

So long years passed, and to this fair giantess there Tew came a son. This son she called Tew. He was bold and he was wise. To him was given victory in war. To him was given the wisdom of words. So it came to pass that if a man was very brave it was said of him, "He is as brave as Tew"; if a man was very wise it was said of him, "He hath the wisdom of Tew." And at length people made songs about Tew, in which they told of his deeds of valour and his wisdom.

And so as years went on, to the people Tew became a god, even as the sun and the moon. One day of the week was called after him, and to this day we still call it Tuesday.

Now Tew had a son, and he again had many children, so that soon the land was filled with people. Of these people there were many tribes, each taking its name from one of the grandsons of Tew; but the whole people were called Teutons, after the name of the great god himself.

This is a fairy-tale and an allegory. The beautiful giantess is a giantess we all know, for she is Mother Earth, and from her broad green lap there

rose the god Tew, the father of the great Teutonic race. It is a race which stretches far and wide, and nearly all the peoples of Northern Europe belong to it. The Germans are but one of its many branches, and it is of them I mean to tell in this book.

They first got the name of Germans in Roman times. North of the Rhine dwelt the Teutons, south of the Rhine dwelt the Gauls. But there came a time when a wild horde of Teutons crossed the Rhine, and drove the Gauls out. The Gauls then gave to the wild tribe the name of Germans or neighbours, and by degrees the name was given to the whole race. We still call them Germans, but they call themselves die Deutschen. That is a much newer name, and they did not receive until the end of the ninth century.

It too has a meaning which is interesting. The Gauls and the Franks who had settled south of the Rhine; gradually began to talk Latin, or the Roman language, which later grew into French. It was the language of the learned. But the tribes on the north of the Rhine continued to speak the old language. It was the language of the common people. Thiod means "people"; theotisce means "of the people." So the language was called theotiscos, meaning "the people's language," and gradually it became changed from theotiscos to Deutsch.

So Deutsch means nothing less than "a son of the soil, a son of Mother Earth." And perhaps the little fairy-tale at the beginning of this chapter may help to make some of us understand better why we so often speak of Fatherland or Mother Earth. And it is interesting to find in the early story of the German people the dim outlines of this tale, for they more than any other people have given to their country the name of Fatherland.

But whence really came these Teutons or Germans? In the dim far-off days of the long-forgotten past, in a time so far back that neither history nor legend can tell us ought of it, they dwelt in Asia. But their home was never settled. They loved battle and hated labour. It was easier to conquer new lands than to till that they already possessed. So slowly they moved westward from country to country until they reached Europe. At first they settled along the shores of the Baltic, but by degrees they passed southward to the country of the Gauls.

These ancient Teutons were heathen, but not Druids like the Britons or the Gauls. They worshipped other gods. Wodan was chief of them all, but they worshipped also his son, Thor, the god of the hammer, and many a god besides. And when they died these old heathens believed



that they went to Wodan's palace, the splendid hall of Valhalla. There, in company with all the gods and heroes of their race, they would lead, they believed, for ever a life of feasting and drinking, such as they had loved on earth.

They were fair-haired giants those Germans of old time—"Children with old men's hair," the Romans called them. Huge they were, strong of limb, and able to endure both cold and hunger. They cared nothing of gold and ornaments, and were clad only in a cloak of cloth, or the hide of some animal. This was held about their shoulders by a simple clasp or even by a thorn. They were armed with long spears and short javelins. Few wore helmets or armour of any sort.

As they dashed to war the very sight of them struck fear to the hearts of their enemies. Their fierce blue eyes and yellow streaming hair, their huge bodies, the shrieks of the women and children who surrounded the battle-field, and, above all, the hoarse sound of their war-chants, which rose and fell in harsh roar, all added to the terror of their attack.

These ancient Germans loved battle. They held it more honourable to win their daily bread by blood and conquest than to earn it by the sweat of the brow.

Yet even the best and bravest warriors in times of peace did nothing but eat and drink. "It is marvellous," says a Roman writer, "that the same men should so love sloth and hate peace."

## TEUTONS AND ROMANS

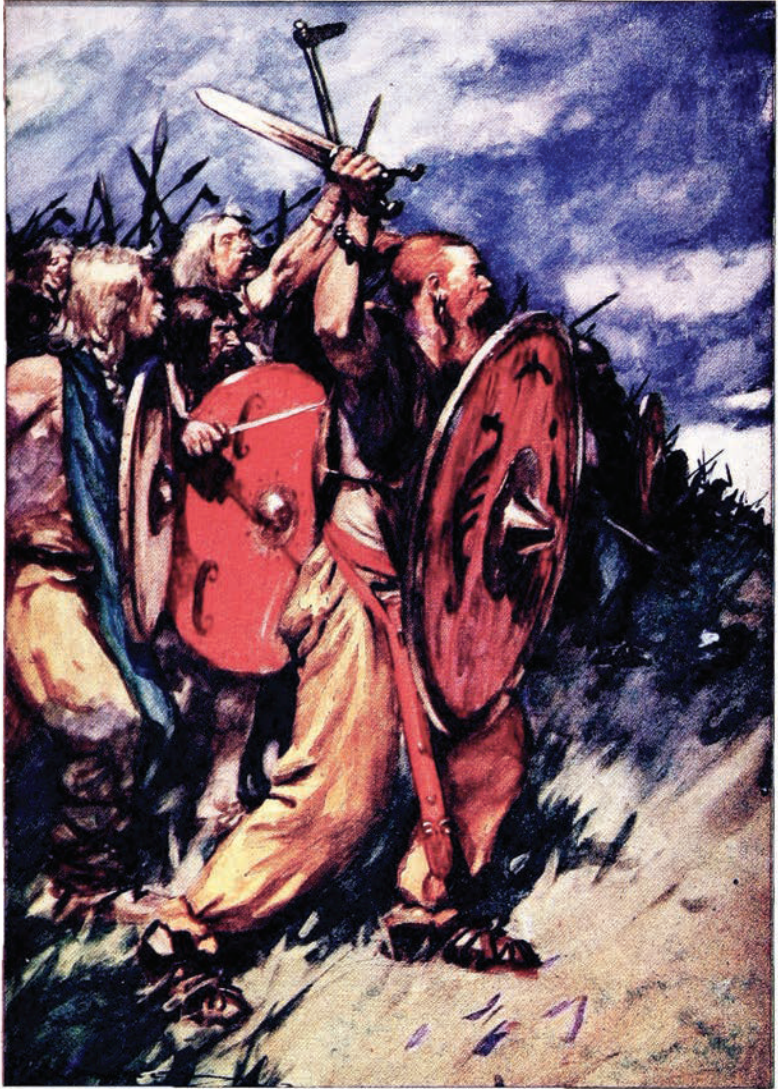
BESIDES the Teutons we hear also in ancient times of the Cimbri, another wild tribe of the same Germanic family. These blue-eyed savages hated peace too. They were for ever wandering forth, clamorous for new lands, so again and again they came into conflict with the Romans. And even the world-conquerors could not stand against them. Many battles these Germans won, and for twelve years the Romans trembled before the “Cimbric Terror.” Thrice the way to Rome lay open to the plundering hordes, but each time, why or wherefore we know not, they turned aside to Spain or Belgium, and Rome was saved. For the moment, it may be, they desired not conquest south of the Alps, but a home north of them.

At length, however, the German hordes decided to attack Rome, to waste all Italy, and lay the capital in ruins. An enormous host gathered. It was not merely an army of warriors, it was a whole people on the march. They came with their tents and their household goods, their wives and children, their slaves and servants, their cattle and dogs.

Slowly this enormous host wound southward, divided into two great bands, the Teutons under their King Teutobod and the Cimbri under their King Boiorix. The two hosts marched upon Italy by different routes, and it was the Teutons who first met the Roman army arrayed against them. For the Roman leader Marius resolved not to wait for Italy to be attacked, but crossed the Alps and marched to meet the foe.

It was at the mouth of the Rhone valley that the two armies met. Here Marius fortified his camp well, and dug a deep trench about it. Then he awaited the enemy. It was not long before the Teutons appeared upon the plain in numbers beyond all imaginings. On and on they came, hungering for battle. Soon their terrible war-song resounded, rising and falling in harsh roars. It was very awful to hear, for each man held his shield in front of his mouth, so that it acted like a sounding-board, and gave to his voice a strange unearthly tone.

Urged on by this wild music the warriors advanced. But Marius and his men lay still within their strong encampment. They refused to fight. For three days the barbarians raged around the camp in vain. From every attempt to storm it they were beaten back with great loss.



*On and on they came, hungry for battle.*

But if the barbarians raged without, the Roman soldiers raged within the camp. They were eager to sally forth, give battle to the foe or scatter them in flight, and they were made to sit still, or allowed at best only to throw a few arrows from the walls. "What does Marius take us for," they grumbled, "that he thus locks us up and will not let us fight? Is building walls and digging trenches worthy labour for a soldier? Are we not here to fight for our country?"

Marius was not ill-pleased to find his soldiers so eager for battle. He soothed them gently and bade them wait.

At length, weary of the useless attack, the Teutons resolved to march past the Roman army and reach Italy without further delay.

Marius allowed them to go. Growing bolder and ever bolder, they passed close to the camp, flinging taunts at the Romans. "Have you any messages for your wives and families?" they asked, "for we shall soon see them."

For six days the mighty host filed onward, horse and foot, men, women, and children, with numberless wagon-loads of baggage. Marius watched them calmly and did nothing. Then, as soon as the Teutons had passed, he left his camp and followed. And as they marched onward each night he encamped near to them in some strong, well-guarded position.

At length they came to a place named *Aquae Sextiæ* or *Sextiliæ* Waters, and here Marius resolved to give battle. He chose a strong position for his camp, but it lacked water. This was pointed out to him. Thereupon Marius pointed to a stream which flowed close by the camp of the enemy. "There," he said, "you can get water if you buy it with your blood."

"Why, then," asked a soldier wrathfully, "do you not lead us to it ere our blood is dried up in us?"

At that Marius smiled, well pleased, for he had only trained his men so that they might fight all the better when the right time came.

"Wait," he said quietly, "let us first fortify our camp"; and the soldiers were fain to obey.

Three days later the battle was fought.

Marius drew up his soldiers upon the summit of a little hill. Up this the barbarians rushed, and the fight began. It was long and bitter. For hours the Teutons fought with fierce, untamed bravery. When the foremost fell those behind took their place. But at length the wild northern savages, unused to the blaze of a southern sun, began to weary. Bit by bit the Romans drove them down the hill, and at length scattered them in flight.

The slaughter was awful, and so many thousands fell upon the field that it is said the people of Marseilles for many years after fenced their vineyards about with the bones of the slain Teutons. But the men did not fight alone. The women too joined, and when all hope of victory had fled, rather than fall into the hands of the conquerors, they slew themselves and their children. The Teuton host was thus utterly wiped out. Few escaped; those who were not slain were taken prisoner, the king among them.

Meanwhile the Cimbri had crossed the Alps into Italy. The snow and the cold of the high passes did not appal them. Almost naked as they were, they strode carelessly through the snowdrifts, and sitting on their shields they slid down the icy slopes with shouts of triumph. Thus, like an avalanche, they poured into the plain of Italy.

As the Cimbri advanced, plundering and wasting on every side, the Romans fled before them. Their leader was in despair when Marius, already victorious over the Teutons, came to help him.

The Cimbri, who knew nothing of the battle of Aquæ Sextiæ, wondered why the Teutons were so long in coming. Full of their triumphs, they now sent to Marius, and demanded land and towns for themselves and their brethren, so that they might make their home in the fair realm of Italy.

“Who are your brethren?” asked Marius.

“The Teutons,” was the reply.

Then Marius laughed. “Do not trouble yourselves for your brethren,” he said, “for we have already given them all the land they need, and which they shall possess for ever.”

Soon the Cimbri learned that Marius mocked at them, and that the land their brethren had was but a soldier’s grave. Then were they angry. “You will pay for this jest,” they cried, and at once made ready for battle. It was a terrible fight, both fierce and long. But the discipline of Rome overcame at length the wild bravery the barbarians. The men fell in thousands, many of them slaying themselves rather than be taken prisoners. The women too fought. Clad in black robes, with wild eyes, and streaming hair, they seemed avenging furies as they defended the encampment. They fought the enemy, they slew the cowards who fled, they put their own children to death, and last of all slew themselves. So at length when night came there was no living thing upon the ghastly field, save only the faithful dogs, who howled dismally through the darkness over their dead masters’ bodies.

Thus were the Cimbri wiped out. Seeking a home they found a grave in the sunny land beyond the Alps.

## ARIOVISTUS, THE FIRST GREAT GERMAN

THE Germans and the Gauls were neighbours, the swift-flowing Rhine alone dividing them. Now two tribes of the Gauls, the Sequani and the Ædui, who dwelt along the borders of the Rhine, quarrelled, and after some time the Sequani asked Ariovistus, who was king over one of the tribes of Germans, to come to their aid.

This Ariovistus very gladly did. For the thought of battle, of rich plunder, and, above all, of the fair well-tilled fields of Gaul, drew his soldiers on. So a great army poured over the Rhine. But they did not come alone; they came with their wives and children, their cattle and their household goods.

The war against the Ædui was long, but at length they were defeated. Then the Sequani offered Ariovistus gold and precious booty as a reward, and bade him return to his own land.

But Ariovistus had no mind to go. The fields of Gaul were rich and fair, and he had a mind to make his home among them. So he subdued the Sequani and, taking a third part of their land from them, gave it to his own followers. As the years went on Ariovistus demanded ever more land and more tribute, until at length the people who had asked for a deliverer found that they had saddled themselves with a tyrant. It was plain that Ariovistus had made up his mind to turn Gaul into a German kingdom.

The Gauls were too weak to drive him forth, so now they sought help from the greatest of all conquerors, the Romans.

Julius Cæsar had by this time been made governor of Southern Gaul. He hoped one day to bring the whole of Gaul under Roman sway. But he saw well that if Ariovistus was allowed to conquer at will there was danger that Gaul would become a German instead of a Roman province. He determined forthwith to make it Roman, and willingly came to help the oppressed tribes.

Caesar now sent a message to Ariovistus begging him to come to meet him, for there were weighty matters of state of which he wished to talk.

But Ariovistus received Caesar's messengers haughtily. "Tell Cæsar," he said, "that if he has aught to say he may come to me. I marvel what

manner of business he has that may concern me, and I demand to know by what right he enters that part of Gaul which is mine by the power of the sword.”

When Cæsar received this proud reply he again sent a messenger to Ariovistus. This time he made known his terms. First, Ariovistus must promise that not another German should be allowed to cross the Rhine. Second, he must give back all the hostages he held. Last, he must promise to leave the Sequani and their friends in peace. If Ariovistus would keep these conditions then Rome would be his friend. If not, then let him look to himself.

Ariovistus again answered as haughtily as before. “I have conquered these people,” he said, “and as a conqueror I have the right to treat my subjects as I will. I do not dictate to Rome how she shall treat her conquests, neither shall Rome dictate to me. If Cæsar desires war, he shall have it. He shall learn of what stuff the Germans are made, who have never known defeat and who, for fourteen years, have never slept beneath a roof.”

So it was to be war, and Cæsar, gathering his army, marched to meet the haughty barbarians. But brave though the Roman soldiers were, as they marched to meet the German host their hearts sank. Such tales they had heard of these wild warriors, of their enormous size, of their lightning-flashing eyes, of their more than human courage. White terror shook the whole army; both men and officers were ready to flee.

When Cæsar heard of it he gathered his men together and spoke words to them, both brave and stern. He reminded them how fifty years before Marius had defeated the Teutons and the Cimbri; he bade them cease to tremble, and be true to their leader, for fight the Germans he would. If all the army deserted him, he vowed still to go forward with the 10th Legion alone, for they, he knew, were the bravest of the brave, and would never forsake him.

Cæsar’s words put such heart into his men that they became ashamed of their fears, and from wishing to flee they became eager for battle. So the army marched onwards into the strange unknown country to meet this strange unknown foe.

At length the two armies came in sight of each other, and a great battle took place. The Romans were far outnumbered by the Germans; the Germans, too, fought fiercely and well, but in the end they were defeated. In wild panic the Germans fled towards the Rhine. Of the great army only a few reached and crossed the river in safety, among them Ariovistus.

Ariovistus is the first great German of whom we hear in history. But after he fled across the Rhine before the victorious Romans we hear no more of him. We know nothing of his after-life or of how he died.

This battle is one of the important battles of old times, but we do not know where it took place. It was, however, fought not far from the Rhine, and probably in Alsace, not far from the town of Besançon. By this one battle the Germans were driven back over the Rhine, and for hundreds of years the Rhine became the boundary of the Roman Empire against the Germans. But this boundary was not held without great trouble. Again and again the Germans overstept it. Again and again the Romans drove them back. Twice Cæsar himself crossed the Rhine, but he could not conquer the Germans. He could only show his strength, and by the terror of his name keep the barbarians to the right bank of the river.

Still better to shut the Germans into their own land, the Romans also built great walls along their frontiers. Upon these walls forts or watch-houses were built at short intervals, and in each a few soldiers lived to give warning of an attack by the barbarians. These walls were sixteen feet high, and they were further strengthened by a deep ditch twenty feet broad. There were about three hundred miles of them in all. Yet in spite of these tremendous barriers there was much coming and going between the Germans and the Romans. Roman traders came among the Germans, young Germans went to serve in the Roman army, and almost without knowing it the Germans began to follow Roman manners and customs and take on Roman learning.

Yet these years were not peaceful, for the Romans made many efforts to conquer Germany. The great Roman General Drusus made three expeditions into Germany, he overran the country as far as the Elbe, and won so many victories over the Germans that he received the surname of Germanicus. It is said that he would have crossed the Elbe and tried to carry his conquests beyond it. But upon the banks of the river there stood a wise woman. As Drusus and his host advanced she waved them backward. "Cross not the stream, great soldier," she cried, "for on the further side defeat awaits you. Death is not far from you, therefore be warned, and at the end of life do not darken your fame by defeat."

So Drusus turned backward from the Elbe, but he had not gone far before he fell from his horse and broke his leg. A few days later he died in the arms of his brother Tiberius, who sorrowfully carried his body to Rome, where it was buried with great honour.



## HERMANN, THE HERO OF GERMANY

**T**IBERIUS succeeded to his brother Drusus, and under him, it seemed as if German freedom was to be lost. It was he who sent the triumphant message to Rome, "All the land between the Rhine and the Elbe is subdued." He had no doubt that Germany was at length become a province of Rome.

But the spirit of freedom was still alive. More than fifty years had passed since Ariovistus had defied Cæsar. Now there came to power a much greater man. This was Hermann, or, as the Romans called him, Arminius. He is indeed the German national hero.

Hermann was a prince. He was one of the many German princes who had learned Roman manners, and who had served in the Roman army. But although he had learned much from the Romans, he remained a German at heart. He loved his country, and longed to see it freed from the yoke of Rome.

Tiberius had by this time been recalled from Germany, and his place was taken by the Roman General Varus. He treated the free Germans as if they were slaves, and soon roused in their hearts hatred for himself, and an intense desire for revenge. Far and wide low mutterings of rebellion were soon heard. All that was needed to make it burst forth was a leader. And one in Arminius the people found. He was only twenty-five, but he was bold and ready and loved his country. At once the Germans began to plot to get rid of the Romans. Varus was told of these plots, but he paid little heed to them. How should base Germans dare to plot against Rome? he asked.

So the time passed, autumn came, and all was ready. Then, as had been arranged, a small and distant tribe rose in revolt. Varus marched to put down the revolt. This was the awaited signal. Hermann and the princes and peoples in league with him at once gathered and followed the unsuspecting Roman General. Varus believed he was marching to crush a petty tribe. He was marching to his own destruction.

Germany at this time was full of pathless forests, swamps, and marshes. Now Varus and his legions had to pass through a dense forest called the Teutoburg Forest. It was a terrible march, for the season was already late,

there were no roads, the ground was sodden with autumn rain, the streams were swollen and impossible to ford. To make a path for themselves the Romans had to hew down trees and make bridges over rushing torrents. The rain poured down in floods, the wind roared in the mighty trees, as, heavily laden with baggage and provisions, the men toiled on through forest and swamp.

Then suddenly one day above the roar of the storm the fierce, wild war-cry of the Germans was heard. It seemed as if the forest around was alive with armed men, and a hail of arrows and javelins poured upon the Romans from every side. It was Arminius with his gathered tribes who had surrounded the Roman army. The Roman discipline was splendid, and desperately they fought.

All day the struggle lasted, the Romans slowly retreating before the foe, and when night came they encamped upon a small open space which they had reached.

When morning dawned, the fight and retreat again began. The Romans were now growing exhausted and thousands fell beneath the swords and battle-axes of their terrible foe, and all the way was marked with dead and dying. The retreat became a rout, and at length the Roman army of thirty or forty thousand men was utterly wiped out, only the shattered remnant, under cover of the friendly darkness, reaching the Roman fortress of Aliso.

Varus was not among these few. Rather than face the bitterness of defeat and disgrace he had thrown himself upon his own sword and died.

This is perhaps the worst defeat which ever fell upon the Romans. It is one of the great turning-points in the history of Europe. For that day it was made certain that Northern Europe would never be added to the Empire of Rome.

When the dire news was carried to Rome it was received with a cry of rage and fear. The Emperor Augustus was now an old man, and the news filled him with unutterable grief. He rent his robes in despair, he wandered frantically about his palace beating his head in helpless wrath against the gilt and marble pillars. With tears running down his furrowed cheeks he cried in anguish, "Varus, Varus, bring me back my legions." For a whole month long he neither shaved his beard nor cut his hair, vowing splendid offerings to the gods if they would take his kingdom once more under their care.

All Rome was filled with dire expectation. The Cimbric Terror once

more laid hold upon the people, and every day they feared to see the wild barbarians at their gates.

But the Germans had no thought of conquest. For freedom alone they had fought. The desire alone of freedom had held them together. Now that the Roman power was broken they fell apart once more.

Almost at once the Romans made another effort to conquer Germany. Germanicus, the son of Drusus, who inherited the name Germanicus from his famous father, was the leader of the Romans. Arminius was still the leader of the Germans.

Many battles were fought, and in one Thusnelda, the wife of Arminius, was taken prisoner.

At that Arminius was mad with grief and wrath. Here and there he hurried among his people, urging them to war. "Before me three legions have fallen," he cried. "But not by treachery, not against women, but openly against armed men do I wage war. The standards which I took from Rome and hung up in honour of our country's gods may still be seen in the groves of Germany. One thing the Germans will never forgive, that is that the rods and axes and togas of Rome have been seen between the Rhine and the Elbe. If you prefer your fatherland, and your own peaceful life to tyrants and new laws, follow your leader Arminius to glory and freedom."

These words so stirred the people that from far and near they flocked to the standard of Arminius.

Meanwhile the Romans too had been stung to wrath by the sight of the fatal field in the Teutoburg Forest, where six years before so many of their kinsmen had fallen. As Germanicus and his men reached the spot it was a dreadful sight they saw. Everywhere the field was strewn with whitening bones, now piled in heaps where some brave stand had been made, now scattered wide as the men had fallen in fight.

As he walked sadly over the ghastly field Germanicus fought the battle again in his imagination. As he listened to the tale of one who had escaped from that dreadful day he seemed again to see the fight. Here he eagle was captured, here Varus was wounded, here again he died by his own hand.

Six years had passed, but the heart of Rome still bled from the wound. And now Germanicus was seized with a great longing to give honourable burial to these dead comrades. So he bade his soldiers gather the bones together, and lay them in one huge mound, and cover them over

with earth. This the men did, not a soldier knowing whether or not the bones he laid on the pile might not be those of some dear kinsman. So they looked upon them all as their kinsfolk, and their anger against the Germans grew more bitter than before.

But in doing honour to his dead kinsmen Germanicus had given Arminius an opportunity. And in the wild rocky passes of the Teutoburg Forest Germanicus soon found himself surrounded even as Varus had been. The Roman soldiers were slain in thousands; but Germanicus was a far finer soldier than Varus, and he succeeded in cutting his way through the enemy, and retreated in good order to his ships.

With hearts enflamed with hatred and desires of revenge on either side the war went fiercely on. At length in A.D. 17 Arminius was defeated at the Maiden's Meadow near Minden. But, although Arminius was defeated, the Romans had lost so many men, that they dared fight no longer. They dared stay in Germany no longer. So they retreated to their ships which lay waiting for them on the river Ems, and set sail for the stormy North Sea on their way home.

At first the sea was calm, but soon a terrible storm burst forth. Soon with broken masts and torn sails the Roman galleys were driven helplessly hither and thither. Some were dashed upon the rocks and were splintered to pieces; others were swallowed by the angry waves; only a few, with broken spars and with shirts for sails, at length reached port.

Germany was still unconquered. But Tiberius, who was now Emperor, was jealous of the fame of Germanicus, and he would not allow the General to continue the fight and recalled him to Rome. After thirty years' fighting the Romans had gained nothing, and Tiberius now decreed that the Rhine should be looked upon as the German border.

Yet, although the war was thus made useless, Germanicus was given a triumph. And in the splendid procession there walked Thusnelda, the beautiful wife of Arminius, a prisoner, leading by the hand her little three-year-old son. The deliverer of Germany had not been able to free his own wife and child from the chains of Rome. Thusnelda never saw her home or her husband again, but died in Rome, when and how we know not. Let us hope it was soon, for life held only misery for her, and she was robbed even of her little son. He had been born in captivity, and as a tiny boy he was taken away from his mother. But what became of him we hardly know. He was perhaps trained as a gladiator, and taught to fight with wild beasts to amuse his captors. All that is certain is that

he died while still quite young, and that he never saw his father or his fatherland.

So ended Rome's last attempt to conquer Germany by force.

But now there was war within German borders. Marbod, the king of the Marcomani, was after Arminius the greatest leader in Germany. He had never joined with Arminius in his war of liberty, he had instead made friends with Rome. His kingdom was the largest of all the German kingdoms. Now he began to try to take possession of still more land. It seemed as if he wanted to conquer all Germany and bring every part of it under his sway. This was not to be suffered, for was he not the friend of Rome? So now Arminius turned his sword against Marbod, and at length defeated him so utterly that he was obliged to flee the country and take refuge with the Romans. Thus Arminius a second time saved his country from tyranny.

After this very little is known of the life of the great Arminius. He had saved his country from the yoke of Rome, and his people were grateful to him. Yet there were those who were jealous of his greatness, and in the year 21 A.D. he was treacherously murdered by his own kindred. He was only thirty-seven.

"Truly he was the deliverer of Germany," said a Roman writer. "He defied Rome, not in her early days, as other kings and generals had done, but at the height of the glory of the Empire. He fought, indeed, undecisive battles, yet in war he remained unconquered."

To this day the Germans look upon Arminius as the saviour of their country. Not far from the town of Detmold a huge statue of him may be seen standing guard above the field where it is thought his great battle was fought.

## THE HUNS AND GOTHs

FOR long years the Rhine remained the boundary of the Germans. But although the Romans made no further attempt to conquer the Germans there was no lasting peace with Rome, for the world was rarely at peace in those far-off days.

But as the years went on the Romans began to grow few and weak, the Emperors were either slothful or wicked, and to the once mighty Empire there remained but a shadow of its former greatness. The Germans, on the other hand, grew to be many and strong. Then the order of things was changed. It was no longer the Romans who crossed the Rhine or the Danube in order to conquer the Germans. It was the Germans who now crossed these rivers in order to conquer the Romans.

At this time, too, began what is known as the Wandering of the Nations. From their northern lands whole tribes of Germans began to move southwards, seeking new lands and new conquests. The warriors and the mighty men of battle did not come alone. They brought with them their wives and their children and all their goods. For they did not mean to return homeward. They meant to settle and found new homes in the southern lands.

These German tribes left their homes in search of new ones partly because their old lands had become too small to hold them, partly because they themselves had been driven out by the terrible Huns, who came upon them from the wilds of Asia.

These Huns were a wandering shepherd people. They had neither houses nor towns, but lived in tents. They spent their lives wandering from place to place, seeking fresh pasturage for their horses and cattle. They always rode on horseback, so their legs were feeble and bent, their bodies were short and broad, their arms very long and of great strength.

These misshapen barbarians, with their dark ugly faces, flat noses, and wicked eyes, struck terror into the hearts of the Germans. They seemed to them something less than human, they thought they must be the children of witches and of demons. So they fled before them in fear.

But even before these terrible Huns appeared the Wandering of the Nations had begun. It was the Goths who led the way. They came

from the very north of Europe, and to this day part of Sweden is called Gotaland or Gothland.

The Goths were divided into two, the East or Ostrogoths and the West or Visigoths, and throughout their many wanderings they kept these names. It was before the might of the Goths that Rome at last fell.

But the story of how in 410 Alaric the Goth took and sacked Rome belongs rather to Roman than to German story. So too does the story of how, in 476, a German soldier deposed the last Roman Emperor of the West, Romulus Augustulus, and ruled in Italy as King.

But even before Rome fell the Roman Empire had been torn to pieces by these barbarians, and province after province had fallen under Germanic sway. That Germany, as far as the Elbe, should be a Roman province was for what the Romans had fought. And now, after six centuries of war, the end of the long struggle had come. Rome had fallen. Instead of Germany being a Roman province, Spain, Gaul, Britain, and Africa had all been conquered by wandering German tribes. In Spain the Suevi and the Vandals had settled; in Gaul the Franks, Burgundians, and Goths; in Britain the Anglo-Saxons; in Africa the Vandals.

But of all these newly-founded Germanic kingdoms it is with Gaul alone that we have to do. For of all the German peoples the Franks alone founded a lasting kingdom on the continent of Europe, and out of that kingdom grew the new Empire of the West. And for some centuries the history of the Franks is also the history of Germany.