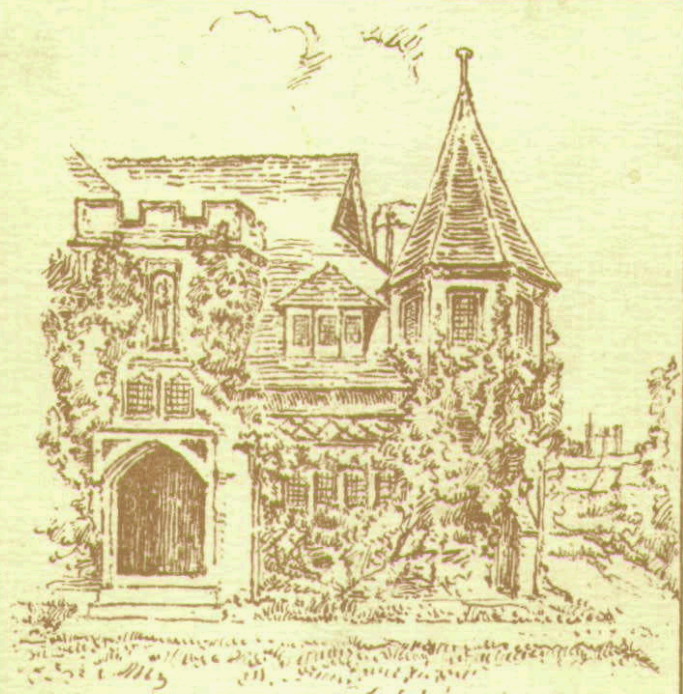


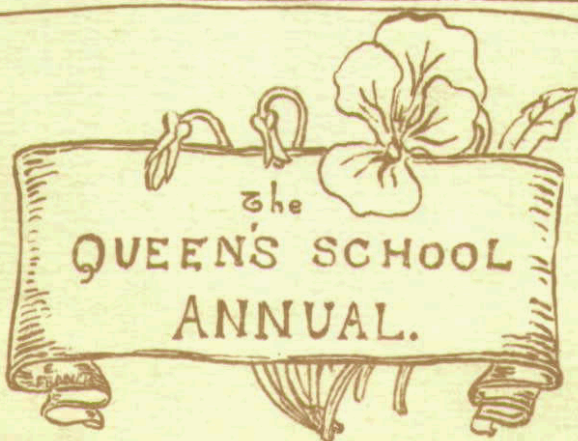
HAVE
MYNDE

MAY

1897



The Queen's School
Chester.





“Have Mynde.”



The Queen's School
Annual,

EDITED BY

MRS. HENRY R. P. SANDFORD.

May, 1897.

CHESTER :

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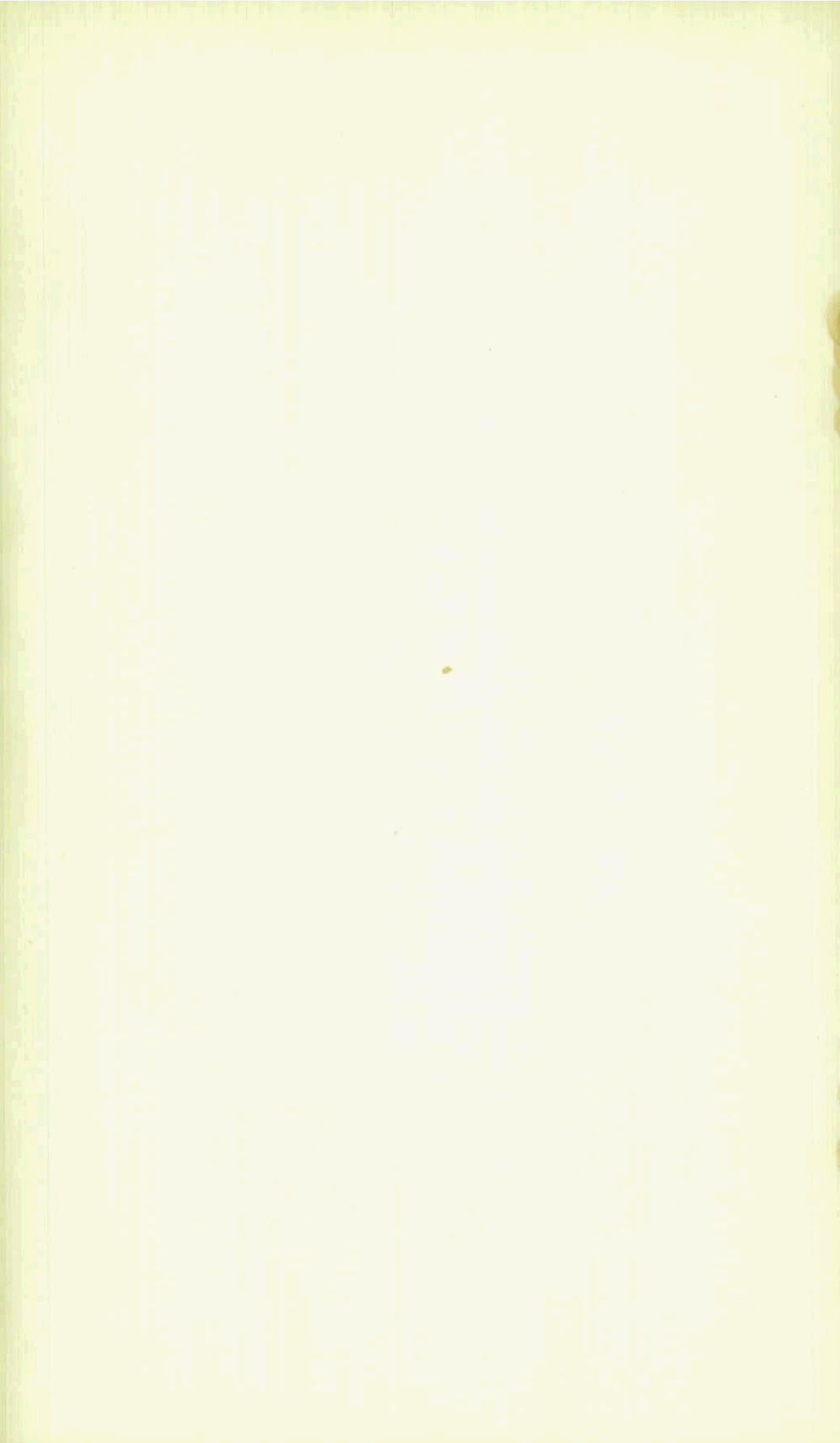
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ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

THIS FIRST NUMBER OF
THE QUEEN'S SCHOOL ANNUAL
IS DEDICATED TO THE BELOVED MEMORY OF
MRS. JACOBSON,
AND OF
OTHER FRIENDS AND FOUNDERS
OF THE SCHOOL
WHO ARE NOW NO LONGER WITH US.

CHESTER,

May, 1897.





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“HAVE MYNDE.”

A STONE bearing the two words ‘HAVE MYNDE,’ is inlaid diamond fashion in the pavement of the beautiful Church which forms part of the ancient ‘Hospital of St. Cross,’ at Winchester. How old the stone may be, I do not know, only we may be sure that it can hardly date back to the time of the earliest founder of the Hospital, Henry of Blois, the brother of King Stephen. Indeed that proud prelate, who, as Papal Legate, long took precedence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and who even cherished fond imaginations of getting the ancient West Saxon capital emancipated from the control of Canterbury altogether, and of enjoying the dignity of being himself the first Archbishop of Winchester, that proud prelate, as I have called him, was, almost certainly, unable to speak a single word of English, and few things could be more unlikely than to find an English motto in an ecclesiastical building of the 12th century. Besides St. Cross was, as it were, refounded and entirely re-modelled by another Bishop Henry—Henry Beaufort, better known to history, and to Shakespeare, as Cardinal Beaufort, the splendid son of John of Gaunt, and the successor of one of the very best of mediæval prelates, William of Wykeham, in the Bishopric of Winchester, and the buildings that yet remain to us are his. And with Cardinal Beaufort we have reached a time when it is natural enough to find thought taking shape in English words. Already William of Wykeham has given the fine English motto ‘*Manners makyth Man*’ to that first of the great Public Schools of England which he had founded at Winchester. Already Chaucer, who must have been personally very well known to Cardinal Beaufort, has shewn us the French language becoming a mere accomplishment of the well-bred; and even his dainty prioress speaks only . . . the French of

Stratford attē Bowe, for French of Paris was to her unknowe.'

It is quite in keeping with the surroundings that some one in the fourteenth century should have given the order, 'Cut me these two words on yonder paving stone. See! Here is the design: HAVE MYNDE.' Who knows? It may have been the Cardinal himself, who was, perhaps, not simply and solely the clever, ambitious, money-loving worldling that he looks like in the effigy that lies enthroned in his 'stately chantry.' For rich and successful as he was, St. Cross shows us that he was not without a heart to feel for the unsuccessful and the poor, when he re-built and re-endowed his 'Hospital of Noble Poverty,' as a refuge for men of broken fortune who had seen better days. It may be the words were meant to be silent reminders, whenever he visited St. Cross, of certain truths of the inner life which he knew himself to be apt to forget. The stone lies, inconspicuously, at the side of the Church, like a private memorandum, which the man who set it there would visit alone, and after considering it for a few minutes in thoughtful silence, he would slip quietly into the carved oak seat hard by, and kneel for a while, hiding his face in his hands.

To me, however, it seems more probable that the stone embodies the wish of some one of forgotten name, some one who was never a celebrated person, but who lived, and loved, and was loved, and knew both the joys and sorrows of life, and who, when saying the last farewell to the few who would mourn for his departure, bade them not commemorate his name, but merely let those two words HAVE MYNDE, be carved upon one of the stones of the pavement.

'After all that have known me are gone, they will yet speak to those that shall come after us.'

When they were first pointed out to me by the man who was showing the church: Here is an old stone, he said, that most people take some notice of, and I remember thinking how fitly that motto might have been placed at the very threshold, rehearsing to us, as it does, in two words, all

that George Herbert says to us in his 'Church Porch' in many verses. The next thought that occurred to me was that here, at last, was the very device I had been seeking, both as a motto for the Queen's School itself, and for the Queen's School Union of Past and Present Pupils which it had long been in my mind to propose, and also as a title for the Queen's School Annual, of which the first number now makes its appearance in the midst of the glow and the enthusiasm of this Diamond Jubilee Year. It was in May, 1878, that the School was first opened; not indeed then, as the Queen's School, in a beautiful building of its own—that did not follow till five years later, in March, 1883—but, nevertheless, the opening of the 'Chester School for Girls,' as it was then called, at 100, Watergate Flagg, was the real beginning, the earliest embodiment of that earnest desire of the late Bishop Jacobson, of Dean Howson, and of other true friends of education, to repair the oversight of former generations, and to provide for the girls of Chester a school that should offer similar educational opportunities to those that their brothers had long enjoyed in the King's School. May, therefore, seems the right month to choose for the publication of the first number of our annual, and as we have been graciously permitted to call our School the Queen's School, it seems appropriate to select Her Majesty's Birthday, May 24th, as the actual day on which it should come out.

The motto suggests, in the purest English, and in the very fewest of words, everything one could desire to say either to past or present pupils. Fewness of words and fulness of meaning are the two chief points to be sought for in a motto, which should always appeal quite as much to the understanding as the ear. HAVE MYNDE! That is to say, Recollect! Remember! The two common words of romance origin have pushed the native monosyllables out of use, except in poetry and also on the lips of a few old fashioned country folk, who still frequently say, 'I mind,' where other people would say 'I remember.' *Remember* comes to us from an Old French *resembler* and is to be found in Chaucer. *Recollect* is a later word,

and though Shakespeare uses it, he does so in a sense now obsolete. The one word means to bring together again, the other to recall to mind ; both imply the recovery of something that has been lost, scattered or forgotten. The word *remember* is consecrated in our affections by many touching associations, while *recollect* expresses a slightly different shade of meaning, and is most properly used for such acts of memory as have little connection with the emotions.

HAVE MYNDE implies something more. It appeals to the heart and will as well as to the memory and the understanding, and it is this fourfold appeal which gives it such force and pith as a motto. One of the things, which I who write to you have mind of, is of a good old School-mistress, now long since dead, who used to tell her pupils that, of all their lessons, the lesson she was the most anxious to see them beginning to learn was, *to be considerate*. I believe they thought that she meant considerate of the claims, the wishes, and the needs of others, not self-absorbed and indifferent as the young are often tempted to be ; but as they grew older, they understood that she meant this indeed, but also something more. She meant, I think, very much what I meant, when I proposed the adoption of the motto, HAVE MYNDE. I might say very much as to what I think these words should suggest both to those who are now in the school and to those whose school days are over ; but it is much better to leave each of my readers to her own train of thought. One of the chief aims of all your education is to teach you to *use your own minds*, to give you the habit of reflection, the power of consideration. What you think out for yourselves, will be ten times more your own than anything that you hear or read ; or rather I might say that nothing that you hear or read, however good, becomes really yours, until you have spent some thought upon it ; and remember—

‘ Evil is wrought by want of thought,

As well as want of heart.’

In these days of much reading, much hearing, much

doing, and much talking, there is some danger lest the noble industry of thought should be neglected. HAVE MYNDE my dear girls, HAVE MYNDE, that it is always my most earnest desire, as it has been also my most earnest endeavour, that it should not be so amongst you.

M. E. SANDFORD.

MAY, 1897.



THE
Blue Posts of Chester,

BY

F. M. WILBRAHAM.

PART I.

“I could not love thee, dear, so well,
Loved I not honour more.”

THERE was not, in the year 1558, a better hostel to be found throughout the City of Chester than the Blue Posts, on the east side of Bridge Street. So thought the discerning public of Queen Mary's day, and so thought Elizabeth Mottershed herself, the stirring, striving and highly respectable widow, who ever since her husband's death, three years before, had ruled that house. Could the Bear and Billet boast of such shining rows of pewter, and even silver cups and flagons, as hung on her walls, flickering brightly in the blaze of the sea coal fire? Had she not in her oaken chests broidered coverlets that a crowned queen might sleep under, and that her of the Falcon and Fetterlock would give her right hand to possess—to say nothing of the napery which she and her first-born, Nelly, had spun between them? And whereas her hall of entertainment was clean swept out once every year, who had ever beheld the stone floor of the Harp and Crown, save when, for the light-minded purpose of dancing, forsooth, they cleared a space of the bones and mouldering rushes and clotted mire that choked it? Could any other inn within the liberties of the city boast of such a farm at its back as hers in Spital Boughton, looked to, since the Master's death (Heaven rest him!) by Nell, with a discreetness far beyond her years? ‘My farrantly Nell! My right good wench!’ the mother breathed half

aloud, with a sigh, and a smile that lit up her square harsh features wonderfully; 'all the city knows thee for a virtuous maiden, and many a yeoman of substance woos thee for his bride, but thy first love keepeth ever new, and to my thinking shall wax old never, nor be forgot. My good Nell, for all the nips and bobs thy cross-grained old mother spared not from thy cradle upwards, thou dost render back true love and service!'

The Abbey clock struck seven; Mistress Mottershed knitting in hand, like the true Welshwoman she was, walked to a door which opened on the inner courtyard of the hostel. She was attracted partly by the merry voices of her four younger children, who were taking advantage of a lull in the stormy rain so prevalent that year, to play at their favourite game of 'barley mow'; partly by a lurking anxiety at the non-appearance of Nell, who was ever wont to return home before dusk in those wild and dangerous days.

Two sides of the courtyard were occupied by gabled buildings of what was called 'post and pan', in other words, oak timber and plaster; the third side and part of the fourth was devoted to stabling; the rest was enclosed by a wall and a postern-door, now standing ajar. The owner's watchful eye marked this circumstance at once, and presently noted the bent figure of a man standing outside, in the rude garb of a Dee fisher, and bearing on his shoulders a large sack of cockles.

'And what dost here, Gaffer?' she enquired, in a high, shrewish key that brought the four children about her in open-eyed curiosity.

The only reply the stranger made was a low and tremulous 'Bes-see'. But it was enough; a trembling came over her also, for though impulsive and faulty in temper, too much alive to her own merits, and too ready to scan the demerits of others, our hostess possessed the warmest and tenderest of hearts.

'Edmund! Brother!' she faltered. Then it flashed across her that her children must not know of this perilous

visit. 'Owen, my son,' she said demurely, 'go fetch me the scales and cockle bowl; then put the two little ones to bed thou and sister Gillian. Haste, haste, or curfew will be upon us.'

Owen obeyed with a readiness that was a matter of course in those days. Mistress Mottershed signed to her brother to follow her quickly through the courtyard, then up a rude ladder-like stair, where an absolute forest of time-blackened beams and rafters frowned over head. Here she pointed to a corn bin in which he might hide should he hear steps approach, then left him alone with the dying daylight to attend to a party of horsemen now drawing rein at the front door. They did not alight, being bound for the north in hot haste, but drank their stirrup-cups in the saddle, tossing down their reckonings and some small coins for the vintner and drawer on the cobble stones that paved the doorway. They cheerily gave the hostess 'good even', then clattered away into the darkness. Just then Nell's clear voice was heard over-head.

'Mother, do not chide; there is sore sickness among our few poor sheep to-day, and I and Hodge have carried you back three motherless lambkins. Will not Gillian love to cosset them?'

The mother advanced some paces into the street, then turned and faced her child, who was standing on what Chester folk call the 'row'.

Let me explain, as clearly as I may, what these rows, these unique and mysteriously ancient rows, are. Imagine a somewhat narrow street, its ground-floor rooms from nine to twelve feet high, surmounted by a gallery running the whole length of the street, and completely opened to the gaze of passers below. Strong oaken pillars support the flat roofs of these galleries, which are in fact, the floors of inhabited rooms above, one or two stories, as the case may be; overhanging gables above these, and graceful twisted chimneys crowning all. The rows were then but feebly lighted by cressets over private doors, and in the absence of the shop-fronts and glazed windows which relieve them

now, looked hollow and cavernous. Their most graceful feature was a low, often richly-carved oak railing, running from pillar to pillar. Behind this rail, stood Nell, tall and stately in her Welsh hat, her duffle cloak a little thrown back, that her mother might see the lamb pillowed on those strong, loving arms. Old Hodge held a link, which threw a bright flashing light on the girl, her thick brown hair large pitying hazel eyes, and red lips parted in a grave sweet smile. Just a glimpse of a white bodice might be seen, and of the dark kirtle and the petticoat of grey linsey striped with carnation. I had forgot to say the rows are arrived at by rough, steep flights of steps. Down the nearest of these Nell ran to join her mother, and they entered the inn together.

The intelligence that her proscribed uncle was in the house drove the carmine from Nell's cheeks, the while it kindled a glad light in her sparkling eyes. She would have flown to the loft but for her mother's 'Whither so fast? Wench, go see the little ones in bed, as thou ever dost; bid Gill help old Peggy foster the lambs; bid Owen fare back to the farm with Hodge; he is too long-eared a little pitcher to stay here while Edmund is in hiding; then do as thy heart listeth; and bring him to fire and food in the back kitchen. I will come anon.'

It remained for the hostess to see to the family supper, necessarily a frugal one, as all things were then at famine price. Three years of ceaseless rains and bad harvests had brought poverty and want in their train. Wheat was 16/- the bushel, and, in Nell's phrase, 'so marred and sprit with the wet that it made a sad and sour loaf.' Nor was dairy produce any better, the Cheshire kine suffering from something analogous to foot and mouth disease; meat was indifferent, and so dear that our open-hearted hostess had to dole it out by weight and measure. Only in her weekly dole of 'browis' to the 'clemmin'—that is, starving poor—she still said to her trusted Peggy 'We may not stint the broth nor the bread-crumbs for God's starvelings, Peg. Kettle broth will na keep life and soul together.'

At ten o'clock the heavy shutters hooked up to the ceiling of the row were let down, and with a somewhat echoing clang fell, shutting off for the night the interior of the Blue Posts. Nell heard the sound with relief as she led her uncle to the settle in the warm back kitchen, and set before him bread, meat and a cup of spiced wine. He thanked her gratefully, but did not fall to his supper as eagerly as she had hoped. When Mistress Mottershed joined them, her greeting to her brother did not sound altogether sisterly.

'And now, Edmund Edmunds,' quoth she, standing erect before him, 'Give account for thyself; say what moonstruck madness brings thee here, with a rope, as it were, round thy neck?'

Edmund's slight figure and chiselled features were in curious contrast with his sisters solid proportions; so was his low, musical, scholarly voice with her strong, half Welsh, half Cestrian intonations.

'I had thought, sister, one so lowly and small, a poor scholar of Cambridge, had been forgotten by all save thee.'

'Forgotten? Think you Don Philip, our Queen's most hateful bargain, and his Spanish hell-hounds, forget any, the meanest, that dare gainsay them? Think you that that pitiless and evil-living Bonner, who rules with rod of iron our sometime gracious queen—think you he hath not spies here as in every suspected place, to track each heretic whose name is writ in red on his list? Hast forgot George Marsh, thy whilom friend?'

'Forgotten him?' Edmund replied sadly; 'him, my boy-hood's friend, my brother' prentice in those happy Lancashire years when we wrought together in the tanyard, read and studied and pondered together, prayed together for God's light and truth, and found them together in the halls of Cambridge, and on the lips of holy Nicolas Ridley of Pembroke College? Was I not by, rejoicing, when my Lord Bishop of London ordained him deacon, and when afterwards my Lord of Lincoln set the seal of priesthood on him? When he took to him a fair and

virtuous wife, fit helpmate for the curate of good Laurence Sanders, I was glad with a brother's gladness; when three years later, the Lord took her away from the evil to come, I left my books to help George carry his babes to their grandame in Lancashire. There the dogs of persecution were let slip upon us; his mother bade him depart and flee. On Deane moor, about sun-going-downward, we kneeled on our knees, he saying, as was his daily wont, the litany of our dear Mother Church; then we parted, he first saying to me, 'Till I was at a point with myself not to flee, I was sad, for life, babes, mother, and other delights, are as sweet to me as to another man, but now my troubled mind waxeth merry and in good estate.' Then fared he forth weeping, albeit full of peace, to look the Earl of Derby in the face. How he was sent to Chester, and how he died, you, sister, best know. In Holland and in Almain, where I have been a stranger and pilgrim these three years, earning my poor crust by teaching, none but flying reports have reached me. To have written to you would have jeopardized your safety. Once and again, as cold waters to a thirsty soul, came some hint of Cheshire tidings to mine ear; but one day I, by chance, heard of my brother Mottershed's death, which sorely grieved me. 'Twas but a rumour; but alack, I see it confirmed, and would fain hear all; another woeful rumour also was rife, set afloat, doubtless, by our foes, that George, with many others, had recanted at the stake. Prithee unravel me these doubts!'

The Widow mused awile, looking straight into the red embers on the hearth.

'It could not surprise you, brother, to hear of my Godfrey's death, for he was ever weakly and nesh, and often tied to the chimney-nook by catarrhs. Thou knowest how in the flood, seven Januaries back, when at night there arose a mighty great wind, when the waters came to such a height that many timber trees were left by the ebb atop of Dee Bridge, my husband caught a heavy rheum in swimming out to the rescue of his faithful serving man, Foulk Duckworke. Alas, his care was bootless, for

Foulk and his six children were drowned in their homestead. Thou knowest, moreover, how, nine years back, Godfrey was foremost in the skirmish with those 500 Irish kernes that unmannerly beset our town. They were driven back with many hurts and bruises. Our citizens came out of the fray scot-free, all but Godfrey, who received such a blow on his breast that he never was his own man again. So it was little wonder that when the sweating sickness, of which his father had died, returned three years ago, he sank in twelve hours. Ah, my poor Godfrey! Oft had he told me of that same sore sickness that orphaned him, how grass grew a foot high in the streets, and how ninety-one householders were cut down between one moon and the next. To the best of my knowledge, since that woeful time, the parson of S. Peter's hath never had the heart to eat goose as afore time with his wardens on Peter's Day, atop of the church spire. Many a fair dwelling stood empty then, and long after. Ah me! Ah me! Nelly my child, thou dost remember running for Doctor Leech in Nun's Gardens?'

How well Nelly remembered, the silent tears that ran down her cheeks told but too plainly. Her mother continued.

'The Docter came, but brought cold comfort. 'Let him alone,' quoth he, 'Where he lieth, there let him lie; meddle not with him for your life; if he crave not food bring it not, if he crave withhold it not, 'tis an ill no potion can stay,' Ah! heavy night! we could but wipe the death damps from his brow, and wish for day, and ere day broke he was not! It would have fared ill with us, but for John Cooper, a Cooper of Overleigh, thou knowest, the kindest, truest, best natured gentleman that ever came to widow's aid, a true son was he to me, until an ill-starred hour he was driven from house and home, from me and Nell.'

Nell's tears gave way to burning blushes now.

'Craving your pardon, mine honoured mother,' she said softly, 'twas under no ill star that deed was done

that made John Cooper a homeless, landless man. My uncle will be the better judge in this matter when you shall have told him in due order of Master George Marsh's martyrdom.'

'He shall know all,' Mistress Mottershed replied; 'but brother Edmund, thou art pale and weary, hie thee to bed now, and to-morrow—'

'Nay, sister, I shall sleep the sounder for those rankling doubts as to my brother's constancy at the stake being for ever done away. Ah, t'was hard to be told, with bitter jests and fleers, that George had cried '*Peccavi*' at last.'

'One tale is good till another's told,' exclaimed Nell indignantly; 'but uncle, what my mother hath to say will for ever lift that weight off thy soul.'

'The weight is gone already, blessed be God,' Edmund replied; 'would, my girl, that thy trouble could be as soon removed! I gather that our griefs are in some way bound together.'

He laid his thin hand on hers, and she bent and reverently kissed it.

Mistress Mottershed went on. 'Tis but a broken story I have to tell, for after he was brought to Chester the good man was kept in strictest ward in Bishop Coates's palace. It seemed as though the very shadow of death encompassed him, for men only spake of him with bated breath; and under the rose. 'Tis by the courtesy of Scott, his Lancaster jailer and a kind soul, that I was enabled to see the prisoner in the Lady Chapel of our abbey, the last time he was hauled before his accusers. They now call that fair chapel their consistory court, whatever that may mean! A den of thieves, me thinketh, would be the fitter name. Ah well! I, half shamed to find myself consorting for the nonce with a motley gaping crowd, stole through the fair cloisters and shady northern aisle to this court, and being thrutched and elbowed by the rude rabble, and taken off my feet, I should have fared badly had not Master Scott come to the rescue, and placed me in a coign

of vantage, whence I saw all and too much! Under the five-light window in a raised chair of estate sat Bishop Coates. He, thou knowest, is the man sent down by our cruel adversary Bonner to do the behests of Don Philip in these parts. Below, on lesser chairs, sat Foulk Dutton, our then good Mayor, and the Chancellor. Many gentlemen, to me unknown, stood beside and if I mistake not, not a few greatly disliked the business they were on. One looked fearfully at another. The prisoner was brought in, his hands bound, and a lock on his feet. His hair and beard had grown so long, and his cheeks so hollow 'twas hard to know him again for the well-favoured young man he once was. 'Tis not for an unlearned and simple woman like me to rehearse what was said on either side, but I saw Dr. Coates was sore put to, and could not look his prisoner in the face, and called him vile heretic and misbeliever. But George fixed his eyes on him, oh, with what heavenly mildness and composure! And once he said he was a priest of the Catholic Church in England, and had his orders from the Bishops of London and Lincoln, and believed with heart and soul in the three Creeds, adding, 'In them will I stand, live and die.' He avouched himself loyal to every word writ in the Book of Common Prayer. Then Dr. Coates, with quavering voice, bade him adjure the heretical custom of giving the Cup in Holy Communion to the lay people, and as he opened his lips to answer, many plucked at his sleeve and bade him save himself. But he gently said, 'Good friends, I would as fain live as you, but may not sin against Him who bade His priests say 'Drink ye all of this.''' Forthwith Dr. Coates rose and put his spectacles astride of his nose; then he read from a parchment words condemning the prisoner to death by fire and faggot, without mercy. His face worked as he thus spoke, and I marked he snatched off his spectacles, then settled them on again, saying 'From henceforth, will I no more pray for thee, George Marsh, than for a dog.' Then with infinite sweetness did George reply, 'By your lordship's favour, you cannot hinder me from praying for you while

life shall last, and I will pray for the Queen's grace also.' Then the assembly broke up with noise, and the sheriffs led the prisoner away. Oh, the look John Cooper cast on me as he passed! for I would have thee know, Edmund, that he was the younger sheriff that year. Then George's late keeper, Scot, bade him farewell with scalding tears and I stumbled home, as best I might, as one in a bad dream, or a nightmare. Hist! what sound is that?'

It was as the sound of one rapping stealthily at the shutter of the row, and it was repeated three times. Mistress Mottershed lost not a moment in ascertaining what it meant, and returned in five minutes with care-laden brow.

'Our very good neighbour Dutton, sometime mayor, bids me to wit by a sure hand that spies lurk about; a cockle-gatherer which never gathered cockles on the sands of Dee was marked to-day at our postern, and the fellow is thought to be selling pestilent writings and to harbour here. At eight in the morning javelin-men shall be sent to search our places; and albeit these men be nowadays but a sort of poor simple barbers with rusty bills and pole-axes, yet we may not condemn the warning. So now, dear brother, how best may we serve your need?'

'By setting me forward to Parkgate port, sister; if in that thronged and busy hive, where hundreds take ship for Ireland, I may pass unnoticed and find my way thence to Dublin, all shall be well. There is a Master French there, a rich and very studious gentleman, a friend of George's dear rector, Laurence Sanders, that won his palm and crown when George did. This gentleman befriended me at Cambridge, and now would have me for librarian and tutor to his son. Now how to reach this haven of rest scatheless? Shall I take boat from Saltney to Parkgate?'

'There be a fisher folk there I could not trust,' answered his sister musingly; 'I know two or three among them who might deem thee, brother, a richer catch

than the salmon that are so plentiful—our very 'prentices turn up their noses at them! No land were safer.'

'Mother,' said Nell, 'by your good leave I will guide my uncle to Parkgate port. It is but a three hours' walk, and I know every inch of the way, having many a time walked with dear father to Cousin Glegg's at Neston. She will give me nooncheon, and set me on my way home. Ere the sun shall be i' the onder, you shall see me back again, mother.'

At half-past two that April morning, as the wandering moon 'was riding near her highest noon' the adventurous pair began their perilous walk. They crept through the postern door, which was closed after them by the hostess with such a sick throbbing at her heart as few would have thought her capable of. They were well disguised, and Nell had so planned this route as to avoid all thoroughfares, and, above all, the City Gates. They crept along in the deep shadows till they reached the only point in the old walls which could be scaled by a woman. It was close to some ancient flour-mills of Roman date, worked by the river, and as they drew near, the hollow roar of the weir was heard, and its rushing waters flashed ghostly white in the moonlight. They easily climbed over, and found themselves on a rocky but grassy knoll overhanging the river. They followed as far as might be the bend of the walls, availing themselves of much brushwood and many little thickets. Agile and strong, Nell threaded the intricacies of the way, grasping her uncle's hand, and whispering words of hope and cheer to the somewhat helpless scholar. They hurried past the castle, hugging the city wall lest their figures should be observed. Then the green smooth turf of the Roodeye was crossed, and they came upon some scattered homesteads; but happily there was copsewood at the foot of the walk to screen them. The Goblin Tower, not then shorn of its fair proportions, but wholly round and battlemented, cut grimly against the silvery sky. A gentle curve brings them to the Northgate, with its frowning towers and awful dungeon vaults.

Here, for the first time, they encountered stir and movement. A party of roystering citizens were lounging outside the gate, and others loitered near, evidently ripe for rude frolic or mischief. To have come forth into the moonlight would have been madness, so our wayfarers crouched in the shadow of some alders fringing the moat. No escape might, for some time, be practicable, and Nell felt the nervous tremor of her companion's frame increase.

'Uncle,' whispered the brave girl, intent on turning his thoughts, 'look stedfastly on yonder wall; follow my finger with your eye. Down, down, near on a level with the moat, mark a hole broken into it, yonder where the moon glistens on the water! Now hearken unto me. Nine feet beyond yon hole lies the foul dungeon named 'Little Ease,' where through the winter months lay George Marsh, and all the light and air he had came through that hole. Yet, uncle, he never bated a jot of heart or hope, and from this very spot might those who listened for it hear his clear voice chanting psalm and canticle, matins and evensong. Once or twice a prison fellow was given him, and they sang together, but mostly he was alone. One cold evening, uncle, our little Gillian, with John Cooper's help, climbed up, and put her lips to the hole, and called to him, and asked him how he did? He most cheerfully answered he was well; and John slid a silver piece into her hand, the which she slipped into the hole, and he gave her thanks, and said he would use it for his needs.' Nelly felt the grasp of her uncle's hand grow firmer as she spoke, and proceeded: 'Others came that loved him in God for the Gospel's sake, albeit never acquainted; it was as much as their freedom was worth to do so, but they would steal here i' the twilight, and ask of his welfare. Once and again they cast in some pence of their poverty, and he lovingly thanked them. But, uncle, it was otherwise with him when he was led forth to die; when some offered money, and looked he should have carried a little purse in his hand as felons do, I saw him shake his head, and heard him say he could not be troubled

to meddle with money, but prayed it might be given to the poor; and so he went on his way to his death, with his book in hand, looking on the same humbly and meekly.'

So absorbed was Edmund with this true and artless recital that he had clean forgotten the outside world; but Nell recalled him with the joyful announcement that the coast was quite clear. They quickly struck into the bridle road to Parkgate, avoiding early travellers by short cuts through fields and pastures. Dawn brightened into day-break, and the sun rose in misty splendour over the sparkling estuary as they entered the woodland district of Neston.

What a pleasant spinney was that in which Nelly invited her uncle to rest, leading him to a deserted hut of a forester for shelter from the morning's chill! How welcome to both was the breakfast she spread on the emerald green moss at their feet—a bottle of milk, hard eggs, bread and cold bacon. How sweet that woodland music as 'the little birds sang east and the little birds sang west,' and the cuckoo's shout was heard, and the plaintive cry of sea gulls driven inland by weeks of storm. The ground was starred with primroses, which seemed to rejoice in a respite from harsh winds and pitiless showers; and delicate wood anemones trembled in the light breeze. Nell, with heavy heart at the near prospect of separation from this new-found kinsman, watched him sadly and prayed him to eat. He did so rather to please her than himself, then said—

'Dear Nell, I mark the rising tide, and judge by the bend of those trees and yon blue smoke over Flint town, that this light wind is shifting in our favour; wherefore I must needs hasten to port. But say first, dear maid, if the saying of out afflict thee not too much, where is John Cooper?—a right good man I hold him to be, and thy plighted husband. Doth that plighting hold good?'

'It doth, and ever shall' replied Nell, turning her blushing face full on her uncle; 'and I pray you Sir, to be our daily bedesman with the Most High, so may this

trouble the sooner end. How it arose, you shall (an' you will) learn from John's own words.

She took from her bosom a letter written in a bold but fair and clerkly hand, such as men of superior education then wrote. She spread it before Edmund's eyes, briefly explaining that it was written two years back, from his banishment in Caernarvonshire and sent by one Apreece, a faithful soul, known to Nell's mother. Thus it ran:—

'My dear Heart, this cometh to you by one whom I have chartered for the purpose, for the longing desire I have to know that you are well and bearing up patiently against this great storm of tribulation which hath blown over to us from the Spanish Main. God send the black cloud may soon break, but not on thy head, my dearest life—I would fain shield thee from that! Of my present estate, briefly this: it is one of close hiding, for the Sheriffs of Caernarvon have a writ out against me. I have a few nobles in my pouch yet, and I work in the shed of an honest carpenter and earn mine own bread; and now, lest lying tongues which abound bring lying tales to thine ear, I will briefly rehearse how my banishment came about. On that woeful day in April last, that saw an innocent man murdered, say rather martyred, in our town, I rode with the elder Sheriff Amory to the Northgate prison, in virtue of our joint office, to guard George Marsh on his way to Spital Boughton. Never was task more hateful; but I fondly believed, as did the many, that in respect of his innocency of life, loyalty to the Queen and strict obedience to his canonical vows, he would be pardoned, or at worst, exiled. Slowly we rode through the Eastgate and Foregate, our prisoner walking in the midst, with fettered ankle, devoutly reading his beloved Book of Common Prayer as he went. In the jousting-croft many were waiting to see him, some mocking, others weeping. The crowd fell back a little as we reached the strong stake and the pile of firewood that was prepared in Boughton, near the Lazar hospital. Here they released his feet, stripped off his outer garments, and bound him, unresisting, to the stake.

Amory and a score of armed men—picked out, there is reason to believe, for this foul work—would have closed up in a ring round the stake, but I rode to Amory's side. Then did Vice Chancellor Vawdrey stand forth, and in the Queen's name offer the prisoner full pardon gin he would retract his abominable errors. He meekly replied to the effect that 'twere purchasing life too dear to commit so great a sin. Then cried Sheriff Amory that the fires should be lit sans delay; and Marsh, turning his face to the people, seemed about to speak. But either Amory or the Vice Chancellor, I

remember not which, shouted aloud 'hold thy peace, no sermoning now,' and Marsh softly said 'I cry you mercy,' and kneeled down, as well as his bonds would let him to say his prayer. Nell, my heart stood still; but at sight of the kindling fire it seemed to leap into an ecstasy of pity and indignation, and calling "to the rescue, ho!" I pricked forward and struck at Marsh's chain with my sword, to knap it asunder. The people followed me with acclamation, and for a little while we kept his enemies at bay; but what could I and a weaponless handful against Amory and his armed band? They beat us off at last with many a hard blow, and would have held me prisoner had not my good bay horse answered to the spur, and borne me through their midst at a gallop over Holt Bridge into Wales.

Nell, my heart fills with bitterness as I write; it is not mine outlawry nor the loss of fair Overleigh, forfeit to the Crown, that cuts so deep. Neither is it the thought of that good man, whom 'twas not granted me to save, for he is with God and who dare wish him back? 'Tis the thought of thee, my love, my life, and thy wreck'd happiness that doth at times distract me—yet, Nell, I would not undo the act that parted us, and could I but know thee like minded in this, as in all else, would champ against the bit no more, but wait trustfully for better days. Farewell, dear! greet thy mother and mine.

J. C.'

'And thou didst write back?' enquired Edmund much moved.

'Oh yes, Uncle; I scarce need tell you what I wrote; you would guess that, and I heard after a space that he was much comforted. I told him also how Mr. Marsh had been helped through his extreme sufferings, and had at the last spread up his hands to Heaven, and died marvellous patient, and how dear mother and some others had in the dim twilight gathered up his ashes and laid them in the Lazar burying ground hard by. And Uncle," she added solemnly, "I showed him that vengeance is the LORD's, not ours; by the same token that most unhappy man, Bishop Coates, never looked up after Mr. Marsh's death, but wasted away with inward disease, his life one slow regret for what could not be undone. They buried him without pomp, near the Bishop's throne, in our Cathedral choir."

Edmund would not suffer his fair young companion to accompany him to the rough and busy harbour, then

a centre of enterprise and a lurking place for political suspects—a green and solitary shore now that the estuary is silted up with sand. So Nell watched him descending the sunny slopes, then betook her to Cousin Glegg's, stifling as best she might her feelings and her fears. She was joyfully greeted and hospitably regaled as far as the growing scarcity permitted, and she carried out with due gravity and care the negotiations concerning certain Irish heifers which Mistress Mottershed desired to possess, as they were thought to yield more milk and content themselves with poorer pasturage than those of English breed. Cousin Glegg set her kinswoman on her homeward way about two of the clock, little guessing why Nelly's eyes so often strayed towards the dancing and glancing waters of the estuary, and the many vessels of all sizes and riggings that dotted its surface.



PART II.

"It is extempore, from my mother-wit."

Shakespeare.

THE sunshine of the April day at Parkgate proved but too evanescent; six months later on an October evening in 1558, as Nell left the farm to walk back to the Blue posts with her brother Owen, she looked six years older in thought and care. All summer the clouds had returned after the rain with scarce an intermission, and the saturated earth produced but thin and blasted ears of grain. Fodder also was poor in quantity and quality, so that the other feature in Pharaoh's dream, the lean and ill favoured kine, was but too apparent. The Irish heifers were beginning to droop at last; old Hodge was bewailing a "gradely swa-arm" of young pigs he had failed to rear; Nell's bees and Gillian's doves were alike suffering from the wet; it seemed as though the mirth of the land was gone. Even in Mistress Mottershed's well-ordered home there was much of hardship now, and want and misery were rife in Chester, culminating in typhus fever of a malignant type.

Public affairs looked most gloomy; Calais had been lost in January, and the rage and mortification caused by this reverse knew no bounds; a crushing war tax followed in its train; the sick and woeful Queen, though little more than a tool in King Philip's hands, bore the odium of his acts; to her was attributed the persecuting edicts also, which empowered Bonner and his creatures to torture and slay, not fanatics only, but the holiest, the most honest, and most learned men. It was computed that above 200 fires had already blazed in London, Oxford, and many country market places, and who could say but his turn might come next? Nelly had sufficiently often heard the edicts against abettors of heresy, proclaimed at the Cross, to know that

the sword of the state hung as it were by a hair over her mother's head and hers, and the thought tried her firmness a good deal. Happily, the new Bishop, Cuthbert Scot, the Pope's own nominee, was, unlike Coates, no bloody persecutor; he was a noted preacher and arguer at Paul's Cross; but words were his only weapons. These he plied, it seems, powerfully in our Cathedral, for a fellow of Cambridge writes of him thus:—

'The Cuthbert Scot of Britain bloud,
A newe-sprung starre indeede,
At Chester very painfully
His faithfull flock dyd feede.'

Cuthbert had enemies, and bitter ones, as the following lines, also by a Cambridge fellow, show; but facts are against this writer when he says:—

'One Cuthbert Scot, the Chester flock
Auctorised to keep,
Let loose the wolves, and he, most wolfe,
With ravin rent his sheepe.
He cut the fleece! Supt up the mylke,
And broyld the flesh and bones!' &c., &c.

The bitter waves did indeed o'erflow at that time, and who can wonder? Besides the remembrance of the beloved George Marsh, there rose often before the mind's eye of thoughtful Cestrians, a form, tall and slender, a face serene and fair with delicate complexion and amber beard, a voice of wonderful charm and persuasiveness, frequently heard from the pulpit of Chester Cathedral, now silenced by a fiery doom, three months after the death of his friend Marsh. Many whom he had turned to righteousness, and many whom he had strengthened in the same, Nell Mottershed especially, thought with tender reverence of John Bradford, fellow of Pembroke, Chaplain and adopted son of Bishop Ridley, and the one of the two Royal Preachers in the last reign deputed to instruct the people of Cheshire and Lancashire in their duty to God and man. 'Sharply,' says a contemporary, 'did he rebuke sin; sweetly did he preach CHRIST crucified; pithily did he impugn errors; earnestly did he exhort to a Godly life;'

but perhaps the most telling words ever uttered by this distinguished scholar and gentleman, were those well known ones, spoken to a friend, as a criminal went by to the gallows: 'There, but for God's grace goes John Bradford.' No wonder, we repeat, that gloom brooded over our land, and that omens, mysterious appearances, unearthly voices, and especially, as annalists tell us, strange blue fires creeping about the London streets, and other frequented places, should unhinge peoples' minds. 'All the merry hearted did sigh.' Even high-spirited bright young Owen had flagged, and now, as they left the farm, walked demurely at his sister's side. She was the first to speak and there was some banter in her tone as she enquired to what she owed the unusual honour of his company that evening, and wherefore he had slept at the farm the night before? Owen shuffled uneasily, and hung his head; then raising to her face eyes as honest as her own—

'An' thou wilt promise, Nell, not to tell our mother, thou shalt know. All this last week I have seen, when faring home at dusk, fiery shapes creeping and gliding on Boughton Heath, and over the little pools and flashes in the hollows. I marked them to the right, where the walls o'erhang the monks' kaleyards. There was the flame again, flitting near the moat; nay, sister, it even ran shimmering along the Eastgate! Hodge saith he never saw the like before. Yestereven, as Hodge tarried along with the sick cart-horse, Bob, I climbed the big old elm to peep if the howlets still lodged in its trunk, and chancing to cast mine eyes on the Spital graveyard, I saw the flame there, like some ill thing, dancing and frolicking. Hodge saw it too.'

'And what said Hodge?' asked Nell, a good deal impressed.

'Oh, he says it bodes no good; and furthermore that all our murrains, sicknesses of man and beast, and smutted wheat and rye, be judgments on us for wedding with the Spaniard, and every night, sister, he and Malkin pray for the speedy death of Jezebel, that is, the Queen.'

But here Nell broke in—

‘Hush, Odie, hush! ’Tis a shame even to speak of such a thing; were the poor lady ten times a Jezebel, the which I do not believe, ’twere a wicked sin to do that.’

Owen demurred; if Nelly was an authority with him, so was Hodge.

‘Hodge saith,’ he went on, ‘it but needs for Queen to die, and John Cooper will straightway come home and enjoy his own again; would you not, sister, be glad of that?’

‘None gladder,’ said Nell, fervently; ‘but Odie, not by means unblest.’ Her earnestness brought conviction to the boy’s mind.

‘I will bid Hodge unsay those prayers,’ he said briefly.

As briefly she made answer—

‘It will be well; such prayers like chickens come home to roost.’

Their discourse now returned to the wandering fires, and as they talked, these gradually divested themselves of their hob-goblin character, and sank to the level of those will-o’-the-wisps or jack-o’-the-lanterns with which the rustic mind is familiar.

At the postern of the Eastgate they dismissed Hodge, who had, as usual, followed them at a respectful distance, to protect Nell from the many truculent beggars who infested highways and byeways in those lawless times.

The Eastgate was then a gem—its strong Norman tower by no means hiding the Roman Masonry, two low arches, as inconvenient to the growing traffic of the City as they were massively picturesque. Looking outward was a rude figure of the god Mars in high relief, with shield, helmet, and blunt spear. Over this figure the head of gallant Harry Hotspur had been fixed, after Shrewsbury fight, and had crumbled to its original dust. As they walked by the beautifully sculptured High Cross, from which the four main streets radiate, Owen observed the weird blue flame wandering round its base, but the sight seemed

to have lost its terrors, for he pointed it out to his sister with a smile. Nell's quick eye soon observed lights and a stir of people before the Blue Posts.

Her mother stood in the hall, taking a deferential leave of no less a person than Sir Laurence Smith, the then mayor, as he and an escort of friends were descending from the row into the street.

'You will bear in mind, mistress, that the expected guest is mine, and that I grudge no cost in reason for the entertainment of him who is bearer of an order in council from the Queen's grace.'

So saying, and louting low, this courteous knight departed.

It was long since Nelly had seen her mother look so happy. A flush of excitement and elation had tinged the widow's sallow cheeks, as she told her children the coming guest was Dr. Cole, Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral in London, a servant much employed by the Queen and by her highly popular kinsman, Cardinal Pole.

'This night he is to lie in the Collegiate House of Penkridge, to-morrow in the cell of Astbury; on Thursday he and his retinue of eight shall come here, at the cost of the Mayor, and Sir Laurence shall provide a feast for him, and also for certain aldermen and high officers of this town, at his own expense. Sir Laurence doth hint that this gentleman is not indifferent to good cheer or good cookery. Wherefore, my Nell, we will partake ourselves straightway to this gear. Come, wench!'

Ah, poor Mistress Mottershed, your dream of professional bliss was doomed to a rude awakening!

There was great activity in every department of the inn that day and the next, and by Thursday at noon the results were manifest. The eating-hall was strewn with fresh rushes—our forefathers being by no means so hardy in all cases as they are represented—the wide hearth was piled with logs from the forest of Mara, and a goodly display of plate met the eye, including a parcel-gilt flagon, the gift of some long departed great one to an ancestor of Mistress

Mottershed's. Bed-chambers were in readiness for the magnates and hangings and coverlet broidered with eglantines were placed on the lofty bed which the Queen's representative was literally "to climb up into." Plenty of straw for the grooms' shakedown and fodder for their beasts came in from the farm, not without some grumbling on the part of Hodge, who, with a truer instinct than his Mistress, bemoaned this expenditure of hay—so scarce as it was—on Jezebel's emissary.

There was a goodly show of solid and delicate eatables in the kitchen and pantry: anchovy, trout from Bala, prime eels from the Sow River at Eccles Hall, sod beef, heather mutton from the Welsh hills, potted meats, and what not? Sir Laurence had received gifts of partridges and hares from the Manors of Eaton and Coddington and sent them in to be baked under the eye of expert Mistress Mottershed; likewise a young peacock, coarse and poor eating, it is true, but making a fine centre piece, with his plumage reared up round about him. Nell was as good a pasterer as her mother, and looked to the bread and rolls, puddings of plum and other sorts, quince and orange pies, apple fritters, &c. Over and above all these, she constructed, as a pleasing surprise for her dear mother, a castle of fine flour, with turrets and loopholes and a pavement of comfits, and a moat with rosemary bushes, bearing gold spangles. Poor Nell! her heart was not in all this, and, like Hodge, she had an unspoken dread of the coming guest, she knew not why. Past sorrows had made her apprehensive.

The hour came, and in rain and fog Dr. Cole made his appearance, emerging from a carriage lent him at Astbury. A rude machine it was, best described as a painted box on wheels, lined with buckram, furnished with benches, and drawn through the stiff Cheshire clay by four stout steeds. He was an elderly man, sixty-five at least, and wore a thick and long cloak, and a violet skull cap under the broad hat that overshadowed his 'narrow, foxy face.'

He walked up the flight of steps that led to the row, passed between the oaken posts, or pillars picked out with blue, then straight to the fireplace, with a slight acknowledgment to the hostess. She stood there, a grave and comely widow, her iron grey hair smoothly put away under a coif of fine linen, with an edging, called a *frontlet*, of steel. Her worked lawn chemisette was surmounted by a partlet or ruff. Her gown and kirtle were of fine serge. Knitted black and violet hose, and steel shoe-buckles completed her dress. A mass of keys and other household implements hung at her girdle of dressed leather.

Mistress Mottershed, being a woman of keen perception and ready wit, and used to receiving guests of quality and breeding, at once detected in Dr. Cole's air and his few remarks to his travelling companion a good deal of frothiness and pomposity. When he had occasion to speak to her, which he did at some length touching his creature-comforts, there was a supercilious ring in his voice that put her on her mettle at once, and she turned to her kitchen preparations with the words, '*conceited fool*' trembling on her lips. Ere she closed the door after her, she heard him say to one of the servants—'*My pouncet-box, knave.*' The poor fellow stammered forth in dismay that it had been left behind, whereupon such a dangerous light came into Dr. Cole's eye, and such a torrent of abuse from his mouth, that our hostess muttered to herself, "For all he is so great a man, I would we were well rid of him."

How little a '*great man*' can be, how mean of soul, how base in action! Few characters in history illustrate this truth more fully than Henry Cole. The aggrandisement of self was his one thought, and he achieved it, holding one office after another, and as many as possible together—Provost of Eton, Canon of Westminster, Warden of New College and Dean of St. Paul's. Not by his learning did he thus rise, though his learning was remarkable; still less by eloquence, for coarse abuse, or sugared flattery, were his chief weapons. He rose by time-serving of the most shameless kind, and by that only! In youth he was a strong adherent

of the Pope, cooling, however, when Ann Boleyn came into power; the next reign found, or made him, an ultra Protestant; the accession of Mary, and her marriage, produced a strong relapse into Romanism, and he cruelly and basely fanned the flames in which Ridley, Latimer, and the hapless Cranmer perished, 'thereby' says the historian, 'covering himself with infamy.*' It was this ignominious successor of good Dean Colet, and of many other holy men who once ruled the Chapter of St. Paul's, who was chosen by Bishop Bonner for this secret mission to Ireland.

An hour later the mayor and other gentlemen had arrived, and they sat down to dinner in the great hall of the Blue Posts.†

The scene was a festal one to the eye, though not to the heart; for well did Sir Laurence and his friends know what manner of man they had to deal with, and contempt and dislike lay beneath their show of courtesy. However, savoury dishes passed and repassed; there was much clinking of silver and pewter, a brilliant fire threw flashes of light into every corner, and on the robes, chains, &c. of Sir Laurence and his aldermen. Pottills of sack and other wines, ale, and hypocras, went freely round, and the conversation was varied and agreeable. Mistress Mottershed, who came in and out, directing the serving men and looking to every one's comfort, was struck, but not favourably, by the Doctor's glib and oily deportment. He was a great talker, abounding in anecdote, especially about the Court and great people. When some mention was made of the superstitions now rife in Chester, he related how his friends, the Lords Paget and Howard, had prayed him help them lay an evil spirit that dwelt in an old forsaken house in Aldersgate. Seventeen thousand persons (he related) had come together to hear the voice, and when the crowd shouted 'God save the Lady Mary,' it answered nothing; but when they shouted it for the Lady Elizabeth, the voice answered, "Amen."

* *Athence Cantabrigiensis*, vol. 1, p. 418.

† This fine hall, with its rich oak timbers, is still to be seen, though turned into a boot and shoe warehouse.

This spirit was quieted, added Dr. Cole facetiously, by pulling down the wall, whereby a young woman was unharboured, which owned that one Drakes had hired her for this gear. She received less than her desserts, being let off with the pillory. Much gossip of this sort followed, varied by Cestrian news. A rather sharp discussion ensued on the rights and wrongs of a great law-suit still unsettled, in which the present Dean of Chester—Cliff—and two prebendaries had been thrown into prison at the suit of Sir Robert Cotton, for claiming as Chapter property, some estates granted to him by Henry VIII.

This topic, and somewhat flowing cups, causing some excitement, Dr. Cole modulated into a safer key, and talked of London pageants, conduits at Cheapside running with wine, &c., at Mary's coronation; and he described the astounding feats of one Peter the Dutchman, who on that day danced and anticked on the weathercock of St. Paul's, for which he was paid £16 3s. 4d. by the Lord Mayor. Under cover of the laughter this anecdote created Sir Laurence whispered to the Alderman on his other side, 'That cathedral is happy indeed; it can boast of two weathercocks!'

The party now broke up, and Dr. Cole proposed, as the fog had given place to autumn sunshine, that they should stroll about the town, of which he knew little, and on the world-famous walls that girdled it round. Of course the gentlemen begged to be his escort. As Mistress Mottershed came into the hall, she observed one of the aldermen helping the Doctor to put on his cloak,—a somewhat heavy one, he remarked.

'Stay, my friend,' said the Dean, impressively, 'tis not the cloak, 'tis the cloak bag that is weighty. Ay, weighty indeed,' drawing a leather box out of the said bag and holding it up; 'for know you this box contains that which shall lash all the heretics in Ireland.'

'Ay, indeed? Say you so, Doctor? Meseems you jest,' said the Mayor.

‘No jest, Mr. Mayor, but sober earnest, as every heretic in Ireland shall learn to his cost.’

For a moment the silence of consternation fell on the party, for the strictest Roman Catholics among them were sick of those most un-English proceedings of fire and faggot; but prudence closed their lips, and as soon as the Dean had deposited that fateful box in his chamber, they sallied forth on their stroll.

‘Mother, what ails you?’ asked Nell in great alarm. ‘You are pale as a sheet, and that pasty is slipping from your hands—nay, let me take it?’

The Hostess resigned it, and, still further, allowed Nell to lead her into the linen closet hard by, the only place safe from prying eyes. Then Nell seated her on a box, and ran for some vinegar, which revived her. To the girl’s speechless dismay a great burst of tears followed. ‘My Edmund, my poor brother—brother and son to me, for did I not rear thee from thy cradle, motherless one?—and now—oh heavens! thy doom is gone forth, and the doom of hundreds more—and this man is the bearer of it!’

Her daughter listened, perplexed and thunderstruck, and it was not for some time that the terrible truth became clear; but she might not dwell upon it then. Peggy had repeatedly knocked at the door and now, heedless of Nell’s ‘Anon, Peg, anon,’ burst in to say the Londoners were already at high jinks, helping themselves to ale and wine, and threatening the drawers who strove to restrain them. Mistress Mottershed appeared sunk in a state of abstraction, so unlike her usual self, that Nell’s terror increased. ‘Mother,’ she said, timidly, ‘think me not unmaidenly if I pray you let me go with Peggy and rebuke these rude knaves.’

Her mother looked up; the air of abstraction was gone, replaced by a look of cool and earnest resolve. ‘Go, my girl. I trust thee, Nell, and will come to thee shortly.’

Nell, with beating heart, went to her servant’s help, and her rebuke, ‘severe in youthful beauty’ as she stood amongst them, at once restored order. Meanwhile the

hostess rose, clasped her hands in a convulsive prayer, and took her way up a cockle-stair to the state bedchamber.

All this time Dr. Cole was being duly 'lionized,' and blandly admired all that he was expected to admire—the noble bridge gate, St. John's steeple—a landmark for miles round—the castle keep, and church, where poor Nell of Gloster did penance in a white sheet, &c. He declined going near the cathedral, possibly from fear or dislike of outspoken Bishop Scot. He paced the ancient 'wishing-steps' (long since modernised), with a courtly wish for health and prosperity to the Queen's Grace, which the most loyal lips there present could but faintly echo. Then they descended from the walls, leaving to the right Hugh Lupus's Gate, which the warder was about to lock an hour earlier than any other city gate. 'We of Chester,' quoth Sir Laurence, 'do shut the stable door after the steed hath been stole. This wolf gate was never locked at all until a certain mayor's daughter and heir, playing at ball with other young maids one summer even, in Peper Street, was rode away with, and married, by a young springald from Wales.'

In due time the party re-entered the hostel; supper was partaken of, and then the mayor and his company took their leave for the night, promising on the morrow to speed the dean on his way to Parkgate. He soon after retired, ordering Mistress Mottershed to bring him a cup of new milk, well spiced, in the morning.

Nell soon went to bed, imperatively ordered thither by her mother, who said, 'I will do thy work; I can better bear to stir than to be still, this night.' Nell protested that she should not sleep a wink till mother came, but what young eyes were ever holden awake under such circumstances? She slept and dreamed, woke and slept again, this time so soundly that when her eyes re-opened it was to the cold chill of the coming dawn. But the rush-light was burning still, and by it—oh wonder!—knelt her mother wrapt in wordless prayer. Nell raised her head to gaze, supporting it on her arm; this slight movement made her

mother start and tremble exceedingly. Nell was at her side, kneeling also, in a moment, and she felt the strong courageous arm, which had so often imparted strength to her, twine around her neck as though seeking strength from her.

‘Child, let me tell thee all—the burden is heavier than I can bear alone.’

‘Say on, Mother.’

Her mother concisely told how, knowing Dr. Cole to have left the house, she, by a sudden inspiration, had gone to the state chamber to search for that fatal box; had found it, not in a cloak bag, but ‘craftily hid’ among some parchments of the Dean’s. It was mercifully not locked, only secured with silken cords, which she had patiently unloosed. Within she found the awful document; it was engrossed on vellum and inscribed in full to the Lord Deputy of Ireland. ‘As calmly,’ she told Nell, ‘as ever she took bread out of the oven, she removed and secreted this writing. But the box felt light, and this might betray all. So she replaced it by the first article of equal weight she could lay her hands on, and that article proved to be a pack of cards. With a touch of grim humour, which one would find hard to credit were it not matter of history, the intrepid woman laid it in the box with the knave of clubs uppermost. She fastened it up, replaced the box, and returned to her duties in a glow of exultation; but, in silence and solitude, the reaction set in and who can wonder?’

‘One trick, no game of cards can win.’

True! But every rule has its exception; and our hostess’s ‘trick’—say rather her one act of fearless self-devotion—won a nobler game than cards can show. Her act was blest to the averting of much misery and saving of life; but at what a cost of suffering to herself! Conceive what it must have been to encounter the cruel guest when she carried him the spiced milk, and calmly take his orders for a luxurious fish breakfast of oysters, stewed carp, &c., feeling all the while that within arms length lay that which might

bring her to prison and death, and make her children homeless beggars. Though the Dean's departure brought some relief, yet the danger to all was not less pressing, and who could tell how soon the truth might burst into light? The widow thought sometimes her o'erfraught heart must have broken but for the tender help of her comfortable Nell!

As we follow the dean to Ireland, history takes us by the hand and leads us to the Council Chamber at Dublin, presided over by Viscount Fitzwalter, become Earl of Sussex by the death of his father some months before. The late Earl, a hypped and sickly man, had been a personal friend of Queen Mary, and her sense of his services was shown (Miss Strickland tells us) by a patent bearing the Queen's Seal with the Garter round it, giving him 'license and pardon to wear his cap, coif, night-cap, or any two of them in our presence.' The present Earl, strong and bold, yet withal full of the milk of human kindness, stands out in curious contrast with his father, and in far stronger contrast with the English emissary now introduced to the Irish Privy Council. 'Lord Fitzwalter,' says the chronicler, "handed the box to the Secretary, who opened it, and behold, a pack of cards only, and with the knave of clubs grinning at them!"

Great was the excitement, surely not unmixed with satisfaction, in the Council; we are told some felt great joy; 'and the Lord Deputy said, 'Let us have another commission, and meanwhile we will shuffle the cards.' The discomfited Doctor hurried back to Court—one should like to know whether he made any tarriance in Chester on his way. Meanwhile death was shuffling the cards effectually. On the 7th of October Dr. Cole's interview with the Council had taken place. On the 17th of November, ere he could return to Dublin, Queen Mary breathed her last.

By the death of this hapless Queen, more sinned against than sinning, the yoke of Spain was broken. King Philip became a cypher, Bonner and his creatures fell back into their native obscurity and the reign of terror ceased. None felt this relief more intensely than our friends at the Blue

Posts, albeit the Hostess, a sadder and wiser woman for all she had gone through neither, felt nor permitted any unseemly rejoicing. Nay, she sighed from the depth of her honest heart, at the sound of that knell which told that Mary of England had passed away.

The year 1558 with its burden of famine, plague, discontent, curses not loud but deep, was fled. A twelfth-night party is gathered round the blazing crackling logs on Mistress Mottershed's hearth. There she sits peaceful, but grave, and visibly aged by the wear and tear of recent storms; Odie and the younger ones are there as merry as the crickets which chirp at their feet; Edmund, the meek scholar, is there, and leads off an ancient and melodious ditty touching the kings of the East, in which all present join; Nell's contralto notes supported by the rich deep voice of John Cooper as he stands by the side of his recovered darling. Together they offer to Him who has brought them 'through fire and water into a wealthy place' their hearts' best adoration. All have partaken, though frugally, by reason of the existing scarcity, of twelfth-cake and spiced elder wine, and the children have carried these delicacies round to a host of faithful dependents seated in an outer circle behind the family. Peggy was there in festal garb, and Malkin in new homespun; and Hodge sits with a self-satisfied twinkle in his small grey eyes, and a strong conviction that his much maligned orisons had something to do with the present happy aspect of affairs.

And now the Hostess rises, and unfolding an important looking letter, announces to all the glad news that Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, at the personal instance of my Lord of Sussex, had been pleased to bestow on her, Elizabeth Mottershed, a pension for life of £40 a year. 'My Lord Deputy,' she added, 'would have me to know that it is for saving the lives of her lieges that the Queen doth me this grace. Moreover, my Lord Deputy purposeth on his road to London for the coronation of the Lady Elizabeth to lie at our poor hostel of the Blue Posts for one night, or peradventure for two.'

Public Examinations passed by Pupils of the Queen's School,

Between May, 1896, and May, 1897.

CAMBRIDGE HIGHER LOCAL EXAMINATIONS.

[This Examination is intended for Candidates over 18 years of age. A Certificate is to be obtained by passing in three groups and in Arithmetic.]

Ethel Burston. June 1896. Passed in Group C (Euclid, Algebra, Arithmetic). Took Honours, 2nd Class, in Group H (English and French History). December, 1896, Passed in Group B (French)—completing her Certificate.

Isabel V. Burges. June, 1896, Passed in Group H (English and French History), also in Arithmetic. December, 1896, Passed in Group C (Euclid, Algebra), and in Group B (German)—Completing her Certificate.

Marion Brandreth. June, 1896. Passed in Group B (French)—completing her Certificate.

CAMBRIDGE SENIOR LOCAL EXAMINATION.

December, 1896.

Passed, M. W. Minshull, Distinction in Botany.

„ F. M. Mill

„ C. J. Fraser

„ K. C. Whitehouse

„ L. Darbshire, Distinction in Drawing.

„ E. A. Sandford

CAMBRIDGE JUNIOR LOCAL EXAMINATION,

December, 1896.

Honours, Third Class, M. Breffit.

Passed, G. M. Williamson.

„ M. E. Warmesley.

„ G. M. Bellamy, Distinction in Old Testament Scripture.

„ G. M. Holland.

„ M. C. Coplestone.

„ E. B. L. Mence.

„ N. E. Pegler.

„ H. A. Whitehouse.

„ R. Scott.

„ E. E. Jones.

1896. EXAMINATION IN MUSIC—TRINITY COLLEGE.

Junior Division, Piano	}	Passed, Ethel Johnson.
Intermediate Division, Theory		
Junior Division, Piano	}	Passed, E. Mence.
Senior Division, Theory		

LOCAL SCHOOL EXAMINATION OF THE ASSOCIATED
BOARDS OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC AND
THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

April, 1897.

Higher Division.—Piano. Passed, M. F. Breffit.

" E. C. Dobrée.

" A. E. Holland.

" F. M. Thompson.

" E. B. L. Mence.

" E. Douglas.

Higher Division.—Singing. Passed, M. M. Enoch.

" E. C. Dobrée.

Lower Division.—Piano. Passed, M. D. Nicholls.

At the Annual Exhibition of Young Students' Drawings at 50 Queen Anne's Gate, London, by the Drawing Society of Great Britain and Ireland, a Bronze Star was awarded to a Water Colour Sketch of "A Gnome," by Irene Coplestone.

The Queen's Scholarship founded in 1887, in commemoration of Her Majesty's Jubilee, was gained, in July, 1896, by Mary Williams Minshull.

It was awarded, in 1893 and 1894, to Louisa Phyllis Humfrey, who passed the London Matriculation, from the Queen's School, in June, 1894, and the London Intermediate (Arts) in June, 1895—both in the First Division. She then went to University College, London, to read for her Degree, and there gained an Exhibition of £30 in June, 1896, as the best Student of her year in Greek, together with other Prizes and Distinctions in Latin, Mathematics, and Ancient History, taking her B.A. Degree in the following Autumn. Special permission has been granted to her by the University College authorities to use the Exhibition of £30 later on, when she returns to take her M.A. Degree.

The ordinary Examination taken by the whole School is that of the Oxford and Cambridge Board, though for the present we still continue to send in our Candidates for the Cambridge Local Certificates, instead of taking the Certificates of the Joint Board. The subjects taught in the Upper Forms are tested in rotation at a written Examination, held

in July. Thus, in 1896, our 'Board' subjects were, French, Arithmetic, Algebra, Botany and English History. In the present year we are to take French, Latin, Arithmetic, Euclid, Geography, and English Literature. Later in the year, most usually in December, a *viva voce* Examiner visits the School, and goes through the whole building, spending some time with each form. He is supplied beforehand with the general Plan of Instruction for the past twelve months, and we do not know what subjects he will select for questioning upon. Afterwards he not only reports upon the general state of each Form, but upon the condition, tone, and discipline of the entire School taken as a whole.

Sometimes recommendations are attached to these Reports. Thus, in 1895, the Rev. R. W. M. Pope, D.D., drew attention to our 'real need for more class rooms,' whilst a few years before Mr. H. Courthope Bowen very strongly urged the desirability of opening a Kindergarten. This, indeed, had long been the wish of the Headmistress but want of space appeared to make the thing impossible. Now, however, there seems to be good hope that this difficulty can be overcome, and that a Kindergarten in connection with the Queen's School will be opened next September.



CHRONICLE.

THE principal event that has to be noticed in connection with the Queen's School during the past twelve months has been the generous gift of Miss Nessie Brown of the sum of One Thousand Pounds to found a Scholarship at Girton College, Cambridge.

The following account of the foundation of Girton College is taken from a recently published book on the 'Education of Girls and Women in Great Britain,' written by Miss C. S. Bremner, an American lady:—

'The idea of a college for women connected with one of the 'ancient universities, owes its inception to Miss Emily Davies, 'first presenting itself to her mind as a practical project, in October, '1866. . . . A house was taken at Hitchin in 1869, and work 'began with six students; this was the modest beginning of Girton 'College. . . . In 1873 the young college removed to Girton, 'two miles from Cambridge, where, by a series of extensions, 'accommodation now exists for 104 students, exclusive of the 'teaching staff and officials . . .

'By its memorandum of association Girton College must 'provide for the students' instruction and for religious services in 'accordance with the principles of the Church of England; a con- 'science clause prevents friction. Since the foundation 575 students 'have been in residence, and of these the large number of 370 have 'obtained Honours according to the Cambridge University standard, 'and hold the equivalent of a degree. The College has rigorously 'maintained that the students' work must be judged by the 'standards recognized by the University. Up to 1881, when formal 'permission was given to women to sit for the degree Examination, 'students who did not read for Honours at Girton used to read 'for the ordinary degree; but this has been given up since 1882; 'Formal permission to sit for the University Honours Examination 'marks a great step in advance. It was partly due to the success 'of Miss Charlotte Scott, who in 1880 took the Mathematical 'Tripos, and was bracketted with the Eighth Wrangler . . . 'In 1887 the only person who attained the first division of the first 'class, in the Classical Tripos, was Miss A. F. Ramsay . . . '

The first pupil who ever went to Girton from the Queen's School was Miss Margaret Brown, (now Mrs. Theodore Barlow) a niece to the kind donor of our Scholarship, but her college career was cut short by illness. Then came Miss Eva Macdonald, who had been one of the little company of sixteen pupils who entered the Queen's School on the very day of its first opening, in May, 1878, under the name of the Chester School for Girls, with Miss Constance Holdich (now Mrs. Waldo Cooper) as Headmistress. Miss Macdonald had always been a brilliant pupil, and she entered Girton as the holder of a Scholarship gained in open competition in the Summer of 1888, whose value was raised from £45 to £60, for three years, in recognition of distinguished successes in the Cambridge Higher Local Examinations a few weeks later. In the first year of her residence at the University she also gained the Harkness Scholarship for Geology. Three years later she took Honours in the Science Tripos, and is now Science Mistress in the Oxford High School for Girls.

It is matter for congratulation that any old pupil of the Queen's School should be working under such a Headmistress as Miss Soulsby, whose "Stray Thoughts for Teachers" (James Parker & Co., Oxford, price 1/6), is a reprint of papers that have been useful to many. The paper on the 'Religious side of Secular Teaching' must be especially recommended.

For some years our Queen School Girls have shown themselves more disposed to read for the London Degree than to betake themselves to Oxford or Cambridge, but we are glad to know that there are at present three of the elder pupils who are hoping to proceed to the older Universities, whilst the fact that we now possess a Scholarship of our own at Girton should certainly encourage the growth of a Girtonian tradition amongst us.

We are glad to have been permitted to insert the portrait of Miss Nessie Brown, engraved from a photograph by Mr. G. Watmough Webster, 33, Bridge Street Row, as the frontispiece of our first Annual Number,

The Cover is designed by an old pupil, Miss Eirian Francis.

It may be also mentioned that the necessary type-writing of one of the papers was done by an old pupil, Miss Ethel Bell, who, with her sister, Miss Maud Bell, has opened an office for type-writing in Connaught Mansions, 34, Victoria Street, London.

We desire to offer our most grateful thanks to Miss Frances Wilbraham, who is not only a member of our School Council but also one of our founders, and one of the oldest and most constant of our friends, for allowing us to re-print her beautiful story of the Blue Posts of Chester.

All her old pupils will be sorry to hear of the continued ill-health and increasing blindness of Madame Armagnac, from whose clever pen we nevertheless receive the contribution entitled 'Grigris.'

Villa Friedberg, near Wiesbaden, is the home of Fraülein Anna Blüth, to whom we said goodbye with so many regrets in December last, on her retirement from the post of Music Mistress and Teacher of German, which she had held in the Queen's School for so many years. We are very much obliged to Miss McClean, of the Edinburgh High School, for her kind permission to make use of her paper.

'A Plea for Pronunciation' is from the pen of the late Mrs. C. D. Sandford (D. E. Westmacott). It was written in Germany, and seems to have been intended for publication in the School Magazine, which she often hoped would one day be started. We are glad that this little sketch of one of the memories of her girlhood, should find a place in our Queen's School Annual.

This publication marks a distinct stage in the history of the School. Amongst other advantages it furnishes a regular means of preserving a written record. We are pleased to be able to date our first number from the year of Her Majesty's Jubilee, and we are also glad to have been able to choose the same year for the beginning of our Queen's School Union of Past and Present Pupils.

Old Pupils desiring to become members, or to obtain copies of the Annual Number are requested to communicate with the Secretaries, Miss M. Broadbent, Bache Cottage, or Miss E. Hobgen, Roodeye Lodge, Chester.

TENNIS.

The following is a Record of the only Tennis Match played during the Summer of 1896.

July 18th, 1896. CHESTER *v.* ALDERLEY EDGE.

Played at the Queen's School.

1st Event. A Double.

Queen School Champions. H. Footner and L. Darbishire.

Won by Chester. Two setts to one.

2nd event. A Single.

Queen's School Champion, H. Footner.

Chester won.

3rd Event. A Double.

Queen's School Champions. E. Moody and N. Pegler.

Chester won.

CRICKET.

July 28th, 1896. The School Cricket Match.

Played between the two School Elevens.

Miss Giles's Eleven made 82 runs.

Miss Rosa Day's Eleven made 42 runs.

HOCKEY.

Nov. 9th, 1896. Chester *v.* Latchford Ladies Club. Played at the Queen's School. Latchford won. The weather was very wet, and our team did not all turn up. Latchford won so many goals that we lost count of them. Chester got 0.

March 12th, 1897. Chester *v.* Rock Ferry Ladies' Club. Played at Rock Ferry. Rock Ferry won, 5 goals to 0.

March 27th, 1897. Chester *v.* Rock Ferry Ladies' Club. Played at the Queen's School. Chester won, 4 goals to 1.

A very charming Dramatic Entertainment was given at the Queen's School, on Dec. 21st, 1896. It consisted first of a Dramatic Recital from Julius Cæsar, Act III, Scene 2, which was received with much applause. Then followed the principal piece of the evening—a Fairy Operetta, on the old theme of Beauty and the Beast, of which the music, by Miss M. L. White, was originally composed for the Kensington High School. It was at once exceedingly pretty, and entirely well suited to the voices of young performers. The scenery, provided by Mr. Garnett, of Bridge Street Row, was very appropriate, and the woodland scene, near the Beast's Palace, was especially admired. The Dramatis Personæ were as follows:—

<i>Witch</i>	Miss Florence Thompson
<i>Fairy Queen</i>	„ Ella Douglas
<i>Beauty</i>	„ Caroline Dobrée
<i>Beast</i>	„ Ethel Hobgen
<i>Linda</i>	{	Sisters to	„ M. C. Elwell
<i>Myra</i>	{	Beauty	„ Beatrix Bradford
<i>Merchant, Father to Beauty</i>	„		Irene Coplestone

Chorus of Village Children, Fairies and Imps.

The evening's performance concluded with the singing Carols of 'Good King Wenceslaus' and 'The Boys' Dream,' illustrated by Tableaux. The effect of these was very beautiful.

We take this opportunity of reminding both past and present scholars of the Queen's School, and also the many kind friends who have helped us on former occasions, that we ought to hold our biennial Sale of Work at the Queen's School during the present term, and that any contributions they may be able to send us will be gratefully taken charge of by Miss Glascodine.

It is proposed to give for the first time, a grand display of Musical Drill and Figure Marching on Tuesday and Wednesday, July 27th and 28th, and we think the Sale of Work might be arranged for at the same time, the proceeds of the whole to be divided according to custom, into thirds, of which one third will be devoted, in some way or other to the use and benefit of the Queen's School, whilst the remaining two thirds will be expended upon the Giving of Country Holidays to the Children of the Poor. It is just when so many of the pupils of the Queen's School are looking forward to going into the country or perhaps to the seaside themselves for their Summer vacation, that we most desire to win them to HAVE MYNDE of other children who are not so fortunate, and to rejoice that by joining together to make the effort, they may have it in their power to give at least a three weeks outing to a certain number.

After our last Sale of Work, in 1895, one third of the proceeds was devoted to the purchase of a book case, and to the beginning of a much needed Reference Library, which, we hope, will in time, contain a valuable collection of books, as additions are made to it from year to year. Another third was expended in Chester itself, principally in sending children from the three parishes nearest to the Queen's School to a Seaside Home at West Kirby. The remainder of the money was divided between Liverpool, Manchester, Yorkshire, and London; and though the individual sums sent were not very large, they were very gratefully acknowledged, and certainly helped to give a good many townbred little ones a welcome share in their natural inheritance of Summer and Fresh Air. The Liverpool children are sent to cottage homes in such

places as Neston, Ellesmere, or Garstang, and some of their letters home are very touching in the delight that they express in the simplest country sights, and in the testimony that they give to the warm hearted kindness of the country mothers who take charge of them.

"Daisy is quite red and sunburnt just like a country girl," says one child. "We are living in a farmhouse, and I am very happy, and having such fun on the shore," chimes in another. "My little fatherless children had such a delightful out as I don't think they will ever forget," writes a grateful mother. "It just set our child up, and she has never looked back since," was said of one very delicate little girl, the only surviving daughter of her parents.



GRIGRIS.

SOME of my old pupils at the Queen's School may remember having heard that I lived for many years in Algeria, that I had a large school there, and a Kindergarten, that all my pupils were not Christians, and that besides a certain proportion of Mahomedans, one-tenth of them were actually heathens. These latter were the negroes. I purpose to-day to speak to you of my experience in teaching these negroes and in dealing with their parents.

You must know that the colored races have often a very small vocabulary at their command. The negroes, for instance, use the same word as an adjective and as a noun, thus the word 'leg' means a limb of the body and also the quality of length; the word 'moon' is used to express anything that is round. It is often very difficult both to understand these people and to be understood by them. Their children are, however, quick and intelligent, though they easily forget what they are taught, as they never fully grasp the meaning of anything.

I remember how much trouble I had to teach them to work sums. The Negroes count by a series of five units. Their money is the '*Cauris*,' a kind of Indian shell, and fifteen hundred *cauris* are worth four shillings. According to their reckoning 16 times 5 *cauris* are 100 *cauris*. Now, no doubt, you think I am here making a mistake. But, no; I am telling you things just as they are.

Once I planned a special attempt to get them fully to realize that $16 \times 5 = 80$ and not 100. Besides the negroes I had several Kabyles and Arabs in my class, the first were by far the most intelligent of my pupils; they could do their sums with great accuracy, and I used them as monitors because they could make everything plainer to their school friends than even

I could myself. Well! We all did our utmost to make it clear both to the Mahomedans and to the Negroes that not 16 but 20×5 are 100. They all assured me that they had understood my lesson and I congratulated myself on my success.

But when the time of the recess came I observed that the negro children were very much excited and I overheard them saying to each other, 'The Romni (the Christian) may say what she likes, I do not believe a word of it. The oldest of our tribe know better than she. She would be considered a fool if she spoke so at the great market of Timbouctou. How stupid to say that $20 \times 5 = 100$!'

Hearing this decided me to go over the same lesson again in the afternoon class. I took a number of beads out of the Kindergarten boxes and I resumed the morning lesson. Now you must know that the Arabs use the stringed wooden beads on which they say their prayers, for making up their accounts also. Giving beads was employing as much as possible their own way of reckoning. The Negroes also had their share; but, lo, their beads disappeared almost as soon as they were put on the table.

I was sure I had brought at least 150 with me and soon I could not make 20 lots of 5 beads each, and, later on, I found I had not 50 beads left! All my attention was thus called to my black pupils' doings, and watching quietly I saw them moving the beads to the edge of the low table near which they were seated; then they let them fall on to the mat beneath their feet and then they put them between their toes and brought them within reach of the hand which was not slow in picking them up and transferring them to each other's possession.

Dear children! they thought they had cleverly collected some money with which to go to Timbouctou! On that day, indeed, I could not convince them that $20 \times 5 = 100$.

Another time, I took a great interest in one bright, clever, little negress. I gave her a doll which she indignantly refused, saying that it was forbidden to have statues and worship them. I then gave her ribbons, beads and ornaments, with which she was delighted.

You must not ask me the name of my pupil for I could not tell it to you, as she had none. A girl amongst the Negroes only receives her name when she is of an age to be married, on which occasion all the family meet and there are great rejoicings and dancing and music.

The negress is invariably a fond mother and takes every care of her children. She allows them to do just what they like until they are fourteen. Much of her time she spends in dressing the hair of her little daughters and I knew that my pupil was dear to her mother, because her hair was freshly plaited even *twice* a week. Dressing her hair is the principal occupation of a Negress. She puts all sorts of things on her head, beads, little bits of colored wool, &c. Nobody knows how much wool has been stolen from my work table by servants or pupils anxious to beautify themselves.

One day my little pupil told me that her mother was ill and I proposed that I should go to her hut and see the sick woman. My offer being gratefully accepted, the child took my hand and led me to her poor dwelling place. The hut of the Algerian Negro is in the shape of a hive, the circular wall of which is made of reeds covered inside and outside with a coating of mud. Above this wall some other rows of reeds are placed in such a way as to give the roof of the hut a cone shape. The humble abode, to which I was conducted, was about seven yards in diameter; its floor was covered with sand in order to keep the dwelling free from dampness. There was no window and only one door, a very low one, for the doors are never more than a yard in height. The furniture of such a hut is always of the most primitive description; the beds, made of bamboo and straw mats, stand one foot above the level of the floor.

All around the walls leather bags are hung in which the inhabitants keep their money and jewels, their butter, their oil, and *their Gods!*

My black pupil now introduced me to her mother, a negress named Zeita. She looked very ill, poor thing, and I said to her, 'What have they done to relieve you?' 'Nothing, except that my very kind husband has allowed me to take all our *grigris*. You may look at them, but do not touch them, for

pity's sake." I asked, 'What is a *grigris*?' 'Our family idols.' I bent down to the bed and saw a lot of rubbish without any name in our civilized world. 'This one,' she said to me, pointing out a marble which surely must have been lost by some French boy, "this one is a most powerful idol. This is how we got it. My husband went out one day to look for some food, for we had not any money left. He had barely started on his way to the town when this *grigri* came under his foot. He pushed it back but the *grigri* came again so cleverly that my husband picked it up and said "Indeed, thou must be a *grigris*, I will put thee in my purse. Help me to get money." From that time,' continued this poor negress, 'we have always had enough to eat.' I did not think it advisable to trouble the sick woman with a lecture about French *grigri*, but I took the girl with me, and gathering some plants I told her to boil them and to give the decoction to her thirsty feverish mother, and I then returned home.

A few days later I was told that Zeita was cured. I went to her hut and enquired if she had boiled all the herbs, "Not the whole of them," she said reluctantly—"Why not?" "When I saw that I was much better, I made a *grigri* of them!" "Goodness! cried I, give me those *grigri* plants at once." The poor woman went very pale and, with terrified looks, gave me the now dried herbs. I took them from her and most irreverently threw them into a kettle of boiling water. Zeita thought that the end of the world had come. But she soon saw that no sad experience followed, and the sun went on rolling smoothly over our heads. "There is only one God," said I, "and He is all-powerful. He makes everything, but He is not made by man or by nature. Worship Him, He listens to the prayers of all His children. Love Him, for He loves you; to Him alone you are indebted for your recovery. Zeita wondered vacantly, and stared at me, her mouth half open, as if it were difficult for her to realize what I could mean.

But, whilst we were talking, my little pupil had cut a large piece out of my dress. The herbs had done her mother good and she was going to make a *grigri* out of something taken from me!

There came a time, however, later on, when I again called to see Zeita and her little girl, and both mother and daughter were singing hymns for me in praise of the One True God, whom they were being taught to know about ; but I never had the happiness of seeing them baptized, as I was just then obliged to leave Algeria.

Th. ARMAGNAC.

282, King's Road,
Chelsea, S.W.



A Plea for Pronunciation



‘WHAT a charming voice, what a pity she does not pronounce better!’ is a remark we can too often find it in our hearts to make when listening even to *good* singing; for very few give the thought due to the study of the words that is necessary to make them distinctly heard. Bewailing the evil, however, does not remedy it, and perhaps if I try to give you an account of how Elocution is taught in a Conservatoire, some may be persuaded to reconsider the subject, and to believe that the words which were the origin of the song, are really worth as much study as the Music.

My feelings at being stranded in a class of noisy young men and maidens, all talking German very fast at the same time, were not particularly happy ones—more especially as no one thought it worth while to address any remarks to me. Though, indeed, this showed sound common sense and foresight, as most probably I should not have understood them. However, upon the entrance of the Master silence reigned, at least as much as silence ever would reign where more than twenty young people were collected together, knowing that their teacher was as great a lover of fun as themselves. But business is business, and no one regarded it in a more serious light than our Master, whose great love for his art soon inspired us with a desire to learn, for the knowledge’ sake itself, rather than because we must. Yet not even the most earnest minded could deny that the beginning of Elocution has something of the ridiculous in it. Picture to yourselves a class of twenty busily engaged in pronouncing the syllable ‘*da*’ about about six times in rapid succession, and try not to laugh! That is the exercise prescribed in order to bring that most troublesome vowel forward, instead of letting it be pronounced at the back of the throat.

With what scorn did we receive the question: 'do you know your alphabet?' Of course we did—at least we thought so. But not a bit of it! Each separate set of gutturals, dentals, labials, and all the rest of them, was paraded in turn, and each individual sound exercised separately. There are more people than Shakespeare's Fluellen who interchange the hard and soft sounds of each letter, and it is not till one practices them that one understands how easy the mispronunciation is. It was a long time before we were supposed to know the alphabet fairly well, and, indeed, it is of the utmost importance that each letter should be well practised. Then, with slow and steady step, we proceeded to pronounce difficult combinations of words, to gain flexibility of the organs of speech. The combinations were simple German equivalents for such verbal tortures as:—*Gig-whip*; *six mixed biscuits*; *Crop and stock prospects*—which may really be practised with very great advantage.

You may imagine our joy when brighter days began to dawn for us and we were promoted to the practice of tones of voice to express different feelings, and how we laughed when our attempts at portraying fear, sorrow, reproach, or amusement, were mercilessly, but goodnaturedly, turned into ridicule, to the intense enjoyment of the whole assembly. I shall not easily forget the vain endeavour of one youth to recite the verse from the Erl König, in which the Erl König wishes to beguile the child into leaving his father, nor how comically the master represented to him that no child ever yet existed who could be beguiled by such stentorian tones. If you will consider how many different expressions have to be used in each piece sung or said, you will know that we had much to accomplish. Alas! my work seemed scarcely begun when I left Frankfort, but it had taught me to see the necessity of giving as much study to the words of a song as to the notes. If the notes were passed over and neglected as much as the words are, the criticisms passed upon our method of singing would not be very complimentary.

Elocution is no easy study. It is far more difficult than singing; for everyone has to be his own composer and set the

words to the notes in the manner most likely to illustrate the thoughts of the writer. The sharp articulation of consonants tends in no small degree to distinctness of enunciation. I fear if anyone undertook to write a treatise on English not 'As She is Spoke,' but as 'She is Sung,' the exaggerated vowels and diminished consonants would be found to have strayed into very strange places. It is to those who are lovers of song that I would particularly speak. Why should the voice of song be turned into inarticulate sound? And to those who wish to improve their pronunciation in singing, I recommend some similar course to that which I followed, during a year spent in the study of singing at a German Conservatoire.



A Christmas at Villa Friedberg.



SOME of our readers will be interested in the following account of Christmas at an old friend's home in Wiesbaden, extracted by permission, from a paper by Miss McClean in the March number of *St. George's Chronicle*, the Magazine of S. George's High School, Edinburgh:—

Until Christmas Eve the house was in a continual bustle with receiving and sending of parcels, letters, &c., and all the preparations which are necessary to get ready the Christmas tree and the 'Bescherung.*' On Christmas Eve and the preceding day, I was not allowed to enter the drawing-room, where the tree had been erected and was being adorned, in order that it might burst upon me in all its splendour when it was completed.

I think our readers will be interested to learn that in this case the Christmas tree was an evolution from the Advent tree. The latter was much smaller and was erected in the dining-room on the First Sunday in Advent, and candles equal to the number of days in Advent were placed on it. On the first evening in Advent one of these was lighted; on the second, two; on the third, three; and so on, until on the day before Christmas Eve all the candles were lighted, and the tree looked brilliant. This is meant to teach that the world lay in darkness till the Advent of our LORD, and was gradually enlightened until the birth of the Child CHRIST, heralded by the song of the angels, dispelled the darkness for ever.

On Christmas Eve every one was busy, and more or less lively and excited. The morning was occupied in tying up presents, decorating the Christmas tree, &c.; in the afternoon

* Bescherung—Giving or bestowing. More especially the giving of Christmas Presents.

every one went to church ; and in the evening all donned their festal attire, and at the sound of a gong about seven o'clock repaired to the drawing-room. Here a lovely sight met our eyes—a large fir tree, reaching to the ceiling, was brilliant with shining snow, glittering beads and ornaments, and lighted candles. Here, too, a surprise had been prepared by Fräulein Lieschen Bluth—the ‘baby’ of the school, aged twelve, was standing on a pedestal, dressed in white and with wings, and recited very prettily in German the well known hymn beginning ‘Vom Himmel hoch da komm ich her.’ After this Fräulein Bluth read the Gospel for Christmas Day, some carols were sung, and then all dispersed about the room to examine their presents, which were placed on tables ranged round the walls. This ceremony occupied a considerable time, for besides presents from people in the house, there were parcels from home and from absent friends, letters and Christmas cards, all of which had been kept for their owners for some days previous. So there were letters to be read, donors to be thanked, and mutual examination of presents to be made. There was hardly time to do this thoroughly before we were called to dance round the Christmas tree and sing ‘O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum, wie grün sind deine Blätter,’ which every one did very heartily. Then there was waltzing, and more singing of carols, and good night to the younger members of the party. We elders sat up an hour or two later, and many healths were drunk with great enthusiasm, amongst them that of St. George, and of the writer as the Christmas guest.

On Christmas Day we again went to church, but did not do much throughout the day, as every one was a little tired and inclined to rest and be lazy. Saturday was what is called in Germany second Christmas Day, and is kept as a full holiday just like the day of the festival itself. I was not aware of this custom and shocked my kind hostess more than once by my behaviour—first, because I did not don my best Sunday garments ; secondly, because I wrote some school work ; and thirdly, and this was the chief enormity, because I proposed to buy a yard of elastic ! But I shall never do it again ; and I

mention these facts so that if any girl comes to Germany at Christmas time she may know how she ought to behave.

On Saturday evening there was a second '*Bescherung*,' but this time for outsiders. The postman and gardener, with their wives and families, the washerwoman and her children, and one or two others, were all there, and each received presents in the same fashion as they had been given on Christmas Eve. The programme was pretty much the same as on that day, except that the children themselves, down to a tiny child of about four years old, recited a piece of poetry about the Weihnachtszeit. They did not seem to be the least shy, and spoke out clearly and distinctly.



COMPETITIVE EXERCISES.

THE FOLLOWING COMPETITIVE EXERCISES are intended for Members of the Queen's School Union of Past and Present Pupils, who are invited to send in their Papers addressed to the *care of the Editor of "Have Mynde," the Queen School, Chester*, some time during the month of October, 1897, writing the words 'Essay,' 'Translation,' or 'Botany,' as the case may be, outside the envelope, at the left hand top corner, above the address.

1. A Prize of Ten Shillings will be given for the best Translation into Latin, French, or German of Lord Tennyson's beautiful Dedication of his poems 'To the Queen,' published in 1857, just after he had been made Poet Laureate, and beginning, 'Revered, beloved, O you that hold a nobler office upon earth, than arms, or power of brain, or birth, could give the warrior kings of old . . .'

There are 44 lines, and we freely allow that the task proposed is not an easy one, but then, plenty of time is allowed. The work would be very interesting, and we hope that some even of those who may not feel any assurance that they are likely to win a Prize, will nevertheless turn their thoughts towards making the attempt.

2. A Prize consisting of a framed copy of Elliott and Fry's large Photograph of the School Building, will also be given for the best Essay on the Life of Charles Kingsley, specially noticing his connection with Chester.

The Essay is not to exceed 650 words.

3. Another Prize of Ten Shillings has been most kindly offered by Mr. J. D. Siddall for the best solution of the following Botanical problems:—

Competitors to give the names, floral formulas, natural orders, and a small dried specimen, of each of the following:—

1. A small annual. Leaves pinnatifid, rather fleshy. Flowers white, small, petals 4. Stamens 2 or 6 or 4. Fruit small, broad, rough pods.
2. Slender erect perennial herb, about a foot high. Leaves smooth, palmately cut. Flowers white, small, numerous; in irregular umbels. Fruit covered with hooked prickles.
3. Perennial low herb, grows among grass, 6 to 18 inches high. Leaves plaited, 6-9 lobed, reniform. Flowers small, yellow green, regular. Fruit 1 or 2 achenes.
4. Perennial herb. Stem very short. Leaves long, venation parallel. Flower spike on long stalk. Flowers small, protogynous, stamens 4 white. Anemophilous. Fruit a capsule.
5. Annual herb, 6-18 inches high, hairy. Leaves linear-oblong. Inflorescence a capitulum. Florets small, blue, stamens syngenesious. Fruit a capsule.
6. Annual, stem about 8 in. high, hollow. Leaves linear. Inflorescence, 5-7 flowered. Florets small, green. Fruit a caryopsis.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Girlhood of Maria Josepha Holroyd (Lady Stanley of Alderley) recorded in the letters of A Hundred Years Ago. From 1776 to 1796. Edited by G. H. Adeane. Longman, Green & Co., 1896.

That an English family should be travelling in France in July, 1791, and staying at Paris at an Hotel,—the Hotel de l' Université, Faubourg St. Germain—and going forth day by day to see the sights, with the calm matter-of-courseness of the ordinary tourist, comes upon one with a shock of surprise. 'Went to the National Assembly . . . Report read of the State of the Frontiers—of the Escape of the King. Question whether the King should be tried or not. Robespierre spoke.'

This is an extract from Maria Josepha Holroyd's diary on July 13th. She is on her way with her family to stay with her father's great friend, Gibbon, the Historian, at Lausanne, and they spend about a fortnight in Paris, going everywhere, seeing everything, with the most tranquil absence of apprehension for their own personal safety.

Maria was twenty at this time, but the Letters of her Girlhood begin quite eight years earlier, when she was but twelve, yet had already formed the first of the affectionate and lasting friendships which were her strongest characteristic. Girlish friendships are sometimes apt to be very short-lived fancies, and such early reality and depth as Maria showed is always a proof of a strong nature.

'I can hardly persuade myself that a dear little girl between eleven and twelve writes to an Aunt of 40 as if it were to a friend of her own age, and yet it is doubly pleasant, because it is a sure proof of affection' says the delightful 'Aunt Serena,' whose exchange of letters with her niece forms the backbone of this attractive volume, which I heartily recommend to the readers of our Annual. The series conclude with her marriage to Mr. John Stanley, afterwards the first Lord Stanley of Alderley, and not only does her marriage make her a Cheshire lady, but even her second home, Penrhos, on Holyhead Island, takes us to that North Welsh Coast which is more familiar than any other to Chester people in their holiday outings. As the best German teachers would always have us begin the study of Geography with *Heimath-Kunde*—Home-Knowledge—so I would always have you become well acquainted with any associations of interest connected with your own neighbourhood; and in the contemporary portraiture given in memoirs and letters there does exist a wonderful power of putting vividness and actuality into that framework of historic fact, of which it has been the business of your school life to grasp the outline.

Maria Josepha Holroyd had a strong individuality and is a very typical English girl. Gibbon thought her letters 'incomparable,' and certainly they have a life and force which quite explains the care with

which they have been preserved. They are, of course, 18th century letters and not 19th century letters, and the contrast is, in itself, another point of interest in this very entertaining book.

The Two Pilgrims, by Count Leo Tolstoi (London: Walter Scott Ltd.), is a simple and beautiful little story of peasant life in Russia, which is very suitable for Sunday reading. For I think it is well on Sundays to read books that enlarge our sympathies, and teach us to realize our kinship with those who are fellow-worshippers and fellow-believers, though they do not speak our language, and their fashions are not ours.

The publication of the cheaper Editions of the Poems of Robert Browning has been, in some sense, the chief literary event of the past twelvemonths, and makes the study of his poetry, as a complete whole, far more possible than it used to be to many people. You will all remember that lessons on Browning's poems were but seldom given during your school days. He is not a poet who easily captivates the imagination of the very young, and the frequent ruggedness of form which characterizes much of his verse, does not conciliate the casual reader. But, nevertheless, after twenty, those who care for poetry at all are almost sure to begin to care deeply for Browning, and none can deny that he has been one of the great voices of our century, and that his influence on the hearts and minds of our foremost thinkers, the very leaders of their generation, has been greater than we can measure. That he is difficult is not to be questioned, and, if there are a few among my old pupils who have found him so, and who yet desire to go on, I would suggest their forming themselves into a small Reading Circle in connection with the Home Reading Union. The Secretary (Miss Mondy, Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, London, W.C.), would readily give all needful information upon this subject. Only six members are required to form a circle. The complete copyright Edition of Browning's Poems in Two Volumes, Price 15/- (Smith, Elder & Co.), is, of course, the best to buy. But the Edition at 3/6, published by George Routledge & Sons, contains Paracelsus and the other Dramas, though not the Ring and the Book, and it is really better not to attempt the Ring and the Book till the best of the Dramas and of the earlier poems, have been well studied.

In view of the approaching Musical Festival we are glad to have the opportunity of mentioning that the study of Mr. Charles Gatty's book upon Parsifal (Price 2/- The Sacred Festival Drama of Parsifal, by Richard Wagner, the Argument, the Musical Drama, and the Mystery by C. F. Gatty, Schott & Co.) has been strongly recommended by Dr. J. C. Bridge.

I should like to add that I think this is also a very appropriate time for reading—or re-reading—either *Mendelssohn's Letters*, or that beautiful book, *The Mendelssohn Family* by Sebastian Hensel.

CHESTER:

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