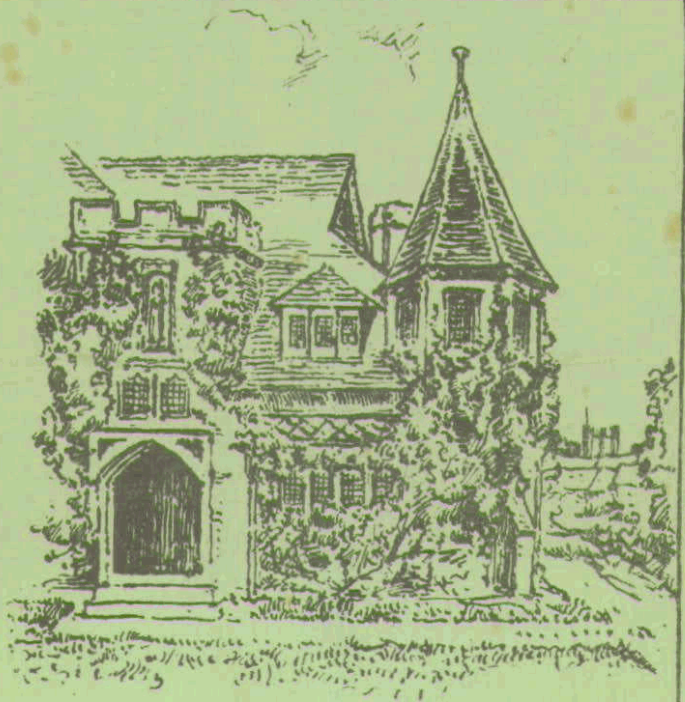
HAVE MYNDE



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CONTENTS.

The Chester Mysteries.

AND THEIR CONNECTION WITH ENGLISH LITERATURE AND THE ENGLISH DRAMA.

BY

MRS. HENRY SANDFORD.

IT was simply as a student of English literature, and long before I had any idea of ever coming to live in Chester, that I first became acquainted with that

. . . "celebrated collection of mysteries, founded upon Scriptural subjects, and formerly represented by the trades of Chester at Whitsuntide," . . .

which is to be the subject of the present paper. I will, therefore, ask leave to begin where I began myself, namely, with the connection of the Chester Mysteries, and, of course, also and equally, of all the other collections of mysteries and miracle plays, that have come down to us from the middle ages, with English literature and with the English drama.

No country can boast of more than a very few names (many countries have not even one), either in art or in literature, that so transcend the limitations of time and place, as to stand forth, pre-eminent in universal recognition, and for uncounted generations. There was but *one* of his contemporaries of whom Ben Jonson *could* write that "he was not for an age, but for all time;" and it was in Shakespeare that—after centuries of growth and effort—the English nation *first* proved the maturity of its powers, by bringing forth a mind of this rare degree of excellence. What must ever be an interesting question is to consider how it came to pass that the genius of Shakespeare—that is to say, the genius of the English nation, touching for the first time the highest point of literary attainment—manifested itself in the particular shape that it actually did assume, namely, in those dramatic masterpieces which form so precious a part of our national inheritance.

The simplest answer is, that the English nation, before the final triumph of the Puritan movement in the

field of social life, was, and had been for generations, one of the most dramatic nations in Europe. Acting was the common delight of all classes, the amusement that naturally suggested itself at any festive season, so that Prospero arranging a masque to celebrate his daughter's betrothal,—Bottom and his companions getting up their rustic play to please Duke Theseus,—Julia in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," telling about the dressing up that went on at Pentecost, "when all their pageants of delight were played," are nothing else but pictures drawn from life,—the every-day life of "Merry England" in the 16th Century. Now, one special note of that great epoch, which we call the Renaissance, was the awakening into extraordinary vitality of the individual capacities and characteristics of each nation that it touched. We might, therefore, naturally expect that in England, amongst other results, it would give birth to some new and striking development of dramatic art and genius; and everyone who knows anything of the history of English literature, knows that just such a development is exactly what we do find, holding a high place among the splendours of the age of Elizabeth.

It has been said that in every great age there are always to be found a group of eminent men who express what may be called the idea of the age, with more or less felicity, and amongst them one or two who express it perfectly. Thus Shakespeare shines not alone, but rather as a star of the first magnitude, whose brilliance hides a multitude of lesser lights. For the Elizabethan dramatists were many, and not a few of them men of true poetic gifts, and not without touches of greatness. Though scarcely any of their plays would bear being acted now, as Shakespeare's are, yet his and theirs all belong to the same school, and in their general framework, choice of subjects, and method of treatment, they resemble each other as much as they all *differ* both from the 17th Century drama of Corneille and Racine, and from the antique drama of the Greeks and Romans.

Where then did this so-called *Romantic* drama

originate? (For in course of time a new name was found for the new school, which, in its first imperfect beginnings, seemed to a classical scholar like Sir Philip Sydney, a mere chaos of irregularity)—a drama which knows nothing of the unities, and presents to the imagination a series of what may be called *dramatic pictures*, in the course of which plot and characters develop themselves, somewhat after the fashion of a chronicle or history, and not at all after the fashion of the old-world idea of dramatic propriety.

Well! The question is not difficult to answer. It is quite certain, indeed, it is one of the commonplaces of literary knowledge, that the English drama of the Elizabethan age—the drama of Shakespeare, Marlowe, and Ben Jonson—is the direct heir and representative of the old mysteries and miracle plays, and that every point in which our drama differs from the classical drama—and the difference is as great, and very similar in character, to the difference between Gothic architecture and Greek architecture—is distinctly traceable to that source.

It is to this literary interest, and to this alone, for the interest in the religious aspect of the plays is of much more recent origin, that we owe our present facilities for the study of the subject. For over 100 years—all through the period of rhymed couplets, of classical imitations, and of a debased immoral stage—Shakespeare had been entirely neglected and forgotten, except indeed, by unscrupulous playwrights, who borrowed and caricatured his personages without the least danger of detection. But in 1733, 13,000 copies of Theobald's newly-published edition of Shakespeare were sold, and the revival of a relish for our great national poet soon led to a revived interest in the history of our national literature. (1)

(1). In February, 1741, the "Merchant of Venice" was produced in its original form for the first time after one hundred years . . . In the October of this year Garrick appeared for the first time on the London stage, in the character of Richard III.

Pope wrote—

> After one hundred and thirty years nap,
> Enter Shakespeare with a loud clap.

Lecky's XVIIIth Century, Vol. I.

Thomas Warton, Professor of Poetry at Oxford in 1756, published a history of English Poetry, which is, as far as I know, the very earliest work in which the old religious plays are brought forward as worthy of the attention of every student who wishes to understand something of the origin of the English Drama. John Payne Collier, who was born in 1781, and published his History of Dramatic Poetry in 1834, goes still further, and gives, for the first time, a vivid and well-written account of the actual matter of our ancient mysteries, illustrated by a comparison of three of the most important sets that have been handed down to us in English, namely—the Chester, Coventry, and Townley mysteries. It is to the labour of the Shakespeare Societies, of a somewhat later date, that we owe the publication of the actual text of these plays, with admirable notes and introductions.

It seems probable that the words may have been copied out afresh every time that a new representation was given, and that the well-worn M.S., which had already served its turn, was then lost or destroyed, for no very early MSS. seem to have been preserved. In the case of the Chester plays, and of these alone, we have a very interesting account of the actual manner of performance, from the pen of a certain Archdeacon Rogers, who was Archdeacon of Chester, Vicar of Gawsworth, and "Prebunde" of Chester Cathedral, just about 300 years ago, for he died in 1595, and he wrote his account of the plays some time subsequently to the year 1574, in which he witnessed their performance.

England, living (till 1588) in perpetual danger of a Spanish Invasion, and irritated by Ridolfi Plots, and Jesuit Conspiracies within her own borders, into a frenzy of intolerance, was just then yielding herself up to a current of feeling which tended to make Puritanism dominant in all the larger towns in the country. Chester was no exception, and we gather that the Rev. Robert Rogers (he does not seem to have been Archdeacon till 1581) was in complete sympathy with the strong Puritan party, which was gradually getting the upper hand both

among the Cathedral Clergy, and on the Town Council. Nevertheless, in spite of the extreme disapprobation with which all Puritans habitually regarded everything in the shape of "play-acting," Mr. Rogers could not help feeling very much interested in what he calls the "Anchant Customs" of Chester. As a good Protestant, he takes care to call them by the hardest possible names, and to speak of them in terms of contempt and depreciation, but at the same time he carefully noted down what he saw, and his description of the Chester mysteries is the more valuable, because, as I have said, no other description exists, in the English language, of the manner in which these performances were given. (After his death his notes were copied out, and set in order, by his son, David Rogers, under the title of:—

"A Breviary, or some few collectiones of the Cittie of Chester, gathered out of some fewe writers, and heare sett down and redused into these Chapters following—")

In speaking of the origin of 'the Plays of Chester, called the Whitson Playes,' Archdeacon Rogers says:—

"Heare note that these playes of Chester were the work of one Rondoll, a Monke of the Abbaye of S. Warburg in Chester, who redused the whole storye of the Bible into English stories in metter . . . and this Monke, in a good desire to do good, published the same. Then the first Mayor of Chester, Sir John Arnway, Knight, he caused the same to be played."

The "Banes," (2) read before the plays were acted in 1600, repeat the same statement, which was evidently a tradition commonly believed in Chester during many generations. Sir John Arnway was Mayor of Chester towards the close of the 13th century, and as Fitzstephen, the biographer of Thomas â Becket, speaks of such performances as being frequently given in London as early as the 12th century, there is no great improbability in supposing that the Chester Plays may actually have been performed for the first time, as some say they were, in the year 1268. Only it is certain that the language of the copies that have come down to us is not 13th century

(2). Ban, a proclamation. Plural *banns*, but *banes* is found in the works of Sir Thomas More. Anglo Saxon, *Gebann*. Skeats' Etymological Dictionary.

English, and that if that was the language of the Randoll, who put the Bible stories into English metre, he cannot have lived till about 100 years later.

This brings us to another tradition. Attached to one copy of the Chester Plays is a vellum fly-leaf which says :—

"The Whitsun Plays were made by one Randle Higginet, who was thrice at Rome before he could obtain leave of the Pope to have them in the English tongue."

Here, I think, is the key to the whole difficulty. Randle Higginett (whom Warton has tried, but I think on insufficient grounds, to identify with Ralph Higden, of the Polycronicon) did, indeed, "reduse" the Chester Plays into English metre; not, however, as a composer, but as a translator.

They were then originally performed in some other language? Yes, certainly. Plays of this kind were not native to our soil, they entered England from the Continent, during the period when Norman French was still dominant in English society, and the language used was always either French or Latin. There can be very little doubt that the Chester Mysteries were at one time performed in French, (3) for even now we here and there come across untranslated bits, which, by the pens of many generations of copyists who were ignorant of that language, have, it is true, been robbed of all intelligible meaning, but as yet as unmistakably French as ever. We have, besides, to notice a remarkable similarity—sometimes it almost amounts to word for word—between some of the Chester Plays, and some of the corresponding plays in an old French collection known as the "Mystères du vieil Testament," which is much too exact and striking to be passed over as accidental.

It was, of course, not only in England that these kind of representations were popular; they were a common feature of mediæval life all over the Western world, and for a very long while a well-understood distinction was brought between the two principal classes

(3). It is right to say that this is questioned by some authorities.

into which they were roughly divided. Those that were called miracles or miracle-plays represented incidents in the lives of the saints; martyrdoms most frequently.

"Hii (4) ben disguised as Tormentors in clerkes plei," is a satirical description of an absurd fashion in dress in the reign of Edward 2nd. In many instances the names of the composers of some of these pieces have been handed down to us, such as the miracle play of S. Catherine, by Geoffrey of Gorham, afterwards Abbot of S. Albans; the miracle play of S. Nicholas, by Hilarius, an Englishman, who was a disciple of the celebrated Abelard. But the name of mysteries was reserved for those plays only whose subjects were intended to illustrate the leading truths of the Christian religion, and here we find, amongst other great differences, that all the many sets of mysteries that have come down to us are apparently different arrangements of a single series of scriptural scenes and illustrations, which was, as it were, the common property of the Western Church. The selection is always the same, or very nearly so, and, whether the number of the plays be few or many, the *theme* of the entire series is always the same, and great, though unconscious dramatic art, is shewn in the manner in which the central idea is continually impressed upon the beholder's mind. That central idea is JESUS CHRIST, the Saviour of Mankind. CHRIST promised: CHRIST come: CHRIST crucified: CHRIST risen: CHRIST to come again. This is *the* subject, not only of the Chester Mysteries, but of all the other mysteries, too, whether in England or on the Continent.

In the Chester Mysteries the series is arranged for a three day's performance, in which the first day sets forth the Creation of the World and the Fall of Man, followed by Old Testament types and foreshadowings of the coming SAVIOUR, and concluding with the SAVIOUR'S birth, and his adoration by the Shepherds and by the Wise Men from the East.

(4). Hii = they. This continued to be the plural form of the personal pronoun, *he, heo, hit*, in the Midland and Southern parts of England, till the middle of the 14th Century. *They* and *their* are North country forms. Remember the vowel *i* must be pronounced as in continental alphabets, not as in Modern English.

The great subject of the second day is the Passion and Resurrection of CHRIST, answering to the Passion Play at Ober Ammergau, which is nothing else but the middle portion of the usual set of mediæval mysteries, very much reformed and purified. The scenes presented upon the third day set forth the beginning of the Christian Church, and the close of the present dispensation by the second advent of CHRIST. As at Ober Ammergau, all the characters in the Passion Play (which is performed once in ten years) are sustained by the peasants and farmers and mechanics of the place itself, so also in Chester the Whitson plays were acted by members of the various trade guilds, each guild making itself responsible for one particular play out of the entire set of twenty-four. But here the resemblance ceases, for the Tyrolese Passion Play is acted in a simple but very perfect little temporary theatre, whereas each of the Chester plays had its own moveable stage, known as a pagiant; (5) and it would appear from the following description, that each play was acted two or three times over in the course of the day, in different parts of the city.

I cannot do better than give you a portion of Archdeacon ROGERS' description :—

"The plays," he says, "were divided into 24 pagiantes or parts, according to the number of the Companyes of the Cittie, and every Companye brought forth their pagiant, which was the carriage or place that they played in. To see which playes there was great resorte, and also scafolds and stages made in the streets in those places were they determined to play their pagiantes. And yarlye before these were played there was a man fitted for the

(5). Pagiant, or Pageant. "This curious word originally meant a moveable scaffold such as was used in the representation of the old Mysteries For a picture of such a scaffold, see Chamber's Book of Days. I. 634. Perhaps it was called a Pageant, from its construction being *Compaginata*, framed and compacted together. For the word is variously written and occasionally *pagyn*, *pagen*, approaching closely the Low Latin word *pagina*. The various plays composing the Chester Mysteries are entitled *pagina prima*, *pagina secunda*, and so forth. The original derivation is from the Root *pag*, to fasten, to fix, whence also *page* (of a book) *pack*, *package*, *pact*, etc. The Modern meaning of the word *pageant* (an exhibition, spectacle, show,) is a transition from the idea of the stage itself, to that which is represented upon it. Abbreviated from Skeat's Etymological Dictionary.

purpose which did ride, as I take it, on St. George's day, through the Cittie, and there published the tyme and the matter of the playes in brief, which was called the Reading of the Banes. They were played upon Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, in Witson weeke. And they first began at the Abbaye Gates; and when the first pagiant was played at the Abbaye Gates, then it was wheeled from thence to the Pentice at the High Crosse before the Mayor, and before that was done the second came, and the first went into Watergate Street, and from thence into Bridge Street, and soe all, one after another, till all the pagiantes were played appointed for the first daye, and so likewise for the seconde and thirde, daye. These pagiantes or carriages was a high place made like a howse with two rowmes, being open at the tope, in the lower rowme they apparelled and dressed themselves, and in the higher rowme they played. . . . ."

(I interrupt the description to remark that we find from the parallel account of a German stage on wheels, quoted by Mr. Baring Gould, that when the play required that the action should be carried on in earth, Heaven, or Hell, the lower room was made to serve for Hell, whilst the upper room was covered in, so as to form a third stage on top, which might suitably represent Heaven It will presently be seen that some similar arrangement must have been employed for the representation of some of the plays in the Chester Collection.)

. . . . . "And when they had done with one carriage in one place they wheeled the same from one street to another; first from the Abbaye Gate to the Pentice, then to Watergate Street, then to the Bridge Street through the lanes, and so to Eastgate Street. And thus they came from one streete to another, keeping a direct order in every streete. For before the first carriage was gone, the second came, and so the third, and so orderly till the last was done, all in order, without any staying in any place, for worde being brought how every place was near done, they came, and made no place to tarry till the last was played. . . . ."

In the opening play, which is always the Fall of the Angels, we find ourselves at the very outset, brought in contact with that immense mass of legendary matter which, in the middle ages, was received with so much undoubting simplicity as an integral portion of the truth itself. The Fall of the Angels was, for some reason or other, a very favorite subject in England. The Anglo-Saxon poems,

handed down to us as Caedmon's, dwell upon it at considerable length, and the curious 14th-century poem, known as the Cursor Mundi, which is supposed to give an account of the world from the Creation to the Day of Doom, begins with a long history of the Creation of the Angels, and declares how "the Angel that He wrought foremost . . . . and set him highest in the hall, as prince and sire over all, and for that he was fair and bright, Lucifer to name he hight" (6) . . . . rebelled against his Maker, and was 'cast out of that high court'. 'From full high he fell full low,' and can never obtain mercy, because he will never stoop to ask for it. And with him fell all his followers, though those that were less in guilt fell not so far as the others, but

'Some in the lift, (7) some in the air,'

they dree their weird till the day of Judgment; and these are the fays and fairies, the elves and gnomes, and water sprites, elemental spirits of mediæval superstition. It is strange to realize, as we must do as soon as we begin to consider the matter, that Milton's "Paradise Lost" is something very like the old mystery of the Fall of the Angels translated into poetry; and, in this connection, it is interesting to remember how possible it is that Milton, in his youth, may have been present at perhaps more than one performance of the Whitsun plays at Chester, so that it may actually have been *here* that the never-to-be-forgotten impressions were received, which, in his days of blindness, came forth in such a glorious shape. For it is certain that Milton was on terms of intimate friendship with Henry Lawes, who set the songs in Comus to music, and himself acted the part of Thyrsis. Indeed, Comus was first printed because the pen of Henry Lawes was tired out with repeated copyings of that 'lovely and much desired' poem. Now, Comus was acted at Ludlow in 1634, and Ludlow brings us very near to Chester. Not only that, but the Lawes family were directly connected with

(6) Hight—was called.

(7) Lift—this word, which corresponds to the German *luft*, and to our own words *loft*, *aloft*, meant the sky in Middle English.

Chester, and William Lawes, the brother of Henry, was one of the victims of the siege in 1645.

But if Milton did indeed "found some of his most magnificent pictures on the rude groundwork of the mysteries," the *poetry* is all his own. All through these ancient plays there is scarcely a line which fixes itself in the memory as deserving to be retained. What we do retain is the impression of a remarkably vivid and beautiful series of pictures, full of poetic touches, and of moving incidents; full also of much that is grotesque, and sometimes coarse even to grossness.

Yet, in the first instance, there can be no doubt that they were devised (to use Archdeacon Rogers's expression) "in a good desire to do good." There can be no doubt, either, that they *did* spread abroad among an ignorant people a general knowledge of the leading outlines of the Christian faith. They were at first acted in churches, by monks, and by the younger clergy, and partook of the character of a divine service. But, before very long, through the church door out they slipped into the streets and commons, followed, as ever, by crowds of eager spectators; and then human nature asserted itself, and insisted on being allowed to laugh. And upon this followed incongruities which soon caused the stricter sort of people to lift up their hands in condemnation. There is a well-known quotation from a popular religious book in the 13th century—Wm. de Wadington's Manuel des Pêchés—which sternly rebukes 'the open folly called miracles, contrived by foolish clerics,' and complains that, though this is against the law, they even make their sin greater by disguising themselves with masks. Such representations (he says) ought never to be given, except to set forth 'chastely,' with the walls of holy church, and in service time, the mysteries of the New Testament—How the Son of God was laid in the Sepulchre—How He rose from the dead—to move people to devotion. But to hold wild gatherings in the open streets! Readily, indeed, do the fools run together, and each pretends a pious intention, and says he does it for the honour of God.

'Croire ne le dever pur rien.'

'You must not believe it for anything,' he exhorts, in his rude Norman French.

Yet, in spite of these severe remarks, it must not for a moment be supposed that anyone desired, or would even have endured, the slightest reproach to ridicule of holy things. But to make fun of the Devil seemed not only not wrong, but even a kind of virtue; and the same freedom was judged to be quite allowable in the case of a wicked man like King Herod, who was always expected to strut and swagger about the stage in the most outrageous manner. Chaucer tells us that Jolly Absolom, the Parish Clerk, used to take this character:—

"Sometimes to show his lightness and maistery
He playéd Herod on a scaffold high."

And I have seen a picture of a French mystery in which Herod is amusing the audience by balancing his sceptre on his hand. And then there were some of the minor personages, mentioned, but not named, in Holy Writ, who became, as it were, the stock comic characters. Of these, the most popular was Noah's wife, who was expected to show the atmost reluctance to enter the Ark. In the Chester Mysteries she refuses to leave her 'good gossips,' with whom she sits drinking and singing the good gossip's song, whilst

'The flood comes flitting in full fast,'

until she is carried into the Ark by main force, by Shem and Japhet. Noah tries to conciliate her by saying—

'Welcome, wife, into this boat,'

but receives a blow in the face in return, with the words—

'Have thou this for thy note.'

. . . . . .

And then he shuts the window of the Ark, and there is silence for a little space; after which we hear the Voice of GOD proclaiming the Covenant of the Rainbow, and the play, which was acted by 'the good simple Water-leaders and Drawers of Dee,' concludes.

'Finis. Deo Gratia Per me, Geo. Bellin, 1592, is the signature; and, as at the end of every other play in the set, the copyist adds the words—

'Come, LORD JESU, come quickly,'

But the favourite play in the whole series, and the one in which the extraordinary alternation of farce with solemnity is the most remarkable, is "The Shepherds' Play." The Shepherds are not named in Scripture, and therefore it was, as has been said, considered permissible to invent both names and characters, and in everyone of the Mystery plays the pageant De Pastoribus opens with some rude scene of rustic humour. In the Chester play the three Shepherds, and their boy Trowle, are simple Cheshire and Lancashire folk. The first Shepherd begins by declaring, in the homeliest way, how well he understands his business :—

> "From comely Conway unto Clyde
> A better shepherd on no side
> No yearthly man can have."

The Third Shepherd is deaf, and may not well hear.

> "Call him Tudde, Tibbe's son,
> Then will the Shrewe come, (8)
> For in good faith, it is his wonne
> To love his dame's (mother's) name,"

says the Primus Pastor, and, after some shouting, Tudde, the son of Tibbe, appears, and excuses his delay by saying that he has had

> "To seithe salve for our sheep."

He knows every point that belongs to his craft, he says, and proceeds to name all the herbs of which the salve is made. Also, lest his wife should discover what he has been doing, he observes that he has been scouring the old pan 'with great gravel and grit,' for (he adds) it is not unknown to good men that there *are* matters in which every husband has to give in to his wife.

Then each man lays forth what he has left of his 'livery,' *i.e.*, of the supply of food with which he set out from home, they "shake out their satchells," and solace themselves by supping together; and then they bethink them of the lad Trowle, who is keeping their flocks while they eat, and a horn is blown to summon him where he lies among his sheep with his good dog Dottinoule, a lazy

(8). "The Shrewe"—this word with its meaning of disparagement was formerly applied both to men and women.

shepherd lad, indeed, for he boasts—

"If any man come me by,
And would know which way were best,
My leg I lift up as I lie,
And point him the path, east or west."

But this lazy lad, who 'would not rise for King nor Duke,' and gives his masters the sauciest answers when they offer him the remains of their food, proves himself stronger than all three when a wrestling match is proposed, and throws them each in turn.

Primus Pastor may well say :—

"Tho' we be weary no wonder,
What between wrestling and walking."

And then, as they sit down to rest, the star appears—for the Angelic light is conceived of as a star—the metre changes, and so does the entire character of the scene. The shepherds fall on their knees, and pray "to the True Trinity" to be taught why the light is sent; and then the Angels sing *Gloria in Excelsis*.

It is very remarkable to notice that, as a matter of course, it is taken for granted that the Angels use the Latin language.

"What song was this, say ye,
That they sang to us all three? . . .
It was glore—glore—with a glye,
It was neither more nor less."

"What song was this, say ye, that they sang to us?" asks the Third Shepherd.

"Nay," (says Trowle), "it was glory, glory, glorious,
Methinks that song ran over the house,
A seemly man he was, and curyous,
But soon away he was. . . . ."

"It was glory, glory, with a glo," breaks in the First Shepherd. "And much of Celsis was there, too."

Thus, word by word, they spell out the heavenly message.

"Much he spoke of glass," says one.

"Nay, it was neither glass nor glye," replies another.

"Will ye hear how he sang Celsis?" asks the Third Shepherd.

"And after of Pax or Peace, he piped," affirms the first.

"Yea," says Trowle, "and he sang more too; he sang also of a *Deo*. Methought it healed my harte. . . . ."

And then, as if to relieve the strain, the Second Shepherd proposes "a merry song us to solace;"

The directions are:

"Sing troly, loly, loly, loe!"

And Trowle says:—

"Sing we now, let's see,
Some song will I assaye;
All men now sing after me,
For music of me learn you may."

and afterwards they wend forth to Bethlehem, and when they see Mary, and "JESUS CHRIST lapped in hay," they kneel down to worship and give thanks, and kiss the manger and the swaddling clothes, and offer grotesque rustic gifts.

"Lo! I bring thee a bell!
Lo! I bring thee a flaggett,
And thereby a spoon,
To eat thy pottage withal at noon."

Trowle offers a pair of his wife's old hose, an offering which is sometimes quoted as an instance of intentional absurdity, yet there is nothing to ridicule in Trowle's simple declaration that he has nothing else to give

. . . "That is worth anything at all,
But my good heart while I live,
And my prayers till death do me call."

After this, quite irrelavently, four boys come in, and they bring offerings, too, and then the First Shepherd solemnly bids farewell to the LORD'S Mother, and the Second Shepherd says,

"Brethren, let us all three, singing, walk homewards."

It is characteristic of the age, to which these performances belong, that they all determine to keep sheep no more. Trowle counsels the others to agree "for their misdeeds amends to make," as he, for one, intends to do. "Shepherd's craft I now forsake," he declares. He will betake himself wholly "to that childe," and find an

"anker" or hermitage near by, where he may watch and wait in his prayers.

"Sheep will I keep none now," says the Third Shepherd; he and the Second Shepherd determine to go forth and "preach in every place."

"This world I wholly refuse," says the First Shepherd. Barefoot on his feet, he will go into the wilderness to bemoan his sins.

Deeply as the Mediæval mind did sometimes read into the depths of the Gospel story, they do not seem to have caught the least hint of any significance in the visions being sent to simple labouring men, whose watch-keeping by night was the proper work of their humble calling.

I would mention that the Shepherd's Play is succeeded by that of the three Kings. I am unable to notice the mass of legend that has in this case grown up about the narrative of the Evangelist; but before I quit the subject of the first days' performances I must, at least, devote a few words to the very peculiar scene of Octavian and the Sibyl. It occurs in the midst of the sixth play, which bears the general title of "The Salutation and Nativity," and it is, in the first instance, an amplification of the statement of the Evangelist, that "there went forth a decree from Cæsar Augustus that all the world should be taxed." A personage called a Nuntius appears and proclaims :—

. . . "Make room, lordings, and give us way,
And let Octavian come and play,
And Sibyl the Sage that well fare may
To tell you of prophesy.
That LORD that died on Good Friday,
He save you all both night and day,
Farewell, lordings, I go my way,
I may no longer abide." . . . .

And then Octavian enters, and in a long speech boasts of his own greatness, and the greatness of the Roman Empire. And in this speech occur 13 lines of French, such as have been already alluded to, of which the meaning has long been lost.

"Segurrs tous se asmeles," they begin, and we can just guess that this was once "Seigneurs tous ici assemblés," but the rest is quite unintelligible. The speech, however, is lengthy enough without these 13 lines.

"Since I was Soveraine (he says) war clean can cease,
And thoro' this world now is peace,
For so dread a duke sat never on dais,
In Rome, that you *may* trust."

Therefore, to prove his might and power, he will send about and see "how many heads he has," and king, clerke, knight, or knave, each man one penny shall pay, and this game shall begin in Judœa, because the folk of the Jewes are "*in* the medest of the world!" His bedell, who, oddly enough, swears by Mahound, hastens forth to do his bidding, and then the senators of Rome appear, to tell him they are sent from all Rome to offer to honour him as a god.

Octavian hesitates:—

. . . "Folly it were (he says) by many a waye,
Seeing I must die I wot not what day, . . .
Neither of iron, tree, nor stone,
Am I not wrought ye wot each one,
And of my life most part is gone." . . .

And there is no godhead, this he knows, without eternity, for

. . . "Godhead asks in al thinge
Tyme that hath no beginninge,
Nor never shall have ending,
And none of this have I." . . .

Nevertheless, let them ask Sibyl the Sage—

. . . "Her that has grace for to see
Things that afterwards shall be." . . .

So Sibyl the sage appears, and he asks her whether there shall ever be any earthly king greater than himself. "Yea, Sir," she answers at once,

. . . "A barn is born bliss to bring,"

the which had never beginning, nor never shall have end. And on the Emperor's further enquiries, she utters a distinct prophecy of JESUS CHRIST. The arrival of Joseph

and Mary, and the Birth of the Holy Child is next represented, and then (after a long discourse by an Expositor) the Sibyl and the Emperor reappear, and the Sibyl shows him in a vision "a maiden bright," with a young child in her arms, in whom Octavian recognizes the true divine King.

"Honour will I that sweet wight, (9)
For that reverence is most right,
Should I be GOD? Nay, witterly,
Great wrong I wiste it were."

And so he turns to the Senators, and wholly refuses the worship they offer, and bids them rather "worship this child" with full harte all they can. . . . An Expositor sums up the matter by declaring:—

. . . "Lordings, that this is vrai
By very sign know ye maie,
For in Rome, in good faye,
There, as these things were seene,
Was built a church in noble array,
In worship of Mary, that sweet maye,
That yet lasteth unto this daye,
As all men know that there hath been."

And with this strange mixture of history and fable, the first day's performances seem to have closed.

Archdeacon Rogers tells us that the nine pageants played on the second day opened with the slaying of the children by Herod; but after that popular, but horrible series of incidents, which ends with the death of Herod, who is carried off by a demon, no grotesque interlude, no rude by-play, mars the ever deepening solemnity and pathos with which the sacred story of the Passion is gradually unfolded. Not, however, that there is no intermixture of legend. Thus, for instance, when the Pharisees bring the woman taken in adultery to JESUS, and He says, "let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone." and, stooping down, writes on the ground, "each man believes that he sees his own sins written down." "No longer dare I here be for dread of worldly shame," says one.

(9) Wight—a person, a creature.

"Alas! that I were away far behind France," cries another.

And the pageant that immediately follows the Crucifixion is that so-called "Harrowing of Hell," which invariably had its place in every collection of mysteries. For no tradition had a firmer hold on the mind of mediæval Europe, than that which taught that none but Enoch and Elias had a place in Paradise until CHRIST died upon the Cross, and descending into hell, fetched thence our first parents, with "Abel, their child, and Noah, righteous man," and "Moses, law-giver for faith approved," the patriarch Abraham and King David—"Israel with his sire and with his sons"—"and others many more." Readers of Dante will remember the passage in the 4th Canto.

The most exceptional play in the Chester Mysteries is the last but one of the entire series—the 6th play on the 3rd day—which represented the Coming of Antichrist. As far as I know, it is found nowhere else except in one early Latin collection, though the legend on which it was founded is a well-known one. Antichrist convinces the Kings of the Earth by raising the dead, but is confounded by Enoch and Elias, whom he is, nevertheless, able to slay, but is himself slain by the Archangel Michael, and his soul carried off by demons, whilst Enoch and Elias are recalled to life and taken to heaven's bliss by Michael. "Long," he says, "have you been dwelling in Paradise, but to Heaven, where Himself is, now shall you go with me."

The next play, which is the 24th and last, bears the awful title of "Doomsday," and very awful and terrible it is. At the very end the Four Evangelists appear, and bear testimony that they have written and taught the truth concerning CHRIST'S redemption, and therefore "Excusation none there is," if the witness was unheeded. In the 22nd play, of which the subject is the Descent of the HOLY SPIRIT, there is a very quaint scene, in which the Twelve Articles of the Apostles' Creed, the correspon-

ing words of the Creed itself being recited in Latin between each verse, S. Peter beginning with:

"I believe in GOD omnipotent,
That made earth and firmament,
With steadfast harte and true intent;
And he is my comforte."

And the newly-chosen S. Matthias ending with:

"I believe, as all we may,
Everlasting life after my day,
In heaven to have ever and aye,
And so overcome the devil."

After which, S. Peter proposes that they shall all

"Goe each one to divers countreye,
and preach to shier and to cittie.
The faith, as CHRIST us bade." . . .

It seems to be pretty certain that the Chester Plays were not acted annually, though we do not know whether the intervals at which the performances took place, were regular or irregular. In the years when (to use the quaint old phrase) the plays "went not," there was a grand procession of the Trade Guilds of Chester, dating, perhaps, from even earlier times than the mysteries themselves, which included a great many strange devices, and was known as the Midsummer Show.

All these ancient customs, but especially the Whitson Plays, were the delight and pride of the citizens of Chester, though it is possible, and even probable, that there may always have been some who disapproved of them, and would have liked to see them put down. Thus, in the 14th and 15th centuries, we find the followers of Wiclif crying out against the popular religious drama, and when we understand how very large was the intermixture of legendary matter, we can readily understand their feelings. At the Reformation the Puritan party openly denounced the "Popish Plays," as they usually called them, as altogether abominable—a profanation of the Sacred Scriptures themselves. For, to the Puritans, every kind of dramatic representation partook of the nature of sin, and, as religious feeling in England became increasingly Puritan in character, we find traces of a constant and persevering endeavour to get rid of them altogether.

Archdeacon Rogers concludes his account of them by saying :—

. . . . "These Whitson Playes were played in Chester, Anno Domini 1574, Sr John Savage, Kt., being Mayor of Chester, ... and (he continues) we have all cause to power out our prayers before God, that neither wee, nor our posterities after us, may never see the like Abomination of Desolation, with such a Clowde of Ignorance to defyle with so highe a hand the sacred Scriptures of God. But of the mercy of God for the tyme of our Ignorance he regards it not: and thus much in brief of the Whitsun Playes."

"For," he says, elsewhere, "if I should here recite the whole storye of these playes it would be too tedious for this breviary; *as, also, they being nothing profitable to any use, except it be to shew the Ignorance of our Forefathers*, and to make us, their offspring, inexcusable before God, that have the true and sincere words of the Gospell, if we apprehende not the same in our life and practice to the eternal glorie of our God, and the salvation and comforte of our own soules."

But the "Popish Plays" died hard. It would seem, from a list of the Mayors and Sheriffs of Chester, published by Daniel King, in 1656, that they were actually played again in 1575, but on the first Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, after Midsummer Day, instead of at Whitsuntide, and that Sir John Savage, who was still Mayor, caused them to be played in defiance of an inhibition from the Archbishop of York, and was, therefore, served by a "pursevant" from York, the very same day that a new Mayor was elected, just as Mr. Hankey had been, for the like contempt, when *he* was Mayor in 1572. An "divers others of the Citizens and Players," says Daniel King, "were troubled for the same matter."

It is clear that they were again acted in 1600, for we have a copy of the Banes, specially prepared for that occasion, in which it is admitted that the Plays do indeed contain

"Some things not warranted by Holy Writ," . . .

but,

"As all that see them shall most welcome be,
So all that hear them wee most humbly praye
Not to compare this matter or storye
With the age or tyme wherein we presently staye,
But in the tyme of ignorance, wherein we did stray.
If the same be liking to the commons all,
Then our desier is to satisfy, for that is all our game.
If no matter nor show thereof specyall,
Doe not please, but mislike the most of the trayne,
Goe back, I say, to that first tyme again;
Then you shall find the fyne witt at this day abounding,
At that day, and that age, had very small being."

That they were acted again a few years later is proved by the existence of a MS. copy, bearing the date 1607; but after the siege of Chester, and the complete predominance of Puritanism during the Civil War, we do not hear of them again. There was, indeed, some poor attempt made at the Restoration to make new giants, and to revive the Midsummer show; but the broken tradition of the Mysteries was not so easily to be repaired, and the very memory of what they had been like was soon buried under the dust of many generations.

If, indeed, the recollection of them could be "nothing profitable but to show the ignorance of our forefathers," it would be hardly worth while to try to clear away that dust, and bring them once more forth to the light; but, indeed, they are interesting in so many ways, and in so many different points of view, that I find some difficulty in limiting myself to the few concluding remarks, which is all that I shall now attempt.

1. In the first place, we cannot but observe that, with all their faults, they did keep vividly before the mind of the English nation the leading outlines of Christian teaching, and that in the historical form suggested by the Apostles' Creed. Much that was legendary, coarse, incongruous, was there also, no doubt; but *that* was there above all.

2. What a wonderful educative force lay in the fact that they were acted by the people of Chester themselves!

It was not as mere spectators that the Chester public assisted at these Mysteries. No: the performance was a local work of art, in which the entire town had a personal share. They believed, with just pride, that, search England throughout, "None had the like, nor the like dose sett out."

This, indeed, was the characteristic of the old English drama. There were no professional actors, and no theatres. "It hath not been used," wrote the Corporation of London, 1575—(in reply to a complaint on the part of the players that their refusal to allow them to exercise their art within the City of London was taking the bread out of their mouths)—"nor thought meet, heretofore, that players should make their living on the art of playing; but men, for their living using other honest and lawful arts, or retained in honest services, have, by companies, learnt some interludes, for some encrease to their profitts by other men's pleasures in vacant time of recreation." . .

The first theatre came into being between 1575 and 1580, nor can we regret a change that gave us Shakespeare; but the audience for which Shakespeare wrote, was an audience trained to true dramatic appreciation by their perfect familiarity with acting as an amusement, and their instinctive readiness to respond to the demand that a good play makes upon the imagination.

3. The old religious drama created in the popular mind a high ideal of the true use and purpose of dramatic art; namely, to present to the imagination a living picture of the realities of life and feeling.

Since the Puritans, rooting out both wheat and tares together in the eagerness of their zeal, made the theatre over to the enemy of mankind, it has seldom, *at its best*, aimed higher than mere entertainment. Not so the old Mysteries; not so the Moralities; not so the Elizabethan drama. Some relief, in the shape of farce or comedy, the people, indeed, demanded, but the main purpose was often entirely serious, and the spectators, that were so ready to laugh, were equally ready to respond to the appeal addressed to the higher nature. Shakespeare's plays would

hardly have been written now. The audience then expected the stage to treat of that which they really cared for, and that first and foremost had been religion; and then, a little later, came the history and politics of their native country. There were farcical interludes, of course, but many examples might be given to show that, among a rude people, farcical interludes did not produce an impatience of everything that was not farce. It was not farce, but controversy, that introduced into the religious plays that element of heartless irreverence which slays the very soul of faith.

Yet I, for my part, am inclined to think that it was well that the old mystery plays, whether in Chester or elsewhere, did come to an end in England in the 17th century. It is true that the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau is, as I have already hinted, nothing else but a set of Scriptural Mysteries—just such as the Chester Mysteries—purified from legend and coarseness, and set forth in an almost ideally perfect manner once in ten years. But that such a performance would jar upon many of our best instincts almost anywhere but in a remote and and secluded mountain village, is certain. What it might become elsewhere may be gathered from the impression left upon an English mind by the vulgar spectacles frequently to be seen in Spain or in Belgium. As carefully guarded attempts in that direction, I may, however, mention the wonderful "morality," if I may so call it, of the "Pilgrim's Progress," carried out with so much success by George Macdonald and his family; and the following account of a remarkable set of Scriptural pictures, or tableaux-vivants, grouped from scenes in the Ober-Ammergau play, and given by the inhabitants of a village in Worcestershire, appeared in the *Daily News* on January 9th, 1882:—

"The usually quiet village of Rouslench, near Pershore, Worcestershire, has, during the past week, been the scene of an extraordinary miracle play, which was suggested to the Rector, The Rev. Mr. Chafey, by the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau. The interest in the

play grew daily. . . . . In style the piece had been made to imitate, as far as possible, the Great Passion Play, suitable scenery and gorgeous dresses having been obtained at great cost. The performance consisted of a series of tableaux-vivants, representing various events in the life of Christ. There were exactly 50 persons taking part in the performance, their ages ranging from four years to 82 years, the Rector taking a leading character from time to time. An explanation was given of the successive tableaux, and selections of music were played during the performance from the Elijah and from the Messiah."

But these are exceptions and I do not desire to see such attempts become common. What I do regret is the disappearance of that which was next, after the Moralities, the earliest successor to the religious drama, the old Chronicle Play, wherein the events and characters of English history were dealt with in the same simple pictorial way as the history of the Bible had been in the religious plays; and now the importance of healthful and innocent recreation is being realized, as it never was realized before, I am not without hope that something of this kind may actually be revived before long, and prove a very great success. We must remember that it is upon the old Chronicle plays, simple and rude as they were, that Shakespeare's magnificent historical dramas are founded.

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

Between May, 1897, and May, 1898.

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.]

Louisa Darbishire. June, 1897. Passed in Group G (Political, Physical, and Historical Geography). December, 1897. Passed in Group C (Mathematics).

Maud Enock. June, 1897. Passed in Group B (Modern Languages, German).

Evelyn Holland. June, 1897. Passed in Group G (Political, Physical, and Historical Geography).

CAMBRIDGE SENIOR LOCAL EXAMINATION, December, 1897.

Passed, Hilda Davies.
,, Frances Mill.
,, Gladys Williamson, Distinction in Book of Common Prayer.
,, Margery Taylor.
,, Elsie Heywood.

CAMBRIDGE JUNIOR LOCAL EXAMINATIONS, December, 1897.

Honours, Second Class, Dorothy Walthall, Distinction in French.

Passed, Alice C. Harding, but this candidate would also have obtained a Class in Honours if she had not been over 16 years of age.
,, Florence Banister Jones, Distinction in Religious Knowledge.
,, Beatrice Cawley.
,, Lilian Warmsley.
,, Charlotte Major, Distinction in Old Testament.
,, Dora L. Webb, Distinction in Music.
,, Ruth Alexander.
,, Margaret Lewis.
,, Florence Andrew.

THE ROYAL DRAWING SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

DIVISION I. Freehand. *Honours.* A. Darbishire, F. Dobie, M. Horton, B. Jones, E. Langlands, M. Lee, M. Savage, A. Viggars. *Passed.* F. Beckett, O. Burges, H. Burston, B. Cawley, M. Coplestone, E. Douglas, A. Finchett, N. Baillie Hamilton, E. Isaac, M. Linaker, E. F. Maitland, C. Major, E. B. Mence, E. Naylor, M. D. Nicholls, L. Richmond, E. Wells.

DIVISION II. Curves in Perspective. *Honours.* L. Darbishire.

DIVISION III. Models. *Honours.* F. Andrew, J. Cowap. *Passed.* F. M. Baird, A. Harding, A. Prichard.

DIVISION IV. Plant Drawing. *Honours.* L. Darbishire.

DIVISION V. Shading. *Honours.* E. A. Sandford. *Passed.* E. M. Holland.

DIVISION VI. Painting. *Honours.* Irene C. Copleston.

A full Honour Certificate has now been obtained by Louisa Darbishire. To gain this a Candidate must have taken Honours in Five Divisions.

At the Annual Exhibition of Young Students Drawings, at 50, Queen Anne's Gate, London, in April, 1898, *all* the eight drawings sent from the Queen's School were commended; some Brush work done by Gladys Breffit, aged ten, was Highly Commended.

EXAMINATIONS OF THE ASSOCIATED BOARD OF THE ROYAL ACADAMY OF MUSIC AND THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

July, 1897.

LOCAL SCHOOL EXAMINATION, (held at Mold for Mrs. Douglas Adams' pupils only).

SINGING.—HIGHER DIVISION. Passed with Distinction, Ella Douglas. Passed, E. A. Sandford.

April, 1898.

LOCAL CENTRE EXAMINATIONS.

PIANOFORTE.—HIGHER GRADE. Passed, Dora Louisa Webb.

LONDON INSTITUTE FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF PLAIN NEEDLEWORK.

The following Pupils have gained Certificates.

GRADE I. *Very Good.* A. Darbishire, E. Hewitt. *Good.* Bessie Jones.

GRADE II. *Very Good.* W. Pegler. *Good.* M. Bird, F. Lloyd, M. Lee, E. Jones, M. Horton, A. Finchett.

GRADE IV. *Good.* A. Caldecutt, M. Lewis, D. Webb. *Very Fair.* C. Major.

GRADE V. *Very Good.* Jessie Cowap. *Good.* R. Alexander. *Very Fair.* M. C. Elwell, A. Harding.

The Queen's Scholarship, founded in commemoration of Her Majesty's Jubilee, was gained in July, 1897, by Alice Dorothy Delves Walthall.

In Memoriam.

THE pupils of the Queen's School will hear with no little interest that the friends of the late Mr. William Davies are intending to commemorate his name, and their regard for him, by the foundation of a "William Davies" Prize for Art or Literature, to be given annually in this School.

A beautiful design has been prepared and executed by Mr. Walmsley Price, himself one of these friends, in which the intention and purpose of the founders is set forth as follows :—

"This Prize has been founded as an expression of loving regard for the memory of the late Mr. William Davies, and of grateful appreciation of the high simplicity of character, the wide culture, the singlehearted devotion to the True and Beautiful, and the rare gifts of insight and sympathy, which made it so great a privilege to be admitted into the circle of his friends. Art and Literature were the favorite pursuits of his life, and his love for young people and interest in their education were unfailing. It is felt that his name will be appropriately commemorated in this Prize, and it is intended that it shall be annually awarded by the Headmistress of the Queen's School, Chester, to the pupil who shall in her opinion have done best, either in Art or Literature."

The reproduction of a photograph of the late Mr. William Davies, taken some years ago in Italy, has been incorporated into the design, which also includes two of his etchings. The one is a view of Rome, the other, strangely appropriate, represents a vacant seat, evidently but just deserted, by one who has been sitting out of doors in the sunshine, and who has been suddenly called away. The verse, or motto, which comes below is taken from one of his poems :—*

"I have, I hold, I hope, I trust,
Nor take my measure from the dust."

* "Shepherd's Thrift"—in the Shepherd's Garden.

We have ventured to print another poem out of the same volume—The Rest—because it seems to contain so true a picture of the life which was certainly his ideal: not to be rich, not to have many possessions, not to become known to fame, not to be in bondage to other men's opinions, but to lead his own life, and to dwell in the kingdom of his own thoughts, listening continually to that inner voice* which is rarely to be heard in the hurry of multifarious occupations, and to realize in the deepest depths of his own soul that union with the Divine, for which man was created, and without which he can never be at peace.

In literature he had strong preferences and equally strong distastes. Browning he could never read with pleasure. "It does not find me" he used to say.

He had a true admiration for Wordsworth, but I do not remember ever hearing him speak with enthusiasm of Tennyson, or, indeed, of any of our later 19th century poets, except Rossetti. But the very form and fashion of his own verses shows, what was indeed the case, that his whole heart was given to the Elizabethans. H. C. Beeching's Paradise of English Poetry, which contains so much 16th century verse, was the last book, except the Bible, that I ever saw him take an interest in; 'it has so many of my favorites,' he said. And, in particular he was pleased to see that it contained one poem by a *modern* writer, which he did greatly like, I mean Emily Brontë's "Last Lines." He used to marvel that they were not better known.

In prose literature he was especially well acquainted with the writings of the Mystics, and amongst these Tauler's Sermons seemed to be seldom far from his hand. I think it was his habitual delight in this line of thought which led him finally to give himself so much to the study of the sacred Books of the East; and especially of the Vedas. With Bhuddism he was not so much in sympathy,

* "A man's mind is sometimes wont to tell him more than seven watchmen that sit above in a high tower," was a favorite quotation of his."

regarding it as upon an altogether lower level than the more ancient religion from which it was an offshoot. But of the value of the Vedas as "instructors in the region of the higher life," he has said, "there is no parallel in literature outside the teaching of Christ as found in the New Testament."

"Not here indeed," *he continues*, "nor anywhere, do we find the warm, loving, active religion of the Author of Christianity in its sweetness, its tenderness, its rich humanities, its general applicability to the societies of men," but, "The human soul is an entity of many facets. He who would learn the great lesson of life will not be content to fix his attention on one. Life, the World, are but points in infinite space. He who is wise, standing on these points, will look around. He will not close his eyes upon one ray, and say this is all. If the soul of man is a spark from the being of God he who has this lofty fathership will know and feel that by virtue of his origin he may take the wings of the morning and visit the place of the birth of souls, of the life that never dies. To him the wealth of the world, its honours, and the objects of its desire, will be less than little. He will see the noble beyond the mean, the permanent beyond the changeable. *Satisfied, stable, helpful to others, restful within himself,* he will look upon life as an education, time as his instructor, the world as his school. This is the teaching of the Vedas, as it is of the noblest religion, the highest philosophy* . . . . . .

That life was an education was ever a predominant thought with Mr. Davies. The chapter on the Educational Value of Suffering in his Pilgrim of the Infinite, was written when he was feeling sorely tired by the ever increasing burden of his long illness, in which a perpetual restlessness seemed even more harassing than actual pain. Yet, "if we were only impersonal enough and could regard things from a purely independent point of view," he says, "we should often perceive the breaking of light where we now only see blank darkness." And again; "Job was praised for his constancy,—though He slay me yet will I trust in Him—and because, whilst his friends saw only the Avenger, he saw the hand, not of punishment but of divine instruction . . . . . When he had perceived this, peace was restored to him. He sat upon the throne of his discovery."

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*Wisdom of the Upanishads, by William Davies. Rome, 1886 (unpublished).

Some may remember that Mr. Davies was, during his illness, a great reader of the Book of Job. "It is the very thing I need at present," he once said to a friend. He never could endure to regard the sufferings of life as punitive. "I do not believe it," he says in a letter written not many months before his death, "all suffering is educational and for no other purpose. When shall we be wise enough to see this great truth? It is the key to so many of the difficulties of life."

I am inclined to think that the peculiar charm of Mr. Davies's conversation was largely due to the constant presence, as a recognised background and foundation, of such convictions as these; but it would be a great mistake to suppose the talk was always of a serious character. Mr. Davies had a charming sense of humour, and a delicate gift of clever portraiture, which made his reminiscences of men and things as entertaining as a book of French memoirs. And with all his dislike to every kind of charlatanry and modern magic, no one could tell a weird tale in a more thrilling way. Another delightful social gift was an unfailing readiness to be keenly interested in his friends' concerns. In one way or another the talk that accompanied and followed the Dante readings which were held round his tea-table from week to week, was no less interesting than the Dante readings themselves. It seemed very sad when his waning powers brought all this kind of enjoyment to a close. "See what I have come to," he said with a sorrowful smile, one day when a friend came in and saw some almost childish magazine lying open on his book-rest, "I cannot now read anything that requires thought." The last pleasure, I think, that remained open to him was the being out of doors a great deal in an invalid chair.

The short account of his life that follows has been most kindly communicated to me by his brother, Mr. Robert Davies.

You ask (he says) for some particulars of the life of my lamented brother, William Davies. Beyond the kind and appreciative notice of his death in the Athenæum, I have not seen anything published, and, indeed his life was in no way very eventful.

He was educated at the Warrington Grammar School, and as my father was engaged as a manufacturer of canvas and glass, and in other businesses, he was intended for a mercantile career, and was placed in Parr's Bank, where he remained some years, during which he was most instrumental in the establishment of the Warrington School of Art, wherein Luke Fildes, R.A., Harry Woods, R.A., Collinson, Brewtnall, and others have been trained. He early showed his taste for art, and studied painting for some short time, though he soon found that his vocation lay rather in the pen than the pencil.

Ultimately he gave up the idea of entering into business, left the Bank, and went upon the Continent, studying the art galleries and sketching the scenery. This continued for several years during the spring and summer months, his custom being to winter in London, and it was always a great pleasure to me to visit him there. On these occasions, he often took me to call upon his friends, many of whom have since become well known in the literary and artistic world. He never belonged to a club. The houses of his friends were his club, where, from his kind disposition, his willingness always to assist with what influence he had, and what knowledge he possessed, and his ever present sympathy, he was always a welcome visitor. He wrote occasional articles for the Quarterly, of which his friend, Dr. Wm. Smith, was the editor, and contributed valuable papers from time to time to various magazines and publications, for writing which his extensive reading well fitted him. He took pains to understand every subject he took up, and I believe that, like myself, he never had a dull or unoccupied hour in his life.

After a few years he found that the English winters renewed an old chest trouble;—indeed, once when I went up to see him in Guildford Street—he had had three attacks of pleurisy, and it was after this experience that he arranged to pass his winters abroad. The result was that he went to Rome, and settled there, coming over to spend a month or two with us in the summer. Amongst the friends he had in London, G. Dante Rossetti probably influenced him to some extent in his choice of Rome. In some of Rossetti's published letters, he speaks in very friendly terms of my brother, lamenting that "he was cursed with a small competence," a fact which Rossetti regarded as a hindrance to his attaining a higher place in the temple of fame. There Rossetti was wrong, for if my

brother had been the poorest of the poor, he could not have worked harder than he did, and without "his small competence" his talents would have been applied in other directions. The truth is that he had no ambition to push and strive. Being unmarried and with no family claims upon him, and free from greed for money, his wish was to spend his time in the studies he loved, to cultivate his friendships, and to leave something behind him as good as his abilities allowed.

His first book was the "Songs of a Wayfarer," published by Messrs. Longmans & Co., in 1869, which found many admirers amongst the cultured classes. His next work appealed to a wider circle, and was called the "Pilgrimage of the Tiber"—(from its mouth to its source). It was illustrated by sketches, partly from his own pencil, and partly from the contributions of his friends, and formed a handsome 8vo volume, of which two editions were published by Sampson Low & Co., the former in 1873, and the second in 1875. The Athenæum reviewed the pilgrimage most favourably, calling it a delightful book from beginning to end, and no reader of its pages, combining as they do, travel, learning, and accuracy, can disagree with the reviewer. One dramatic scene often returns to my memory, when the old Italian guide led my brother to the tiny rill, which is the source of the Tiber, he said, leaning on his staff,

"E questo si chiama il Tevere a Roma!"

"and this they call the Tiber at Rome"!

I have often thought what a picture might be painted from this incident! This is what they call the Tiber at Rome!

Another volume of poems called "The Shepherd's Garden," was published by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., in 1873, and both it and the Songs of a Wayfarer drew forth high encomiums from the Athenæum and other reviews. A prose work called "A Fine Old English Gentleman" was also issued by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., in 1875, but somewhat to his disappointment, and much to our surprise, it was not as warmly received as his other compositions had been, though to his best friends it breathes in every page what was best in him, his reverence for goodness, the true spirit of a gentleman in the best sense of the word, and his estimate of what constituted real nobility. It is a biographical study of the life of Admiral Collingwood, and was prompted, I believe, by private records brought to his knowledge. Next followed, in collaboration with Mrs. Smetham, the preparation of the letters of his friend, Mr. James Smetham. To this my brother contributed an able introduction. The volume was published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., in 1891, and his share in it gave him

great pleasure, for he regarded it as a labour of love, and as a tribute to a gifted artist, whose career was cut short by a long illness followed by an early death. Last of all, my brother wrote the "Pilgrim of the Infinite," a title suggested by a passage in the *Arnoldo da Brescia of Niccolini.*

"Farà ritorno
A Deo lo spirto, e andrà di stella in stella,
Eterno pelegrin dell' Infinito."

The Pilgrim of the Infinite is a discourse addressed to advanced religious thinkers on Christian lines, and was published by Messrs. Macmillan in 1894. It was not penned from any partial theological point of view, and should be read as containing the last aspirations of one who had thought much and deeply on religious subjects, and had studied, from a desire to reach the truth, the systems of the sacred lawgivers of many of the races of mankind.

After many years residence in Rome, my brother was suddenly stricken by paralysis, and after we had brought him home, and he had partially recovered from the first effects of his illness, we settled him at Chester as a convenient centre, where, with his usual good fortune, he made many friends, whose constant kindness and attention, together with the ministrations of a devoted nurse, will never be forgotten by any of the remaining members of his family. Providentially, the paralysis did not affect his mind, and though he suffered greatly from a nervous restlessness, which the disease brought with it, he was not unhappy, otherwise than from that, and from his helplessness.

Being entirely at home in the Italian language, and a deep student of Dante, he was even able to form an Italian class amongst his Chester friends, and as we watched him grow feebler and feebler each month, we felt that nothing more could be done for him, and that he was reconciled and even anxious for the great change, to the approach of which he was looking forward with serenity and hope. The last time that I saw him, which was the night before his death, he expressed a hope that he should not recover, and about 2 p.m. on the next day (Sunday, the 9th May, 1897,) he passed peacefully away in the presence of his nurse, and of my sister, Mrs. Alfred Thomas and her husband. He now lies with his own people in the Warrington Cemetery, and we have inscribed upon his tomb his name and the date of death, adding a line from his Songs of a Wayfarer.

"Thy cry shall be no more; alas, for peace!"

The following Extract from the article in the Athenæum seems too characteristic to be omitted :–

"For many years a resident in Rome, Mr. William Davies was the author of some works of singularly delicate quality. . . . . But his claims to be remembered rest not only upon his works, but on his sympathy with, and generosity according to his means to the members of that literary and artistic circle, with which it was the pleasure of his life to associate. If any one of them fell into trouble or sickness "Jeff" Davies was certain to hear of it, and equally certain to be amongst the first to visit him, and to nurse or assist him as occasion required."

In connection with this, the Chester friends of Mr. William Davies will always remember the warm feeling with which he so often used to speak of the affectionate tenderness with which he himself was cared for by his Roman friends, when he, in his turn, fell ill in Rome.

M. E. S.

The Rest.

WHO hath no wish for rule, nor seeks for place,
Or honour's grace;
But wills to be the master of his ways,
Despising praise;
And though hot strife for gold rule all around,
Yet, still contented, keeps his sober bound;
This man a rest shall have
Which those, though gaining their desire, shall crave.

When rich men point to fields and broad estates,
He knows them baits
To care, and that for every crop is sown
New cares are mown,
And troubles sickled with their Autumn wheat;
So slippery is the tenure of the great;
So short, so frail the zest
Of mortal pride and bravery, at their best.

He firmly aims within his constant mind,
At truths behind
The painted shows of Time's deceptive things,
Nor envies kings;
Ruling a realm within more vast and grand
Than titled acres of prolific land:
His rich increase is more
Than all the wealth of their ingarnered store.

Whilst others' passions serve and fierce desire
His tempered fire
Doth gently warm, and not consume, or dim
The sun in him,

But adds a richer fragrance to the rose,
And every morn fresh gladness doth disclose,
Flooding this earthly being
With those great lights that fill an angel's seeing.

Him every breeze that blows with airy voice
Doth bid rejoice,
And every star that drowsy evening shows,
To sleep compose;
Each bird that sings amongst the spreading trees
Is charged to him with heavenly messages,
And blossoms breathe their smell
To scent the chambers, where his soul doth dwell.

Stumble he may, but he can never fall,
Or be the thrall
Of error; for through humbleness and love,
His way doth prove
How in the path of pure simplicity
And singleness, the light of truth doth lie;
Himself he sets aside,
In the great universal Law to abide.

And when at last he bids farewell to Time,
He spreads sublime,
Broad wings of faith and hope, and floats secure
To haven sure,
And anchors where blue seas are always calm,
And every wind is fed with odoured balm;
For faith doth hold him still
The steadfast pillar of his Maker's will.

From the *Shepherd's Garden* by WILLIAM DAVIES.

Earthquake Experiences in India.

THE Earthquake of June 12th, 1897, which caused such wide-spread destruction in North East India, was the most severe shock that has been felt within living memory in the peninsula of Hindostan. It will, I think, interest my old friends in the Queen's School to have some account of our experiences at Jamalpur, which is the headquarters of the locomotive department of the East Indian Railway, a station containing many large "*pucca*" buildings, two-story bungalows, railway work-shops, etc. Our home is in the Parsonage, a very nice

stone bungalow, happily, as will presently appear, of a single story; and there is a really beautiful church with a fine east end, a good organ, and a peal of eight bells.

Saturday, June 12th, was the last day of one of the chief Mohammedan festivals, the Mohurram, and it was also, comparatively speaking, a cool day. Both these circumstances are worth noting, for both tended to diminish very largely the bad effects of the shock. In the first place, the natives were out in the streets and open places, and the workshops were closed; in the second the Europeans were ready for their evening walk at an earlier hour than usual, and were neither resting nor dressing, as would have been the case on a hotter day. In most places the time of the shock was given as five o'clock or a little later; but this is a railway settlement, and "Madras time," which is half an hour behind the Calcutta time, is kept on all the railways. It was, therefore, at 4-27 by *our* time, that my husband and I were having tea close to our open windows, when we became aware of a loud rumbling, which did not disturb us at first, because it was not very much louder than the noise made by an ordinary bullock cart. But there was no bullock cart in sight, and remembering the little disturbance which visited us at home last year, I said,

"This must be an Earthquake."

"Yes," was the answer, "but not much of a one, the cups aren't even rattling." And, strange to say, they were not; probably because we were being visited by a wave, or rolling motion, not a shaking. But, almost immediately, the whole house began to sway in the most alarming manner, a loud crash was heard, and catching up a little yellow kitten which we had saved from death at the hands of some native children a few weeks before, we rushed into the verandah, to find that also rocking, and the punkha coolies wringing their hands in an agony of alarm.

Most of our servants had been given a holiday in honour of their Festival, but our English-speaking Khitmaghar ran through the swaying house, crying,

'Earthshake, Earthshake!'

and waving us on to the Maidan, an open green space, which is only divided from our compound by a low hedge. The man was *grey with terror*, and I think it was one of the most fearful sights of that fearful day to see the dark faces turn to that lighter hue. We stood on the Maidan as one would do on a rolling ship, our feet firmly planted on the ground, and trying to keep ourselves upright, with an indescribable feeling of utter helplessness, amid all the destruction going on around us. The loud crash we had heard was followed by what looked like a dense cloud of smoke—it was really dust rising from the falling roof and walls of a large house a few yards off. We did

not time the duration of the shock ourselves, but others who were more accustomed to such occurrences did so, and agreed in giving it as seven minutes. Truly it seemed far longer, and well it might, to stand on land which rolls visibly before your eyes for that length of time, is an experience not given to everyone!

The motion ceased rather suddenly, and we ran to ascertain the fate of the inhabitants of the fallen house, and were relieved to find them on their lawn, quite safe, and quietly watching the downfall of their habitation. Naturally they were anxious to save whatever it might be possible to save of their possessions, and orders were given to the servants to enter the ruins and carry out as much as they could, but till led by their "Sahibs" the men refused to go in, though they worked well enough when we all began to do our best to rescue pictures, chairs, personal possessions, etc. In a very short time most of the furniture was safely outside the dangerous building and in due course taken in by those who had been more fortunate.

We returned to our single-story bungalow to find the roof badly cracked in many places, and signs of damage in every room. There was not an arch that had not cracks round it, and these become more and more noticeable as time goes on. But a hurried walk round the station soon convinced us that we were lucky indeed to have escaped so easily. Many of the larger houses were in complete ruins, and on all sides we heard of miraculous escapes—of old ladies carried out just in time to save them, by a few yards only, from the falling roofs, of people hurrying down stairs which crashed in immediately behind them as they ran, of one man who had but just risen from a table upon which fell a shower of bricks which must have killed him had he lingered one moment longer. Some hours before the shock there had been very heavy rains, yet many were the people who were homeless and houseless that night, and though I need hardly say that everything possible was done to render assistance, the disaster was far too extensive to be easily repaired. The damage to the Railway shops was tremendous, and one hardly dares think of the loss of life that must have occurred had the day not been a holiday. Hundreds of natives must have been buried under the falling walls.

The next day we drove into Monghyr—the civil station about six miles away—where the bazaar, or native quarter, was in many places levelled to the ground, and it is almost impossible to understand how people escaped death. A large Baptist chapel which stands on high ground, was ready to fall, and many of the houses belonging to the civil officers had been rendered uninhabitable. I am glad to say that both at Jamalpur and at Monghyr

the churches have escaped with slight injury. There is also a small Roman Catholic Church in this station on which the native Padre has spent all his money. On being asked how his church had fared, he replied simply, "GOD has been very good to me, I am a poor man."

Some years ago this place was visited with what was then considered a severe earthquake, and twelve hours after the first shock came a recoil. It was feared that such might be the case on this occasion also, and very few people could sleep that Saturday night with any feeling of security. The much-dreaded recoil, however did not come, but we have had frequent slight shocks to endure. Even on the following day, when we were busily engaged in writing home letters, tables and pictures began to shake violently and we rushed out into the open air; but this time it *was* only a shake and we soon came in again. Harmless shocks of this kind continued to startle us at intervals, and although one could not help wondering what would happen if even a slight disturbance occurred whilst workmen were in perilous positions in carrying out their task of demolishing unsafe structures, no further damage was done. It was a grand sight to watch the natives, who, though they certainly have no great character for bravery in this part of India, proved that they could be splendily plucky on occasion, some pulling down the dangerously cracked tower of the Institute, whilst others knocked away the bricks almost under their feet.

We have certainly suffered much here; but the accounts that came to us from stricken Calcutta, and from some of the hill stations, have made us feel truly thankful for mercies which are not small.

CATHARINE S. HICKOX.

A Letter from Girton.

To the Editor of "Have Mynde."

MY DEAR EDITOR,

It is with great pleasure that I write what I hope may be the first of a long succession of "Girton Letters." Perhaps the best way in which I can introduce your readers to the college is by asking them to follow me through an entire day, a day as typical as I can make it of our college life.

In the first place, for a small number of the extra energetic, the day begins with "early tea" at 6-45,

which each of the early risers provides in turn in her room. Prayers are read by the Mistress at 8, about a quarter of the college being usually present. Then follows breakfast, which is on the tables until 9, the students coming and going as they please. The morning is of course devoted by almost all, even the most frivolous and pleasure loving, to study, many going to lectures in Cambridge, others attending lectures in the college or working in the library or in their own rooms. Luncheon is provided from 12 to 3, and the early part of the afternoon is spent by most people in various kinds of exercise, such as hockey, tennis, golf, bicycling, &c. Hockey is essentially the college game (except in the summer term, when its place is taken by cricket) and constant matches, both against outside clubs, and also among the students, keep it well up to the mark. This season, I may observe, out of six outside matches we have only lost one. The rest of the afternoon is naturally passed in different ways, tea parties, lectures, work, all putting in various claims. Dinner, as is usual in colleges, takes place at a very early hour, 6 o'clock for first year students, 6-45 for others. Then follow meetings of the different clubs and societies, fire brigade practices, coffee parties, and the like. From 8 to 9 is popularly supposed to be an hour devoted to work, and at 9, tea parties often begin again, and the meetings of the more serious clubs take place, such as political discussion meetings, and those at which papers bearing on the various Tripos subjects are read. There is a system of what are called "silence hours" obtaining in the college, during which pianos may not be played, nor any noise made which could disturb those who may be working. These hours are from 9 to 1, 3 to 6-30, 8 to 9, and 10-30 to 7-30 in the morning. Corridor lights are extinguished at 10, but of course no restriction is laid upon the hours which the students keep in their own rooms. The college however, as a whole, prides itself that comparatively little "midnight oil" is burned. Each student has two rooms communicating with one another, in some cases a curtain doing duty for partition wall, and many of these rooms are exceedingly pretty and attractive. Work is carried on by means of lecturers and private coaching. There is a staff of resident lecturers, but the majority of students also attend a certain number of lectures at the other colleges in Cambridge.

I must just mention briefly the fire brigade, which is a most energetic and well-organized body. Regular practices are held once a week, and "alarms" two or three times a term. On these occasions rattles are sounded throughout the college, and every member, whatever she may be doing, is expected to join her corps immediately. The most trying situation is when an officer, whose presence is especially imperative, is sur-

prised in the act of taking a bath, and many a time figures in dressing gowns and flowing hair may be seen passing buckets and shouting orders, without the least apparent sense of incongruity.

I am afraid I am occupying an inordinate amount of space, but there is so much to be said in a first letter of this kind. I hope your readers will deduce from it, what is certainly the case, that Girton life is well worth trying, and there are, indeed, many charms that cannot possibly appear in so sketchy a description. The best way in which they can realize the life is by entering their names at once, and coming up as soon as possible to live it for themselves.

Believe me,
Yours very sincerely,
E. R. McNEILE.

A House Warming.

February 22nd, 1898.

The Queen's School girls talked in the hall
Of the much longed for fancy ball,
For many days before;
And when the day arrived at last,
In eager waiting it was passed,
By forty girls or more.

Invited to Miss Glascodine's
The girls, of whom I pen these lines,
In fancy dress attired,
To 4, King's Buildings, made their way,
As each arrived, her fine array
By all was much admired.

"Alice in Wonderland" was there,
And "Li Hung Chang" in garments rare,
"Britannia" rules the wave.
A "Daughter of the Regiment" tall,
And "Simple Simon," to the ball
Their handsome presence gave.

"Old Joan," with spectacles and stick,
In dancing seemed as light and quick
As any younger guest;
"Gipsies," and "Dolly Varden" fair,
And "Lady Gainsboro'" were there,
And all most gaily dressed.

"Red Riding Hood," "Pierrette," "Bo Peep,"
A "Geisha" gay, the revels keep,
I cannot mention all,
I hope the rest won't be annoyed.
Well! to the full we all enjoyed
This merry Fancy Ball.

And surely many thanks are due;
Chiefly, Miss Glascodine, to you,
We thank you for our fun,
With those who came our dance to view,
Dr. Bridge and Mrs. Sandford too;
And so my song is done.

A. D. D. WALTHALL.

English Teachers in French Training Colleges.

By K. DAY.

THERE are few openings so advantageous for young English teachers who are anxious to acquire a thorough familiarity with the French language and literature, and also to obtain some practical experience of French educational methods, some first-hand acquaintance with the French character and manners, as those which are offered to girls who are so fortunate as to secure appointments as *Répétrices* in French Écoles Normales.

It is not at all difficult to obtain such a post—though of late years the competition is greater than it used to be. Some proof would, of course, be required that the applicant is, speaking generally, a well-educated person, but no special qualifications are demanded, except the power to speak and teach the English language, with sufficient knowledge of French to be able to converse a little, and to translate at sight. There is a limit of age, but a fairly wide one; anybody between 20 and 35 is eligible, provided she have not a quite too youthful appearance. All needful particulars can at any time be obtained by addressing a letter to Mlle. Petrus-Blanc, the Secretary

of the Franco-English Guild, 6 Rue de la Sorbonne, Paris. (1) Candidates, whose applications have received the approval of the French Education Department, are finally selected at a kind of Entrance Examination, in no way formidable in character, which is conducted by Miss Williams, the President of the Franco-English Guild, usually at Cambridge, and in the spring of every year. The appointments are made for the following October. (2)

Three years ago I decided to give up the post I then held, and to go on with my own education, and I may add here that as Répétetrice, in the École Normale d' Institutrices at Amiens, I not only enjoyed an excellent opportunity of improving my knowledge of French, but I also found a welcome rest from the wear and tear of a teacher's life. The duties were very light: half an hour's English conversation every day with the girls, and perhaps an hour's lesson with one of the mistresses, and then I was at leisure to attend lectures and study for myself. The whole staff, from the Directrice downwards, were most kind in helping and correcting me.

I have been asked to give a short account of the student life of those among whom I spent a very happy year.

L' École Normale d' Institutrices, is, as I dare say you all know, the French for a Training College for Elementary School Mistresses. In speaking of *the* Training College, you must remember that this means *the* typical one, for there is such a Training College in everyone of the 84 or 85 departments in France; only as the system is everywhere identical, from the blue paper in which the

(1) Enclose two 2½d. stamps.

(2) NOTE.—The following is a translation of a Notice published by the French Ministry of Public Instruction:—

"The Minister of Public Instruction in France has decided that English or German Student Teachers shall be admitted into Training Colleges for primary teachers to fulfil the duties of Assistant Teachers of foreign languages.

They will be required to give to the Students, who are girls from fifteen to twenty years of age, and to any of the teachers who may wish for it, practical instruction in their mother tongue, and practice in conversation. They will be asked to devote, at most, an hour and a half to two hours a day to their duties as Assistant Teachers. In exchange, they will be allowed to attend during the rest of the day, the different lessons given at the College on Pedagogics, the French language, Science, and Arts, or to employ themselves as they think fit. They will not, however, be allowed to give any paid lessons outside the College. They will not receive any salary from the French Government. These young ladies will be placed on the same footing as the teachers who board in the Training Colleges, that is to say, they will have a room to themselves within the building, board, light, and firing, on condition that they pay to the College the sum of 400 Francs (£16) for the ten months of the school year . . . . . They will be boarded in the College, free of any other charge, during the whole of the School year, from October 1st to July 31st, holidays included."

girls envelope all their books, to the sabots in which they clatter about on wet days, when one is described, you will have a pretty good idea of all the rest. I must not here wander into a digression on the evils or the advantages of grinding everything in the same mill. One thing is certain, it must save printers and publishers a great deal of trouble when the same text books are used all over France, from Bordeaux to Arras; but this uniformity is so alien to our own national character, that we never cease to be astonished at it, and to wonder how this sameness meets with such unquestioning acceptance in a people whom we had pictured to ourselves as rather given to change. There are, no doubt, many lessons to be learned from such contacts with a foreign point of view. We shall find, perhaps, 75 students, varying in age from 16 to 24, in *the* Ecole Normale, most of them about 19, and it is hardly possible to make English girls understand the difference between the Régime of French students and their own. They might imagine that girls who are preparing to be teachers, and who ought to have arrived at years of discretion, would enjoy a certain amount of liberty, as at Stockwell, or any of our English Training Colleges, but no, these girls, or rather these young women, are treated like children of twelve. They are under supervision from the minute they get up till the minute they are in bed. I mistake, they are *always* under supervision, for a Mistress sleeps in the dormitory. Such a thing as a girl going out alone, even for half an hour, would create universal horror. Those who are fortunate enough to have relations in the town, are allowed to be taken out by them at certain stated times on Sundays; the rest are taken for a walk for 2 hours. The whole School also goes for a walk for the same time on Thursdays, and that is all the exercise they get, except a half hour in the garden every afternoon, and gymnastic exercises two or three times a week.

The amount of work the girls are expected to get through in their three years' course is appalling. They have to grind in a way undreamt of in this country; in fact, I do not think English girls would do it. Perhaps a short account of their day's programme will best show how a French training college student spends her time. At six o'clock in the winter and half-past five in the summer, they are summoned out of bed by a bell. They have to dress in half an hour, besides doing everything to set their room to rights, except making their beds. I may as well say here that there are no servants in the college, as far as the girls are concerned. The dormitories, class-rooms, and corridors, used by them, are kept in order entirely by themselves. They even wash their own spoons, cups, &c., in the refectory. On coming down to the class rooms they each receive a piece of

bread, on the strength of which they study for from an hour and a half to two hours. Breakfast comes at 8 o'clock; then, till 8-45, bed-making and general tidying up. Lectures follow till twelve, with one interval, of 15 minutes. Lunch and recreation from 12 till 1. Sewing and lectures till 4-30. Then they have another piece of bread, and recreation for half an hour—study again till 7-30—dinner—a short recreation, and bed at half-past eight, which of course is broad daylight in summer. On an average they work about ten hours a day, doing three or four hours' work even on Sundays. Needless to say, that not a few girls, who have conscientiously tried to carry this on for the whole of these three years, have left the training college with their health sadly impaired.

I'm afraid this seems a very black picture; but there are brighter sides to it. In the first place it very seldom enters into a French girl's head to think she is being overworked—consequently she is quite happy, and we need not pity her on that score. In the second place the monotony of the daily round is relieved almost every week by jolly dances on Saturday or Sunday evenings—and the French girl is very easy to amuse and please. Last, but by no means least, these girls have most splendid advantages in the teaching and training that they get. All their "professors" are themselves trained in the best methods of imparting knowledge, and the lectures they give are, as a rule, about as perfect as they can be.(3) The College, being a government institution, is supplied with all the most approved teaching appliances. All the students go through a short elementary course of practical training in teaching itself which they get at the "École Annexe," a small elementary school under the same roof as the college. Here under the supervision of two excellent elementary Teachers, who act as Headmistresses, one for the infant department, one for the elder girls, the Students go in batches of five for a week at a time, and undertake all the work of Assistant Mistresses. Beginning with light and unimportant duties, they are gradually promoted to the charge of the higher classes, so that at the end of their course they have received every kind of preparation that is deemed necessary to fit them to conduct the Village Schools, which on their leaving the College, will be committed to their charge.

K. DAY.

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(3) The Professors are trained for their work at an *École Normale Supérieure* or Higher Training College, specially devoted to this purpose.

NOTE.—Two old pupils of the Queen School are both at this moment working as Répétetrices, May Roberts at the École Normale d' Institutrices at Laval, and her sister Annie at Rennes. "I like my new surroundings very much" writes May, "though I felt very strange at first. It is so different from English life. Annie is also very happy at Rennes."

CHRONICLE.

It is very satisfactory to be able to record that the Resolution—

> "That the Queen School Union shall take steps to find out whether it would not be possible to obtain subscriptions enough to maintain a Queen's School Cot in the Children's Ward of the Chester Infirmary, the Cot to be dedicated to the memory of those dear little ones, whose career amongst us has been cut short by an early death, such as Lucy Hankey, Lilian Broadbent, and Queenie Ford;"

which was proposed by Miss Cecily Parker, seconded by Miss Ethel Hobgen, and carried unanimously, at the preliminary meeting, on April 3rd, 1897, when our Queen School Union of Past and Present Scholars was founded, has been most satisfactorily carried into effect. The first twenty-five pounds, which is the amount annually required, was paid last January, and since then a considerable number of Queen's School Girls, both past and present, have paid visits to the sunshiny Children's Ward and admired the pretty little Cot with the neat brass plate which marks it for their own. The resolution was carried not only unanimously, but with enthusiasm, many subscriptions were promised upon the spot, and everyone felt quite sanguine that the necessary amount would be pretty easily got together. And, indeed, with the hearty co-operation of all the members of the Union the thing ought not to be very difficult, yet it needs persistent energy, and this is a quality far rarer than that passive goodwill which is a particularly unfruitful form of right feeling. Therefore we are obliged to admit that there is nothing at all surprising in the fact that at the beginning of December our Hon. Treasurer was much discouraged to find that she had only about half the required sum in hand. Reminders were, of course, sent round, and a good many belated subscriptions and donations came in pretty rapidly, but there were moments when some of us began to wonder whether we should ever really be able to raise the full amount. Then in the beginning of January, a contribution of £2 was collected by the present pupils of the School. The proceeds of a Display of Drill, given on December 9th, 1897, were also devoted to the same purpose and these amounted to £5 3s. 0d. Yet even then there remained a small *deficit*, but this was met by appropriating to this use a part of a yet unexpended balance in hand remaining over from the proceeds of our Sale of Work in July.

The Grand Display of Musical Drill and Figure Marching had originally been intended to be given at the same time as the Sale of Work, but it was found that too much space would be needed and that it would be most convenient to arrange for it on some separate occasion. We record with pleasure that it was a great success. Almost every pupil in the school had some share in it, and the graceful and varied exercises reflected no small credit both upon Miss Sloan and upon her pupils. A final series of movements in which the girls carried slender hoops, entwined with evergreens and Christmas roses, was especially admired.

The proceeds of our biennial sale of work, held in July, 1897, amounted, when expenses has been defrayed, to £28 18s. 9d. Two thirds of this was immediately laid out, as usual, in providing country holidays for the children of the poor. £10 was spent upon Chester children, for the most part in sending little weaklings who needed change of air to the Seaside Home at West Kirby. £3 was sent as a contribution to the Childrens' Country Holiday Fund in Liverpool, £2 to East London (Plaistow) and another £2 to the London Childrens' Country Holiday Fund of the University Womens' Settlement, £1. to Staleybridge, in Yorkshire. The contribution to the "Cot" Fund was £2 13s. 6d. This last payment somewhat encroached upon the sum reserved for school purposes. But we have bought the handsomely framed engraving of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, now hanging in the Hall, which cost £3 6s.; and a fine Platinotype (framed) of the Head of Beatrice in Rossetti's Salutation, has also been purchased for £1 1s. Lastly, a set of Sir Walter Scott's Novels has been secured for the School Library. A small sum still remains to be expended, but this will, probably, be reserved for preliminary expenses in connection with our next Sale.

The first holder of Miss Nessie Brown's Scholarship is Miss Ethel McNeile. The letter from Girton which we publish is written by her. Before Miss Brown's Scholarship was offered to her, Miss McNeile had intended to take the London Degree, and we hope that the fact that she passed the London Intermediate last June, taking Classical Honours (a Second Class) affords a good omen of future successes in her Cambridge Tripos.

We have great pleasure in recording that another old pupil of the Queen's School, Miss Florence M. Leicester (Newnham Coll.) took *First Class Honours* in the Cambridge Tripos Examination, in June, 1897, in Mediæval and Modern Languages. (German and English.)

This young lady passed the Cambridge Senior Local Examination from the Queen's School in 1886, taking First Class Honours, with Distinction in German.

Two more old pupils completed a year's course at the Cambridge Training College for Teachers in the Autumn of last year, both taking First Classes in the Cambridge Teachers' Examination. Miss Louisa P. Humfrey took a First Class, both in practical and theoretical work; Miss Eva Dodds a First Class in practical, and a Second Class in theoretical work.

Miss L. P. Humfrey has accepted the post of Mathematical Mistress in a well-known School for Girls at Port Elizabeth. We hope she is going to send us her First Impressions of South Africa for a future number of Have Mynde, and we are glad to have been already assured that they are, upon the whole, very favorable impressions, and that she is contented and happy in her distant sphere of work.

Our Annual Prize-giving took place on Friday, November the 12th, 1897, when the Chair was taken by the Lord Bishop of the Diocese, and Miss Helen Gladstone gave away the Prizes.

It is a little disappointing to record that very few members of the Queen's School Union attempted any of the Competition Exercises set last year.

Of the two translations of Lord Tennyson's lines to the Queen, one was in German and the other in Latin Verse. The Prize was awarded to the latter which was by Ethel McNeile.

Mr. Siddall's Prize for the best solution of the Botanical Problems, was awarded to Nellie Day. There were only three competitors.

The Essay on the Life of Charles Kingsley was not attempted by anyone.

Thanks are due to the Committee of the Grosvenor Museum for the loan of a small but admirably arranged collection of Geological Specimens, which should be of much practical use to those of our pupils who are this year taking the Geographical Group in the Cambridge Higher Local Examination in June.

We must also return our grateful thanks to Mr. William Breffit, of Glass Houghton, Yorkshire, for the gift of a most interesting little case of objects illustrating the manufacture of glass for glass bottles.

Games.

MAY, 1897—MAY, 1898.

TENNIS.

THE Return Match against Alderley Edge was played at Alderley Edge, on July 10th, when the home team obtained the victory, as may be seen from the following details :—

1st Doubles—

Q. S. Champions, Margery Baird and Florence Mill, defeated by Alderley Edge, 2 setts to 1.

2nd Doubles—

Q. S. Champions, Flossie Thompson and Grace Baird, defeated by Alderley Edge, 2 setts to 1.

3rd Single—

Q. S. Champion Louie Darbishire, who defeated the Alderley Edge Champion by 2 setts to 1.

CRICKET.

The Club was divided into two elevens for the season, the captains being Betty Sandford and Miss Giles. The days of practice were Tuesday and Friday evenings, and some very good scores were made.

An eleven was chosen from these two to play a match with an Old Girls' eleven, captained by Rosa Day. This match was played at the Queen's School, on July 24th, and resulted in a victory for the Present Girls.

The match was honoured by the presence of many distinguished spectators, among whom may be mentioned Miss Anna Williams, who was staying in Chester at the time, for the Triennial Musical Festival, and who is always eager to shew her sympathy with games and active exercise for girls.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.
Old Girls.	Present Girls.	Old Girls.
21 runs.	47 runs.	23 runs.

Mr. Athelstan Day kindly umpired for the Old Girls and Mr. G. W. Giles for the Present.

HOCKEY.

Of the four Hockey Matches which were played this season, two were won by the Q.S.H.C., and two were drawn.

The Club was in a more flourishing condition than ever before in regard to numbers, and a great impetus was given to the game by the kindness of the Rev. A. H. Fish of Arnold House School, Chester, who has most generously allowed us to play in his field every Saturday morning, and who also arranged for us to have the use of the field on the afternoons of our two return matches; as our ground is too small for Hockey.

The following were the matches :—

Nov. 13th, at St. Elphin's Clergy Daughters' School, Warrington.

Warrington - - -	1 goal.
Q.S.H.C. - - - -	1 goal.

Feb. 12th, at Gresford.

Gresford Ladies' Club -	0 goals.
Q.S.H.C. - - - -	1 goal.

Our team was as follows :—

Forwards : Lilian Warmsley, Miss Leader, Miss Giles, Louie Darbishire, Nelly Finchett. *Half-backs :* Hilda Whitehouse, Ethel Sandford, Sybil Baker. *Backs :* Nelly Barton, Effie Mence. *Goal :* Gladys Dent.

RETURN MATCHES.

March 4th, at Arnold House Field, Chester.

St. Elphin's Clergy Daughters' School, Warrington -	1 goal.
Q.S.H.C. - - - -	1 goal.

March 18th, at Arnold House Field, Chester.

Gresford Ladies' Club -	1 goal.
Q.S.H.C. - - - -	3 goals.

Our team was as follows :—

Forwards : Miss Leader, Gladys Dent, Miss Giles, Louie Darbishire, Nelly Finchett. *Half-backs :* Lilian Warmsley, Ethel Sandford, Mabel Hamley. *Backs :* Hilda Whitehouse, Effie Mence. *Goal :* Miss Day.

At Gresford we were very kindly entertained at tea by Mrs. Allington Hughes, of Bryn-y-Groes; and at Warrington by Miss Kennedy, the Headmistress of the Clergy Daughters' School.

At the two matches played at Chester, Mr. Temple Sandford very kindly undertook to referee for the 1st and Alice Caldecutt for the 2nd.

(Signed) ROSA DAY,
Secretary for Games.

MARRIAGES OF OLD PUPILS DURING THE YEAR 1897.

ROGERS.—On the 13th May, 1897, at the Church of St. John the Baptist, Eltham, by the Rev. Brooke Lambert, Vicar of Greenwich, Arthur Holland Hignett, son of the late Thomas Hignett, of Cholmondeley, Cheshire, to Dorothy Eleanor Augusta, daughter of Thomas Lawes Rogers, M.D., of Eltham.

ROGERS.—On the 7th July, 1897, at St. John the Baptists', Eltham, by the Rev. Brooke Lambert, Vicar of Greenwich, assisted by the Rev. Canon Hall and the Rev. E. Rivers, Herbert, only son of Frank T. Bright, Esq., Bentfield, Rochdale, to Cicely Catherine, youngest daughter of T. Lawes Rogers, M.D., of Eltham.

BROWN.—On the 11th of August, 1897, at St. Oswald's, Chester, by the Rev. Malcolm Scarlett Parry, (brother-in-law of the bride) assisted by the Rev. Percy A. Miller, the Rev. John Ernest Gofton, of the Priory, Ecclesfield, near Sheffield, youngest son of the late William Smith Gofton, of Wharram Percy, York, to Marion, sixth daughter of the late John Brown, of Chester.

NOTICES OF BOOKS, ETC.

Voyage d' Agrément à travers L' Angleterre Sportive, par Désiré Séhé, Sous Inspecteur de Gymnastique dans les Ecoles Municipales de Paris, Membre de la Commission de Gymnastique au Ministère de l' Instruction Publique. Paris: Libraire Classique, G. Guérin Nicolle et Cie., 22 rue des Boulangers.

There are many still amongst us who may remember the visit of Mons. Séhé to the Queen's School on his way from London to see the great Gymnasiums in Liverpool. The Headmistress was very glad of the opportunity of making some little return for the courtesy shown by him in conducting her to see the Drill and Gymnastic Exercises in some of the large public schools in Paris; and, by a fortunate accident, his coming coincided with one of our School Recitals for which various exercises in Drill had been specially prepared. It was Summer, too, and the weather was perfect, and in the evening, after the Recital was over, a large number of the pupils played cricket and lawn tennis in the garden. Our visitor could not speak English, but Madame Armagnac, who was then our French Mistress, and who, like the Headmistress, had met him before in Paris, was constantly at hand to be his interpreter, and even accompanied him to Liverpool the next day, where we knew he would be likely to meet many of whom he would wish to ask questions, and who might not be able to talk to him in his own language.

Mons. Séhé has thrown his reminiscences of his 'Voyage Sportive' into the form of a story, the story of a party of French people who are making a short tour in England. Two of the party are deeply interested in Physical Exercises in Schools, and their observations are given with much professional exactness, and illustrated by many engravings. Of course the word "Sportive," here transformed into a French adjective, is used in a sense which is rather alien to its ordinary meaning in the English language.

He seems to have been very much pleased with everything he saw at the Queen's School, which was, indeed, the only *High School*, the only Secondary School for Girls, that he had had the opportunity of seeing, his experiences having been hitherto in Gymnasiums only, or in large Board Schools in Brighton or in London. In the Queen's School, he says :—

" Je vis, dès mon entrée, un air d'aisance, une liberté d'allures, qui tranchaient agréablement avec le formalisme Anglais. Sous la direction de Mrs. Sandford les jeunes filles sont élevées dans une liberté relative ; la discipline réduite au stricte nécessaire, leur donne un air de joie vraie et de candeur réelle que je regrette de ne pas reucontrer chez nous, et une franchise de jugement dont on ne saurait se faire idée dans nos établissements similaires. . . . Les maitresses sont les amies des élèves ; elles n'ont que faire de la discipline et des réglements et obtiennent bien plus de résultats par la franche cordialité de leurs rapports avec les jeunes filles confiées à leur soins. On se sent vite dans une atmosphère sereine ou la jeunesse se meut à l'aise. C'est moins à une froide répétition qu' à une vraie fête scolaire que nous avons assisté.

Dés deux heures la grande salle est garnie de nombreux spectateurs, car l'établissement n'est nullement fermé aux personnes du dehors. Les familles, les amis y ont accès. Le programme de la séance est à la fois gymnastique et musicale. D'abord l'audition de *La Muette* de Beethoven, très convenablement executée ; puis, le *Musical Drill*, et le *Musical Drill and Balls.*

Les premiers consistent en une série d'exercices accompagnés de musique, pour les cours élémentaires ; les seconds, en jeux d'ensemble avec balles, pour les cours supérieures. La série des ' petites ' est bien enlevée. On les applaudit, et elles le méritent, ces enfants sont si jeunes et si gentilles. . . . .

Le seconde partie, celle des cours supérieurs ou des ' grandes ', est plus intéressante. Il y a là un travail consciencieux et certainement profitable. C'était d'abord une série d'exercices de massues, (clubs) les mêmes que nous pratiquons en France. . . . Cette série simple a été exécutée avec un complet developpement. La position des pieds qui m'ont paru trop ouverts dans les rassemblements, pourrait seule prêter à la critique ; mais ce n'est là qu'une question de détail, et l'ensemble avait bien mérité les applaudissements qui ont accueilli les exécutantes.

Mais voici ce qui était nouveau pour nous ; les exercices d'ensemble avec balles et accompagnement de musique. (Then follows a detailed description of each exercise.)

. . . . On ne pouvait qu'être enchanté de l'exécution parfaite de ces difficiles exercices, de la précision avec laquelle tous les commandements étaient suivis. Aussi ne menagea-t-on pas les applaudissements aux jeunes élèves, auxquelles elle paraissaient très sensibles.

Nous nous rendîmes alors au goûter offert par la directrice, heurense de faire les honneurs de sa maison. Une franche gaieté présida au lunch, fort bien servi. (The " lunch," of course, was afternoon tea.)

Après, et sous la direction d'une charmante demoiselle, les traditionelles parties de lawn-tennis et de cricket, sans lesquelles, dans le monde Anglais, aucune fête ne peut être terminée. Je conserverai longtemps le souvenir de cette bonne journée . . .

And we shall long remember our kind French visitor, who was so delightfully ready to be pleased with all that he saw, and whose generous praise of our School Drill we cannot but value very highly. From the scholastic point of view he was not quite so well contented with our games. Cricket struck him as " quelque peu dangereux," and lawn tennis in his estimation, required too much space and employed too few players. Nevertheless, he insisted on being allowed to make a first attempt at Cricket, and in return, tried to teach our girls some French games. We think many of our readers will be much interested in seeing this description of one of our recitals from a foreigner's point of view, and will rejoice that their school made so favorable an impression.

Awake the Voice! Christmas Carol (Secular) for S.S.C., words by Robert Herrick, music by Joseph C. Bridge, M.A., Mus. Doc., Oxon., Organist of Chester Cathedral. London and New York: Novello, Ewer and Co.

This beautiful Carol was composed especially for the Queen's School, and is dedicated to the Head Mistress. We suppose that it is

called a "secular" carol because it makes mention of Christmas "revellings," but the tone is finely religious. As Herrick's verses are not very well known to our young readers we give them here, only mentioning that "Awake the Voice!" is to be found in a charming "Book of Christmas Verse," selected by H. C. Beeching. It is called a Christmas Carol, sung to the King, at Whitehall. The King was probably Charles the First. (London: Methuen & Co.)

What sweeter music can we bring
Than a Carol, for to sing
The Birth of this our Heavenly King;
Awake, the voice! Awake, the string!
Heart, ear, and voice, and everything.
Awake, the while the active finger
Runs divisions* with the singer.

Dark and dull night fly hence away,
And give the honour to this day
That sees December turned to May,
If we may ask the reason, say
The why and wherefore all things here
Seem like the spring time of the year?

Why does the chilling winter morn
Smile like a field beset with corn,
Or smell like to a mead new shorn,
Thus on a sudden? Come and see
The cause why things thus fragrant be.

'Tis He is born whose quickening birth,
Gives light and lustre, public mirth,
To heaven and the under earth,
We see Him come and know Him ours
Who with His sunshine and His showers
Turns all the patient earth to flowers.

The darling of the world is come
And fit it is we find a home
To welcome Him. The nobler part
Of all the house here is the heart,
Which we will give Him and bequeath
This holly and this ivy wreath
To do Him honour who's our King,
And LORD of all this revelling.

* Running passages in Music were called *divisions* in the 17th Century when Herrick lived.

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