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1900



The Queen's School
Chester.





W. & D. Downey,

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“Have Mynde.”



The Queen's School
Annual,

EDITED BY

MRS. HENRY R. P. SANDFORD.

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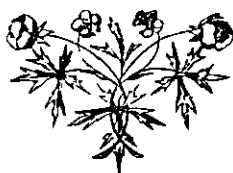
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A few Words about the War.

EVERYTHING else that has happened in the year 1899, seems dim and distant to us now, in comparison with the beginning of the War in South Africa, which drew us all out of the little circles of our own concerns, into one great family circle of the entire Empire, a circle in which all the brothers and sisters seemed by a single impulse to have sprung to their feet and joined hands, all eyes turned one way, all hearts full of one thought, and, in the midst of all, our aged Queen, so closely and intimately in touch with the inmost feelings of her entire people, that nothing in human language can be found to express what she has been to them in this time of test and trial, except the one word *Mother*. She has been a very Mother to us all, giving to us what only a Mother can give, doing for us what only a Mother can do.

No doubt both past and present pupils of the Queen's School have, in one way or another, acquired a fair general knowledge as to *what the war is about*. I remember well what eagerness there was amongst my elder pupils, to be permitted to attend a short course of lessons on South African History, which I was able to give at the close of the Autumn term. Then there are the daily newspapers read and discussed in your homes, the frequent references to maps of South Africa that are hung in several of the class-rooms, and perhaps, to some extent, the reading of books, of which we possess some of the best*; but the best books are a little bit beyond the unassisted grasp of most schoolgirls. It will do no harm, even to the best informed, if I endeavour to make the

* Fitzpatrick's "The Transvaal from Within." Theale's South Africa, in the Story of the Nations series. Bryce's Impressions of South Africa. Lucas's Historical Geography of the British Colonies, Vol. IV., South and East Africa. La Question du Transvaal par Edouard Naville (a Swiss pamphlet).

background of this paper a brief summary of causes and consequences, given, as far as may be, in chronological order.

The deeper causes of this war must be sought for much farther back in the pages of history, but the event which has most directly led to an actual outbreak has been the discovery in the Transvaal at this particular point in time, of some of the richest gold mines in the world. We cannot help being reminded of the Old World Epic of the Nibelungen Lied, and of the curse that rested on the "Hoard," working perpetual bloodshed and division amongst all who came into contact with it, as we read this tragical chapter in contemporary history. Yet it is futile to wish that the mines had never been found; for burying the gold was not the best, and is not the only way, of averting the curse. The very idea of the old heathen tragedy, says Charles Kingsley,* is *a man conquered by circumstances*; but *a man conquering circumstances*, is the central force and mainspring of the Christian life drama. Gold is a test. The hoard was hurtful because it awakened and brought into full play, the evil passions of suspicious hate and selfish greed, and the gold of the Transvaal has had the same effect; but riches rightly used would bring no curse but a blessing, and we may be sure Providence never formed the gold-bearing reefs in the Rand for nothing else but to be a misery to man. All God's gifts can be either used or misused, and "life's business is the terrible choice" † which we will do.

The gold of the Transvaal is not easily accessible. It cannot be obtained except by a process which demands much scientific knowledge and very expensive machinery. The Boers of the Transvaal are Farmers of a rude and primitive type; they had neither the knowledge nor the money. But they willingly sold concessions to those who possessed both, and soon the gold mines began to be worked by large companies, and with this there came a perfect flood of emigration into the once scantily-peopled

* In Alton Locke.

† Browning. The Ring and the Book.

Rand, artisans, miners, engineers, men of science, capitalists, tradesmen, doctors, lawyers, bankers, schoolmasters, clergymen; all that host, in fact, to whom the general name of Uitlanders has been given. The great town of Johannesburg arose as if by magic. It was said that the new-comers numbered 70,000, 80,000, 100,000. The South African Republic found itself lifted into sudden wealth; but this did not prevent the Boers from regarding the new-comers as unwelcome intruders, and, not unnaturally, they became anxious at seeing themselves outnumbered in their own country. The Uitlanders were of many nationalities, Americans, French, Germans, Scandinavians, etc., but by far the greater number of them were British subjects, and of these a large proportion were Afrianders of British descent.

The Transvaal professes to be a Republic. The Executive power is in the hands of the President, who is practically despotic, and there is a small Parliament, elected by the Burghers, which is called the Volksraad, and consists of only twenty-four members. The Grondwet, or Constitution, has no fixity, and can be altered by a simple vote of the Volksraad. Mr. Kruger has been President for a long term of years, and is now a very old man. Until this great influx of Uitlanders, the Transvaal had admitted new comers to citizenship on the same easy terms as were to be found in the Free State, and are universal elsewhere in South Africa. Now, however, a series of changes were made in the laws for the purpose of shutting out all Uitlanders, and not only all Uitlanders, but even their unborn children, from every hope of being admitted to citizenship, except in rare instances determined by individual favour, or upon a wearisome and complicated series of steps extended over a long course of years, and not even then sure to produce any definite result.

The aim and object was, of course, to keep the government entirely in the hands of the original burghers; and though we may consider such a policy narrow and unwise, it is possible to maintain that it was

within their rights to adopt it, though it does not harmonise with the promises of equality of treatment made by the President in 1881. But the very fact that the Uitlanders were shut out from the Franchise placed them in a position of definite inferiority, and this position was daily made bitter to them by every kind of injustice. Not only were they oppressed with ever increasing taxation, which seemed to seek out, and fasten itself upon, every single article that they used or needed, and especially upon articles of food, but their industry was still more seriously burdened by the creation of great monopolies—such as the Dynamite monopoly—out of which the President and other members of the Boer oligarchy reaped enormous profits, whilst the Uitlanders were compelled to pay high prices for whatever the monopolists might choose to consider good enough for them. As they had no voice in the imposition of the taxes, so not only their interests, but their manifest *needs*, were habitually disregarded in the expenditure of the revenue. They were treated as persons of no account, and were made to feel at every turn that they lay helpless under the hand of an unfriendly government whose chief ideal was to keep them down, and to make money out of them. After several vain attempts to obtain better treatment, the Uitlanders* formed in 1892 an association known as the National Union, whose aim was to obtain by constitutional methods equal political rights and the redress of grievances.

"From the first Krüger showed himself very hostile to this association, which, nevertheless, grew and extended itself. It did not represent any particular class of men in the Uitlander community.† It was formed of men drawn from all classes who felt the conditions of life were becoming intolerable, and that something would have to be done to bring about reforms. In 1893, a petition signed by upwards of 13,000 aliens in favour of granting the extension of the franchise was received by the Raad with great laughter. But, notwithstanding this discouragement, during the following year a monster petition was got up by the National Union. It was signed by 34,483 Uitlanders, but the only response made to this appeal was a firmer rivetting of the bonds."

* Naville. Question du Transvaal.

† Fitzpatrick's Transvaal from Within.

Yet many of the more enlightened burghers saw the folly of this line of conduct. These new comers, they said, have settled here for good: they have built Johannesburg; they pay at least three quarters of the taxes. Nor are they persons who belong to a subservient race. They come from countries where they have freely exercised the political rights which can never be long denied to free-born men. And through our own act this multitude is driven into antagonism towards us. What shall we do now? Shall we convert them into friends, or shall we send them away empty, dissatisfied, embittered? Old as the world is, has an attempt like ours ever succeeded for long?*

But these statesmanlike counsels were violently overruled. On the third day the debate was closed and the request of the memorialists was refused by sixteen votes to eight. The arguments of the liberal minority were treated with ridicule. One member even tauntingly invited the Uitlanders to come on and fight—the sooner the better.

"Eyewitnesses† of the scene state that two or three of the intelligent and liberalminded farmers belonging to this progressive party, men who were earnestly desirous of doing justice to all, and furthering the interests of the State, declared at the close of the debate that this meant the loss of their independence.

'Now,' said one old Boer, 'our country is gone.' Nothing can settle this but fighting, and there is only one end to the fight. Kruger and his Hollanders have taken our independence more surely than ever Shepstone did."

It was at this moment that the thought of preparing for an armed insurrection first entered the Uitlanders' minds. But here I must ask leave to interrupt the course of my narration, and to pass on at once to the concluding scenes of the drama which preluded the outbreak of the war.

The petition to the Volksraad had been dismissed with contempt and mockery. The disastrous and ill-judged enterprise, known as the Jameson Raid, had thrown the leaders of the Reform League into the power

* Transvaal from Within. Appendix.

† Fitzpatrick's Transvaal from Within. Chapter II.

of the Transvaal Government, who showed what was called their "magnanimity" by making a great deal of money out of them. The four who were regarded as leaders were condemned to death, and then, after months of imprisonment and much sordid bargaining were permitted to purchase their lives for a hundred thousand pounds. Others were set at liberty upon payment by each of them of a fine of £2000. Every artifice was used to fix responsibility for the Raid on the English Government, and to misrepresent it as a serious attempt to overthrow the independence of the Transvaal. The Raid was no doubt a criminal enterprise; but we must remember that but for the daily and hourly provocations given by the oppression of the Uitlanders it would never have taken place. President Kruger had now a grand opportunity. Had he determined to recognise and to redress their real and very intolerable grievances, and to begin a new era of justice and good faith, he would indeed have shown magnanimity and might also have secured the peace and prosperity of the Transvaal. But this was not compatible with a long cherished ambition to create in the South African Republic a "sovereign international state," which might form the nucleus of a Dutch Empire over the whole of South Africa, from which the British element, if it refused to be incorporated, must be ruthlessly expelled, and any such plan demanded that all political power must be exclusively in Dutch hands.

Meanwhile, the oppression of the Uitlanders went on from bad to worse. As a last resource a petition was addressed to Great Britain, partly as the Mother Country of most of the petitioners, partly as a power possessing an undefined relationship to both the Dutch Republics, to which the name of *suzerainty* has been given. Even without any such claim the British Government was bound to interfere. The oppression and spoliation of British subjects is not a thing to be tolerated in any part of the world; but the Jameson raid had hampered their hands, and the day of dealing with the complaints of the Uitlanders had been put off as long as possible. It was

now thought that the best way of getting all their grievances slowly but surely redressed, would be the indirect method of seeking admission to the franchise, after reasonably long residence in the country, for all Uitlanders who desired to be admitted to Burghership. This proposal was brought forward by Sir Alfred Milner, and rejected by President Krüger, at the Bloemfontein Conference. Then followed five weary months of negotiations, during which the British Government had infinite patience with the shiftiness, the suspicious temper, and the manifest untrustworthiness of the Boer President, until a proposal to grant—nominally—nearly all that Sir Alfred Milner had asked for, *but upon conditions*, brought the negotiations to an abrupt close; for these conditions were, the acknowledgement of the Transvaal as a "sovereign international state," the renunciation of the Suzerainty of the Queen, and the promise never again to interfere in the internal affairs of the Republic. This, we can all see, was entirely inadmissible.* The negotiations were broken off with an intimation from the Colonial Secretary (Mr. Chamberlain) that he would shortly formulate some other proposals for the redress of the grievances of British subjects in the Transvaal, but even the British Government, which had so long, and so sincerely, laboured for peace now began to realise that war was inevitable.

Everyone in South Africa had realised this long before, and Natal had pleaded, with much insistence, to have more troops sent for her protection. To some extent her petition had been acceded to, and the garrison of that Colony had been increased to 25,000 men. For many years—long before the Raid—much of the wealth wrested from the Uitlanders had been spent by Mr. Krüger, and the little Oligarchy which shared his counsels, on the preparation of an enormous store of warlike material, all of the most modern pattern, and, deceived by arrogant

* The best short account of these proceedings may be read in the *Question du Transvaal*, by E. Naville.

memories of the last Boer War, the Dutch Afrianders of the Transvaal considered themselves a good deal more than a match for Great Britain. Some of them confidently cherished the dream of driving all the British Afrianders into the sea, appropriating their possessions, and forming a Dutch South Africa, in which the military supremacy would, of course, belong to the Transvaal; but the more practical purpose was, no doubt, the conquest and annexation of Natal, and the recovery of Kimberley for the Free State, to which it once belonged. With the Free State our country had no sort of quarrel; but early in October an inconceivably insulting ultimatum demanded, on the part of the Presidents of both Republics, that the increased garrison of Natal should be immediately withdrawn, and that any other troops then on their way from England, should not be permitted to land in South Africa. If a favourable reply were not received within four days, it would be considered as a *casus belli*.

Accordingly, on the fourth day, October 11th, 1899, the two Boer Republics began the present war, by the simultaneous invasion of the two British Colonies; Cape Colony and Natal.

At first we were taken at very great disadvantage. The immense military strength of the Boers had been kept very secret, and the British forces were not only outnumbered but outweaponed. The character of the Boer army, consisting entirely of mounted men, and provisioned by a train of waggons, was exactly suited to the nature of the country; our forces were deficient in mobility, and, for a while, entirely tied to the lines of railway communication. Very soon half the little army in Natal was besieged in Ladysmith; on the borders of Cape Colony garrisons were standing at bay both at Mafeking and at Kimberley, whilst bands of Free Staters were making bold pretence to annex large portions of Northern Cape Colony, of which all the male inhabitants were summoned to join the army of the invaders, and those who refused were driven from their homes at a few

hours' notice. A large part of Natal was raided and despoiled, and some alarm was felt that the Boer forces might even seize Pietermaritzburg; but this was no more in their power than it was in the power of the invaders of Cape Colony to reach East London. The three besieged towns held out manfully against tremendous odds, and presently the reinforcements began to arrive, and once more we breathed confidently because Sir Redvers Buller was advancing northward in Natal and Lord Methuen in Cape Colony, and, as it seemed at first, the Boers were retreating before them. It is true that our first successes had been very costly in human life. We were always being compelled to deliver frontal attacks on highly fortified positions and to carry them by storm, and, somehow, our victories never seemed to be complete—still, they *were* victories, and we were advancing until Shall we ever forget that week of mingled grief and exultation when we received the news of our reverses? I need pursue the thread of recent history no further. This ground is too well known. I will only say that I do not remember any darker time in our national experience than that dark week in December; nor do I remember any time when I have been prouder of my own race.

Lord Bacon, in his Essay on Empire, has the observation that it is only in Time of War that some great virtues that are essential to Empire find Exercise; and, of course, it is only in Exercise that they can manifest themselves. Discipline and self-restraint in the day of adversity; courage in danger; endurance in difficulties and discouragements; faithfulness to one another in times of trial; self-devotion and the recognition of self-devotion; devoted brotherhood in time of need; loyalty to authority; loyalty to duty; loyalty to responsibility. All these the time has brought forth, but without the time should we have seen them? What a thrill it gave one when the colonies met the message of misfortune with the instant offer of fresh contingents! What a throb of universal pride and sympathy went with the volunteering of the

yeomanry! They *will* do it, women said to one another with a quiver of the lips, yet all the while, in their heart of hearts, they would not have had "them" otherwise-minded. I had a letter from one of these mothers one day early in January. "He goes with my full consent," she wrote; and she was a widowed mother, too. And yet, week by week, almost day by day, the papers were heavy with the lists of casualties. Mourning and bereavement, for the most part quietly accepted, and bravely borne, seemed to be on every side. The sympathy of the bereaved with one another was an especially touching thing.

It has really been a continual consolation that there has always been so much to be *done*. What with the claims of the Reservists' wives and families, and the still older claims of the Soldiers and Sailors' Families Association, and the general eagerness to send "comforts" out to the troops in South Africa, there has seemed to be a field for everyone's energies. It has been a pleasure to me to know that several parcels of such things as knitted socks and helmets, pocket handkerchiefs and pillows, slippers and flannel shirts, have been contributed by the pupils of the Queen's School, and may be, as we hope they are, helping at this very moment to mitigate some of the smaller hardships inseparable from active service in the field.

But the only comfort that goes deep enough to bring peace to the soul in such a time as I am speaking of, is the comfort that comes through trusting in God and through prayer. And I think that prayer has been constantly ascending day by day, almost hour by hour, from countless hearts and homes. I believe it was not very long after the school re-assembled in January that we began to use the short Litany known as Bishop Hamilton's (slightly modified) every Friday morning instead of our usual school prayers. For the benefit of members of our Association who are far away, and like to be told exactly what we do, I subjoin the very words.

LITANY FOR USE IN TIME OF WAR.

O LORD God of Hosts, by Whose permission nation riseth against nation, Who usest their swords for Thy Judgments, and at Thy Will makest wars to cease; purify us, we humbly pray Thee, from all sin in our share in this present strife; bring it speedily, if it please Thee, to a right and lasting peace. And meanwhile

For those who fight We desire to give thanks unto Thee for the courage and endurance of our soldiers, and we pray that Thou wilt evermore watch over them for good, and give them Thy strength to be brave in the hour of peril, and merciful in the day of victory.

Hear us, Good Lord.

For those who suffer. We pray that Thou wilt grant deliverance to our invaded colonies and relief to our besieged garrisons, and be merciful unto all those who have been despoiled and driven from their homes.

Hear us, Good Lord.

That Thou wilt have pity upon the sick and such as are in captivity, upon the wounded, the dying, the mourners, and be ever present with them for support and comfort.

Hear us, Good Lord.

For those who are gone forth to minister to the suffering, to their souls and to their bodies, that Thou wouldest bless all their labours and grant them endurance, and patience, and strength, and skill.

Hear us, Good Lord.

For all who are slain in battle. That Thou wouldest receive their souls into Thy peace, and deal with them according to the multitude of Thy mercies.

Hear us, Good Lord.

And, if it may be, O our God, over-rule, we beseech Thee, all these things to the blessed issue, beyond mere earthly peace, of restored brotherhood among nations, the enlargement of the Redeemer's Kingdom, and the reunion of Christendom in one Faith and Love. All this we ask, O Heavenly FATHER, for JESUS CHRIST'S Sake, Thy SON, our LORD. Amen.

Then came the united national intercessions offered up on Septuagesima Sunday, January 29th, a date which reminded me of another Sunday in January, nineteen years ago, when the news of Laing's Nek reached England. It seemed almost too strangely appropriate that this season, of all seasons in the year, was destined to be the time of our first great triumph, and that Cronje's surrender at Paardeberg took place on Majuba Day itself. Perhaps it was this very circumstance which gave a certain solemnity to our reception of the news. We were too full of awe and thankfulness to give free course to our feelings. It was the news of the Relief of Ladysmith, which came the very next day that swept through the whole nation like a tidal wave of rejoicing. The news reached us at the Queen's School about half-past ten in the morning. There was someone at the door of a class-room, and a voice said *Ladysmith is relieved.*

I am afraid my first impulse was to say, I don't believe it—for we had been told that Ladysmith was relieved once before, and we did not want to be disappointed a second time. "It is put up at the Newspaper Offices. I saw it myself. Official intelligence: *Ladysmith is relieved.*" And so the messenger of good news passed on,

and what a tumult there was of clapping and of cheering and of questions, and what sounds of the excitement spreading from class-room to class-room, and, at last came a cry of "oh, may we go out?" as though there was not room to breathe indoors, and at the foot of the staircase, we met our Union Jack coming downstairs as it were of itself, to be hoisted in the turret above the porch. Ten minutes later we saw flags appearing everywhere, but I think ours was one of the very first. It was rather an ungenial day, but no one regarded the weather. We all stood outside in the garden till the flag came out at the window, and then the sound of cheering broke forth once more. Afterwards we went into the hall and sang God save the Queen. It was not to be expected that anyone could settle down to lessons again; a holiday was proclaimed for the rest of the day, and most of the school went *en masse* to the Free Library to satisfy their eyes with the sight of the telegram.

I suppose at the very same moment or a little earlier, the students of University College, Liverpool, were pouring into the streets with much noisier demonstrations of rejoicing, whilst, yet more wonderful, the grave Clerks of the Bank of England had met together in one room and solemnly joined in singing the National Anthem.

The deeper and more serious side of this rejoicing may be given in the words of a Sermon preached in Exeter Cathedral by Archdeacon Sandford on the first Sunday in Lent, 1900, being the Sunday following the Relief of Ladysmith.

"This has been a great week" said Archdeacon Sandford. "We have crowded into a few glorious hours a whole century, so it seems, of national life. We have been startled by the suddenness with which it has all happened: we were preparing to keep Lent with more than ordinary seriousness; the passing bell of this century was tolling, and a cloud hung over its last hours; the Bishops of the Church had invited us to special prayer, and all recognised that the bidding was reasonable and fitting—and then in a moment, before Lent came, it seemed to be over. The Lord seemed to show that He is greater than His own ordinances. It was brought home to us that Lent was made for man, not man for Lent. He bade us not weep but rejoice, and to have pleaded that Lent was no time for Thanksgiving Services, would have been not only pedantic but almost irreverent—the Lord had bid us rejoice. "He had put off"—for the time at any rate—"our sackcloth, and girded us with gladness."

There are many of us who remember the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny. There was tension of feeling, terrible anxiety, followed by great exultation then; but I cannot remember any occasion when, all at once, in the space of an hour—or almost of a few minutes—the whole nation was so completely swept off its feet, so to speak, by a great wave of overmastering joy, when not only children, but staid mature citizens, so completely forgot themselves and everything else, and thought of nothing save that LADYSMITH HAD BEEN RELIEVED.

And no doubt the uniqueness of all this is due partly to the fact that the telegraph and all forms of quickened communication have quickened life itself—eyes, ears, nerves, all are on the alert. But when all allowance is made for the changed conditions of modern life, still there is that in the spectacle of the past week which no such change can reduce to a common sight—the event is great in itself, for What have we seen?

We have seen a great nation pulling itself together, righting itself, vindicating its own claim. And of all sights the greatest—greater than any spectacle of mechanical force and skill, is the assertion of the soundness of a nation's moral character. We are not worthy of the least of God's mercies; it is "He that hath made us and not we ourselves," but what He *has* made us is, in spite of all our own shortcomings, *a great nation*, with wonderful latent forces, which, the more they are tried, the more surely they reveal their greatness. This then is what makes the time great it has been manifest that these powers still are ours, our fellow-countrymen, our leaders, our soldiers have proved to us that we still retain the moral qualities which have made England we have not lost that which is best in us; we can take the chastening and acquit ourselves like men Yes, it has been a great time and it is a great theme"

But great theme though it be, I must not carry the story any further, but conclude this paper, already far longer than I meant it to be, by suggesting to you the two lessons which it seems to me are most manifestly set for us to learn and to take to heart, in a course of events which has awakened in us a consciousness of our national life more vivid than we have ever felt before.

First, I think, we must be insensible indeed if we are not led to a deeper and humbler recognition of the Hand of GOD and of our entire dependence upon Him, both individually and nationally. May He give us grace so to acknowledge Him in all our ways that He may indeed direct our paths.

And next, what a lesson we have had in the untold value of the virtue of endurance, and what examples to bring that lesson home to our hearts and lives. For many months the whole course of the war, we might almost say the very fate of the Empire, has turned not only on the courage, but on the *endurance* of all those sons and daughters of our race who have had not only to face the death and danger every day, but also bear every sort of hardship and discouragement with cheerful patience and unfailing resourcefulness. They have stood the test nobly, and it is scarcely possible to say too much in their praise. But let us remember that although this grand "power of bearing" as it has been called, is one of our national ideals, transmitted to us through many generations of steadfastness, it can only be made our own by taking it practically into our daily lives. Little tests present themselves hour by hour, and perhaps there are few sets of four words in commoner use amongst young and happy people, who scarcely know what hardship is, but are very quick to raise their protest against the

smallest discomfort or contrariety than the little phrase "*I can't bear it*,"—I can't bear this, or I can't bear that, and why should I put up with what I don't like? Well! life teaches us to bear many things which once, perhaps, were fancied unendurable; but those who set themselves to learn patience in early youth, by willingly enduring a little hardness without fretting or shirking, or saying *I can't bear*, will reap a rich reward in the strength of which they will find themselves possessed, when they are called upon to face the tests and responsibilities of life in real earnest, and to show of what metal they are made.

"Render unto all their Due."

"It was a happy inspiration of Mrs. Bryant to combine with a domestic anniversary (the Frances Mary Buss Schools Jubilee) what may without exaggeration be called a great national celebration. The vast congregation which attended the Jubilee Service in St. Paul's Cathedral, as they watched the academic procession marching up the aisle, as they joined in the special thanksgiving prayer composed by the Master of Trinity, as they listened to Dr. Farmer's spiritual anthems, and still more as they followed the argument of the Archbishop's closely reasoned sermon, must have been conscious that they were not only commemorating the foundation of the Frances Mary Buss Schools, but also returning thanks to God for all the benefits to the education of women during the half century 1850—1900." *Journal of Education*, May, 1900.

When heads were brown that now are grey,
Or in the churchyard laid away,
Paths that are opened now, and clear,
Were closed and barred from year to year,
To woman's tread; and she was told
To rest contented, as of old,
From learning that might work her harm,
And mar her usefulness and charm.
This silenced long the modest prayer
To be allowed to have her share
In the great human heritage
Of knowledge, stored from age to age;
She sighed; and did not urge her will,
'Twas so much easier to sit still.

But claims thus lightly set aside,
Were not as easily denied,
When Energy and Enterprise
Joined hands with glad Self-sacrifice
For those who, by and by, should see
Rich fruits from such tenacity.
The opportunities ye find,
They won. Ye Modern Girls, Have Mynde!

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

Between May, 1899, and May, 1900.

CAMBRIDGE HIGHER LOCAL EXAMINATION.

[This Examination is intended for Candidates over 18 years of age. To obtain a Certificate a Pass in Arithmetic and in three Groups is required.]

June, 1899. Group R (Religious Knowledge). Honours: Class I.
F. Birley.

" " Group B (German). Class III. E. M. Holland.

" " Group C (Arithmetic). Pass. E. M. Holland.

December, 1899. Group B (French and German). Honours: Class I.

" " Group C (Mathematics, Euclid and Algebra, with
Distinction in Arithmetic). A. D. D. Walthall.

CAMBRIDGE LOCAL EXAMINATIONS.

December, 1899. *Seniors*—Honours: Class III. F. Andrew.

Passed: C. Major, L. Warmsley.

Juniors—Passed: H. Aston, A. Finchett.

EXAMINATION OF THE COLLEGE OF PRECEPTORS.

December, 1899. Class I. Amy Owens.

Class III. Margaret Bird, Lottie Davies.

LONDON COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

July, 1899. (Piano.) Effie B. L. Mence, Passed an Examination
entitling her to the Diploma of an Associate of the
above College.

THE DRAWING SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

June, 1899.

Division I.—Honours: E. M. Duke, D. E. Evans, O. E. Fraser,
D. L. Holland, C. Jones, E. C. Maitland, A.
McCulloch, L. Webster, E. G. A. Williams.

Passed: D. G. Holland, M. Jones, P. S. James,
N. Morton, T. Pickering, M. Viggars.

Division II.—Honours: G. B. Breffit, C. E. Brown, A. W. Okell, J. Roberts, M. E. G. Savage, O. Sheringham.
 Passed: M. Ashton, A. L. Baker, M. W. Brown, P. Nevitt Bennett, E. M. Cowap, L. J. Davies, M. E. Donne, J. Ellison, E. Langlands, E. F. Maitland, E. Naylor, E. M. S. Plummer, E. G. Plummer, D. Parkes.

Division III.—Honours: J. Beswick, M. F. Brown, W. E. Davies, G. M. Davies, E. M. Jones, M. L. Marsden, M. N. G. Savage, E. M. Tiley, A. C. Viggars.
 Passed: L. O. Burges, F. M. Curwen, L. L. Davies, A. Darbyshire, D. Finchett, E. M. Horton, E. Hewitt, C. Major, W. Nicholls.

Division V.—Honours: F. Andrew, F. M. Hampson.
 Passed: G. Jones, G. Mill, E. H. Saudford.

Division VI.—Passed: E. H. Holland.

At the Annual Exhibition of Drawings, Paintings, and other Exercises, done by Scholars in the various Schools that take the Society's Examinations, which was held in London during the Spring of this year, all the specimens sent by Pupils of the Queen's School were accepted, and the following received Honorable Mention:—

Highly Commended: Margaret Byrd, age 9, Brush Painting from Nature.

Commended: Ruth Vachon Baker, age 14, Memory Drawing; Jessie Beswick, age 13, Outline from a French Cast; Frances Curwen, age 15, Outline from Nature; Gladys Nicholls, age 10, Brush Painting from Nature; Mabel Okell, age 12, Brush Painting from Nature.

LONDON INSTITUTE FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF PLAIN NEEDLEWORK.

Certificates have been obtained by the following Pupils:—

Grade III. (Plain Needlework). Very Fair: M. Ashton, G. Breffit, E. Baker, O. E. Fraser, O. Sheringham, N. Williams.

Grade IV. Very Fair: A. Darbyshire, D. Parkes.

Grade VI. Very Good: E. B. L. Mence.

Grade VI. (Patching and Darning). Very Good: Marion Horton.
 Good: Lottie Davies. Very Fair: F. Ashley, M. Beswick, A. Viggars.

The Queen's Scholarship, founded in memory of Her Majesty's Jubilee in 1877, gained last year by Sibylla Frances Baker, has this year been awarded to Alice Dorothy Delves Walthall.

On Board the "Waikare."

South Pacific Ocean,
About 300 miles from Raratonga,
July 10th, 1898.

. You will see that we have really started on our "Ideal Pleasure Trip."* So far we all call the ship "the Floating Hospital" because we have been so fearfully sea-sick; but yesterday and to-day we are recovering and life is a shade brighter, especially as at last it has become (of course I mean the weather) warm again. Though we have been steaming due N., which in *this* hemisphere means into the warm quarter, yet the first four days were cold and damp. Talking of damp, you should have seen the torrents of tropical rain we had yesterday!

July 13th.

This ought to be Thursday, but as we have been dodging about over the 180th degree of longitude, I can only tell you we have just had two Tuesdays, July 12th, so this may be Wednesday, or it may be Thursday, but at any rate it is *called* July 13th. We lose a day between two of the islands, so we shall get back to the ordinary calendar soon, I suppose. Since beginning this letter we have had one delightful day at Raratonga (don't sound the g). We arrived about 6 p.m. on Monday, the 11th, and when once calmly anchored we had a very jolly dance, to which kings, queens, and princesses galore, arrived from the island to look on. One princess took part in a set of lancers, and danced it beautifully, she seemed much pleased to join in. The next morning I got my first real view of the island, for it was dark before we got near it the night before; it looked just like scenery cut out of cardboard, because it has a very jagged outline, looking as if there were nothing behind it; but oh, the beautiful green of it, clothed right up to the tip-top with trees, and with cocoanut palms all along the beach. Of course it has a coral reef fringing it, making the coast very dangerous, but the sea inside the reef was the most exquisite greeny blue, quite clear, and with lovely, almost dead-white sand showing plainly through the water.

"Droops the heavy blossomed bower, hangs the heavy
fruited tree,
Summer isles of Eden, floating in dark purple spheres
of sea."

* "An Ideal Excursion to Raratonga, Tahiti, Samoa, Tonga, by the Union Company's Magnificent New Steamer "Waikare," being a Six Weeks Pleasure Trip at the season of the year when the Islands are most attractive."—*Advt. of the Union Steamship Co.*

Perhaps *you* know where those lines come from, unfortunately I do not, but they head a chapter in a book called "*Brown Men and Women*", or *the South Sea Islands in 1895 and 1896*, by Edward Reeves, published by Swan, Sonnenschein & Co.,—a most interesting book which has just come out about these islands, and which everyone here is busily reading. I like those two lines immensely, only to me the sea is the most glorious true blue, *not* purple. These islands are famous for their oranges, and you would hardly believe the amount we consumed in one day, they were most delicious and welcome as thirst quenchers.

We were given a tremendous welcome by the few English residents and the many natives. When we landed the programme was, first, a four hours drive all round the island. At stages we were regaled by smiling kings and queens—no, that sounds as if we had turned cannibals! I mean we were entertained by smiling kings and queens, and their retainers supplied us with endless quantities of pine-apples, bananas, oranges, and sandwiches of *taro* and duck, or turkey. I am sorry to say I was obliged to hide my *taro*, I should have been very sick if I had swallowed it! I could have eaten it all right if we had had a lot of salt with it, but not without. The oranges were served in two ways; they peel them, but leave the thick white skin on them, then some have just a little round cut off at the top, and you suck all the juice out that way, or, having been peeled first in the same manner as before described, they are very nearly divided in half, being just cut all round and only kept together by the tough bit in the middle; then you break them open, and suck the juice out like that; apparently no one ever *eats* an orange. You suck the juice and throw away the pulp; it is certainly most refreshing.

We bought beads, and shells, and strings of coloured seeds, etc., and decorated ourselves with them, much to the delight of the natives. At 2 p.m. we were given English afternoon tea at the Residence. We all shook hands with *the* Queen, Makea (pronounced macare) and a jolly, ugly old thing she is, too. Then, after tea, they had some native dancing specially got up for us, and one of the natives danced a wonderful step dance to the music of our ship's band which had been brought on shore. He kept the most splendid time, and we all applauded loudly. After that our people danced a set of Lancers for them to see, and Princess Jackie joined in it too; I think she was charmed to show *her* people that she could do what *we* did. After much handshaking, we (that is Uncle and I) went to call on the English Resident and his wife, to whom we had a letter of introduction—

Mr. and Mrs. Moss. They were most kind, and with three daughters and other English people living here, all came to dinner on the ship. Uncle and I also walked to the Post-office, where we were lucky enough to get them to open a brand new issue of stamps only arrived that day. Wasn't that luck? Other people who went earlier in the day, did not get them.

We returned to the ship about 6 p.m. The difficulty of getting from the boats to the ship was enormous, and, indeed, it was dangerous work, owing to the very heavy surf running. As for what is called the Long Swell of the Blue Pacific, it is a most hateful rolling, pitching, tossing, seasick performance.

We had two kings, two princesses, various chiefs, etc., and a large following, all to dinner on the ship. One of the chiefs dined at our table and I thoroughly enjoyed it. He was so bright and amused at our asking the Raratongan for things, and comparing it with Maori. After dinner we had music and dancing, and, what pleased the kings most of all, we had an excellent Gramophone (a sort of Phonograph) entertainment. You should just have seen their faces, it was killing to watch them. They looked under the table that the Gramophone stood upon, to see *where* the sound came from! They were all very loth to depart, and we fired guns and let off fireworks to amuse them, on their way from the ship to the shore.

We weighed anchor at midnight, having had a most delightful day; not *too* hot, but still *tropical* and lovely. To-night we are due to arrive at Papeëte, the capital of Tahiti.

July 14th or 15th. I really don't know which. Here we are at Papeëte, Tahiti, and isn't it just grilling! Imagine this being their Winter, what must their Summer be like!! We are all in white clothes, nearly everyone on the ship, which always looks so nice. I believe Tahiti is quite as beautiful as Raratonga, but it is very smelly and French, without any of the nice part of French things in it. The shops (like Indian bazaars) are full of cheap, nasty, shoddy wares, nothing native or attractive. I think we are all sorry that our longest stay is at this island. Here in Tahiti they are just having their annual festivities to celebrate the fall of the Bastille, and by and by, in fact, now, in a few minutes, we are to watch (lounging comfortably in our deck chairs) sports, and decked out canoes, most wondrous to behold, on which they do a sort of gesticulating dance. A drumming contest is also to take place this afternoon, so imagine the deafening noise there will be! The whole ship is invited to tea at the Cercle Bougainville, by Monsieur le Président. I am glad to say at this place our ship is only a

few yards from land, so we have none of that perilous business in boats, which really is no joke.

On reading through the last few pages I have come to the conclusion that I have been rather hard on Tahiti, condemning the whole island on account of its shoddy little capital. The vegetation is just as lovely as in the other islands when you see it, but you don't see it at once, as at Raratonga. Would it astonish you to hear that many of the natives in these islands ride bicycles? and not only ride, but ride gracefully.

I am beginning to feel as if I had always lived on a ship! When you are not sea-sick it is a very jolly, lazy life. An enormous long double canoe has just shot past, paddled by 24 men, in such splendid time.

July 21st.

We left Papeëte on Monday, 5 p.m., and got to Raiatea on Tuesday at 5 a.m. We stayed on that island till 5 p.m. yesterday, and I think all enjoyed our two days there. We are due at the town of Apia, in the island of Upolu, in the Samoan group, next Monday, the 25th.

July 27th.

It was hot at Raratonga, but a drier heat, hotter at Papeëte, hotter still at Raiatea, and hot, hotter, hottest, here in Samoa, which is nearer the equator than the others. I wish I could convey to you how everyone out here pronounces Samoa, with a most fearful nasal twang, and the accent on the Sa. I am picking up *good-day*, *good-bye*, *good*, *bad*, *thank-you*, and the native names for oranges and cocoanuts, all of which are useful things to know, and all vary in the different islands. In this island the great point of interest is Robert Stevenson's house and grave.* He died in '94, but there are still many of his books and photographs in the rooms. It is rather sad to go through a house like that. You cannot think what a lovely spot it is, and there is a splendid wide verandah to the large, airy building, looking down over the sea.

We had a lovely picnic yesterday to the waterfall of Papasea, where there is a water *toboggan*; you sit on a smooth rock (very smooth!) over which the water flows and you gently let yourself slide, feet foremost, down a drop of 20 ft. into a deep pool of water below. You glide down the rock with the water flowing over it, and it looks so delicious that, if only I had had a bathing gown with me, I would have gone over it too, as several of our girls did, and a great many of the men. I had to content myself with paddling, but *that* was very refreshing.

* The Vailima Letters give many vivid descriptions of R. L. Stevenson's home in Samoa.

The drive there was through cocoa-nut groves, and bananas and mangoes; but oh, how hot it is! you drip from every pore even when just sitting still. But I am splendidly well and don't get knocked up with the heat like so many people on board. You simply *must* wear a shady hat, and by that I mean shady over the back of your neck, as that matters far more than over your face, and carry those white-lined-with-green sun umbrellas, as an ordinary parasol is not nearly thick enough.

We leave here to-night for the island of Vavau in the Tongan group, where we are to arrive on Saturday, July 30th; we leave there again 5 p.m. the same day for Nuhualofa, another island in the same group, arriving Sunday, the 31st (morning). That is to be the last of our islands, and we leave there on Monday, August 1st, for a sea-sick passage to Auckland, New Zealand, where we are due on August 1st.

(Supplementary).

Akaroa. New Zealand,

February 5th, 1899.

Samoan affairs are interesting us not a little just now, especially as we have so recently visited that island. I see those lazy, sleepy, gentle-looking brown figures have turned into bloodthirsty savages again, and are parading the town of Apia with the heads of their neighbours. And those fearful-looking knives 2 feet long, with a sharp curve at the top, with which they illustrated war dances for us, are being used with disgusting results. I observe that they have also ransacked "Vailima", not that there was much left in it, but I am glad they did not burn it.

I am glad X liked my photographs*; some peaceful time when I can get at my negatives, I will either print, or have printed, some more, and then I could send him one or two. There is no knowing what the natives may do if this row continues; out of mere idleness they might burn down Stevenson's house.

Christchurch, New Zealand,

April 13th, 1899.

The weather to-day is bright but very cold; I shan't be at all sorry to get over to the warmth of Australia. We leave Wellington on the 29th by the "Waikare," for Sydney—due May 3rd. Our plans for July and August seem uncertain, as we are half inclined to go to the South Sea Islands again. Except Tonga and Samoa, we should go to quite different islands to those

* Photographs of Stevenson's house, and of the lovely spot where he lies buried.

we visited last year; this year the "Waikare" will go to Fiji, Rotuma Island, New Hebrides, New Caledonia, and Banks Island, besides Tonga and Samoa. The latter I should much like to revisit after all the fighting there; besides, there is the pleasure of getting away for the coldest six weeks in this climate, into delicious heat. Perhaps in my next letter I may tell you that we have once more booked our berths in our beloved "Waikare" for the South Sea Islands, leaving Sydney, July 1st, and returning there again August 9th.

M. W.

The Landslips at Darjeeling.

(Extracts from a letter written by Winifred Pegler to her cousin Hilda Whitehouse, describing the Landslips which occurred at Darjeeling after the heavy rains of September, 1890).

You will be surprised at not hearing from me before—but such terrible things have been happening here, we have had no time for letter writing. I expect you have heard before this of the appalling landslips which have taken place in this neighbourhood, but all the same I am going to give you a full account of our experience.

All Friday and Saturday, September 23rd and 24th, rain poured in torrents from morning till evening; then it was fine for an hour or two, but only to come on again with double force afterwards, and on Sunday it was something too terrible for words. None of us went to Church, which is an unusual occurrence in an establishment like this.* That night we went to bed feeling very shaky and shivery, and made ourselves more so by talking of all kinds of gruesome things. Some of the girls did not get to sleep at all, but I fell off into a slumber at about half-past ten, and slept till a quarter of an hour past midnight, when I was suddenly awakened by the most terrible crash you can imagine, followed by loud shrieks and the sounds of scampering feet. As usual I was very sleepy and I merely told the girls to be quiet, but at that moment Fräulein came rushing into the room and cried out to us to put on some clothes as quickly as possible, for

* The School is a Diocesan School under the management of a Sisterhood.

the dormitories were likely to be carried down the Khud.* Some of the girls ran down stairs and met one of the Junior Teachers, who told them her room had been quite crushed in, and her things carried entirely away. Before the Sisters came to us the little ones had already been hurried out of their dormitories, because the water was pouring in from underground springs into their rooms which were on the ground floor. We were all hustled into the Teachers' building—which we reached safely, and there we each had a dose of brandy administered to us.

Some of the younger ones then went to sleep but I could not, for I thought that any minute we might, even yet, be carried down the Khud. And indeed, just as we were getting settled, we heard *another* awful crash and someone came rushing in, shouting: "save the boys! save the boys!" Their building, which was the other end of the School, had been knocked down by a tremendous landslip from behind. Some of the boys had been sent flying down the Khud, and others were buried under cupboards, &c. They were rescued in a marvellous manner, one by one, and brought to the Teachers' building.

One boy was wedged in between two beams and could not move; he shouted to some of his friends to help him, but they all ran away except one tiny fellow of eight, who tried with all his little strength to pull him out. Soon, however, one of the teachers (Miss Middleton) came and was able to deliver him. He was very much bruised and shaken and his eyes were hurt. A young girl, Winnie Cowper, who looks after the boys, had rather a deep cut in her head; she has had to have all her hair shaved off.

No one can imagine how the boys were saved, as they were in a two-storey house, and their upper storey shot over the lower one and went very near the Khud. The dining room was below the boys' bedroom and all this went down. We thought the plates, like everything else, would be smashed, but a few days afterwards they were dug out unharmed, in whole piles!

None of us ever expected to see daylight again, but gradually morning came and then the storm passed off. You can imagine our feelings when, next day, we saw what had happened around us. There were landslips above every building in the School except the one we were in. Is it not a miracle, that we were all saved? The land near our dormitories was rent to the foundations of the building, which could be easily seen. One end of No. 1 Dormitory had been swept down, and a shed newly built for boxes, &c., had been carried quite away; not a

* Khud, a steep slope or precipice.

vestige of it was to be seen. Some of the houses on our side of the hill were entirely swept away, and one whole family perished.

We are now living in the ballroom belonging to the Lieutenant Governor; we sleep, eat, and have school in this one large hall. Father wished to take us home, but as we are going in for an Examination, the Sisters advised him to let us remain. Next Wednesday we are going into the Sanatorium, as it is getting too cold to stay here much longer. Nearly all the Railway lines in these parts have been much damaged, and people have to walk or ride some portion of every journey.

You will be quite tired of this disaster, but I cannot help thinking, again and again, what a wonderful escape we had.

NOTE.—It may be remembered that the exceptionally heavy rainfall at Darjeeling, which began on the 23rd and ended on the 25th of September, was responsible for several disastrous landslips. When the first news of these reached Calcutta great excitement and consternation prevailed, as so many residents had some one near and dear to them in the Hills; and most eagerly were enquiries made concerning the Schools. Fortunately it was found that these had generally experienced miraculous escapes, as is shown in Winifred's letter; but four children from the Arcadia School, who had taken refuge in "Ida Villa," were lost; as were also the six children of the Rev. Mr. Lees, four of whom were entombed in the debris of the hill side, or swept away in the lava-like torrent of mud and water, which rushed down to meet, thousands of feet below, the torrent that poured through the Rungma Valley. Several villages were destroyed and, in all, about three hundred lives were lost; much damage was done to property, the roads and railways in many parts having been completely carried away. Nor is this surprising when we learn that 24·70 inches of rain fell in 48 hours.

We cannot but feel *great* sympathy with our fellow-subjects in India, both in the misfortunes arising from the excessive rainfall above described, and in the far worse misfortunes arising from the almost total failure of the rains in other parts, which has resulted in the terrible famine now prevailing over so wide an area that even the most heroic efforts seem unable to cope with the ever-increasing misery of the starving thousands. And here our sympathy must not be limited to feelings of pity and compassion. We must remember that great rivers are made up of little streams, and even if we feel that we cannot do very much—for this has been and still is, a year of many calls and of urgent claims—we must still try to do something in the way of sending help. We must remember that no gifts are so good as those which cost us some self-denial.

Among the Pathans.

COME with me in imagination and pay a visit to a little corner of our vast Indian Empire. The railway has taken us as far as it can, but the last part of our journey is along the hot dusty "tonga" road. A tonga is a kind of low two-wheeled dog-cart with a cover. On the cover is piled the luggage—no mean item in Northern India, where one has to carry about one's bedding. The first part of the road is rather flat and uninteresting but, by and by, we come to a little oasis; distant blue hills can be seen, and as we draw up to the Dāk Bungalow or wayside inn, we gladly breathe in the cool morning air, and notice there are hedges of sweet pink monthly roses on either side of the road, and thousands of shrieking green parakeets in the tall trees. We are on our way to Kashmir, the garden of the East, the fairest spot in all the world, but we are to linger here awhile in the Hazara among those wild fierce Pathans and their gentle soft eyed women. Though isolated far away from other Europeans, with only our native servants, and surrounded by densely populated villages, we see no cause for fear. The strange white ladies go in and out among the people unharmed, even though the country has gained for itself an unenviable notoriety from the murders so common amongst its people.

It was Sunday afternoon—the day of quiet and rest in the far off homeland. We had read together the old Church Service. Sunday School, if such it can be called, was finished—for, on this one day, the boys come to our bungalow. They are little undisciplined ruffians, coming even from five miles off, but though outside they scramble, and push, and fight, once inside and seated on the floor, they are all attention. Tiffin over, we decided to go our usual walk, only this time, to a distant village, which we had not visited before. It was the Mohammedan Fast, the great Ramazan, when they fast from one new moon to another new moon, not eating bread or drinking water from sunrise to sunset: there is generally more opposition then, people are more difficult to reach. As we neared the village, with its thick mud walls—(mud walls encircle each yard, and all the houses of rich and poor are built of the same material)—a young Pathan of a poor family met us, and guided us into the heart of the village, along narrow streets with high walls on either side, a strange dreary place. Presently we stopped, passed through an opening into a rough court yard, and from this into a narrow dark room, without any window. Here were the

women of the family, the Pathan spoke truly to us, when he said, he was a poor man, for had he been rich, his women would have been more securely hidden away. They were frightened, poor things, and would not come near us, probably never having seen white women before; as they would not talk to us, and seemed so alarmed, we thought it best to leave. But in the meanwhile, the outer courtyard had become full of men, one with a knife, the others with the deadly club. The club generally has a thick knob at the handle end, which is closely studded with nails, it is evidently used for other purposes than a walking stick. What their object was, we never knew, but when they saw that we were not going to force ourselves or our message upon them, they let us depart.

We were just leaving the village when a message reached us from the Khán, or chief man of the place, inviting us to visit his women. Oh! what a welcome they gave us! and what a sight it was, as between 30 and 40 women gathered round us; the poor women, who are not kept shut up in *purdah*, came gladly into the rich woman's Zenana; how they listened, some for the first time, to the old, old story of love! In quiet stillness they heard that God loved *women*, ah! it is a wonderful story to tell Hindu and Mohammedan women, for there is no *love* for women in their own dark creed.

As we were going home across the fields a number of poor village women met us, saying that we had never been to see them and would we not come. Of course we went, they led us to an open space in the middle of the village and one turned to me and said "sit down Miss Sahiba." I was just going to do so, when my friend suggested it would be better to wait, and they would bring us out a "*charpai*" or low native bedstead. Presently I saw what Miss Hull had saved me from; the harmless log of wood, which I had been asked to sit upon, was a kind of merry-go-round, and two girls sat down on it and began slowly whirling round; whether they meant to do me this honour I don't know, but I was glad to be saved the experience! We had a great crowd there of men, women and little children, and I wish those at home could have seen how quietly and attentively they listened, even though it was the fast of Ramazan.

You, in imagination, could linger with me, among these simple loving women with their pretty ways and sad eyes looking into ours. We could ride along the hot dusty roads, carrying them medicine and earning the great name of doctor—but we must hurry on, and bid good-bye for the present to the graceful Sikh women with their bright faces and gay red and yellow clothing, and the stately Pathans, clad in their sombre-coloured indigo

blue. But let their weight of sorrow reach our ears, as they say "you English you have everything, you have heart rest, you know what your future will be—"but dark, dark indeed, is our life."

M. PRYCE-BROWNE.

NOTE.—I am always desirous to interest my pupils in Foreign Missions, and especially in the work of *women* in the Mission Field. I am therefore very grateful for the above contribution from the sister of a member of our staff.

THE EDITOR.

War Echoes, 1899.

By A. D. D. WALTHALL.

WHAT IS WAR?

"What is War?" a child's voice questioned,

"Tell me, brother, scarlet clad,
What is War?—you praise it often—
Is it good or is it bad?"

"War!" the soldier gladly answered,

"'Tis a great and glorious thing;
Many noble men have loved it,
Of it many poets sing."

"Nay, oh nay!" the gentle mother

Interrupts her eager son,
"War, my child, is fierce and cruel,
In its name vile deeds are done."

"Nay, it is not wholly evil,"

Out spoke then her daughter fair,
"Death it brings, but also glory,
Teaching men to do and dare."

"War *must* be"—the aged father

Spoke in solemn, earnest tone—
"What is God's Will needs must happen,
And we must not cry or moan."

"Why, I think," the child cried, laughing,

"War is strange—both grave and gay,
Partly good, and partly evil!"
And the others answered, "Yea."

THE BATTLE OF GLENCOE, *Oct. 20th, 1899.*

Cheer for the brave, weep o'er their grave,
Mingle your joy and your pain,
Grieve for the bold, still now and cold,
Pity the friends of the slain.

Heavy the loss, many a corse,
Lay on the field of the fight;

Yet 'twas *we* won! Bravely they've done,
Britons—who fought for the right.

Praised be they, who fought on that day,
Praise to them, living or slain.

Praise him who led! Weep—he is dead!
Cheer them again and again.

THE CHARGER'S LAMENT FOR HIS MASTER.

He was a gallant soldier,
And loved the battle's din;
No coward hand restrained me,
He rode to die or win.
My heart was full of courage,
His hand was on the rein;
I cared not for the bullets
That whistled o'er the plain.

A foeman raised his rifle
And took a careful aim;
And swiftly, straight, unerring,
The deadly bullet came.
It struck my master—quietly,
With neither moan nor sound,
He, reeling in the saddle,
Fell headlong to the ground.

I felt him fall—but vainly
I strove to check my pace,
A hundred horses round me
Pressed onward in the race.
They forced me ever forward,
I could not turn again,
But far away behind me
There lay my master slain.

You've pity for the mother,
You've pity for the wife,
You've pity for the children
Of those who fall in strife.
Then pity, too, the horses,
Who love their masters well,
But, in their dumbness, never
Their grief to man can tell.

November, 1899.

A Visit to Netley Hospital.

WE all feel what a wonderful work the Army Medical Corps and Red Cross Society are doing in the present campaign, and it is the greatest comfort to know that the very best care is taken of our wounded soldiers, not only on the field, but also when they are brought home. I felt this very strongly when visiting the V.R. Hospital, Netley, the other day. The hospital is situated in beautiful grounds, and overlooks Southampton Water; it is, I believe, one of the largest buildings in England, and contains over 300 wards, each of which accommodates 12 men. Owing to the present war these wards are all filled, but numbers of small temporary wards have been built to supplement them. One is struck at once by the wonderful cheerfulness of the men—even of many of those who are disqualified for further service. A Dublin Fusilier, whose hand had been severely wounded at Colenso, and who was to be discharged from the army in a week, said: "It is what we went out for!" All the Irish soldiers spoke with pride and pleasure of the Queen's new order for the "wearing of the green" on St. Patrick's Day, and many of them had fastened pieces of shamrock on their well-worn helmets, which they hang above their beds.

The most serious cases were in the first ward I visited; the men had nearly all been wounded at Colenso and Spion Kop, many by explosive bullets. One man of the Border Regiment had been through the battles of Colenso and Spion Kop. From the latter place he had seen Ladysmith, but during the retirement he was unfortunately wounded. He said, "Buller is the man; none of the others can hold a candle to him. He has had much the hardest time, and he had to fight every inch of the way, and none of the others could have done it." In another ward were several men of the Yorkshire Light Infantry and some Highlanders, who had all been wounded in the terrible engagement at Magersfontein. Many of these men were knitting stockings and belts, whilst others were doing wool work. They find the time passes very slowly, and say it is easier to get into hospital than out. Books and papers of all kinds are most acceptable to them, also wool, knitting needles, and work materials. Another young soldier had been wounded in his first engagement—Colenso—and was dreadfully sorry to have to leave the army. Some of the narrow escapes are wonderful. A Dublin Fusilier had been wounded in the back on Spion Kop, by shrapnel. Had the wound been

an eighth of an inch nearer his spine he must have been killed; as it was he has quite recovered, and was rejoining his regiment in Ireland the day of my visit. He said they had 4,000 feet to climb to the top of Spion Kop, and that the heat was awful. During the two hours he had to wait for the ambulance, his arm was burnt quite black with the sun. Another man who had recovered was in the 2nd West Yorks. He had been invalided home after fighting at Belmont, Graspan, Modder River and Magersfontein. He showed me his Queen's chocolate box with great pride, also the knife, spoon, and fork, which he had used during the campaign, and his khaki helmet cover and the regimental badge. His Colonel had commanded his men to take these badges off their helmets, as they were red, and a mark for the Boers.

It is evidently a great pleasure to the men to recount their experiences, and I hope anyone getting a chance will not fail to visit the hospital, they will be well rewarded for any trouble. I was interested to see the kitchen, where a tempting meal was being prepared. Each man was to have some fish and a little pudding, with two eggs in it, for his tea.

MARGT. E. BROADBENT.

Games.

MAY, 1899—MAY, 1900.

TENNIS.

On June 16th, 1899, the first match of the season was played against the Institute School, West Kirby, on our own ground. Some good play was seen on both sides, many of the games being very closely contested. The 2nd double was perhaps the most exciting, as in this event three sets were played. The Queen's School won each event. G. Lloyd played very steadily, and will, we hope, do well in the future.

Details:—*1st Single.* G. Baird defeated Institute School, 6—0; 6—3.

2nd Single. G. Lloyd defeated Institute School, 6—1; 6—1.

1st Double. E. Sandford and G. Baird defeated Institute School, 6—3; 6—4.

2nd Double. L. Warnsley and G. Lloyd defeated Institute School, 7—5; 4—6; 6—2.

The return match was played at West Kirby on July 14th. This time the result was decided by the number of games won. This match was very exciting, the West Kirby players having evidently practised hard since their visit to us, and their energy was rewarded by a total of 37 games to our 34.

Details:—*1st Single.* G. Baird was defeated by the Institute School, 6—3; 6—3.

2nd Single. E. Sandford won both sets, 6—3; 6—2.

1st Double. G. Baird and E. Sandford won by two games.

2nd Double. A. Darbishire and L. Warmesley defeated the Institute School, 6—4; 6—2.

E. Sandford played well in both her single and her double game.

After the match we were most kindly entertained by the Head Mistress.

CRICKET.

The match with the "Old Girls" is always much enjoyed, and this year, in spite of the great heat, much energy was displayed on both sides. A. Caldecutt, L. Veerman, and A. Viggars are to be specially commended for their good play.

Score—1st Innings:—		OLD GIRLS.			
Name.		How out.	Bowler.	Runs.	
1. Miss Anderson	...	run out	...	L. Warmesley	9
2. E. Hobgen	...	c Miss Leader	...	L. Warmesley	7
3. N. Finchett	...	bowled	...	A. Caldecutt	6
4. M. Broadbent	...	bowled	...	A. Caldecutt	0
5. R. Day	...	c Miss Leader	...	A. Viggars	6
6. G. Dent	...	c A. Viggars	...	A. Caldecutt	2
7. Miss Day	...	bowled	...	A. Viggars	...
8. G. Lowe	...	not out	2
9. E. Ellis	...	bowled	...	A. Caldecutt	7
10. H. Dent	...	c L. Warmesley	...	A. Caldecutt	0
11. G. Martin	...	c Miss Leader	...	A. Caldecutt	2
				Byes	1
				Total	42

PRESENT GIRLS.					
1. A. Viggars	...	c E. Hobgen	...	N. Finchett	14
2. L. Veerman	...	bowled	...	N. Finchett	12
3. L. Warmesley	...	c E. Hobgen	...	R. Day	8
4. M. Donne	...	stumped	...	R. Day	6
5. E. Sandford	...	c E. Hobgen	...	G. Lowe	5
6. A. Caldecutt	...	hit wicket	...	R. Day	18
7. Miss Leader	...	bowled	...	R. Day	4
8. O. Sheringham	...	not out	2
9. A. Clayton	...	stumped	...	R. Day	3
10. A. Finchett	...	bowled	...	N. Finchett	6
11. A. Breffit	...	bowled	...	N. Finchett	0
				Byes	1
				Total	80

The "Present Girls" won by 38 runs.

Matches were arranged against the "Hittites" Club at Mossley Hill, but the weather was so unsettled that they had to be given up.

On July 5th we went to Northwich to play a match against the High School there. Cricket had only just been begun at this school, and we had the honour of being invited to play the first match with their eleven. Some of our girls played very well, and the fielding was good. A. Viggars and A. Caldecutt made big scores, and D. Finchett and G. Mill did very useful work.

The result of the game was a victory for us by an innings and 40 runs.

Score :—	L. Warmsley	4
	L. Veerman	6
	A. Viggars	20
	Miss Giles	5
	A. Caldecutt	15
	G. Clayton	2
	Miss Leader	4
	M. Donne	0
	D. Finchett	11
	G. Mill	0
	M. Savage, not out	2
	Byes	2
	Wides	5
	Total	76

Tea was most kindly provided for us by the Members of the Club.

The last match of the season was a "Home Match," and was played between picked Elevens of the Queen's School Club, the captains being E. Sandford and L. Warmsley. Mr. Temple Sandford very kindly umpired for us.

Score—1st Innings:— E. SANDFORD'S XI.

Name.	How out.	Bowler.	Runs.
1. D. Finchett	... bowled	... M. Donne	... 1
2. Miss Leader	... c G. Mill	... A. Viggars	... 0
3. O. Sheringham	... c L. Warmsley	... A. Viggars	... 0
4. M. Savage	... c G. Mill	... A. Viggars	... 1
5. E. Sandford	... bowled	... A. Viggars	... 1
6. M. Hampson	... c G. Breffit	... M. Donne	... 0
7. E. Langlands	... c L. Warmsley	... M. Donne	... 1
8. M. Marsden	... c G. Mill	... M. Donne	... 0
9. F. Dobie	... c L. Warmsley	... A. Viggars	... 1
10. G. Lloyd	... not out 0
11. E. Duke	... stumped	... A. Viggars	... 0
		Byes	... 4
		Wides	... 3
		Total	... 12

L. WARMSLEY'S XI.

1. A. Finchett	... c E. Sandford	... Miss Leader	... 0
2. G. Mill	... bowled	... D. Finchett	... 0
3. A. Viggars	... c D. Finchett	... E. Sandford	... 19
4. M. Donne	... bowled	... D. Finchett	... 0
5. L. Warmsley	... not out 12
6. G. Breffit	... run out	... D. Finchett	... 4
7. D. Tait	... bowled	... E. Sandford	... 0
8. D. Walthall	... bowled	... E. Sandford	... 0
9. D. Evans	... bowled	... E. Sandford	... 2
10. J. Taylor	... bowled	... E. Sandford	... 0
		Byes	... 1
		Total	... 38

2nd Innings:—

E. SANDFORD'S XI.

1. E. Sandford	... c L. Warmsley	... A. Finchett	... 0
2. Miss Leader	... bowled	... A. Finchett	... 11
3. O. Sheringham	... c A. Finchett	... A. Finchett	... 9
4. M. Savage	... bowled	... A. Viggars	... 3
5. D. Finchett	... c G. Breffit	... A. Viggars	... 3
6. M. Hampson	... bowled	... A. Finchett	... 0
7. E. Langlands	... bowled	... A. Viggars	... 0
8. M. Marsden	... stumped	... A. Finchett	... 1
9. F. Dobie	... c A. Finchett	... A. Viggars	... 2
10. G. Lloyd	... not out	... A. Viggars	... 2
11. E. Duke	... bowled	... A. Viggars	... 0
		Byes	... 1
		Total	... 32

L. WARMSLEY'S XI.

1. A. Finchett	... c E. Sandford	... D. Finchett	... 4
2. G. Mill	... c E. Langlands	... Miss Leader	... 1
3. A. Viggars	... c E. Sandford	... D. Finchett	... 1
4. M. Doune	... bowled	... D. Finchett	... 2
5. L. Warmsley	... bowled	... D. Finchett	... 1
6. G. Breffit	... c O. Sheringham	... E. Sandford	... 2
7. D. Tait	... bowled	... E. Sandford	... 1
8. D. Evans	... bowled	... D. Finchett	... 2
9. D. Walthall	... not out	... E. Sandford	... 1
10. J. Taylor	... c D. Finchett	... E. Sandford	... 1
		Byes	... 3
		Wides	... 1
		Total	... 20

Result:—Lilian Warmsley's XI. won the match by 14 runs.

HOCKEY.

I. HITTITES HOCKEY CLUB v. QUEEN'S SCHOOL.

This match was played on Nov. 18th, 1899, at Sefton Park, Liverpool.

The Queen's School XI. were most hospitably entertained at luncheon by Mrs. Anderson, of Prince's Park, and returned to Chester in the afternoon.

Our team consisted of:—

Forwards—M. Savage, A. Finchett, L. Warmsley, O. Sheringham, E. Sandford.

Half-backs—G. Clayton, A. Viggars, D. Finchett.

Backs—A. Owen, G. Baird.

Goal—G. Mill.

Result:—A draw, 4 goals all.

The return match was given up on account of bad weather.

II. WARRINGTON CLERGY DAUGHTERS' SCHOOL v. QUEEN'S SCHOOL.

The last match of the season was played on our ground on March 24th, 1900. It was very exciting, and though we won by 4 goals to none, the opposing side played a very good game.

Our team was as follows:—

Forwards—E. Sandford, M. Savage, A. Finchett, O. Sheringham, D. Finchett.

Half-backs—A. Owen, R. Owen, A. Viggars.

Backs—E. Andrew, L. Veerman.

Goal—G. Mill.

SPORTS.

The Annual Sports were held on Friday, July 7th. The day was fine though dull, but this did not greatly interfere with the proceedings, which were much enjoyed by the children.

We take this opportunity of thanking the Members of the Sports Committee for their share in the work, especially G. Clayton and A. Caldecutt, who collected the money and names of competitors. No girl was allowed to carry away more than two Prizes.

PROGRAMME OF SPORTS.

1. **Flat Race (Middle).**
1 A. Owen. 2 R. Owen. 3 P. Brandreth.
2. **Egg and Spoon (Junior).**
1 H. Greenhouse. 2 L. Webster.
3. **Potato Race (Senior).**
1 E. Sandford. 2 B. Middleton. 3 M. Donne.
4. **Sack Race.**
1 A. Finchett. 2 E. Brandreth. 3 D. Finchett.
5. **Three-legged (Junior).**
M. Clark and R. Kipper.
6. **Flat Race (Senior).**
1 G. Baird. 2 B. Middleton. 3 G. Mill.
7. **High Jump (Middle).**
1 A. Owen. 2 R. Bird. 3 R. Owen.
8. **Flat Race (Junior).**
1 H. Greenhouse and P. Owen.
9. **Flat Race (7--8 years).**
1 E. Veerman.
10. **Obstacle (Senior).**
1 G. Mill. 2 G. Baird. 3 M. Cotterill.
11. **Obstacle (Middle).**
1 P. Brandreth. 2 E. Maitland. 3 P. Bennett.
12. **Middle (Junior).**
1 D. Ellis. 2 M. Clark.
13. **Tortoise.**
1 E. Maitland. 2 H. Greenhouse. 3 D. Walthall.
14. **Potato (Middle).**
1 J. Beswick and R. Bird. 2 F. Dobie.
15. **Obstacle (Junior).**
1 H. Greenhouse. 2 D. Ellis. 3 L. Webster.
16. **Egg and Spoon (Middle).**
1 P. Bennett. 2 G. Mill. 3 E. Brandreth.

17. **Gretna Green.**
D. Walthall and G. Lloyd.
18. **Three-legged (Senior).**
E. Sandford and A. Finchett.
19. **High Jump (Junior).**
1 M. Viggars. 2 H. Greenhouse. 3 P. Owen.
20. **Consolation (Senior).**
1 M. Donne. 2 M. Marsden.
21. **Consolation (Middle).**
1 M. Bowers. 2 D. Finchett.
22. **Consolation (Junior).**
1 R. Viggars. 2 G. Finchett.

MARRIAGES.

- BRIERLEY.**—On November 7th, at the Cathedral, Calcutta, by the Rev. W. A. G. Lackman, Senior Chaplain, *Algernon R. Nevill*, son of the Ven. M. R. Nevill, Archdeacon of Norfolk and Canon of Norwich, to *Maud Fisher Brierley*, eldest daughter of the late John Colley Brierley and of Mrs. Brierley, of Grey Friars, Chester.
- BROWN.**—April 25th, at S. Oswald's, Chester, by the Rev. W. O. Burrows, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Leeds, assisted by the Rev. E. C. Lowndes, Vicar of the Parish, the *Rev. Frederick Henry Victor Paton*, son of the late A. A. Paton, H.B.M. Consul, Ragusa, Dalmatia, to *Constance Lucy*, youngest daughter of the late John Brown, Chichester House, Chester.
- DAVIES.**—September 19th, at S. Francis' Church, Grosvenor Road, Chester, *Margaret Davies* to *James William Montgomery*.
- FOOTNER.**—On August 24th, at S. Paul's, Boughton, Chester, by the Rev. H. H. Wright, Precentor of Chester Cathedral, assisted by the Rev. F. Edwards, Vicar, and the Rev. T. T. Davies, *E. B. Walton*, son of the Rev. H. B. Walton, of Holy Cross, Oxford, to *Evelyn A. Footner*, daughter of Mr. Harry Footner, of Dee Fords, Chester.
- IRVING.**—On November 2nd, at Lahore Cathedral, by the Rev. E. J. Warlow, *Captain Scott Moncrieff*, I.M.S., 9th Bengal Lancers, to *Vera*, eldest daughter of Colonel Irving, R.O.M.C., of Rye, Sussex.
- JOHNSON.**—At the City Road Wesleyan Church, by the Rev. J. W. Blackett, assisted by the Rev. F. F. Bretherton, *Robert*, son of Councillor Robert Lamb, Chester, to *Winifred*, daughter of Mr. Michael Johnson, Dental Surgeon, Chester.
- MEARS.**—On 13th November, 1899, in the Cathedral, Bombay, *Arthur Herbert*, D.S.P., of Ellichpur, Berar, Central India, brother of Col. Lionel Herbert, A.D.C. to the Governor General of India, to *Fanny Mears*, sister of Mr. W. Austen Mears, C.E., Lahore.
- MILL.**—On the 23rd of August, at S. Peter's, Rock Ferry, by the Rev. E. A. Brown, M.A., Rector of Burnage, Manchester, Uncle of the Bridegroom, assisted by the Rev. W. L. Paige Cox, M.A., Vicar of S. Peter's, Rock Ferry, and Rural Dean of Birkenhead, *Franklin Augustus*, son of the late Thos. Augustus

Brown, Solicitor, London, to *Elizabeth* (Elsie), eldest daughter of Lawrence Mill, of Greystone, Rock Ferry.

PEGLER.—On May 24th, 1899, in the Parish Church, Kusseong, India, by the Rev. B. W. Templeman, *Aston Barnes* to *Nora*, eldest daughter of Mr. Edward Pegler, of Darjeeling, India.

PRYCE-DAVIS.—September 12th, at the Welsh Presbyterian Church, S. John Street, Chester, *W. O. Roberts*, son of Mr. R. D. Roberts, J.P., of Brou-y-Craig, Corwen, and S. James's Road, Liverpool, to *Hattie Pryce*, daughter of the Rev. J. Pryce-Davis, Gwynfa, Hough Green, Chester.

BIRTHS.

PIGEAUD.—On the 2nd of August, 1899, at Châtellerault, Madame Louis Pigeaud (*née* Daigle) of a Daughter (Claire Louise).

ELLIS.—December 19th, 1899, at 9, Cowley Street, Westminster, the wife of the late T. E. Ellis, M.P., of a Son.

DEATH.

DAVISON.—On November 29th, 1899, at the Infirmary, Chester, aged 13, Muriel Asquith, second daughter of Jonathan and Eleanor Davison.

A very charming little picture of Daffodils, painted by Mr. T. Walmsley Price, will be given to the Children's Ward in the Infirmary, as a Floral Offering from her Schoolfellows to the memory of Muriel Davison. We hope it may be hung not far from the Queen's School Cot.

A BEREAVEMENT.

All former pupils of the Queen's School who remember Alice Countts, (now Mrs. Taylor) will feel much sympathy with her in the loss of her husband, who died on April 14th, 1900, (Easter Even) after a long illness.



CHRONICLE.

The Queen's School Cot in the Children's Ward at the Infirmary.—It was not without a special effort that the full amount of our annual contribution of Twenty-five pounds, for the maintenance of the Cot, was ready in the hands of the Hon. Treasurer, Mrs. W. Davies, on the First of January, 1900; for we very much regret to say that there has been a certain falling off in the subscriptions, and although some may think this may easily be accounted for by the natural tendency of the War to pre-occupy all hearts and minds on behalf of our Soldiers and Sailors, and their Families, we cannot but say that we believe it has been in some measure due to a certain degree of slackness in collecting promised contributions, and in bringing the claims of the Cot before new members of the Queen's School Union.

However, on December 18th and 19th, an Entertainment for the benefit of the Cot Fund was given at the Queen's School, with the permission of the Headmistress, by Past and Present Pupils of the School, which realised a Balance of £10 16s. 10d., after all expenses had been paid; and this not only sufficed to cover the shortage in the subscriptions which has just been mentioned, but also left a very satisfactory sum in the Treasurer's hands, with which to make a beginning for the contributions of the present twelve months.

The Entertainment consisted of Tableaux and Musical Interludes, and opened with the well-known song of "Soldiers in the Park," (from the Musical Play, a Runaway Girl), in which the solo was taken by Miss Ethel Sandford, with the lively co-operation of a number of comrades, in the persons of other "Present Pupils." The other items of the programme were almost entirely carried out by former Pupils of the Queen's School. They were as follows:—

Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women."

ARGUMENT.—*The Poet having fallen asleep after reading Chaucer's "Legend of Good Women," finds himself in a wood in Dreamland, where he has a vision of the Fair Women of poetic and historical tradition.*

"Fedalma Dancing."

(from "The Spanish Gipsy," by George Eliot).

Fedalma was of gipsy birth, but ignorant of her origin. Her name was given her by the Duchess Diana of Silva, who adopted the little foundling, "a bird picked up away from any nest," in her earliest childhood, and reared her like a daughter of her own. Fedalma is charming, but has longings

after freedom and movement quite alien to the nature of any "high-born Castilian dame," and one evening she suddenly appears in the *Plaza*, just when a space has been cleared for the dancing.

Interlude.—"The Choice of Paris."

(Adapted from Tennyson's *Cenone*.)

ARGUMENT.—*Paris, son of Priam, King of Troy, "a shepherd all his life, but yet king-born," shows the nymph Cenone a fruit of pure Hesperian gold, bearing on its gleaming rind the words "For the Most Fair," to be adjudged by him to the fairest of the three Olympian goddesses, Heré, Pallas, and Aphrodité. Paris gives it to Aphrodité.*

Tableau.—A Greek Sorceress.

"Nausicaa and her Maidens."

Nausicaa, daughter of King Alcinous, as seen by the shipwrecked Ulysses, playing at ball with her Maidens.

Song: from Max Bruch's Music for Homer's *Odyssey*.

Tableau, with Song by Miss Edith Powles.

"The Four Maries."

Mary Hamilton, Mary Beaton, Mary Seaton, and Mary Carmichael.

Tableau.—"Elaine watching Sir Lancelot's Shield."

Britannia and her Empire."

Rule Britannia.

"God Save the Queen."

Much regret was felt that Miss Cicely Parker, who had kindly promised to take the parts of "*Cleopatra*" and "*Nausicaa*", was unable to be present, owing to the death of Lady Wenlock. Her parts were taken by Miss Gladys Dent and Miss Ethel Hobgen. Thanks are specially due to Mr. T. Walmesley Price for the beautiful scenery—a typical English sunlit glade, and also a delightful piece of sea-coast,—which he painted expressly for these tableaux, and which added very greatly to the charm and success of the representations.

A warm welcome was accorded to Miss Edith Powles, and her beautiful songs were very highly appreciated. "*The Four Maries*" in which she sang the pathetic song, in the person of Mary Hamilton, was perhaps one of the most admired of the tableaux.

Fraülein Friedländer, Miss Giles, and Dr. Bridge, most kindly offered their services in pianoforte accompaniments and overtures, and Mr. Veerman, on the second night, filled up many intervals, and accompanied the performance with delightful music.

The last Tableau "*Britannia and her Empire*", called forth great applause, the whole audience rising to their feet. A roll of drums (kindly lent and played by

Mr. Ellis) and a bugle-call (by buglers sent by Capt. J. Smith, of Pulford) heralded the presence of Britannia, and as the curtain was raised Miss Powles sang "Rule Britannia" the assembly joining in the chorus with great vigour. There was loud cheering when "Canada" and "Australia" presented to Britannia a sword, on which were the words "More Troops", and again when "America" came in holding the message "America's sympathy." For it is not to be forgotten that this was in the dark week when we had just received the news of the disasters in South Africa. Certainly there were anxious hearts amongst us, and we cannot accuse ourselves of any lack of serious feeling, but to put off the entertainment would have been a concession to adverse fortune of which no one even dreamed, though we are sure that not even the youngest was unaware of the character of the time.

But another cloud was overhanging our coming Christmas in the death of one whose justly merited place in the esteem and affections of the inhabitants of Chester made his loss to be regarded as an universal bereavement: we mean the late Duke of Westminster. His many public acts of munificence are well known; his fine sense of responsibility for the use of high position, and great opportunities, has been widely recognised, and no doubt has had, and will continue to have, far reaching influence in upholding some of our best national ideals; but none can ever measure the influence of—

that best portion of a good man's life,
 His little, nameless, unrecorded acts of kindness and of love.*
 It was these above all which created the feeling that seemed to be in everyone's heart, as it was on everyone's lips, "we have lost a *friend*."

By the kind permission of the Duchess we have been able to place the late Duke's portrait, from a photograph by Messrs. W. & D. Downey, (Ebury Street, S.W.), in our School Annual for 1900, as a small memorial of his connection with the School from the very beginning. We often think when we see the pupils break off their lessons for the morning recreation, and swarm forth into the fresh air and sunshine outside, how much the School must owe, both in health and happiness, to the spacious liberality of our site, which was his generous gift. He was a large contributor, too, to the building fund, and his kind and ready interest, not only in the School generally but in individuals, will long be remembered with very sincere gratitude.

* Wordsworth. Tintern Abbey.

The Annual Meeting of the Queen's School Union of Past and Present Scholars took place at the Queen's School on Friday, June 9th, 1899, beginning with a business Meeting at 3 p.m. Mrs. Sandford took the chair, and there were 50 members present. The following members were elected to serve on the Executive Committee for the year 1899—1900:—

Miss Glascodine (*Sub-Editor of "Have Mynde"*).

Miss Muriel Broadbent.

Miss Ethel Hobgen.

Miss Constance Brown.

Miss Alice Taylor.

Miss Mabel Warmsley.

Miss Winifred Anderson (*Treasurer*).

Miss Gertrude Cawley, } *Secretaries.*

Miss Katharine Day, }

After the Meeting a Garden Party was held in the School grounds, where the Massa Band played selections of music. The weather was delightful, and was responsible for the many pretty summer frocks that were seen. A Tennis Tournament proved a great attraction. The ties were vigorously played off at the final, between Miss Muriel and Miss Margt. Broadbent on the one side, and Miss Marion Brandreth and Miss Amy Bonnalie on the other, and ended, amid great excitement, in the victory of the latter couple. They each received a little brooch as a prize. Indoors some songs were given by Miss Edith Powles, who delighted everyone with her beautiful voice, and her untiring readiness to respond to the frequent calls made upon her.

We beg to return our hearty thanks to the donors of the following volumes to the School Library:—

Hope the Hermit, by Edna Lyell, given by Lilian Salkeld.

The Sowers, by H. S. Merriman, given by S. F. Baker.

Concerning Isabel Carnaby, by Ellen Thornycroft Fowler, given by Dorothy Broadbent.

Sylva and Bruno, by Lewis Carroll, given by Elsie Holland.

Seven little Australians, given by Evelyn Holland

Modern England, by Justin McCarthy, given by Margt. Parry and Leonora Davies.

Very special thanks are also due to Mr. T. Walmsley Price for his gift of the portrait of the Headmistress (Mrs. Henry Sandford) which is now hanging in the hall. (The frame was given by Miss C. Davies, of Llanelly.) On the morning after it was hung, Elsie Heywood, the

Senior Pupil, stepping up to Mrs. Sandford after Morning Prayers when all the School was still gathered together, spoke as follows ;—

“On behalf of the Girls of the Queen’s School I am asked to express the very great pleasure it gives us all to see the Portrait of our dear Headmistress hanging on the walls of the School ; it has long been our desire to possess one, and we shall always feel grateful to Mr. Price for painting it.”

This gift awakened many memories and associations in the minds of some of the oldest scholars of the Queen’s School, and on December 19th, 1899, an interesting little ceremony took place at 4, King’s Buildings, Chester, when Miss L. Glascodine invited Mrs. Sandford and a large number of old Pupils of the Queen’s School, to meet its first Head Mistress, Mrs. Waldo Cooper. In spite of most unfavourable weather many came from a distance to see their old friend, whilst letters of apology and regret were sent by some who were unavoidably absent.

The object of this gathering was the presentation of Mrs. Cooper’s portrait to the Queen’s School. This was executed by Mr. Watmough Webster, who enlarged a photograph taken by himself about eighteen years before. The portrait being the gift of the old pupils, Mrs. Theodore Barlow (Margaret Brown) presented it with a very pleasant little speech. She was eminently well fitted for this office, having been the *first* pupil whom Mrs. W. Cooper saw when she came to the City in the Spring of 1878, and having remained five years in the School. Mrs. Barlow touchingly alluded to the affection entertained by the pupils for their first Head Mistress, and bore testimony to the steady work done by them under her guidance, and especially to the excellent moral training they had received, which was even then bearing good fruit in many homes. She also presented a copy of Sven Hedin’s “Through Asia” as a remembrance of that afternoon, for Mrs. Cooper to take away with her ; the portrait being destined to remain in Chester.

Mrs. Cooper, who was much touched by the kindness and affection shewn on all sides, said in her reply that it was impossible to thank them as she would wish, that it gave her the greatest pleasure to find such convincing proof she was not forgotten, as that they should care to have her portrait in the School, and she would value the book they had given her most highly—all the more because its author was a personal friend of her own brother’s, and had mentioned him several times in it. She went on to say that the credit of the thorough work done in the early days of the Queen’s School, was largely

due to the three leading scholars of the first few years of its existence. They were Mrs. Barlow (Margaret Brown), Mrs. Evans (Marion Dolby), and the late Miss Alice Muspratt; to their conduct and to their good influence the School owed much of its success.

The Biennial Sale of Work was held on Saturday afternoon, July 15th. Thanks to the kindly interest of the Parents, the very substantial help given by the old girls, and the zeal and industry of the present pupils, the various stalls were well provided and very prettily arranged. A brisk sale soon began which resulted in a satisfactory sum total; indeed the proceeds exceeded those of former years, as the balance sheet given will show.

A new feature in the Sale was the Elton Pottery, of which Mrs. Sandford had procured a large supply (Sir Edmund Elton having allowed most liberal discount); the beautiful vases were much admired and found a ready sale, as did also the excellent supply of baskets, flowers, &c., &c.

A "Variety Entertainment" under Miss Macdonald's management was given at frequent intervals; and, as usual, the attractive programme drew large audiences; whilst the out of door performance of the "Nursery Rhymes," in costume, by the younger scholars, was so much admired and enjoyed, that many regrets were expressed that it could not be given a second time.

We would once more thank the many donors for their various contributions; and particularly Mrs. Douglas Adams for the gift of a handsome oak chest.

As in previous years, almost two thirds of the proceeds were at once devoted to giving country or seaside holidays to poor children living in Chester and other towns. In all cases the money was most gratefully acknowledged, and no doubt many delicate children have derived both pleasure and benefit from the fresh air and sunshine, which the Queen's School Girls were thus enabled to give them, who would not otherwise have had any such opportunity.

The name of Mrs. Jones will recal to memory the death of the old gardener, who for so many years worked in the garden at the Queen's School. Worn out with nursing him through the last weeks of his long illness, Mrs. Jones was much in need of rest and change of scene.

Another third of the proceeds is devoted to School purposes, and some of this still remains to be spent, whilst the remainder of the Balance will be kept in hand for the preliminary expenses of our next sale.

SALE OF WORK FUND, 1899.

RECEIPTS.				£	s.	d.
Contributions from Theatrical Fund for Preliminary	1	7	9
Expenses	52	0	4
Proceeds of Sale of Work	2	12	5
Received after the Sale was over			

£56 0 6

EXPENDITURE.				£	s.	d.
Purchase of Elton Pottery, Work Material, Expenses of Refreshment Stall, &c., &c.	9	6	11
Contributions for giving country holidays to children of the Poor—						
1. In Chester.						
Parish of Holy Trinity	4	0	0
" " St. Peter's	3	0	0
" " St. Michael's	3	0	0
" " St. Mary's Handbridge	2	0	0
" " Hoole	3	0	0
2. Sent to Liverpool	4	0	0
" " Plaistow	2	0	0
" " Sowerby Bridge	2	0	0
" " Wrexham	1	0	0
3. Workhouse Excursion	1	0	0
Boy's Home	1	0	0
Infirmary	2	0	0
				28	0	0
Special gift to Mrs. Jones for ticket to Convalescent Home	1	0	0
<i>For School Purposes—</i>						
To the Cricket Club	1	0	0
" " Tennis Club	1	0	0
Prizes for Tennis Tournament	0	8	6
Payment of Deficit on the Expenses of Printing and publishing the School Annual (2 years)	7	6	4
Contribution to School Library—German Dictionary	1	10	0
				11	4	10
Balance still in hand	6	8	9
				£56	0	6

The Annual Prize-giving was held on Friday, November 10th, 1899, when the Prizes and Certificates were given away by Miss Adeane (of Llanfawr, Holyhead) whose charming book, "*The Girlhood of Maria Josepha Holroyd*," which was reviewed in "Have Mynde" for 1898, has now been followed by a no less delightful sequel, bearing the title of "*The Early Married Life of Maria Josepha Stanley*," beginning with selections from the personal recollections of her husband, Sir John Stanley, afterwards the first Lord Stanley of Alderley. Both these books are to be recommended with confidence to all who care for Memoirs and Biographies, and who know how to appreciate the living pictures of the past that are to be found in such a collection of old letters and family records as Miss Adeane has so carefully, and so successfully edited.

Those who remember Miss Mabel Royds, who, whilst at the Queen's School, was one of the very best pupils in Mr. Walmsley Price's Painting Class, and who has since studied for some years at the Slade School, will feel interested in the following extract from a letter written by her in November, 1899, whilst working as an Art Student in Paris:—

The life here (she says) is glorious; nothing to think of but one's work, and where we live, here in the Quartier Latin, we find ourselves in the very midst of it.

I visit——'s *atelier* from eight to twelve every morning, and attend a very interesting class for composition and illustration at Whistler's studio from one to five o'clock in the afternoon; and also a Sketching Class at the same studio from 5 to 7 p.m.

How I wish there was an extra hour in the evening at 7 o'clock for rest, as there is a very good class from 7 p.m. to 10 p.m. taught by *Musha*, who does those clever posters. But I have quite enough to do without this, and they tell me I shall not be able to continue at such high pressure for long. However I must work while I am here, and it does not matter if I am a little tired in January.

I was told before coming that Whistler's Studio was closed; such is by no means the case, and had I known this, I should have arranged, from the first, to attend his classes.

Miss Royds has this year opened a Studio of her own, in partnership with her friend, Miss Richardson, at No. 10, Onslow Studios, 183, King's Road, Chelsea. She holds the Ablett Teaching Certificate, and has already considerable experience in giving instruction in Drawing and Painting. We wish her every success in her new venture.

Small Gold Brooches bearing the School Motto "Have Mynde," can be obtained of Lowe & Sons, 6, Bridge Street Row.

