

WARWICK CASTLE.

WARWICK CASTLE.

By HENRY WINTER.

MOST people know Warwick Castle by name as one of the most ancient and magnificent feudal buildings in the kingdom. When or by whom its erection was begun no one knows, but the existence of a castle of some sort is recorded as far back as the time of Alfred.

Many stirring stories are related of this famous place, which occupies a prominent position in British History. Standing on the summit of Guy's Tower, it is easy to dream of the mail-clad knights, the sturdy men-at-arms, and the stout bowmen whose cloth-yard shafts won for England many a brilliant victory. We hear, in fancy, the brazen blare of trumpets, the clash of arms, the whizz of arrows, the discharge of ponderous missiles.

We can carry our fancies even further back into the dim and misty regions of tradition. In the distance we catch a glimpse of Guy's Cliff and are instantly reminded of the famous Guy, Earl of Warwick. Who has not heard of this redoubtable warrior?

He lived—if he lived at all—in the Anglo-Danish period, and an account of his valiant exploits would fill a fair-sized volume. Abroad, he rescued the daughter of the Emperor of Germany from captivity, slew the chief of the Saracens, and performed many wonderful feats in the Holy Land. At home he conquered the Danish giant, Colbrand, and slew numerous wild beasts, among them a dragon, "black as any cole," with lion's paws, wings, and a hide which no sword could pierce.

After that he hewed out a cave in the rocks about a mile from Warwick, where he lived as a hermit, going every day to beg bread at his own castle, where even his wife failed to recognise him. In the Great Hall of the castle are many relics of this gigantic warrior, including an immense Porridge Pot, and his sword which weighs 20lbs.

In the Chapel at Guy's Cliff is his statue, hewn out of the solid rock. It is eight feet high and broad in proportion, but it is sadly knocked about. At the foot of the Cliff is a well, where the giant used to slake his thirst with the bright, pure, and icily cold water. The celebrated cave in which he lived can

still be seen. In the olden days the entrance was through a small aperture high up in the face of the rock, so that Guy must have experienced considerable difficulty in gaining admittance.

But to return to the castle. Caesar's Tower, 147 feet high, is said to be the oldest part of the present building, and to date from the time of the Norman Conquest. At its foundations are stone vaulted dungeons with very strong walls. What a tale of suffering and misery these old prison houses could unfold. At the other corner is Guy's Tower, not quite as high, but with massive walls ten feet in thickness. From the summit there is a magnificent view, taking in Coventry with its three spires, ruined Kenilworth, Leamington, Warwick, and the lovely Avon winding through a richly wooded and cultivated region. Guy's Cliff and Blacklow Hill can also be seen, and, farther in the distance, Edgehill, where, centuries ago, Roundhead and Cavalier engaged in mortal strife.

From the Inner Court we look up at the vast irregular building. There is the keep, crowned with battlements; there are three massive towers joined by ramparts ten feet thick, while an evergreen mantle of ivy nestles snugly over the whole pile.

The Great Hall is a noble apartment 62 feet long and 45 feet wide. Besides the relics of the famous Guy are various other interesting curios—the horse-trappings used by Queen Bess on her visit to Kenilworth, and many ancient suits of armour.

Six hundred years ago a grim tragedy took place in this room. Edward II. was king and Piers Gaveston was his petted favourite. The barons hated both king and courtier. In 1312 they seized Gaveston and carried him to Warwick Castle. Here, in the Great Hall, clad in mail, they held a mock trial by torchlight and found their unhappy prisoner guilty of treason. Thence he was conveyed to Blacklow Hill, where, in the hollow of the rock, he was beheaded. On the summit of the hill now stands a monument erected to the memory of "the minion of a hateful king, in life and death a memorable instance of misrule." It is curious to reflect that three earls who assisted to try him, died violent deaths shortly after his execution,

Adjoining the Great Hall is the Red Drawing Room, 30 feet long and nearly 20 feet wide. Another immense apartment of even greater proportions is the Cedar Drawing Room which has elaborately carved cedar-wood panels. In these and many other rooms are pictures by some of the most famous artists in the world. There is also an abundance of antique furniture, and scattered about in all directions are exquisite vases, objects of vertu, and art treasures worth fabulous sums.

In 1871 a disastrous fire broke out in one of the private rooms between the Great Hall and Cæsar's Tower, and was not extinguished until the whole of the eastern wing was gutted. The ruined portion was speedily restored, but numerous priceless works of art were destroyed and of course could never be replaced. The pecuniary damage in itself was enormous, but even that was light in comparison with the destruction of so many valuable antiquities. At the time, the fire was regarded almost in the sense of a national calamity.

Most of my readers have probably heard of the celebrated Warwick Vase. It is made of white marble, is circular in shape, and is

large enough to hold 136 gallons of water. On it are carved vine branches with bunches of grapes; round the centre is a skin with head and claws of a panther, and among other carvings is the vine-clad spear of Bacchus. The vase is beautifully made and is supposed to be the work of Lysippus, who lived four centuries before the birth of Christ. If this is correct it is in a state of remarkable preservation.

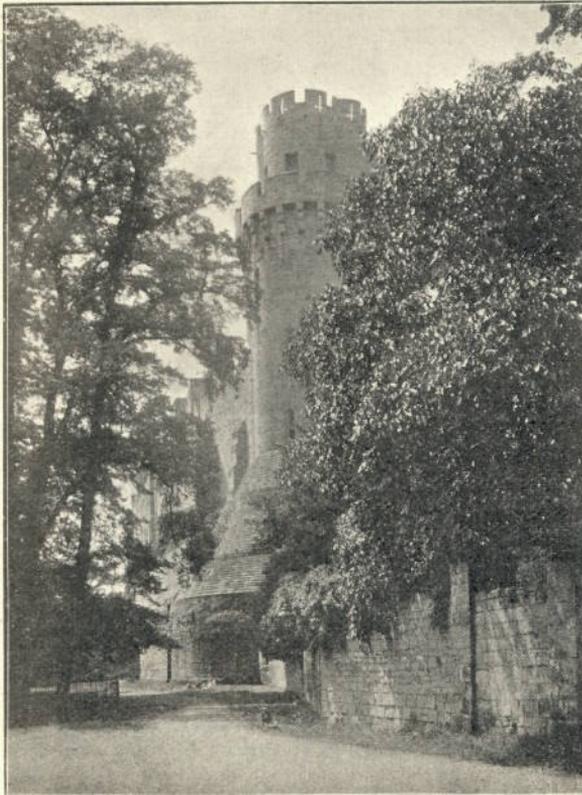
We know at least that it must be very old. A Latin inscription on the pedestal states that "this monument of ancient art and Roman splendour," was found in the ruins of the Emperor Hadrian's favourite villa. At present the famous vase is in a greenhouse which is said to have been built expressly to contain it.

In 1605 Warwick Castle passed into the hands of Sir Fulke Greville, but the family mostly associated with the place is that of the Nevilles, whose crest, the famous *Bear and Ragged Staff*, still flies from the summit of Guy's Tower.

Going back once more to tradition, we find that the first earl used a bear as his crest: the second, Morvid, encountered in single combat a mighty giant who fought with a club, which was a tree pulled up by its branches, but stripped of its roots. After a terrific struggle Morvid gained the victory, and in memory of his prowess he added the ragged staff, which, with the original bear, became the well-known crest of the Warwick family.

Of all the great Earls of Warwick the most renowned was Richard Neville, known as the Kingmaker. He was the son of the Earl of Westmoreland and by his marriage with the daughter and heiress of the Earl of Salisbury greatly added to his already vast estates.

The Kingmaker was a passionate and ambitious man, a tremendous fighter, and a splendid leader of men. Eight hundred retainers always wore his badge, and in times of stress this number was largely increased. With all his faults he stands out in history as a striking specimen of the mediæval nobility. Like Guy himself, he possessed great personal strength, and was besides of a very handsome appearance. For many years he was the most powerful baron in England. His castle of Warwick was an



WARWICK CASTLE GATEWAY.

impregnable fortress and his adherents formed an army by themselves. He was in deed, though not in name, King of England.

During the reign of Henry VI. began the terrible struggle known as the Wars of the Roses. Henry's friends wore the Red Rose as their badge; those who fought for the Duke of York adopted the White Rose.

The most powerful nobles were Yorkists, and, chief of all, was Richard Neville. The Duke of York was slain at Wakefield, but his son Edward took his place, and Neville supported him. Battle followed battle in quick succession, and conspicuous in every fray was "the Bear and Ragged Staff."

The battle which practically made Edward king was fought at Towton in 1461. It was a terrible fight, and, but for Warwick, might have ended in the defeat of the Yorkists. At a critical moment, Warwick, who, mounted on a magnificent war-horse, was riding at the head of his retainers, dismounted. There, in full view of them all, he drew his sword, and plunged it into the animal's side, so that if the worst happened, he could not ride away.

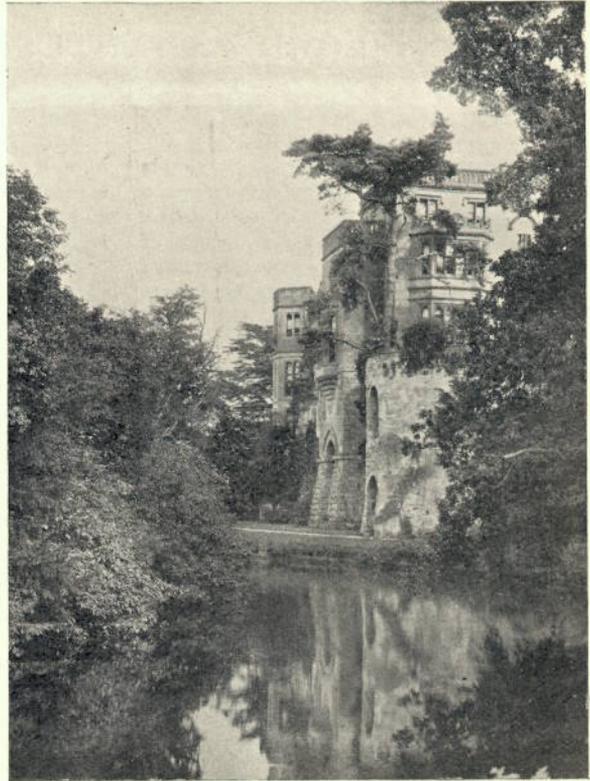
"Let him flee that will," he cried; "I will tarry with him that will tarry with me."

The deed inspired his men with fresh courage; they withstood the Lancastrian attack, and then, led by their great captain, swept the enemy from the field.

Some years later, Warwick, disgusted with the new king's doings, resolved to turn him off the throne, and to do this made a bargain with the high-spirited Margaret, wife of Henry VI. Her son Prince Edward was to marry Warwick's daughter Anne, and in this way the Kingmaker would keep all power in his own hands.

So great was his influence that the Yorkist King had to flee for his life, and escape to Burgundy. Six months afterwards he returned with men and money provided by the Duke of Burgundy, and each side prepared for a decisive struggle.

The two armies met at Barnet, but now the men who followed the fortunes of "the Bear and Ragged Staff" wore the Red Rose of Lancaster in their caps. A singular piece of



GUY'S CLIFF.

good-fortune gave the Yorkists a great advantage early in the fray, and Warwick soon saw that all was lost. The bulk of the Lancastrians, wearied and in broken spirit, turned to fly; Warwick and his merry men stood firm.

The great leader died, as he had lived, with the clash of arms ringing in his ears. Rugged and massive as his own castle walls he stood, grimly defying those who thirsted for his downfall. Time passed; his arm grew weary with slaying; no help could reach him, and at last he fell, girt by a ring of foes living and dead.

The death of the Kingmaker destroyed the old order of things; the power of the barons declined and the way was paved for the advent of Modern England.

To-day as we wander among the cedars and oaks, the elms and beeches in the magnificent castle park, or glance at the massive walls of the building with their ivied mantle, and recall the storied past, it is strange to picture the startling contrast between the "good old times," and the more prosaic, if more marvelous, days of the twentieth century.

LORD SHAFTESBURY.

THE CHILDREN'S CHAMPION.

 ONE day in October 1885, a simple hearse drove slowly away from a large house in Grosvenor Square, London. The usual trappings of woe were absent, but the square was filled with hundreds of people displaying acute and genuine grief.

Along the line of procession the blinds of great clubs and of lordly mansions were drawn close, and dense crowds of people lined the streets. For the most part the sightseers were poor, many even destitute, but all wore some trifling article of black as a sign of mourning, and at the passing of the simple hearse every head was uncovered.

At one spot in particular, the scene was wonderfully strange and impressive. Deputations from almost every charitable institution in London had assembled with draped banners; bands played solemnly and impressively "The Dead March," as the procession moved onward to Westminster Abbey.

Inside that noble building were people of every station in life, from the Royal Family to the street hawker. The coffin was hidden beneath masses of floral offerings; the gift of a Royal Princess lying side by side with the wreath contributed by the London flower-girls. And when after the service at the Abbey, the coffin was borne onward again to St. Giles, even rough men standing in the crowded streets, wept.

"Our Earl!" said they, "is dead!"

Who was this who, having the choice to lie by the side of the great and noble within the historic pile, preferred the simplicity of his vault at St. Giles, his country seat near Wimborne?

"The good Earl," the people called him, known in his younger days as Ashley Cooper, and afterwards as the Earl of Shaftesbury, the greater part of whose life had been spent on behalf of the poor, the weak, and the oppressed.

Ashley Cooper was born in 1801. His father was the sixth Earl of Shaftesbury; his mother was a daughter of the fourth Duke of Marlborough. The boy's childhood does not seem to have been very happy. He compares his first school with Dotheboys Hall painted by Dickens in such sombre colours; later he went to Harrow, and finished his education at Oxford, where he obtained honours.

At the age of twenty-five he entered Parliament, and might easily have risen to a

high, if not the highest position, but for his scrupulous honesty, his independent character, and his determination to do only what he honestly thought best for his fellow-men.

As it would be impossible to treat of every phase of his life in a short sketch, I shall confine myself to his efforts for improving the condition of the children and the working classes generally.

His very first speech in Parliament was on behalf of those who could not protect themselves. At that time the treatment of the insane was simply horrible. One might almost say they were regarded as dangerous wild beasts and treated accordingly. They were kept in dark cells, with nothing but straw to lie upon; they were half starved, chained to iron bars, flogged, confined in iron cages, and even exhibited for money.

In 1828 Lord Ashley, as he then was, became chairman of a Parliamentary Commission to enquire into the subject. He did his work in the thorough, earnest fashion which distinguished every portion of his career. He visited the asylums, he saw what went on, he wrote down the results in burning words of indignation, and in spite of the heavy work which poured in upon him, he never rested, never paused in his toil, till seventeen years later, he swept away the intolerable abuses, by the Lunacy Acts of 1845.

The year 1833 was a memorable one in his life. It was then that he became the "Children's Champion." For their sakes he flung away the chance of honour, influence, and high position; he saw his friends desert him one by one; he knew he would be a mark for scorn, hatred and all uncharitableness, but with superb heroism he faced the evil.

"It is your duty" said his wife, "and the consequences we must leave. Go forward, to victory!"

In those days the work in factories was chiefly performed by women and children. We can have only the faintest idea of their sufferings. Barges and wagons were packed with pauper children from London and the great cities and sent to the big mills. These white slaves were set to work at the age of seven; they laboured thirteen or fourteen hours daily; they were cruelly treated and half-starved; their growth was stunted, hundreds grew up crippled and deformed,

morality was almost unknown to them, and they lived in the grossest ignorance.

For fourteen years Lord Ashley laboured unceasingly against the strongest opposition to alter this state of things, and in 1847, a bill was passed to limit the working time to ten hours a day.

In 1840 Lord Ashley struck a blow for another class of children—those who worked in collieries. To us it seems hardly credible, that, less than a century ago, such awful doings were permitted to take place in Christian England. A large number of boys and girls began work in the pits when only six or seven years old, and, it is said, that some were even younger.

The youngest were engaged as "trappers." The duty of a trapper was to sit by a door or trap, to open it whenever a coal-wagon approached, and to close it directly the wagon had passed through. Fancy sitting alone in horrible darkness and dampness, for twelve to fourteen hours every day, afraid almost to stir, and not daring to sleep even for five minutes! Fancy never seeing the sun except on Sundays, and not knowing what playtime meant!

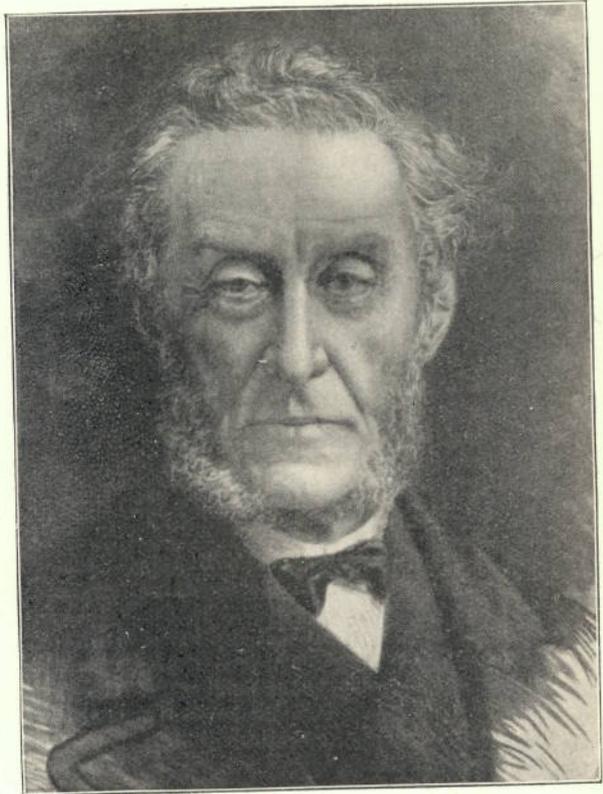
When the trapper grew a little older he was set to "hurrying," that is loading small wagons and pushing them on hands and knees along wet and narrow shafts, in black darkness and stifling atmosphere.

Fancy a little girl seven years old, carrying half a hundred-weight of coal on her back up steps as high as St. Paul's Cathedral—fourteen times a day! or a girl of eight standing ankle-deep in water at the bottom of the pit, pumping out water from morning till night! These are samples of the evils, which Lord Ashley sought with might and main to abolish; and in 1842 chiefly through his zeal, an Act was passed to prevent women, and boys under thirteen from working in mines. This, had he never done anything else in the course of his long life, would have entitled him to be called the "Children's Champion."

Have you ever read of the "climbing boys"? They were not circus performers as the name might lead you to think, but boys, who, in the "good old times," climbed up the inside of our chimneys in order to sweep the flues. Most of them were pauper children apprenticed

while still young and of a small size. If they did not like climbing, their masters pricked the soles of their feet, or lighted wisps of straw under them. Sometimes, if a chimney were on fire, they had to go up to extinguish it, and were often burned; sometimes, when the chimneys were very narrow, the boys stuck fast and were suffocated.

Lord Ashley threw himself into their cause with his accustomed energy. He went to see them, he talked with the masters, he rescued some of the little victims at great expense to himself, and finally got a Bill passed, for-



LORD SHAFTESBURY.

bidding the employment of children under the age of sixteen. This was another of the splendid services he rendered to humanity.

His interest in the condition of factories continued, and the various Factory Acts which conferred many benefits on the labourer, owed much to his kindly sympathy, his tact, his courage, and dogged resolution.

But the work which he did outside the House of Commons was ten times harder than that performed within its walls. Especially must we make some mention of the Ragged School movement, of which, although it was not started by himself, he became the

champion and leader. Field Lane Saffron Hill, was the place where the first school was situated. It was a disreputable spot, the haunt of thieves and loafers, of drunkards, and of all sorts of evil-doers. The police dared not penetrate into its courts and alleys, except armed, and in large numbers; one part was called Jack Ketch's Warren, because so many of the inhabitants were hanged at Tyburn.

Here again Lord Ashley showed that he never did things by halves. He went into the vilest courts, visited dens of the worst infamy, talked as man to man with the most abandoned criminals, got hold of the children, many of them already hardened gaol-birds, worked for them and toiled for them as if they had been his own. He and his friends clothed the naked and fed the hungry; taught boys trades and obtained them situations; sent large numbers, after proper training, to the colonies, stinting himself to provide the necessary means. Years afterwards in replying to an address he said, "I would rather be President of the Ragged School Union, than have the command of armies, or wield the destinies of Empires," and those who heard knew that he spoke the truth.

In 1861, on the death of his father, he succeeded to the title and took his seat in the Upper House as Lord Shaftesbury. The change made no difference in his work for the poor. In 1868 we find him President of the Costermonger's Union, and doing all he could to lessen the trials of that strange body of people.

In 1872, his wife, who had ever been one of his greatest helpers, died, and in the same year his daughter Constance passed to her rest. These were fearful shocks, but the Earl bore up manfully against them, and within three months, was back again in the midst of his labours, toiling harder than before.

To mention all that he did to benefit his fellow-men would require too much space, but it is hardly an exaggeration to say that almost every benevolent enterprise and movement for the good of mankind owed something to his influence. Those who were downtrodden and oppressed turned to him as if by right, sought his advice, and received his help.

"The social reforms of the last century"

said the late Duke of Argyle, "have been due mainly to the influence, character, and perseverance of one man—Lord Shaftesbury."

Of course during his battling life he made many enemies, some very bitter, and I do not wish to set him up as a spotless man who never made mistakes, and whose opinions on every subject were always right. Neither would I wish you to think that he performed all his wonderful deeds single-handed, and without assistance.

He had many helpers worthy of the highest praise, which he was first to admit and insist on. But he was a man who made a deep imprint on the nineteenth century and I hope it will be long before his memory is forgotten.

For many years he had received from various people, sometimes unknown, large sums of money for the poor, to be distributed as he pleased. In the very last year of his life, a Mrs. Douglas left him £60,000 for distribution among the charities of London, a task on which he was engaged, almost down to the last of his working days.

When he lay on his death-bed a letter was read to him from the Dean of Westminster, proposing a last resting-place in the Abbey, but he refused the honour, saying, in a low voice, "No—St. Giles—St. Giles!"

The place of burial for such a man mattered little indeed. His honour and fame were firmly based on the appreciation of his fellow-countrymen. His praise was sounded loudly by those in high places, by princes and statesmen, by bishops and famous preachers; but it was sounded, too, by the costers and flower-girls of London, by the toilers in mill and factory, by the miners who delve from day to day in the bowels of the earth, by scores of worthy citizens in distant lands, who, but for him, would be to-day inmates of English prisons, or living a worthless life in the slums of our great cities.

He was utterly unselfish and full of burning courage, and whatever mistakes he may have made, it can be safely affirmed that his object was always to do good.

All honour to him! The world has need of such men.

J.O.E.



Rescued in Time.

A SCHOOL STORY.

By ERASMUS.

"I WONDER if anyone has seen us?" shouted Langley, as we vaulted over the play-ground wall, and dashed into the empty study.

"I didn't see a soul about the whole time," panted Perkins.

"Oughtn't we to tell the 'Head' now?" I urged.

"Yes, after tea," responded Langley.

"Shut up! Here's someone coming," I whispered.

We sat down at our desks in the empty study—for the other fellows had not yet returned from the cricket field—and pulled out some tale books.

The foot-steps, which had attracted our attention, came along the corridor outside, the study door was pushed open, and a tall figure in flannels stood on the threshold. There must have been something disconsolate in our faces as we looked up, for the monitor suddenly sniggered.

"So you think you've not been seen, do you? Imagine there'll be no row, eh? Well, all I can say is, you're jolly well mistaken. Now then, cut along, you're all wanted by the 'Head.'"

"What?" one of the fellows gasped.

"The 'Head' wants to have the pleasure of seeing you *young gentlemen*, so look sharp, and don't keep him waiting."

"Where is he?" asked Perkins, as we all threw our books into our desks. Jones, the monitor, fairly collapsed at this naive question.

"Why, in his study of course," he answered. "Where do you think he would be?"

We waited to hear no more, but ran off down the corridor, Jones' raillery ringing in our ears. There were four of us belonging to the IVth Form, and we feared that the 'Head' might not, after all, deign to listen to the explanation of our exploit that afternoon. What would happen then? As we ran along the corridor, Perkins whispered to me,

"But won't he be astonished at what we have to tell?"

"Yes, if he'll only have the patience to listen to our story," I returned.

As we had now reached the door of the dreaded 'Head's' study, I beat a tattoo on the panels.

"Come in," cried a well known voice sternly.

Obedying the summons, we filed into the room, and found Dr. Walmer sitting at his table busily writing. As he still went on with his occupation, we stood at a respectful distance, and waited for him to address us. His letter was finished, folded, and sealed, before he spoke.

"What is this I hear?" he asked sharply, hunting about the table for a stamp. "You've been breaking the school rules again. Notwithstanding the times I've given out in school that no boy is to go sailing without leave, and without an experienced boatman, you four quietly sneak off this afternoon in Adams' wherry. Jones and another monitor were on the cliffs and recognised you all."

"Please Sir, may we speak?" began Perkins hesitatingly.

"Be silent!" roared the Doctor, now wheeling round in his chair to face us. "There is no excuse for your conduct. Remember the last time I spoke of the subject was only a month ago, on the eve of a whole holiday. Since two of our boys were drowned whilst sailing alone last year, I've always enforced this rule, and always intend doing so. Much as I dislike stern measures, you must be made an example of. Your punishment is to be 500 lines, and a week off your summer holidays."

And the 'Head' turned away, to show the interview was over.

"Oh Sir, we've something to tell you," I said despairingly, "something you'll be very glad to hear."

"Well, what is it?" he asked sharply.

"It's rather a long story, Sir," I began

falteringly. Then with an effort, I continued. "We four, having been excused from cricket, wandered about the play-ground and cliffs, finding ourselves some time later on the lonely beach. Not a soul was in sight. Suddenly Perkins said, 'Isn't that a man waving something white on the rocks near the Devil's Crag?'"

"I strained my eyes, and there sure enough I could see a man flourishing a handkerchief to and fro.

"'He'll be drowned, if he can't swim,'" I said. "'The tide is covering the rocks fast.'"

"A most dangerous place," broke in the 'Head.' "Go on boy!"

"Well Sir, we talked over what was best to be done. It was clear that the man could not be reached from the shore, therefore the only way to get at him was by water. To row, we argued, would take too long, as the water would be over the rocks ere half the distance had been covered. Adams' wherry was the only suitable boat near, and the lug sail had been left in her. She soon floated on the water, and the wind being fortunately fair, we hoisted the sail, and ran down to the rocks in about ten minutes. As the wherry drew near, we saw to our amazement that the man was Davis—"

"Who?" shouted the 'Head,' excitedly.

"Davis, your groom, Sir."

"Yes, and he begged and implored us to save him; that he was not fit to die," broke in Perkins breathlessly.

I continued.

"He kept on whining, and muttering to himself, saying he knew he had lived a bad life and so on, whilst we hastily talked over how he was to be got at, for we dare not venture too near the rocks, owing to the heavy surf breaking on them. There was a long coil of rope in the boat, and we contrived with the greatest difficulty to knot it to that to which the anchor was fastened. I shouted out to Davis to keep an eye on the rope, as the only way we could save him was by dragging him through the water into the boat. At last after several attempts, we succeeded in throwing the rope within his reach. Securing it round his body, he jumped into the water. Three of us hauled away with a will, and Davis soon lay in the bottom of the boat gasping for breath.

"The groom was so overjoyed at being rescued, that he burst out.

"'I've lived a bad life, young Sirs, but I now want to make up to my kind master, Dr. Walmer, for my past wickedness—'"

"'Why what do you mean?' I exclaimed sharply, whilst the others turned thunder-struck faces on the man.

"'I'll soon show ye what I mean,' he panted.

"'Just you turn round the boat's head and pull for Smuggler's Cove, and you'll see pretty quick.'

"We gave way with a will. Perkins who rowed stroke, and Langley at the helm, plied Davis with questions which he wouldn't answer.

"The wherry soon grounded on the rough, pebbly beach. Davis pulled himself together with an effort, and walked across to the cliffs. Amazed beyond measure at this proceeding, we followed. Behind a huge boulder, a few rough steps are cut in the cliff's side, and these Davis ascended until they terminated near some bushes growing out of the sandstone. The groom parted the bushes, and we, coming close on his heels, soon found ourselves in a cave. Producing a lantern from somewhere, he lit the candle and peered around. He scraped away the sand on the cavern floor, and presently a small trap-door was exposed to view. This open, Davis disappeared from sight, to soon emerge with an immense sack which he could hardly lift. Some articles were extracted in many leather wrappings, and these being taken off, we saw to our unbounded surprise, a lot of your valuable plate, Sir, lost in the recent burglary."

The 'Head' who had been listening to my narrative with the keenest interest, now fairly bounded from his chair with amazement.

"You mean to tell me," he cried incredulously, "that you saw my treasured plate stolen by burglars, and for the recovery of which I offered large rewards throughout the country? My silver cups and other prizes won at Harrow and Oxford—"

"Yes, Sir," chimed in Langley hurriedly, "we recognised them all from their inscriptions, and your crest."

"We hope you'll have Davis in to corroborate my story, Sir," I said.

"Finish your tale my boy," exclaimed the 'Head' excitedly. Then walking impatiently to the bell he tugged it so furiously that the servants must have wondered what was wrong.

"There is little more to tell Sir," I continued. "Davis put the silver away again, and made us promise to tell you, and ask you to forgive him. He made us promise also not to talk much about the matter for fear his 'pals,' as he called them, should get to hear of it, when his life would not be worth a moment's purchase."

In due course Davis arrived. He had ascended the cliffs and returned that way, whilst we came back by water. Though looking extremely pale and scared at being summoned to his master's presence, he put as good a face on the matter as possible and bore out my story in every particular.

"And did you hide the plate there?" queried the Doctor sternly, "What did you intend doing with it ultimately?"

"There was three of us in the job," replied the man, shifting about uneasily. "I 'elped them the night of the burglary to find the plunder, and we was agreed to hide it in the old Smuggler's Cave until the hue and cry should ha' completely blown over. Next month was the time thought of for sending it up bit by bit to the Jew brokers in Lunnon."

"If it hadn't been for these lads, I should never have heard of my dearly prized plate again," said the Doctor sternly.

"And I should been drowned," observed Davis, who was somewhat recovering himself. "This is no time for levity," pursued the 'Head' in unrelenting tones. "You've compounded a felony, and must pay the penalty of your crime, if only as a warning to others."

The wretched groom's face on hearing this was a picture to behold. He looked years older in the last few seconds.

"And if I hadn't told 'em," he whimpered "you'd never have known about the plate at all. As it is, I 'old my life in my hands, if my mates in Lunnon gets to hear I betrayed 'em Mercy, Sir, mercy Dr. Walmer, and I'll serve ye faithfully for the rest of my days." He sank on his knees at the Doctor's feet.

"Get up!" said the 'Head' contemptuously. "To-night, you'll be kept a close prisoner, and to-morrow morning early, when the tide is out, you'll conduct me with a party to the cave to bring away the plate. Then I'll decide what is to be done with you."

The Doctor bade me ring the bell, and in answer to the summons a man servant appeared.

"Take this fellow to an empty bed-room in the servant's wing," said the 'Head' to the astounded Williams. "Lock him in securely, and remember I hold you responsible for him."

"Very good Sir," replied Williams.

Davis accompanied the servant quietly enough. He evidently saw there was no alternative.

"Now run along boys," said the Doctor as the bell sounded. "If you all like, you can come with me to-morrow morning to bring back the plate."

"Thank you sir," we joyfully exclaimed.

"And the 500 lines, Sir?" I ruefully asked.

"Well—er—under the exceptional circumstances, I'll let you off your punishment this time," replied the 'Head,' turning away to hide a smile.

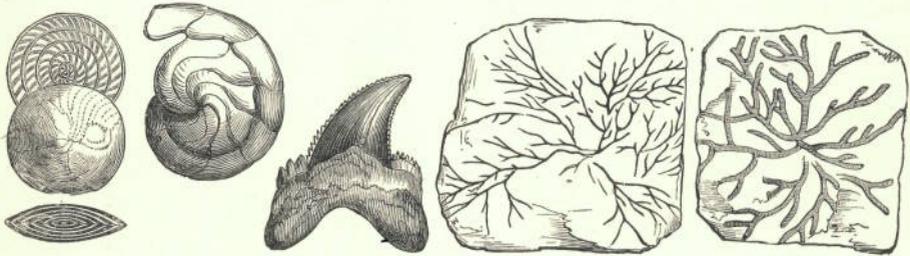
After two journeys along the sands the plate was brought back to the school. The 'Head' was so delighted about it all, that he gave us a half holiday. As Davis, the groom, had been more or less a favourite with the house-masters and senior boys, much sympathy was expressed for him in his unfortunate position. Consequently, a numerously signed petition was presented to Dr. Walmer, begging him to treat the culprit leniently. So, as the treasured plate had been recovered intact, the 'Head' after some consideration consented to comply with the petition.

The matter was hushed up as well as possible. Davis went abroad secretly, and nothing more was ever seen or heard of him.



A CHAT ABOUT FOSSILS.

By DOUGLAS COCHRANE.



EOCENE FOSSILS.

SITTING one sunny day upon The Wren's Nest, a hill in Dudley, Worcestershire, some years ago, and idly toying with the loose soil which here and there lay bare, I picked up what, at a casual glance, appeared to be a small pebble. It was encrusted with soil which I inadvertently rubbed off, when to my astonishment I found my pebble had become a cockle-shell, perfect in form and preservation but quite petrified!

"Come here, boys!" I cried to some youngsters who had accompanied me, and who were playing near, "see what I have found!"

"A cockle-shell!" cried one, "but what can have turned it to stone?"

"It is a fossil," I replied. "At one time this name was given to anything dug out of the earth, but now it is applied only to the remains of organic bodies found imbedded in the layers of rocks of which the earth's surface so largely consists."

"How do fossils become imbedded in the rocks, as you say?"

"Well, aeons ago, the combined action of air, water, frost, the grinding of icebergs on the coasts, the beating of waves and the onslaught of pebbles against the shores, together with certain chemical constituents in the earth and rocks themselves, all did their share towards the formation of what we to-day call stratified rocks. The hard portions of the earth's surface became crumbled, and, with the softer substances, were carried by long-continued rains, brooks, rivers, etc., into the lakes and river-mouths, and so to the sea. Glaciers, water-spouts, sudden thaws in countries thickly covered by snow, and even tremendous thunder storms laid waste large districts, carrying everything before them to

lower levels, where they deposited their plunder in layers. As the water lost force the heavier substances sank, while the lighter ones were carried further forward; all, however, were spread about by currents in the water. This process has been repeated throughout succeeding centuries, until the various layers have reached an enormous thickness, and are now called *strata*. In the course of time these layers became petrified, and all the shells, corals, bones, teeth, skeletons of animals and plants that happened to be in them became petrified too. Trees, plants, and animals that lived only on the land, have been found fossilized far out in the sea, while, on the other hand, the remains of organic bodies peculiar to the sea have been found in mountain ranges!"

"However did they get there?" asked a lad whose name was Bernard.

"They were probably sleeping peacefully on the bottom of their own particular sea, when, all at once, they were raised, bed and all, high up beyond the sea level!"

"Oh," said Bernard, "that was the result of volcanic action, wasn't it?"

"Exactly. And fossilized remains of marine shells are found 1,000ft. above the sea level, here in England. In Shropshire there are some rocks known to geologists as the *Ludlow Rocks*, in which Star-fish appear."

"Shropshire is not much nearer the sea than Worcestershire is, so I suppose that, at one time, both were at the bottom of the sea! I am beginning to feel quite interested," remarked Bernard's brother Percy.

"I think you are quite right, for small teeth, scales, and defences of certain fish have also been found in the Upper Ludlow Rocks."

"Oh, Percy," said Bernard, turning to his brother, "do you remember that Uncle William told us the rocks of Devonshire are full of fossils? He spoke of some called *Trilobites*, and also said some fine specimens of corals had been found there."

"Yes, now you mention it, I do remember, but he used so many long names that I didn't take much interest in the conversation. How *did* you manage to remember *Trilobite*? What does it mean, I wonder?" replied Percy.

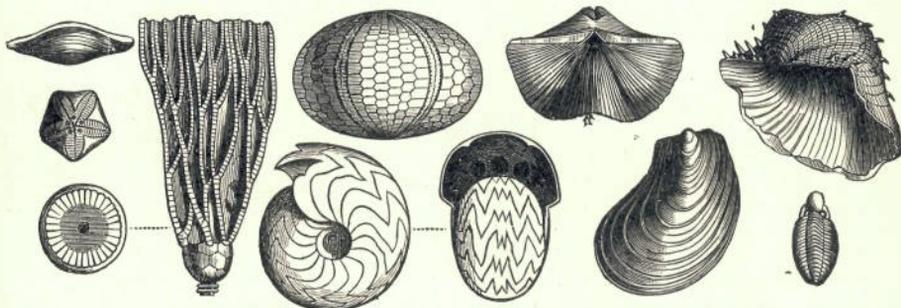
"*Trilobites* were creatures with hard shelly backs, divided lengthwise into three lobes. They varied greatly in size and shape, some being as large as the largest crabs. At the approach of danger some rolled themselves into balls while others defended themselves by means of spines. -Had I the time I could tell you many interesting things about them," I remarked. "In Gloucestershire and the south of England fragments of cone-shaped trees

"Well," gravely remarked Bertie, who had not yet spoken, but had, I noticed, missed no point in the conversation, "there is certainly more fun about fossils than I had imagined; but, after all, what's the use of them?"

"Use?" I replied, "why they are links that bind the present to the past. We have, to-day, creatures and plants, whose great-great-grandfathers and grandmothers now lie petrified in our hills and mountains, or are enjoying a stony existence at the bottom of some lake or sea. By comparing them we learn the changes which successive generations have wrought in their habits and forms. We are able to learn also of vegetable and animal life once luxuriant on the land and in the sea, but which are now quite extinct."

"Oh, I say," exclaimed Bertie, "wouldn't it be prime to know exactly the sort of animals that lived so long ago as to have quite died out!"

"I can tell you of a few, whose fossilized



FOSSILS OF THE CARBONIFEROUS LIMESTONE AND THE CULM BEDS.

have been found, while in some parts tree ferns, lofty palms, jointed reeds, and the trailing stems of huge club-mosses are found."

"Why it seems like a description of fairyland to me!" cried Bernard. "Please tell us some more!"

"Oh yes, please do!" echoed Percy. "I wonder if any reptiles or insects lived in those very far-away times?"

"Why yes, my boy; for in the Hordwell Cliffs, and elsewhere, numerous fossilized reptiles have been found and among them two serpents, turtles, crocodiles, a kind of alligator, a three-toed animal something like a tapir, ruminating animals, and a bird; while the Rev. P. B. Brodie discovered some thin bands in a certain kind of rock, which he named *insect limestones*, because in them he found remains of beetles, grass-hoppers, dragon-flies and many other insects."

"I think I shall ask father to take me fossil-hunting in the summer holidays!" exclaimed Percy.

"And me!" cried Bernard.

remains have been found in the Wealds of the south of England; the *Ichtyosaurus*, a huge lizard-like creature, which, with its four paddles, could cleave the waters with great power; the *Plesiosaurus*, monstrous in size and stealthy of movement, a creature somewhat resembling a swan, yet boasting no feathers, whose neck was half the length of its body, and which, like the first-named, preyed upon bird, beast, and fish; the *Iguanodon*, a gigantic reptile, which fed upon herbs, and had serrated teeth for masticating its food. I will not worry you with more, for all these old-world creature have terribly long names, and I know boys simply *hate* long names."

"So we do as a rule," broke in Percy. "I am very glad the creatures now living have something more decent in the way of names!"

"Perhaps they had shorter ones," suggested his brother, "but, as *names* cannot become fossilized we have no record of them. So the learned men who discovered all these wonders

have had to give them family names derived from the Greek and Latin tongues."

"Oh, shut up about names;" cried Bertie, "I want to know more about the things themselves." Then, turning to me, he said "Are these fossils found only in England?"

"Oh, dear no" I replied, "they are found in all parts of the world, though England, and in fact the British Isles, is a very happy hunting ground for the geologist."

"Geologist? That's a new one! Who's he?" cried Percy.

"Don't know what a geologist is?" asked his brother, "well, where were you brought up? Why he is a fellow who studies what the earth is made of!"

"All right, Mr. Wiseacre, "retorted Percy, "don't get excited; you don't know everything yourself. Here's one for you. Where is Lyme Regis?"

While Bernard hesitated, Bertie looked up with a comical smile and said "Why in Dorsetshire, of course; but what has that to do with fossils?"

"A jolly good lot, my boy! I remember reading not long ago that Sea-dragons were very plentiful there at one time; and it is quite possible to find fossilized remains of them to this day!"

"You are quite right Percy, but if you want to see some really good specimens of them you should pay a visit to the South Kensington Museum."

"Oh, please don't mention South Kensington!" implored Bertie. "I feel quite ill when I hear it spoken of, for I always had such a longing to go there, and every time father's arrangements have been fully made to take me, something has turned up to prevent our going!"

"Never mind old man, don't cry!" teased

Bernard, "if you're a very good boy, I heard your *mater* say, she intends to take you into Dorsetshire this summer."

"Lucky Bertie!" I interrupted. "That is just where I should love to go. I could spend several weeks fossil-hunting at Purbeck. By-the-by boys, have you ever read of the *Forest Bed* a celebrated layer of rock, in Norfolk? It simply teems with the remains of trees, such as Scotch Firs, Pines, Yew, Oaks, Aloes, Sloes, Alders, as well as Water-lilies, Pondweed, and Hornwort."

"That is why it is called the *Forest Bed*, I suppose," said Percy.

"Exactly, and the fossils found in many of the famous *Bone Caves* have been proved to belong to the period during which the *Forest Bed* was formed."

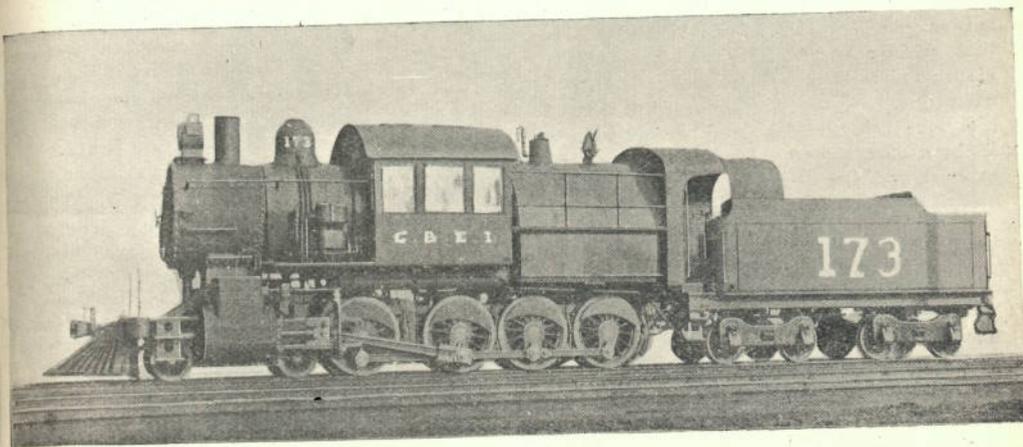
"Please tell us about the *Bone Caves* if you are not too tired!" said Bernard.

"Well, the *Bone Caves* of Great Britain are limestone caverns, chiefly formed by water trickling through the overlying soil. The most noted are the *Dream Cavern*, in Derbyshire, *Banwell Cave*, in the Mendip Hills, *Kent's Hole*, near Torquay, *Cfen Cave*, near St. Asaph in North Wales, and *Kirkdale Cave*, in Yorkshire. Remains of bears of various kinds, otters, badgers, beavers, weasels, foxes, cats, wolves, panthers, lions, reindeer, elks, etc., as well as flint implements used by man in the stone age, have been found in these caves. Bones recently washed through the soil are even now found in them. We cannot, at present, dwell longer on this most fascinating subject, for the sun is setting and we shall be expected home."

Rising, I led the way down the hill, and I was much gratified by the evident delight of the boys in our long talk, and, upon their earnest entreaty, I promised to tell them more upon the first favourable opportunity.

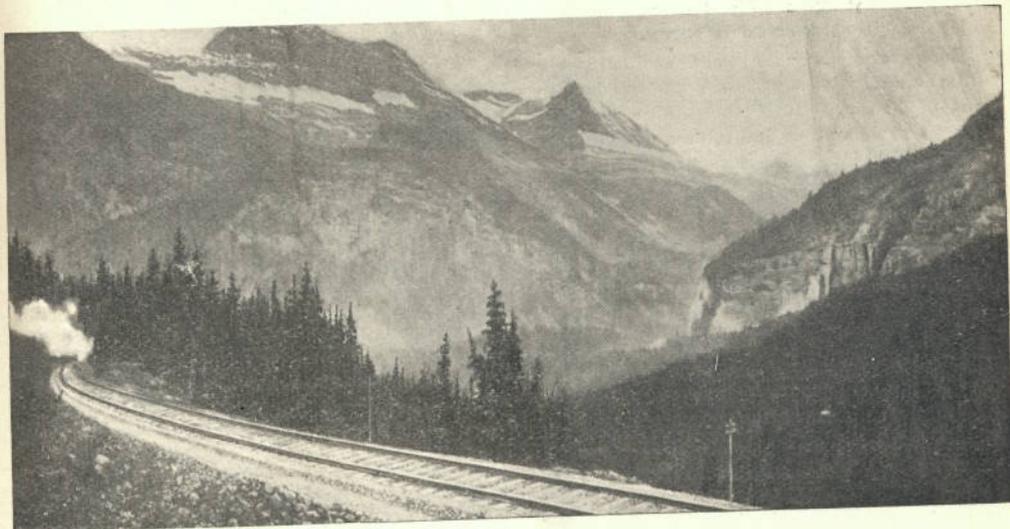


A TYPICAL AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE.



THE above illustration represents one of the latest and most elaborate locomotives on an American Railway. The exigencies of the heavy traffic, long distances, and steep inclines, necessitate the enormous size of these engines. The four pairs of driving wheels coupled, give them an enormous power, and the size of the water tank and space for fuel make them independent of supplies for long distances. Notice the comfortable cab for the driver half way along the boiler, and connected to the footplate by a gallery with a hand rail, so that the driver can walk backwards and forwards in safety while travelling at a high speed. This Engine is considered "handsome" in America, but most of us will prefer the more dignified though smaller engines on our own lines.

KICKING HORSE PASS, CANADIAN-PACIFIC RAILWAY.



THE Kicking Horse Pass is the point at which the Canadian-Pacific Railway crosses the Rocky Mountains. This wonderful railway has a main line nearly 3,000 miles in length, starting from Halifax on the Atlantic Coast and ending at Vancouver on the Pacific. Many marvellous feats of engineering are to be seen along the route, which passes through splendid scenery.

ANECDOTES.

Irish!

Mrs. Kenyon (reading the newspaper): "Have you heard this, Lenoy? It sez here that, whin a person loses wan of his sinces, his other sinces become more grown." Lenoy: "Shure, an' its true for thim. Oi've noticed the same thing meself hundreds av toimes. Whin a man has wan leg shorter than the other, bedad the other leg is longer. Come, now, isn't that a fact?"

* * *

Beginning Young.

The other day, at a Parisian railway station, there arrived by the train an urchin all alone, wearing yellow boots, short socks, and carrying a travelling bag. As he was unable to make his wants known in French, he was conducted to the nearest police-station. Without a word he took off his little travelling cap, and presented it upside down to the inspector. On the lining was written in French: "My name is ———, my father is ———, I have money with me and at the banker's, and I am travelling in order to study." One of the officials, who could speak English, questioned him. He came from America. Asked his age, "Seven years!" "How, you come to France without knowing any French?" "I shall learn it here." Then he had a cab called, put on his cap again, very much over one ear, and drove off to "his banker." Truly, young America is precocious.

* * *

Romance in History.

Soon there will be no romance left in public life; already it has passed almost entirely out of history. Half the things we were taught at school we find to be untrue as soon as we look into them for ourselves. It is a bitter disappointment to the boy who has been saturated in the story of Waterloo to learn that the Duke of Wellington never really said "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" and many boys of older growth can hardly read without a pang of regret that Cæsar never looked up at his friend, and said, in his last breath "Et tu, Brute!" The fact that Alfred the Great did not visit the Danish camp disguised as a minstrel robs the history of a romance as popular as the story of Dick Whittington, who never had a cat, and nobody who knows his Macaulay can read without feeling that Horatius really never held the bridge. It is puzzling, too, to know that the Man in the Iron Mask never wore a mask of iron, and one almost wishes the lamp of Truth would cease to shine when "those who know" tell us that the famous apple never fell from a tree in Sir Isaac Newton's garden,

Wet Paint.

An amusing story, which may or may not be true, is told of a short-sighted but energetic member of the Russian secret police. He was walking through a little-frequented street of St. Petersburg one night, when he spied, high up on a lamp-post, a placard. "Aha!" he said to himself, scenting mischief on the instant, and alert for action. "That's one of those incendiary notices about his Majesty the Czar! It must come down at once!" With difficulty, being of a somewhat portly build, he succeeded in climbing up the post and dislodging the placard. Peering at it by the light of the lamp, he read the Russian equivalent for the well-known legend—"Wet Paint."

* * *

What she thought.

An old woman who lived in an out-of-the-way corner of Devonshire was desirous of travelling by train to London to see an ailing relative. Arriving at the railway station, she sat in the waiting room, brought out her luncheon-basket, and made herself comfortable. After waiting for about an hour she exclaimed to a porter who was passing: "Hey, mon! how long shall we be getting to London?" "Getting to London?" replied the man. "Why, the train went five minutes ago." "The train went?" cried the mystified old dame. "Why, I thowt t'ole concern went!"

* * *

Sent a Message.

"By the way," said the man who had stopped at a farm house in order to water his horse, "fifteen years ago a poor boy came this way and you took him in." "Yes?" queried the farmer, somewhat surprised. "You were kind to him," went on the stranger. "You fed him, gave him words of encouragement, and an old suit of clothes, put a shilling in his pocket, and sent him on his way rejoicing. He told you at the time he would never forget your kindness. Am I right?" "I think you are," replied the farmer, now fully interested. "He said that if he prospered he would see that you never had occasion to regret your kindness to a poor struggling lad." "Bless my heart!" exclaimed the farmer's wife excitedly, "it sounds almost like a fairy tale, don't it? Why, you must have seen him!" "I have," said the stranger. "He told me tell you that he is still poor." As the stranger drove away, the farmer went out and kicked the pump, and his wife threw a rolling pin at the chickens,