

Summary History

No. 2, Vol. I.

APRIL, 1895.

THE  
Southwell Grammar School



SOUTHWELL MINSTER.

Magazine.

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No. 2, Vol. I.

1895.

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EDITED BY W. H. HOSKING.  
SCHOOL EDITOR : J. G. R. MCGHEE.

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Editorial.

IT is with feelings of great pleasure that we present this, our second number, to our readers. The Southwell Grammar School Magazine is now fairly embarked as an institution in connection with the School, and it rests with the boys and with all real friends of the School as to whether that institution is to be supported or not. For our part, we count the trouble that must necessarily follow such an undertaking but a pleasure, yet the hearty co-operation of our friends is an indispensable essential for the further continuance of our venture. For such an undertaking to prove worthy of continuation, we must have at least a hundred friends who are willing to assist us with their continued support, and it is for this reason that we call upon all who take an interest in our welfare to give us their patronage. The aim



we have in view is a twofold one. First, to keep an interesting record of all the passing events of our little world; secondly, to create a bond that shall bind old boys to the School they have left. To carry out this aim we have divided our matter into three distinct parts: first, Editorial Notes; secondly, School and Personal Notes; and, lastly, matter which we sincerely hope will contain literary interest for all our readers, and to which we cordially invite contributions, both from present boys and from all who are in any way amicable to our welfare.

In our previous number the project of forming an Old Boys' Association was mooted. In response to that suggestion it may be of interest to state that a letter on the subject has been received from an Old Boy. He says:—

"I see by the Magazine there is some idea of forming an Old Boys' Association. I hope this will be managed, and I would do anything I possibly could to bring it about, but am afraid I should not be of much use, as it is nine years since I left School, and most of the fellows who were at School in my time are scattered."

But it is for those who are scattered far and wide that the movement is intended, so that our friend may have no fear upon that score.

We should very much like to see a meeting of our Old Boys upon the old ground, and for this purpose we propose that some one of our Old Boys should raise an Eleven of Old Southwellians to meet an Eleven of our present School generation on the home ground during the coming Cricket Season.

Owing to the unusual inclemency of the weather, our Football Team has been forced to suspend operations, but we sincerely hope that the lack of athletic interest in the present number has been counterbalanced by our literary interest, and we feel assured that all our boys and all our friends who have any literary pretensions whatever will aid us in our endeavour to fill our columns with readable matter.

### School Notes.

The following boys have entered this Term:

W. O. Groves, P. Hardwick, C. Maybury, C. Pyatt, T. Pyatt, S. Rickett, A. Sanders, F. Wiles.

The Report of the Christmas Examination held by the College of Preceptors was received in January.

The following Certificates were awarded:

Eric Richardson: 2nd Class, 2nd Div. 10 Subjects: (1) Holy Scripture, (2) English Language, (3) English History, (4) Geography, (5) Arithmetic, (6) Algebra, (7) Geometry, (8) Latin, (9) Sound, Light and Heat, (10) Electricity and Magnetism.

H. W. Sanders: 2nd Class, 2nd Div. 9 Subjects: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 9, 10, and (11) French.

E. Cooper: 2nd Class, 3rd Div. 6 Subjects: 2, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9.

F. Beardall: 3rd Class, 1st Div. 9 Subjects: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, and (12) Drawing. Special Certificate being awarded for Drawing.

W. J. Taylor 3rd Class, 1st Div. 9 Sub. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 12.

J. G. R. McGhee " " 8 " 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 11.

N. Foster " " 9 " 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10.

G. Daft " 2nd Div. 7 " 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.

J. M. Barnett " " 8 " 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

H. Johnson " 3rd Div. 5 " 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

H. Keyworth " " 5 " 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

S. W. Strutt " " 5 " 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

J. A. Cooke " " 6 " 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

F. M. Stenton passed well in 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 9, but failed in the compulsory subject Arithmetic.

G. A. N. Peck passed well in 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, but failed in the compulsory subject English Language.

J. R. Hallam passed in 2, 5, 6.

A. Smith " " 2, 5, 6.

A. N. Dickson " " 2, 5, and B. Rowbotham in 5.

The Certificates gained will be distributed next Term. In our last Number we announced that the Prize Day would be held this Term. The period of the Term during which rehearsals should have been in full progress was a period of great anxiety on account of the serious illness of one of our number, and for this and other reasons it has seemed necessary to postpone the Prize Day until the Thursday preceding Whitsuntide, when, according to present arrangements, it is proposed to hold it.

For the Senior Divinity Prize (kindly given by the Rev. Canon Trebeck) two boys, J. G. R. McGhee and H. W. Sanders, were equal. As McGhee obtained the prize last year, and as Sanders (though in a lower form than McGhee) gained an equal number of marks, the prize is awarded to the latter.

The Junior Prize (also given by Canon Trebeck) is awarded to H. J. Fox.

The Holiday Prize was awarded to C. E. Jackson, who sent in a very creditable Freehand Drawing of the Madoline Pilaster and an equally praiseworthy shaded drawing of a group of models.

As announced in the last number of the Magazine, the Annual Examination will in future be held in the Summer Term. There will also be held at the same time the Local Examination of the



College of Preceptors. It is desirable that as many boys as possible enter for that examination.

In several instances that have come under our notice, boys have been placed under great disadvantages because they had not passed this or a similar examination while at school. The First and Second Class Certificates under certain conditions, like those of the Oxford and Cambridge Locals, exempt holders from the following examinations which are held by various public bodies as tests of general education :—

The Preliminary Examination of the Incorporated Law Society.			
"	"	"	" Pharmaceutical
"	"	"	" Institute of Chartered
			Accountants.
"	"	"	for Clerks at the London and
			County Bank.
"	"	"	of the Institution of Civil Engineers.
" Matriculation	"	"	" Royal College of Veterinary
			College.

„ Examination for Registration as a Medical or Dental Student.

Names must be entered on or before Monday, May 5th.

The next Term will begin on Monday, April 29th, when it is hoped that all will return punctually in readiness for the Science Examinations in Chemistry, Mathematics, Physics, and Agriculture.

Next Session it is intended to start classes in Botany and Mechanics; these subjects will be especially useful to Agricultural Students, who it is hoped will endeavour to make good use of their opportunities.

The remaining portion of the usual Spring holiday will be given at Whitsuntide.

### Athletics.

The almost unprecedented cold weather put a stop to all Football during the early part of the Term, but gave everybody an opportunity to acquire proficiency in the art of skating.

One match has only been played—the return with Hatton House Club—and it resulted in a victory for the Grammar School. Score: 4 goals to 1. Our team consisted of: J. G. R. McGhee, goal; Mr. Mondy and G. A. N. Peck, backs; H. W. Sanders, E. Earnshaw, and J. Downing, half-backs; J. A. Cooke, A. Winfield, W. Morris, C. Greenfield, and E. Jackson, forwards.

The Officers of the Club are: E. Jackson, Captain; J. G. R. McGhee, Hon. Secretary; and Committee, H. Sanders, C. Greenfield, and F. Beardall.

We are glad to see that Joseph Hassall, of Shelford, a member of a family, all of whom were prominent members of our Cricket and Football Teams while they were at School, is chosen to play in the Colts' Match this year. We wish him much success.

### Personal.

In acknowledgment of the small token of our respect and esteem sent to Mr. Dunn after he left us last Term, the following message was, at his request, read in School :—

“Mr. Wright, Rev. J. S. Wright, Mr. Mondy, and Boys of the Southwell Grammar School,—I am conscious of not being able to thank you for your kind and handsome present in the way it is my wish to do, and so when I say, ‘Thank you very much,’ the words must convey much more than they seem to say. It is another link to bind me to Southwell, a memento keeping fresh the memory of the years spent amongst you—years, my dear boys, which, in spite of all our shortcomings, have, I hope, been fraught with much good both to you and to me. I hope I shall see you all again, but whether I do or do not, be assured of this, that my interest in your welfare, both as a body and as individuals, will continue undiminished, and that it will give me great pleasure at all times to hear of distinction achieved by Southwell Grammar School boys.—S. W. DUNN, B.A.”

Our sincere thanks are hereby tendered to J. T. Bealby, Esq., B.A., of Finchley, who has kindly presented a copy of Ascott Hope's “Stories” to the School Library.

By an unfortunate oversight we omitted the mention of one of the distinctions gained by Old Boys during the year. A. E. Merryweather last year won one of the Senior Scholarships offered by the County Council, tenable at the University College, Nottingham.

We are glad to report the success of another old Southwellian, F. H. Pogson, M.R.C.V.S. He took a high place in the Matriculation Examination of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, and he has now been appointed to a Government Inspectorship in Trinidad. Our best wishes will go with him when he sails on May 24th.

### Life:

By MASKEL HOUSING

(Author of “MAUD TREMAYNE,” ETC., ETC.)

TRUE life is measured not by days nor years,  
 But by high purpose and achievement wrought  
 Against the serried ranks of Hate and Sin.  
 For not in bookish nor in monkish cell  
 Is its great lesson learnt, but in the throng,  
 The market-place, the workshop, and the home.



And what avail our threescore years and ten  
 If with unworthy aim the circle run,  
 Only to eat and drink, decay and die,  
 And leave our ignorance a legacy?  
 But he who adds to human happiness,  
 Who spreads the light and purifies his soul,  
 And leaves the world the better for his work,—  
 Seventeen or seventy,—he alone has lived.

## A Brief History of our School.

BY THE EDITOR.

SOUTHWELL Collegiate Grammar School can boast of having been in existence before the foundation of any of the nine great Public Schools included in Her Majesty's Commission. Of the nine, seven were founded in the Sixteenth Century, Eton in the Fifteenth, and the Premier School of England (Winchester) in the Fourteenth, the year of the latter's foundation being 1387. But Southwell School was mentioned over six and a-half centuries ago, for there is a reference to it in a letter in Archbishop Gray's register addressed to Hubert de Burgh, Chief Justice of England *de liberties* of Southwell, the date of which epistle was about 1220. At the period when the seven youngest were in course of foundation, Southwell School was *refounded*. This event in its history took place in the reign of Henry VIII.

Situated as it is in the midst of a grand old ecclesiastical centre, in the very shadow of the old Minster walls, its history is closely connected and intertwined with that of the latter. Nor is it the least interesting object, regarded from an historical point of view, in a spot which is pregnant with memories of some of the greatest Churchmen who have appeared since the introduction of Christianity into our country down to Cranmer and Wolsey, and with memories of the ill-fated Charles and of that prince of satirists, George Gordon Lord Byron.

In the year 1512 Henry VIII. ordered that the Collegiate Church at Southwell have 1 Dean, 6 Prebends, 6 Canons, an Epistoller and Gospeller, 1 Master of Choristers, 8 Choristers, 1 *Schoolmaster for the Grammar School*, 20 *Scholars at the Grammar School*, 2 Sacristans, and 6 poor serving men. In the same year, 1512, Robert Batemanson left land as a grant towards the re-foundation, at Egmant, but the will was not carried into effect. Nor is it to be regretted, for the present position is far more suitable to a school so closely connected in its history with that of the Minster.\* In the same reign also Dr. Keyton, Canon of Salisbury, founded two Fellowships and two Scholarships at St. John's College, Cambridge, for students who had been choristers of Southwell.

\*The present building stands on the site of the old Chantry, pulled down in 1828.

The Twenty-seventh Act of the reign of Elizabeth ordained that the Chantry should contain among others 6 Vicars and 6 Priests, and that one of them should be *the Master of the Grammar School*.

In common with the history of everything human, the history of Southwell Grammar School has its spice of tragedy, for we read of the martyrdom of one Laurence Blauston, a Roman Catholic Priest from the School in the year 1626, martyred in those troublous times for the sake of his faith.

In a little chapel of the Cathedral, immediately behind the place where the present generation of Grammar School boys sit at Morning Service, there is a handsome stained-glass window dedicated to the memory of a former Headmaster.

## The Conceited Duck.

BY A. N. DICKSON (III<sup>RD</sup> FORM).

ONE hot day last summer a farmer entered the town of Nottingham with all sorts of farm produce for sale. Amongst his produce were some young ducks. A boy went up to him and asked him how much they were. "A shilling each," replied the farmer. The boy bought three of these birds and set off home in triumph. But before he got very far the ducks became unmanageable and began to jump out of the basket in which the boy had got them, and so making the passers-by laugh, at which the boy got very red in the face. At last he landed home safely with his ducks, which were by this time more dead than alive. He put them into a fowl pen, fed them, and left them for the night. Next morning, on going to look at them, he found one head downwards in a water-jar, dead. He had now only two left, and these got on very well for a short time. But one day, when he had had them for about a week, a dog got into the pen and bit one of the ducks' heads off. The other duck came to the rescue when it was too late, and so had to be contented with sitting on the dead duck until somebody came to its help. The remaining duck did not get over this calamity for some time. The boy was afraid to let his only duck stop outside at night for a long time after this, so brought it in about dusk and put it in a box, and every morning it was found with its head sticking perkily out of one corner of the box, making a great noise and evidently demanding its breakfast. One night, about 12 o'clock, everybody in the house was awakened by hearing a great noise at the kitchen door, and on going downstairs it was discovered that the duck had not been brought in, and as it did not like the idea of stopping out for the night it just took it into its head to wake everybody up. It was in this manner it always behaved, never caring how much it troubled others, and thinking only of its own comfort and convenience. It grew more particular and finniky as time



went on. It would not eat the food that was given it, but always wanted something better. And it was in this way for ever going about, with its neck well up and quacking in the most conceited manner, as if trying to show all the world how much better it was than other ducks. And it was also too high and mighty to swim like other ducks in the water of the duck-pond, for it thought it was too dirty for a duck of its refinement, and that its feathers were far too beautiful to be soiled in such a way. At last the boy got tired of his duck and of the sound of its discontented quacking, and so he sold it to a farmer. But it thought itself of too high a rank to mix up with the strange ducks, and so always lived by itself in the front garden where it could best be seen, until the Christmas season came, when it went where all other good things go at that time of the year.

### The Marvels of a Stagnant Pool.

By E. F. W. MONDY (Int. B. Sc. Lond.).

SOME fine day about this time of the year let us take a small bottle in our pocket and go for a short stroll in the lanes. If we are at all fortunate or careful, we are sure to find a small pool of stagnant water somewhere handy, and this is exactly what we came out for, so out with our bottle and take some of the water. At the same time let us take a little of the decayed vegetable matter at the bottom and some of that fine thready green weed and put it in too. Now we have got quite enough to engage our attention when we get home again, so let us get back and get out our microscope. Now we must get some clean slips of glass about three inches long and one inch wide, called slides, and some small squares of very thin glass, called coverslips. With a piece of glass tube take out a drop of the water containing a little of the decayed matter, put it on the slide, and put a coverslip gently on it. Now put the slide on the microscope stand, focus the microscope and look carefully. If we are fortunate we shall see something that looks like a small drop of white of egg, containing a number of small particles. Let us watch this small piece of jelly and see what happens. It is moving, and how? It seems to flow along. A part of it goes out into a sort of arm and the rest follows it, the small particles inside rolling one over the other inside it. Now it is approaching some small piece of matter, and what happens? Two of these arms go round it, meet and join one another, and the whole piece of jelly closes round it. This then accounts for the number of particles inside the piece of jelly, and these particles are principally food particles. But what is happening now? A kind of bubble is forming, and increasing rapidly in size. Let us watch this carefully for a short time and see what happens. It is still growing, and— Why, where is it now? It has

suddenly collapsed, but if we watch carefully we will see it form again, grow, and then again suddenly collapse. This little piece of jelly is the simplest kind of animal that exists, and is called Amoeba, simplest because simplest in structure and mode of living. The bubble we saw is called the Pulsating Vacuole, called pulsating because it keeps coming and going.

Now put a drop of vinegar on the slide and let it run under the coverslip, at the same time watching the effect on our Amoeba. It has become circular and no longer throws out any arms, and remains quite still. In fact, it is dead. But now we see something that we could not see before. There is, in the middle or thereabouts, a little round body, called the Nucleus.

In a living Amoeba the Nucleus divides into two. Then the whole Amoeba begins to divide into two, and a-half of the Nucleus goes into half of the whole Amoeba, and so we have two new Amoeba.

This concludes our study of the simplest form of Animal Life as obtained from a stagnant pool, and from it we will proceed to another simple form, slightly more advanced in structure and mode of life.

(To be continued.)

### Forget-Me-Not.

By W. H. HOSKING (Author of "Reconciled,"

"In the Moonlight," etc.).

SHE was five years old, that is to say she had gambolled in the hay down in the River Meadows for five joyous harvests. She always counted her life by the Hay-making time. If you asked her how old she was, she would say "Five Hays," not five years. She was christened Violet St. Clair, and her father's name was Evans, but she was known in her own home only by the name of Vi.

She had sunny brown hair and large wondering grey eyes, and all the summer through she spent the long days roaming about the meadows, with a sun-bonnet on her little brown head and a pink frock down to her little brown knees. Her nurse was scarcely ever with her, for Captain Evans had strong ideas about the bringing-up of children, though he was only twenty-eight, and the drift of them was that "youngsters grow up much more gritty if they are allowed to potter about alone." Perhaps he remembered the nurse and guardian angel of his youth, and the fiendish craftiness with which he and his brothers learned to circumvent that good lady. Whatever was the reason he firmly declared to his wife that Vi should not grow up the confirmed liar that he did, by force of circumstances.

So Vi wandered about all day without human companionship, though not alone. For behind her, covering her little shadow



with his big one, there ambled a great St. Bernard called Gip. He was old and nearly blind, and sulky to everyone except Vi. But great, shambling brute though he was, Vi could twist him with a turn of her littlest finger, and that was certainly a small weapon.

Great and good and glorious times had Vi and Gip together. Times that I for one would rather have back again than be the first monarch on the world's thrones.

There was the hawthorn tree in the middle of the Cedar Meadow, where the wood-pigeon had her nest (there was only one wood-pigeon to Vi). And Vi used to go every morning and see the glint of the eggs, while the mother-bird-to-be skuttled and wheeled about overhead. Down in the great green flags by the riverside, just where the river runs through the last meadows into the lake, there was a moor-hen that was always sitting on a funny little nest like a small raft. But it was too far out for Vi to see the eggs, though she felt there were eggs. And she used to wonder, with the old dreamy look in her grey eyes, why it was she would have given more to see those particular eggs than to have handled the wood-pigeon's, or seen Gip fetch the biggest log that ever floated on the lake, or any of the other delights of her little world. And she used to tell Gip it was all "vewy funny," meaning life in general, of course, and she used to ask Gip like a "dear good doggie to go and fetch those beauty eggs, 'cause she knowed they was *awful* beauty eggs." But Gip, though he would do anything he could understand, only used to blink his sleepy eyes and lie down and pant, whereupon Vi would call him "a naughty, selfish, lazy doggie," and go off to try and get a glimpse of that water-rat that was so often to be seen on the little island in the middle of the river.

Such a day had Vi spent, and she was "vewy tired," as she told Mamma. So Mamma took her little daughter up in her arms and carried her off to bed. The glory of the summer evening and the cawing of the rooks out in the Grove came in at the open window, and the little figure in white, kneeling with her head in her mother's lap, showed no sign of rising. Her mother watched the ten little pink toes fidgetting just outside the edge of her night-dress, and she gently smoothed the ruffled brown hair. Then Mamma saw that the little one's grey eyes were wide open, with that old wondering look in them, and she bent down and whispered, "Have you said your prayers, my darling?"

"Yes," answered Vi, "but I's comfy, and I's finking."

"Thinking, pet? What is my little one thinking of?"

"I's wond'ring," said Vi, putting her arms around her mother's neck and scrambling into her lap, "I's wondering why those pitty 'ittle flowers, ze blue ones wot gwow down by ze wiver, is called Forget-Me-Nots."

"Well, dear, I'll tell you in the morning. You're too tired now."

"Will 'oo tell me now, Mammy, please? I couldn't sleep *ever* so small a wink if I didn't have zat 'tory."

And Mamma, believing her, told her a story about a brave knight and a lovely lady who lived on the banks of a beautiful river away in Germany, across the sea. And how they used to stroll of an evening along the river's bank and look from each other's eyes to the darkling water, and up to the glittering evening star, and away to the white walls of the towns in the distance. And how as they strolled along, telling each other all that was dear to each, the maiden saw a bed of lovely little blue flowers down by the waterside, where the bank was steep. And how she asked the knight, who had his shining armour, except on his head, which was bare, to straight go down and pluck her a bunch of those fair flowers. And he, because to do her pleasure, was more than life, and nothing fearing, clambered down, and had plucked a pretty nosegay, when he slipped and fell, and, by reason of his armour, could not swim. But ere he sank he flung the flowers to the weeping lady's feet, and, with a dying look of love, he said in the soft language of his country, "Forget me not." And so he died, and the lady put his flowers into her bosom, and ever since men called that flower "Forget-Me-Not."

"Zat's a vewy pitty 'tory, Mamma. Poor, poor man!"

Mamma watched the big grey eyes grow bigger in her pity, and then they closed, and Vi was far away in the Land of Nod.

"Come on, Gip, let's go to ze wiver."

It was the morning after Mamma had told the story, and Vi was heading for the River Meadow.

All the time since she first awoke an idea had been flitting through Vi's brain. It was with her in her bath as she spluttered and splashed about. It was there during the time she ate her porridge and her slice of buttered toast. It was there while she was untying Gip from his kennel chain, and it was there now. It was to get Mamma a bunch of those Forget-Me-Nots that grew down where the river runs into the lake.

The bank was very steep just there, and Vi paused and considered. She had no one to advise her, for Gip was worrying at a rabbit-burrow.

"Why, I b'leeve I'm afraid," said Vi, opening her grey eyes in a puzzled manner. "What would Daddy say if he knew his little girl was 'fraid of a nasty ole bank? Daddy, wot's so brave, an' has killed the bad men over the sea with the big sword in the study? He'd say Vi wasn't a soldier's 'ittle girl, like he says when I cwy. O, I'm not 'fraid one *bit*, you howid bank!" And Vi, with tears of shame in her eyes, flung her sun-bonnet savagely down on the ground, and began to clamber down the bank.

She clutched at the grass that grew on the side, and at length she could reach the flowers. She plucked a nice bunch, and then turned to climb up. All this time Gip was barking and worrying at the mouth of that rabbit-burrow, and Vi thought she'd just give him a lecture on the sin of teasing poor harmless bunnies when she got up top. But it was harder to get up than it was to get down, and Vi gripped her flowers and clung tightly to the biggest tufts of grass. She was just at the top, when the



grass in her hand gave way at the roots, and the next moment she was rolling down the bank. She fell among the bed of flowers, crushing them sadly, and then, without a cry, still gripping her Forget-me-Nots, she fell into the river.

When Gip looked up from his rabbit-burrow, he could not see his little mistress. He walked leisurely over, sniffed her white bonnet lying on the bank, and then looked down at the river. He saw a little mass of brown hair lying on the water, and a little pale face with fast-closed eyes and lips, and then, with a growl, the gallant brute leaped into the water. Four powerful strokes and Gip had reached her, and his great jaws closed with a gentle snap over the pink frock. The next minute Vi was lying on the other bank, which was not steep, lying still pale, and with her eyes and mouth still shut. And Gip was shaking himself and whining, and licking Vi's face alternately.

She lay for a long time, and Gip whined, and finding he could not make her hear him, he began to gently pat her face with his huge paw. At length she opened her eyes and sat up, and Gip nearly barked his head off for joy.

Half-an-hour afterwards Vi walked slowly into her mother's presence, leaning one hand on Gip's head. In the other she held the Forget-Me-Nots.

"Mamma," she said, "I got 'oo some of zese pittty flowers, but I did what ze man in ze 'tory did. I could'nt help it, ze bank was so steep, an' I tumbled into ze wiver, an' I'm all wet." Here Vi commenced to cry softly, but at that moment Captain Evans came into the room, and she quietly brushed her tears away. Having heard an outline of the story, he seized her up in his arms and carried her off to bed.

The nursery window was open, and the rooks were cawing out in the trees. Mamma was sitting holding Vi's hand in hers, but Vi was tossing in a troubled sleep. Several times she started up, and called out strange things that her mother could not understand. Things about the wood-pigeon, and the sin of worrying poor bunnies, and the water-rat, and why she so wanted the moor-hen's eggs. And strange ramblings about the shine at the bottom of the river that never would keep still, and about the rainbow's fringe, and the bars of gold in the sky at sunset.

And her little hands were hot, so hot, and her forehead was burning. And she wanted drink, drink, which her mother was afraid to give her.

And then her Papa came in with Dr. Clavering. She saw them for a minute, and then she seemed to forget all about them.

And Papa said, "What's the matter with the child, Doctor? It can't be anything serious, surely?"

"No, no, no, Captain," said the Doctor, soothingly, "only that the little one lay too long in her wet clothes, and she's a little feverish. She'll be all right."

But, nevertheless, he shut the window and drew down the blind, and then told Mrs. Evans to fetch him a wine-glass.

And while she was gone he tapped Captain Evans on the arm,

and said, "I didn't like to say it before the wife, you know, but if she doesn't get proper care it might—mind, I only say it might—turn to congestion of the lungs."

"God grant not!" said Captain Evans, "my poor, dear little Vi! My plucky little Vi!" And he stooped and kissed the burning forehead, and something like a big raindrop fell among her brown hair.

It was a week later. Mrs. Evans had never left the room.

Vi was more rational, but very, very weak. And the Doctor looked very grave, and told Captain Evans things in the smoking-room he "daren't say before the little woman upstairs."

"How do you feel, my darling?" said Mrs. Evans, with a quivering lip.

"I's comfy, Mammy dear, vewy comfy, but oh! I's so tired."

There came a look of deep, deep happiness, a weary happiness, into the great grey eyes.

"Mammy dear, I see a place where everwyfing is pittier than ze bars of gold in the sunset sky, or ze shine at ze bottom of ze wiver that never keeps still. I feel I'm going there, Mammy, and o'll soon come too, won't 'oo, Mammy?"

Mrs. Evans had to rush from the room to hide her burst of weeping, and when she came back Captain Evans was with her.

"Mammy—and Daddy," said Vi, sitting up and holding out a little weak hand to each as they stooped silently over her, "If I go to that lovely country, will 'oo always 'member me? Like the man in the 'tory, 'oo know, Forget-Me-Not?"

"Yes, my darling, for ever and for ever," said Mrs. Evans, softly. And Vi's father flung himself on his knees beside the bed, and buried his face in the covering, while great sobs shook his broad shoulders.

And so, with those two beside her, and Gip whining down in the stable-yard, with the cawing of the rooks in the Grove coming into them, and the sweet breath from the meadows by the river, Vi passed, with a smile on her lips and a joy in her great grey eyes, to the land that is more beautiful than the bars of gold in the sunset sky or the shine at the bottom of the river that never keeps still.

## Farthings.

By F. M. STENTON (IV<sup>TH</sup> FORM).

THE first copper farthing in common circulation in this country was struck by order of Charles II. in 1672. From that time to the present day there have been fourteen varieties issued, the first inclusive. Most of them are very common; the rarest specimen being the celebrated Queen Anne farthing, which



is valued at from fifteen shillings to £1 15s. The fourteen varieties of farthings may be divided into three series; the first from 1672 to 1775, the second from 1799 to 1827, and the third from 1829 to 1860.

From 1672 to 1775 the general types continued to be much the same; on the obverse there is always the bust of the King, with merely his name for an inscription. On the reverse is a figure of Britannia, turned to the left, holding an olive branch in her right hand, and a spear in her left. The inscription on the reverse of the coins of the first two series is always "Britannia." The date is under the figure. From 1775 to 1799 no farthings were issued. When at length an issue was made, it differed considerably from the farthings which preceded it, and was for the time coined by machinery. In the inscription on the obverse, the words "Dei Gratia" (by the grace of God) are inserted, and the date is under the King's head. On the reverse Britannia is still seated to the left, but she holds a trident instead of a spear; and underneath, instead of the date, are the words "one farthing." Another issue was made in 1800, which is very much like the last, but is smaller, and there is no inscription of value under Britannia.

The first farthing of George IV. is, in my opinion, the handsomest coin of the whole series. On the obverse is a fine head of the King; on the reverse Britannia is seated to the right, wearing a helmet, and having the British lion couched at her side. In her right hand, which rests on the shield of Great Britain, she holds the olive branch, with her left she grasps the trident. The inscription is a continuation of the King's titles from the obverse; the date is underneath.

A new issue was made in 1826, the general type of which lasted till 1860. The figure of Britannia on the reverse is smaller, and there is no British lion. There is also no olive branch, because no wars had taken place in George IV's reign. Underneath the figure, instead of the date, are the rose, thistle and shamrock, the emblem of England, Scotland and Ireland.

In 1860 the present bronze issue was made, which is too well known to need description.

A fine set of portraits of all the kings of England, from Charles II. to Victoria (with the single exception of James II., who issued no copper coins in England), is to be found in a complete series of these coins.

## A FRENCH PUPIL'S FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND.

By ALEXIS FLEURY (IV<sup>TH</sup> FORM).

EN France on croit qu'en Angleterre la plus grande partie du temps se passe à jouer; c'est une grande erreur, cependant on a plus de temps pour le jeu que chez nous. Pendant la récréation, on joue au football, le matin entre quatre murs, dont trois sont très peu élevés de sorte que la balle (qui est grosse comme le poing, car on ne prend pas le vrai football pour jouer dans la cour), s'en va tantôt dans la salle d'étude (dont la façade forme le quatrième mur), tantôt dans la rue et l'on va la rechercher, ce que l'on ne pourrait faire si souvent en France où l'on est mieux enfermé et où les règlements sont plus sévères. Le soir, alors c'est grand football, on va dans un champ préparé pour cela près du collège. Moi je ne joue pas souvent, je vais plutôt m'asseoir près d'un grand arbre placé sur une petite colline et regarde le paysage, c'est, ma foi, assez joli et quand on vient du nord de la France l'avantage n'est pas à notre pays; mais par exemple il ne faut pas venir de tout autre point; à moins, cela ce peut que je ne voie la France un peu trop en Français.

A gauche j'ai le coucher du soleil, en face les footballistes. Si le coucher n'est pas beau, je regarde le football; c'est un spectacle curieux; le temps n'étant pas souvent beau il y a presque toujours de la boue et le sol est glissant; un zélé footballiste, voyant la ball assez haut croit pouvoir l'attraper avec sa tête, mais n'y peut arriver et fait le plongeon dans une belle mare d'eau boueuse, il se relève transformé en nègre, c'est un spectacle ravissant; un autre veut *kicker*, mais il n'y réussit pas et tombe les quatre fers en l'air avec de beaux petits jets autour de lui, il a le malheur de prendre un bain de siège (peu en règle il est vrai). Après avoir vu toutes ces belles choses, on se retourne pour voir un magnifique coucher de soleil, comment cela se fait-il, on n'envoyait pas du tout il y a un instant, c'est un coup de Théâtre, le rideau est levé ou plutôt les nuages se sont déchirés à ce moment on vous appelle il faut rentrer, c'est navrant, mais c'est la règle, on ne peut rien y faire. On boit le thé sitôt rentré, oh c'est horrible! il y a du lait dedans. En France on ne met du lait que dans le café pas dans le thé mais en Angleterre on en a dans les deux. Enfin nous rentrons à l'Etude. Deux heures après c'est fini, la prière est dite, on va se coucher en disant:

"Bonsoir, Messieurs."

A. FLEURY.



# Robert Louis Stevenson.

## A TRIBUTE.

By W. H. HOSKING.

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THE Christmas bells ring o'er the old home moorland,  
 The peace of Christmas stills the list'ning air,  
 The waves beat slow upon the rocky foreland,  
 And rest, and quiet, and calm are ev'rywhere.

And there is calm within me, and a sadness  
 That in its purity approaches gladness.  
 For my eyes light upon the dull grey sea,  
 And my thoughts softly, gently carry me  
 As borne upon a kindly fav'ring breeze  
 To his Dream Country in the Southern Seas.

And in that Treasure Island rare and lonely,  
 Beneath the light of brilliant southern stars,  
 Guarded by stronger guard than human bars,  
 The Treasure lies, the rich, the one, the only.

And palms wave over him, as palms should wave,  
 And seas beat near his bed, as seas should beat,—  
 We cannot bring ourselves to call it grave.  
 And ocean's dirge, that was to him so sweet,  
 Mourneth as for a friend it loveth best,  
 Who, seeking long, at length hath found his rest.

He "who went down the Perfect Pearl to bring,"  
 He who the only boyish song could sing,  
 He is so soon at rest,  
 For him the gods loved best.

Friend and companion of my boyhood golden!  
 Your words are with me, and shall ever be  
 One with the words of captains of the olden  
 Days. While England's flag floats o'er England's sea  
 Shall England's truest boyhood speak with thee.