



"Nobody recognised us, though we knew lots of the village people by sight."

ROLLER SKATES.

BARNES had been spending the holidays with me, and we had had some ripping times on the rink at the pier—roller-skating, you know—and we were both something of a dab at it before term came round again.

'It's a jolly pity that roller-skating isn't on the timetable at St. Cyprian's,' said Barnes to me as we trundled back to school on the first day of term. 'Rollers and 'Rithmetic! Look well—what?'

I was inclined to agree; and I agreed pretty fully when, walking up from the station, we discovered that there was a rink in the town. It had been built in the holidays, and it was a slap-up place—longer than the pier rink by a full fifty yards.

'Let's ask the Head whether——' began Barnes.

'No good!' I said. 'He'd only glare at you from behind his glasses. Let well alone.'

Barnes took my advice, and we reserved our energies for games: it was footer term, and we were both keen. We hardly spoke of rollers again till it was about half-term, and then Barnes came to me in a perfect frenzy.

'I say,' he said, 'what on earth do you think?'

'I don't know,' I said.

'There's to be a skating carnival, if you'd believe it, to-night, and Jones has just told me that he wanted to invite you and me to go with him—as he is a day-boy, you see. But the Head's forbidden it; he's put the place out of bounds, and even the day-boys aren't to go, and——'

'What a downright swizzle!' I said.

'Swizzle! Well, *I'm* going!' Barnes was wild. 'I'm going, to-night. The Head won't know, and——'

'Won't *know*, old chap! We *can't*—we shall be spotted; the whole village will be there. The Head *would* know.'

'Not he! I have an idea. Haven't you twigged that it's a *carnival*? Fancy dress, old chap! No one'll know us!'

'But *I've* got no jolly fancy dress,' I said.

'Of course not—till I get you one. But—what do you say to going as a pair of Charlie Chaplins? I heard the Traceys saying that they'd got dresses. They had a Red Cross Fête in the holidays, and they wore them then. And I have asked them to bring them round; said we were going to have a lark, and—we'll go!' Barnes slapped his leg.

'It's jolly risky; but—all right!' I said.

But it didn't seem so risky as I'd expected it to when we had made our plans. We slipped out of bed when the other chaps were snoring, and donned the Chaplin togs—eye-glasses, and canes, and big boots, all complete. We started off, and were greeted at the door of the rink—after we had nearly broken our necks climbing down the ivy from the dormitory (luckily there was a moon to guide us)—with roars of applause. Nobody recognised us, though we knew lots of the village people by sight.

'I say, this *is* a top-hole night!' said Barnes.

The only drawback was that we couldn't stay the full time; we had to be back by ten-thirty, or the gate of the grounds would be shut. We just did it, and wriggled up the ivy and back to bed, fairly chuckling with the success of our evening; but if we had known what would happen next morning we mightn't have felt so jolly pleased!

'Hum!' said the Head after prayers the next morning. 'I have an announcement to make,' and he glared

through his spectacles, while Barnes and I stared at our boots.

'I regret to read in this morning's local paper,' he went on, 'that two of my scholars were at the carnival last night against rules! Even though they are day-boys the rule is the same, and——'

Barnes and I looked up from our boots. Whatever did he mean? We *weren't* day-boys, anyhow! 'And how on earth has he twigged *anything*?' muttered Barnes. But we soon knew, for at that minute the Head proceeded to unfold a page of the weekly rag. 'I see that the first prize for fancy costume is awarded to the Messrs. Tracey,' growled the Head, 'for costumes representing Charlie Chaplin! "Charles Chaplin," whoever he may be—not an historical person, I imagine!' The Head grunted again, and some of the chaps tittered; but Barnes and I were mum.

For, do you see what had happened? In our awful cleverness in wearing the Traceys' costumes we had never thought that they would be *known*. We never guessed that some of the very people who were at the carnival would also have been at the Traceys' Red Cross Fête in the holidays. And, of course, seeing the Charlies again, they evidently thought that the Traceys were inside them. And, as for prizes, why we had never twigged that there were going to be any! We had come away early, of course, before the voting, and—well, here we were in a jolly mess!

'Come on,' said Barnes suddenly; and he marched up to the Head's desk, and, of course, I went too; and, while the Traceys were still staring with amazement at the idea that they had been at the carnival when they had really been snoring in bed, we blurted out the real truth before every one.

And then—well, the Head was jolly decent, and we didn't get worse than we deserved; for, to tell the truth, we felt more than a bit ashamed.

ETHEL TALBOT.

A FAIRY LULLABY.

EASTWARD, over skies of grey,
Baby mine,
Breaks the burning kiss of day,
Baby mine;
And the world with music rings
To a song the skylark sings,
As he soars on dewy wings,
Baby mine.

Soon the lilies of the lake,
Baby mine,
From their slumbers will awake,
Baby mine;
Soon the petals will uncloze,
Cream and gold and old sweet rose,
Freckled like your tiny nose,
Baby mine.

Dreams of bliss each hour beguile,
Baby mine,
Till the stars of silver smile,
Baby mine;
And the restless moths of night,
Guided by the glow-worm's light,
Silky wings unfold in flight,
Baby mine.

MARIE ROSE LIVESEY.

A JOURNEY TO GO.

(Second Series.)

II.—LONDON TO EASTBOURNE.

A JOURNEY from London through mid-Kent and Sussex seems to carry us into the heart of Saxon England, for the district of the Weald, as it is called, was formerly the great forest of Anderida, and among its swamps and tangled thickets, old names, customs, and legends were preserved.

While the original Celtic inhabitants of our country opposed all invaders with stubborn courage, and, when finally defeated, either fled into remote fastnesses or died fighting in their wonderful entrenched camps, the Southern Saxons did not offer any very strong resistance to the Norman conquerors. Thus, instead of being exterminated, they were left to a great extent, undisturbed in their forests. In the reign of Elizabeth, peasants of pure Saxon blood were tending their herds and burning charcoal in the Weald Valley, and even to this day they keep many of their old characteristics, and are considered stolid and ignorant by their more alert and up-to-date neighbours.

'Toads' was the nickname given to the men of this region, and it is possible that the climate may have tended to make them slow and torpid. Even now, although the great forests have disappeared, the temperature is warm after more bracing districts, and an old writer, Lambarde, tells us that 'The aire seemeth somewhat thicke.'

It is difficult now to realise what the isolation of this huge woodland must have been in Saxon times, when it was described as 'that boundless wood which men call Andred,' and even in the Middle Ages its more remote districts were almost entirely unknown.

There were no large towns built in Anderida, and few villages, while the only roads were those made by the Romans, which gradually fell into disrepair, and the Pilgrims' Way, leading to Canterbury from the South.

In consequence, indeed, of the nature of the country, and its long neglect, Sussex has always been noted for its bad roads, and Walpole, writing in the eighteenth century, says, 'If you love good roads, never go into Sussex. The whole country has a Saxon air, and the inhabitants are savage, as if King George II. was the first monarch of the East Angles. Coaches grow there no more than balm and spices.'

At that time the journey from London to Brighton occupied the whole of two days, but things are very different now, so we will return to London and take a train southward, making Croydon, where once a battle was fought between Henry III. and the army of the barons, our first stopping-place.

From Croydon we go on, through the picturesque Kentish scenery, and come to Hever, where there is an old castle dating from the reign of Edward III.

It is, however, with later times that we connect this place, for it was here that the beautiful Anne Boleyn lived, and was first seen by her royal lover, while after the marriage and terrible death of Queen Anne, her unfortunate successor and namesake, Anne of Cleves, died in the same old mediæval mansion.

Not far from Hever we reach Groombridge, and then branch off to Tunbridge Wells, now one of the largest towns in Kent, but of comparatively recent date, for it was not until Stuart times that its mineral waters made it famous as a health resort.

This place was first called Forest, and then it was given the name of Queen Mary's Wells in memory of a visit paid by Henrietta Maria. The account of this royal sojourn is amusing, for there were no suitable houses for guests in those days, and the Queen with her fine court ladies lived in tents, which were pitched on Bishop's Down.

After the restoration Tunbridge Wells, as it had by then come to be called, prospered, and became well known, but it seems still to have retained something of its primitive and picturesque character, and instead of shops there were stalls set up under the trees with which the road had been planted.

A French visitor, Count Grammont, has left a vivid description of the town as it was in those gay Stuart days when, as he says, 'Everything breathes of mirth and pleasure; the place consists of a long walk shadowed by pleasant trees, under which the company walk while they drink the waters.'

The earliest name for Tunbridge Wells reminds us that it was situated on the edge of the wild forest district of the Weald, and when the town first became a fashionable resort its neighbourhood was infested by robbers and highwaymen, who used to plunder the wealthy invalids and other visitors as they made their way to and from the wells.

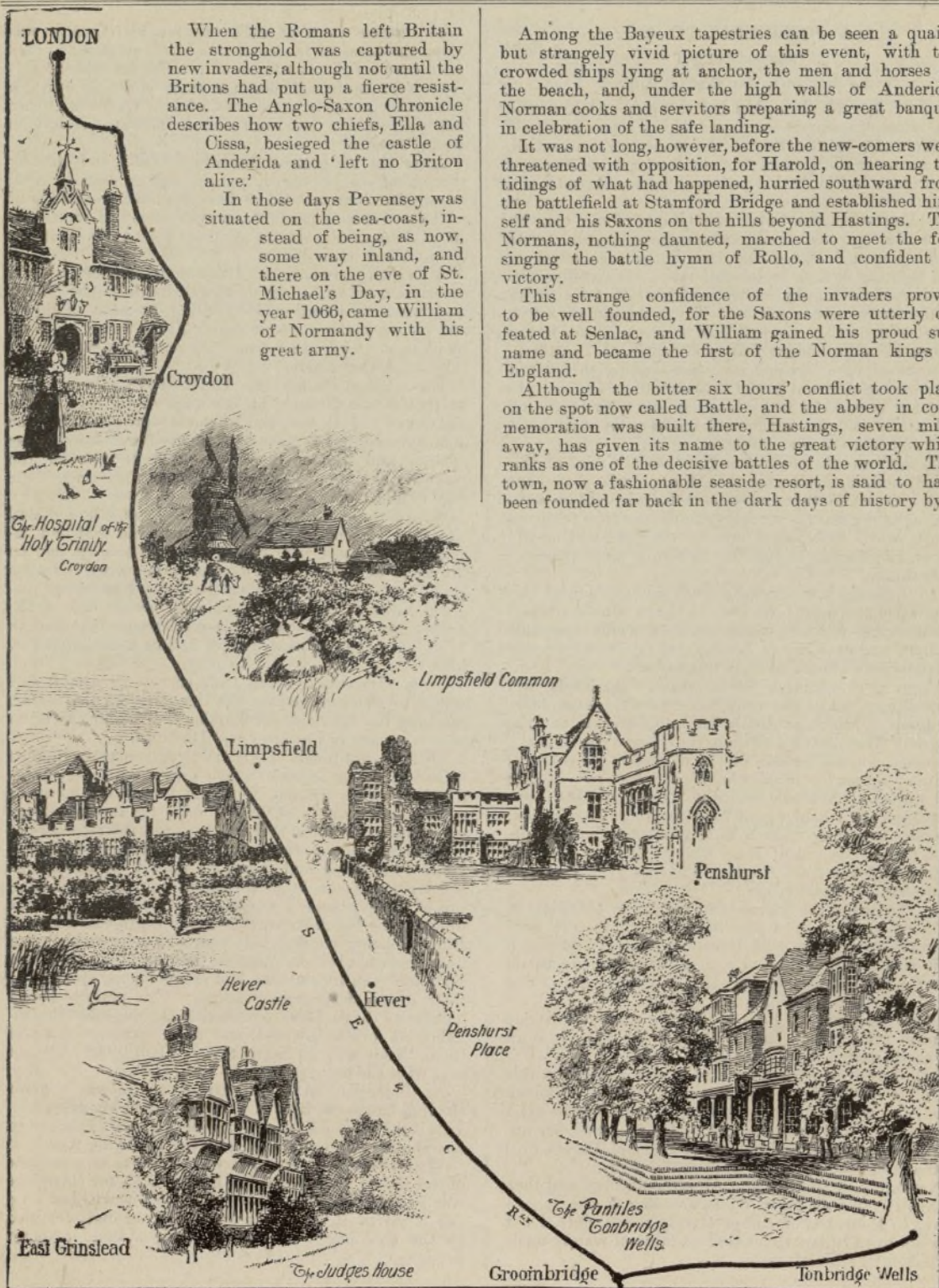
One of these thieves was William Page, who haunted the road leading to London, and it is said that he himself lived at Tunbridge Wells, and used to start out on his raids in his own carriage as if he were a harmless traveller. On reaching some lonely spot he would disguise himself, conceal the vehicle, mount one of the horses, and set to work. This robber was captured in 1758, but not until many crimes had been committed by him.

From Groombridge the train carries us almost due south to Polegate, where the line divides, one branch reaching the sea-coast at Eastbourne, while the other runs eastward to Pevensey and Hastings.

There is not much of historical or romantic interest to be seen at Eastbourne, which only a century ago was a mere fishing village. It was, however, famous, or rather notorious, in those old days for its smugglers, who found excellent hiding-places for their cargoes of contraband among the hollows and caves of Beachy Head. So daring and audacious indeed did these lawless traders become, that they fixed a crane on the summit of the headland, and used openly to haul their goods up from the beach below. All this south-east coast of England being conveniently near to France was a great hunting-ground for smugglers in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, and many stories are told of their deeds and narrow escapes. The practice seems hardly to have been considered criminal by the inhabitants of the district, and John Wesley wrote of them, 'They will do many things gladly, but will not part with the accursed thing—smuggling.'

At Polegate can be seen from the railway a great striding figure cut into the chalk of a neighbouring hill. This is the 'Long Man of Wilmington,' and is believed to have been made by workmen of the Neolithic Age.

We go on now to Pevensey, where are to be seen some of the most interesting ruins in England, for this place was once Anderida, a Roman British town, built on the outskirts of the great forest and strongly fortified by the conquerors as part of their system of coast defences.



A Journey from London to Tunbridge Wells and Groombridge—

When the Romans left Britain the stronghold was captured by new invaders, although not until the Britons had put up a fierce resistance. The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle describes how two chiefs, Ella and Cissa, besieged the castle of Anderida and 'left no Briton alive.'

In those days Pevensey was situated on the sea-coast, instead of being, as now, some way inland, and there on the eve of St. Michael's Day, in the year 1066, came William of Normandy with his great army.

Among the Bayeux tapestries can be seen a quaint but strangely vivid picture of this event, with the crowded ships lying at anchor, the men and horses on the beach, and, under the high walls of Anderida, Norman cooks and servitors preparing a great banquet in celebration of the safe landing.

It was not long, however, before the new-comers were threatened with opposition, for Harold, on hearing the tidings of what had happened, hurried southward from the battlefield at Stamford Bridge and established himself and his Saxons on the hills beyond Hastings. The Normans, nothing daunted, marched to meet the foe, singing the battle hymn of Rollo, and confident of victory.

This strange confidence of the invaders proved to be well founded, for the Saxons were utterly defeated at Senlac, and William gained his proud surname and became the first of the Norman kings of England.

Although the bitter six hours' conflict took place on the spot now called Battle, and the abbey in commemoration was built there, Hastings, seven miles away, has given its name to the great victory which ranks as one of the decisive battles of the world. This town, now a fashionable seaside resort, is said to have been founded far back in the dark days of history by a

Danish pirate, who ravaged the country round, and erected a small fortress on the hill where the ruins of a later castle now stand.

It was here that William I., twenty-four years after his accession, assembled the English nobles and bishops and made them do personal homage to him before his departure for Normandy.

Beyond Hastings, travelling north-east, we come to the two strange, decayed towns, Winchelsea and Rye, which now lie inland, perched on meadow-surrounded hills, but which at one time were flourishing seaports, so that Queen Elizabeth, when she visited the former, gave it the title of 'Little London.'

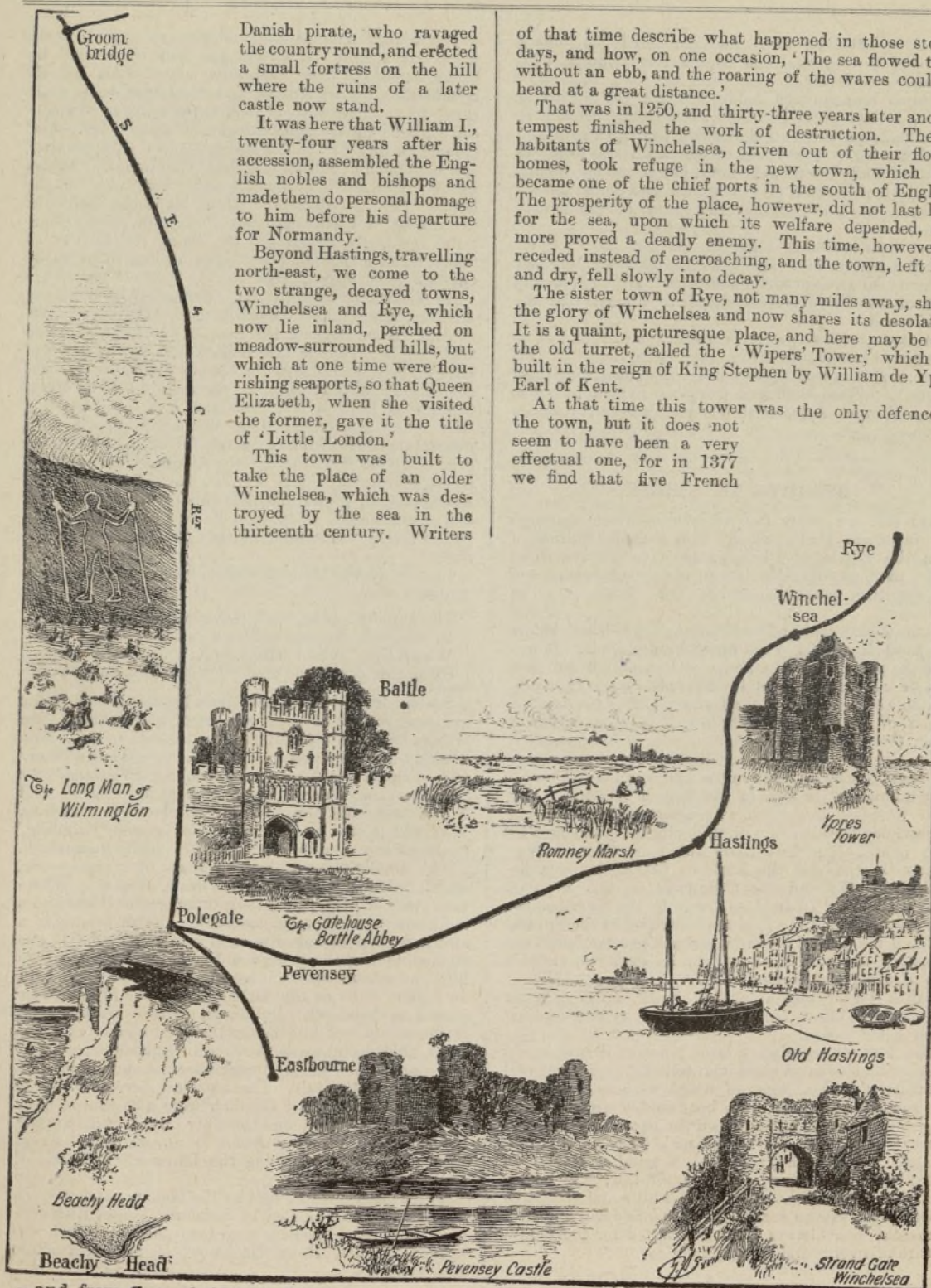
This town was built to take the place of an older Winchelsea, which was destroyed by the sea in the thirteenth century. Writers

of that time describe what happened in those stormy days, and how, on one occasion, 'The sea flowed twice without an ebb, and the roaring of the waves could be heard at a great distance.'

That was in 1250, and thirty-three years later another tempest finished the work of destruction. The inhabitants of Winchelsea, driven out of their flooded homes, took refuge in the new town, which soon became one of the chief ports in the south of England. The prosperity of the place, however, did not last long, for the sea, upon which its welfare depended, once more proved a deadly enemy. This time, however, it receded instead of encroaching, and the town, left high and dry, fell slowly into decay.

The sister town of Rye, not many miles away, shared the glory of Winchelsea and now shares its desolation. It is a quaint, picturesque place, and here may be seen the old turret, called the 'Wipers' Tower,' which was built in the reign of King Stephen by William de Ypres, Earl of Kent.

At that time this tower was the only defence of the town, but it does not seem to have been a very effectual one, for in 1377 we find that five French



—and from Groombridge to Eastbourne and Rye.

ships attacked Rye, burnt and plundered the houses, destroyed the church, and departed in triumph with prisoners and booty.

Beyond Rye, jutting boldly out into the Straits of Dover, is the great headland, Dungeness, where, so legend tells us, the two shoemaker saints, Crispin and Crispian were wrecked and drowned. There seems to be little foundation for this story, but at the neighbouring village of Lydd a pile of stones used to be shown which, it was said, marked the grave of the saintly brothers.

And now we have come to the last stage of our present journey, for before us lie the Romney Marshes, a district so strange and remote that, although within sight of the French coast, it seems almost like the world's end.

'A bad place in winter, worse in summer, and at no time good,' so the old writer, Lambard, describes this region, and it is said that its inhabitants, realising their isolation, declare that the world is divided into five parts: Europe, Asia, Africa, America—and Romney Marsh.

A. A. METHLEY.

SWORDS IN STORY.

THERE are many famous swords—from Antony's favourite blade, which was named 'Philippan,' from the Battle of Philippi, down to the Sword of State, used at the Coronation of our monarchs, and the beautiful pearl-handled sword of the City of London.

A most beautiful and historical sword is borne before the Lord Mayor of York on State occasions. It was once the property of the Emperor Sigismund, who sent it to be hung above his stall at Windsor when Henry V. created him a Knight of the Garter. After his death, a Canon of Windsor, who happened to be a native of York, presented the Imperial weapon to his own city, which disputes with Chester the honour of possessing the finest Sword of State in the kingdom. The Chester sword, however, is now in the British Museum. It is about four feet long, with a two-edged blade; but it is so unwieldy that it can with difficulty be brandished by both hands. The hilt bears the inscription: 'Hugo Comes Cestrie,' for the Earldom of Chester was bestowed by William the Conqueror on his nephew, 'Hugh Lupus,' 'To hold as freely by the Sword as the King himself held the Realm of England by the Crown.'

The fierce Attila, the Hun, claimed to have found the sword of the god Mars, which, he declared, entitled him to world-wide dominion.

Julius Cæsar had a famous sword, called 'Crocea Mors,' or 'Yellow Death,' which it was said nothing living could escape.

The Turks have always been famous for swords and scimitars. Mediæval chronicles tell of many wonderful 'Damascus blades,' some of which were so beautifully tempered that they could be bent double without snapping. Mahomet's three favourite weapons were 'Al Batter' (the Beater); 'Medham' (the Keen); and 'Halef' (the Deadly); besides a scimitar, 'Dhu' el Fakar' (the Trenchant). His son-in-law, Ali, had a great sword named 'Zulfagar.' The hilts and scabbards of Oriental weapons are often richly inlaid and jewelled. Damascus has always been celebrated for the manufacture of swords and scimitars.

The heroes of mediæval tales were said to own wondrous swords. Charlemagne had two—made by Galas, one of the three celebrated cutlers of his day. It is said that Galas, Ansias, and Munifican each made three splendid swords—it took three years to complete each one! Galas made 'Joyeuse' and 'Flamberge' (Flame-cutter) for the Emperor, and 'Haute-claire' for one of his valiant knights, Closamont. Ansias made 'Baptism,' 'Florence,' and 'Graban' for the heroic 'Strong-i-th-arm,' while Munifican fashioned 'Durandal' for Roland, and 'Sauvaigne' and 'Courtain' for Ogier, or Holger the Dane, the hero of so many legends, but all these were hacked to pieces by Oliver's magic sword, 'Glorious.'

Sir Launcelot's sword was 'Aroundight,' and King Arthur's the famous 'Excalibur,' or 'Caliburn.' According to one legend, the Lady of the Lake gave him this weapon; another tale asserts that at the death of Uther Pendragon there were many claimants for the crown. They were told to assemble in 'The Great Church' of London on Christmas Eve. On arriving, they found a sword stuck in a stone anvil, with this inscription: 'He who can draw forth this sword, the same shall be King!' All the knights tried vainly to do so, but one day young Arthur, needing a weapon for a tournament, found and took this sword, not knowing it was enchanted, whereupon he was acknowledged to be the King. 'Excalibur' means 'Liberated from the Stone.'

In *The Faery Queen* the poet Spenser tells of Prince Arthur's sword:—

'Thereby his mortal blade full comely hung
In ivory sheath, yearved with curious sleights,
Whose hilts were burnisht gold; and handle strong
Of mother-pearl, and buckled with a golden tongue.'

Scotch, Irish, Welsh, and Manx legends tell of magic weapons, forged by great smiths of olden times. In Ireland many wonderful swords are said to have been wrought by a famous blacksmith, the 'Goban Soar,' who resembles 'Wayland Smith,' or 'Wieland,' the Scandinavian Vulcan, who appears in English and Northern legends. His 'cave' is still shown in Berkshire. Wayland is said to have made the famous 'Balmung,' for Siegfried. The so-called 'cave' is really a cromlech.

The Bardic tales of Ireland speak of many swords, which only the true King could draw, or wield. There is a story of a dispute between the soldier Socht and a noble named Duibhrean, concerning the ownership of a sword with a hilt of silver and wards of gold. It was so flexible that the point could be brought round to the hilt, and when released, it sprang back like an ash-bow. It flashed light in the darkness, and would cut a hair placed on the water. Duibhrean got it by trickery, and Socht summoned him before the great council of chieftains, nobles, and bards, proving his right to the precious claymore by his ability to decipher the antique inscription within the hilt. The mythical heroes, Oisín, or Ossian, and Fionn Mac Cumhal, were also said to have had magic swords, and another wonderful weapon belonged to the King Brian Boru, who was a real monarch, and fell fighting the Danes at the Battle of Clontarf, in 1014.

Three other swords, besides the famous pearl one, are connected with the City of London. Queen Elizabeth gave the pearl-handled sword to the City when she opened the first Royal Exchange. It is carried before

the Lord Mayor on great occasions, and is presented to the Sovereign when he enters the City, a ceremony which took place at Temple Bar during the State Drive taken through London by King George and Queen Mary on the day after their Coronation.

The old sword of the English Kings was called 'Curtana,' a name now applied to the blunt sword, emblem of mercy, carried before the monarch at the Coronation, and said to have belonged to Edward the Confessor.

The Sword of State borne before the Lord Mayor of London is the second of the City swords, and is an emblem of his authority; 'The Black Sword' is used in Lent, or on other times of fasting, or on the death of a member of the Royal Family; the fourth of the City swords is laid before the Lord Mayor's seat at the Central Criminal Court.

When King Edward, as Prince of Wales, visited India in 1875, he was presented with a magnificent sword by the Maharajah of Cashmere. It is richly set with emeralds and diamonds, the value of the stones being computed at 8000*l.*, one solitaire diamond in the sword-belt being worth 4000*l.*! All Oriental rulers possess splendid jewelled weapons of great value.

MAUD E. SARGENT.

CHINNA.

By MRS. HOBART-HAMPDEN,

Author of 'The Secret Valley,' etc., etc.

(Continued from page 34.)

IT was the best part of an hour before the edge of the forest was reached, and then the path twisted amidst a thicket of trees until it ended abruptly in a small clearing. A sunny, pleasant place it was, with a shallow stream bordering one side. At the far end was a neat hut made of interlacing boughs, with a roof of thatch. And, close to the hut, was a huge tree, hollow half-way up the trunk. And around the base of the tree was a big heap of stones, piled thus for no purpose whatever, apparently.

Chinna stopped and pointed to the hut, and, very solemnly, he said, 'My house is your house. Here ye are welcome to remain as long as ye please. And I will see that ye want nothing. But touch not the tree, neither the heap of stones. Should ye do so, very surely evil will befall—a great evil that none may avert.' And then he began to smile again, and to call, 'O woman, come hither, and see what I have brought! Three white children whom the spirits have sent of their kindness to bring us good fortune.'

And from out of the hut a small, squat woman came running. She was as dark as Chinna and quite as ugly. She raised one hand to shelter her eyes from the glare of the sun, and stared with open mouth at the group facing her.

'Here is also a peahen for the pot,' Chinna went on. 'Make ready food. We are hungry.'

And, thereupon, he dropped the peahen on the ground as though he considered he had now explained everything sufficiently. And the little woman came running to pick it up, and gave a joyful squeak at the sight of the goat, which had hitherto escaped her notice.

'She also is the gift of the luck-bringers,' said Chinna. And then he strolled towards the wood fire which was

burning merrily at a safe distance from the hut. And he squatted down beside it, drew one of the rolls of tobacco from his hair, and began to smoke contentedly with half-shut eyes, very pleased, it seemed, with his morning's work.

The little woman stood silent for a moment, facing the children and grasping the hair of the goat's neck. She seemed almost afraid to address them at first, but at last she ventured timidly: 'Are ye, then, spirits walking the earth in children's shape? Can ye eat and drink as we eat and drink?''

'We certainly can eat,' the three chorussed immediately, conscious suddenly that they were extremely hungry.

'And we're just like anybody else,' Brian added. 'Only we're white.'

But the little woman was not even yet quite convinced that they were indeed mere human children. And she stretched out a stumpy, square-tipped finger cautiously, and touched one after another as though to reassure herself, until Chinna called out from his seat by the fire, 'Must we all starve while thou dost stand idle, woman? Make ready food quickly, as already I have ordered.' And at that she scuttled back to the hut, and began to pluck and prepare the peahen. The children followed her, and she talked to them as she worked.

'Where is your father, and where your mother?' she asked. 'Tis strange, indeed, that if ye be human children ye should be allowed to wander thus with none to care for you, and he so young.' And she pointed at Frederick.

'We're not allowed to wander—we're lost,' Nancy explained; 'and we don't know how to get home again. And we think we must have come a very long way from where we live. And we asked Chinna if he would take us back, but he said he didn't like to go far from the forests. Will you ask him to help us?'

But at this the little woman looked much startled, and her eyes grew round with alarm. 'How can he leave the forests?' she asked. 'Here the water is good and the air is good, and of food there is sufficient. 'Twere foolish, indeed, to go on a far journey.'

And she seemed to think that this quite settled the matter, and went on busily with her cooking, while the children questioned her in turn. They asked her her name, but she did not seem to think she had one, and they decided to call her 'Mrs. Chinna,' as they could not well imitate Chinna's 'Woman.' And soon the peahen was in a big brass pot, bubbling away merrily, with rice and onions to keep it company. It smelt most savoury and inviting. And presently the stew was ready, and a handful of big green leaves was picked from a huge creeper that festooned the trees around the clearing, and liberal helpings from the pot ladled on to them. And, after the meal was over, Chinna and his wife lay down to sleep, and the children followed their example, for they were very tired. The day was turning towards evening when they awoke, and Chinna rose to his feet and stretched himself. And he reached for his bow and arrows, which, as usual, were close to his hand.

'I go hunting in the forests,' he said, and smiled at Brian. 'Thou shalt come with me, boy,' he added; 'and I will teach thee how thou must walk—lightly, very lightly, as do the jungle folk, so that none may know of thy coming.'

(Continued on page 50.)



"Chinna rose to his feet and stretched himself."