

the helm down, but she would not answer, and with a loud snap the mast broke and, with sail, spars, and cordage, came down in a confused heap. The next wave almost swamped them, as they lay broadside in the trough of the sea, and with no steerage way. Randolph rushed to the side and got an oar out to leeward, and by hard rowing got her head to sea again. But there was nothing left but to wait for the end: now inevitable. Neither spoke, but each mechanically did his best to keep the boat's head to the sea and to bale out the water.

Some time passed, unnoted by either. John Randolph was looking steadily northwards, as though he was thinking of his daughter, whose face he never expected to see again. Hawkey had no such tie to bind him to life, yet he was the more unmanned of the two. To live, even while suffering the punishment that awaited him, was preferable to that awful plunge into the unknown future which every moment threatened to bring.

Then a loud shout was heard, and the bows of a steamer plunging through the waves appeared almost close to them.

"Thank God!" cried Hawkey involuntarily, doing homage to the Deity whose righteous laws he had long forsaken.

"I caan't do nought," cried Randolph, in response to the hail. "Us be zinking."

"Hold on a minute, if you can!" was shouted back as the steamer was stopped, and allowed to drift astern of the cutter. Then steam was put on, and she edged up to windward, bringing the boat close under her lee. The sailors came crowding to the side, and the passengers, even some who were ill, were roused by the excitement of the rescue to cling to any available support to witness it.

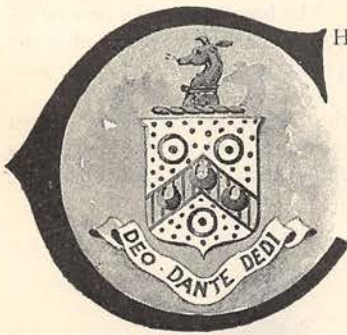
The mate stood ready with a rope coiled in his hand, watching as the water-logged cutter, now protected by the side of the steamer, rose and fell on the waves.

"Look out!" cried the mate, as the coil flew, untwisting as it went, and falling into the boat, was seized and made fast by Randolph. Then another rope was thrown, which he fastened round Hawkey, who was drawn safely on board. Then Randolph, holding the other rope, made a jump, but fell short, still clinging to it. Half-a-dozen willing men hauled him up, and the mate's outstretched hands caught him. But before he could be dragged over the side a heavy sea made the steamer lurch, and crushed him between the side and the cutter, now unmanageable. He was hauled on deck, however, alive, but with a badly fractured leg.

END OF CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

WORK AND PLAY AT CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL.

BY RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.



CREST OF THE SCHOOL.

CHARTERHOUSE is brimful of life, and energy, and enthusiasm. It is the very incarnation of progress and hopefulness. Nothing impressed me so much upon my recent visit to Dr. Haig Brown, the head-master, to whom Charterhouse owes a debt

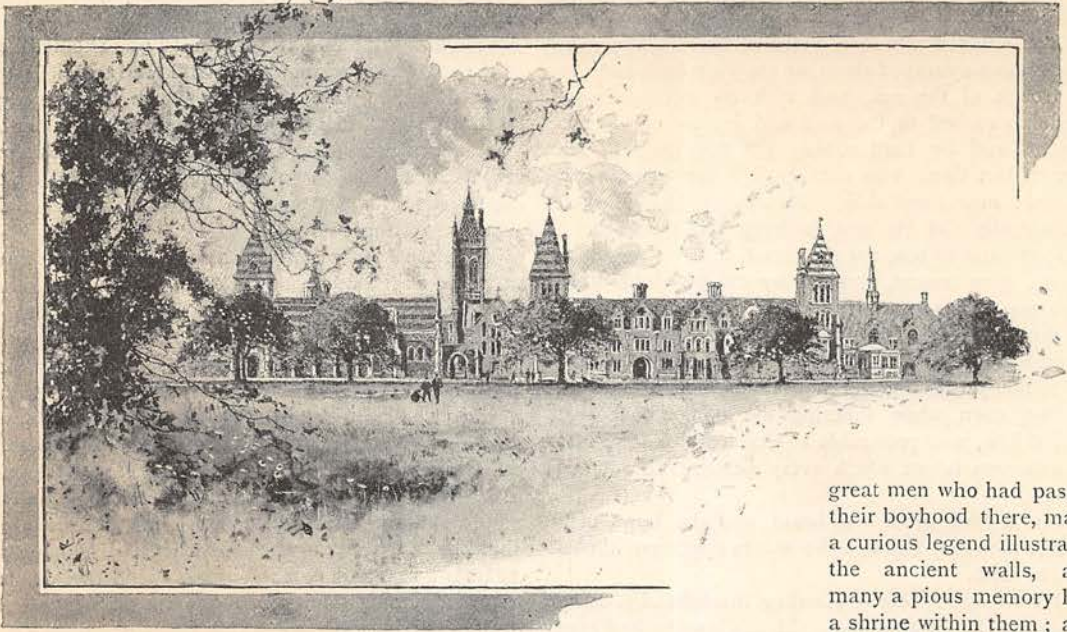
"Now, isn't it a magnificent sight?" said that most genial and broad-minded of head-masters, Dr. Haig Brown, as he came up to me, dripping wet, and bade me a cordial welcome to this child of the Grand Chartreuse.

"I think we had better go over the building first," he continued, "and then you will see for yourself all that we are doing and what we hope to do in the future. You are standing now in my study, and just opposite you is a portrait of Thomas Sutton, who founded the school about the year 1611. It was of him and of this deed of his that old Fuller wrote: 'This is the masterpiece of Protestant English charity, designed by the founder in his life, completed after his death, begun, continued, and finished with buildings and endowments, *sine causâ sociâ*, solely at his own charges, wherein Mr. Sutton appears peerless in all Christendom, on an equal standard and valuation of revenue.' And now," continued the head-master, "I will take you over the building."

We passed through innumerable passages and through some cloisters, standing four-square round a courtyard and curiously suggestive of a mediæval "quad," at Oxford, until we reached the armoury.

"This is where the rifle corps drills," explained the head-master; "and over the chimney-piece, you see, there is a reproduction in copper of the Ashburton Shield, the Public Schools' Challenge Shield, which

it can never hope to repay, as the spirit of energy and enthusiasm which pervaded the whole place. It came upon me with a flash as I drove up to the stately buildings in a blinding downpour of rain, which completely hid the hills by which Godalming is so picturesquely surrounded. And yet none seemed to heed it. Fired with this very spirit, a long line of people, young and old, male and female, stood watching the school team vigorously rushing to and fro upon the sloppy, slippery football field, for, as all the world knows, the reputation of Charterhouse rests largely upon its brilliant accomplishments in the great world of football.



GENERAL VIEW, FROM THE CRICKET FIELD.

great men who had passed their boyhood there, many a curious legend illustrated the ancient walls, and many a pious memory had a shrine within them; and now it seemed its place was to know it no more, the time-honoured nooks

has been held for four years by this school, and round the wall, you see, we place our boys' rifles, all of which are of the newest fashion."

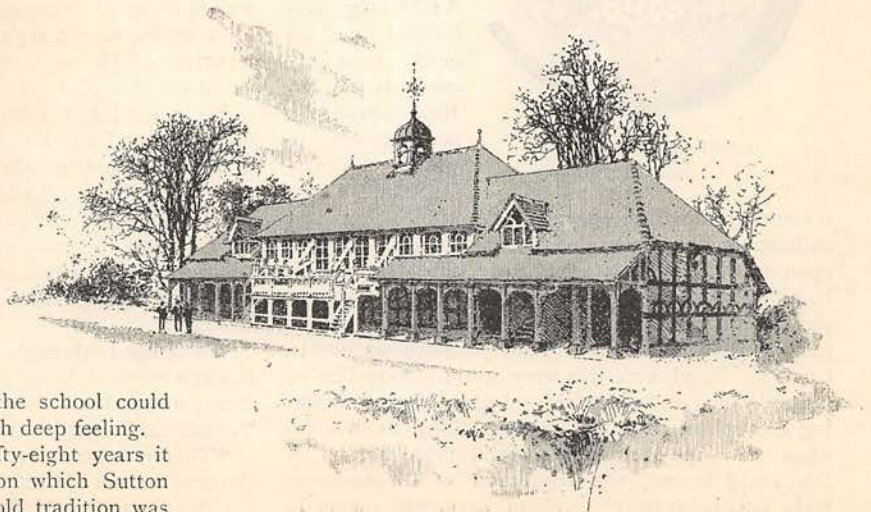
As we walked through another portion of the great buildings, my host told me something of the history of their migration to the country.

"You know, of course," said Dr. Haig Brown, "that in the old days, and up to twenty years ago, we were in the very heart of London, but the vast increase of buildings during the present century very much affected the fortunes of Charterhouse School. Large blocks of houses were built up to the very walls of the playground, and the school was thus deprived of the advantages of a free and open site, which it had enjoyed for two hundred years. This led the Public School Commissioners to suggest the immediate removal of the school into the country. It was, I need scarcely say, a very serious matter, and the change took some years to effect. And, indeed, it was not to be expected that so important an event in the history of the school could occur without calling up much deep feeling.

"For two hundred and fifty-eight years it had remained on the spot on which Sutton had placed it. Many an old tradition was connected with that site, many a record of

of old Charterhouse were no more to echo the voices of Carthusian boys, but another home—a new home—was to receive them. The last gathering of the school in London took place within the chapel walls. Many old Carthusians attended the short service of prayer which was then held. The boys met in the new buildings on June 18th, 1872, less than two years after the first stone was laid, and here we have been ever since."

We were passing the chapel at the moment when my host said these last words, and he pointed out to me the porch in which are built in the stones wherein,



THE CRICKET PAVILION.

many years ago, generations of boys, long since dead, have cut their names.

Turning to Dr. Haig Brown, I said—

“I am glad to know that you keep alive the old traditions. They must exercise a good effect upon the boys, I should imagine.”

“Indeed, yes,” replied the head-master. “I have taken the greatest possible pains to preserve the historical continuity of the place. I never let anyone speak of *old* or *new* Charterhouse; they are one and the same. We keep up our connection with the past in various ways. Founder’s day is always celebrated at the old place, and our choir always goes up for it. The examinations for scholarships are also held in our old town house. But yet we have all the advantages of our new residence. We have got rid of our narrow city surroundings, which prevented many a father sending his boy to us.

“The school has lost nothing of its old prestige by the move, and, indeed, I think, on the whole, it has rather gained. Here a boy has a lovely range of country. He can botanise and geologise to his heart’s content, and we have a museum which is fast being stocked, and which is one of our greatest attractions.

“But,” said the head-master, as he unlocked a door, and we found ourselves within a beautiful building, very ecclesiastical in its character, with a lofty pointed roof, and in which a deep silence reigned supreme, “this is one of our chief glories. This is the library. Here the boys can read their books or papers, here they can write their letters, or they can play chess or draughts just as in a first-rate club.”

Here in a corner were a number of sketches by John Leech, once a Carthusian himself; here was a statue of Thackeray, who has done so much to make the school world-famed; and here, treasured in a glass case, were an autograph letter of Thomas Sutton, the founder, and the five MS. volumes of “The Newcomes,” open at the beautiful and never-dying death scene of the old colonel.

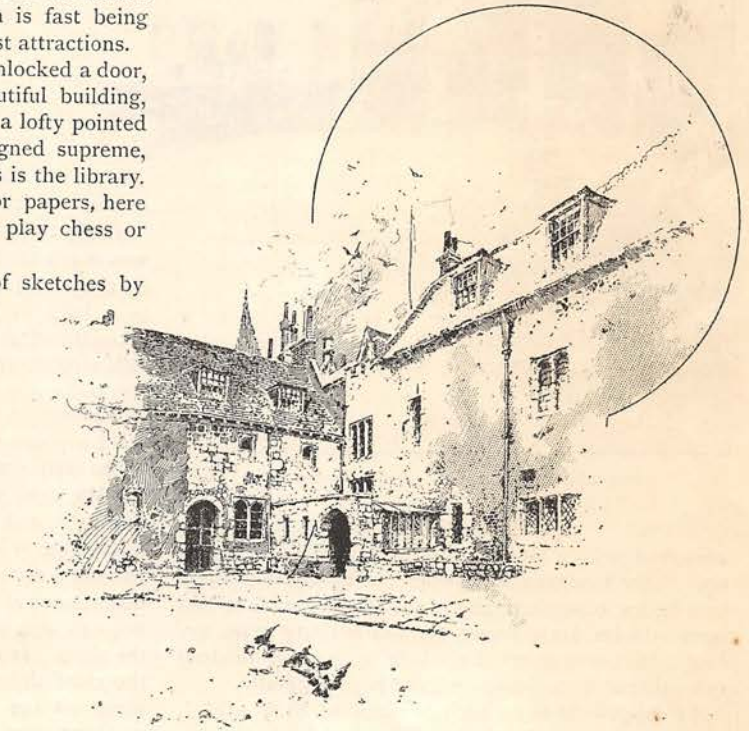
The building immediately adjoining the library, and which, indeed, opens into it, is the great hall, in which the chief school functions are held, and in which every Saturday night a musical or dramatic entertainment is given. It is a very lofty room, one hundred feet long and forty broad, and this length can at any time be nearly doubled by removing the wooden curtain which hangs between the great hall and the library, and which, indeed, constitutes them two buildings instead of one.

“Our Saturday evenings in this hall are a great institution,” said Dr. Haig Brown. “To-night the entertainment is provided by myself and my family, and the boys themselves supply a very large orchestra.”

In replying to a question that I put to him, the head-master told me that it is unnecessary to use the

great hall as a school-room, as there are no less than thirty-one class-rooms for the boys to work in.

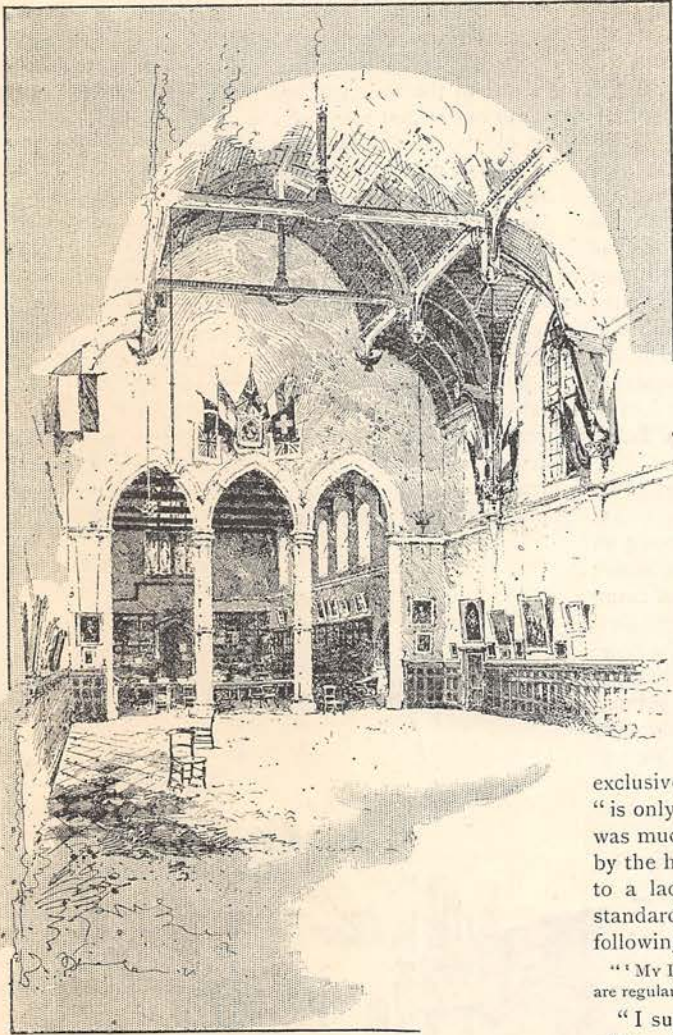
From this beautiful and really stately building we passed to the museum, and it was especially interesting to notice that many of the contributions were sent by old boys, who are now scattered throughout the world, but who never forget the old school in which some of the happiest days of their life have been passed. It is quite beyond me to enumerate a hundredth part of all I saw in this building. But I was especially attracted by an old, worn, ragged coat of plain blue serge, which had been worn for many a year by David Livingstone when he was in Africa. There were drawings by Thackeray, which had been found in his old school-books, and there was his old Greek lexicon; and there was an order to arrest some unfortunate person in the Reign of Terror, and which was signed by Robespierre and President Carnot’s great grandfather. The school is very proud of its magnificent collection of birds, a special feature



WASH-HOUSE COURT, OLD CHARTERHOUSE.

of which is that each bird has its own particular and natural background painted for it, and beneath each bird is placed the eggs belonging to that special species.

Hurrying through the buildings, for luncheon was now ready, we passed the lecture-room, in which boys were learning modelling and sculpture, the carpenter’s shop, which was in full swing, and the music-room, whence issued the gloomy sounds that are usually



THE GREAT HALL AND LIBRARY BEYOND.

associated with a large band in the agonies of tuning-up. At the luncheon table, where we were waited upon by a butler, who, like many of the school servants, had been with Dr. Haig Brown for nearly thirty years, my host and I discussed the whole system of modern education and the bringing up of boys generally.

"I suppose that in such a place as this," said I, "you are moving ahead with the times?"

"Oh yes," replied the head-master, "we are developing greatly in every particular. But you must remember this: that the old system had the advantage of being more accurate and thorough. There is a danger nowadays of boys spreading themselves out too much. Examinations engender certain superficiality, and they don't always get hold of the best boys; but I must say that they make the lazy fellows work well. The basis of our work here is classical, and classics are a help to a more extensive field of study. Modern languages cannot well be learned without a knowledge of Latin and Greek. The system now benefits masters as well

as boys, for frequently in the old days masters themselves knew nothing but their own special subjects. Now just cast your eye over that essay," and as he spoke, the head-master handed me an admirable essay in French, written by a boy, a first-rate classical scholar, too. "You would hardly imagine how curiously we have progressed since the old days. Here is a list of study books used at Charterhouse in 1625: 'Featlye's Parabel,' wherein, according to Dr. Brown's note, 'the Roman fisher was caught in his own net by Featlye,' 'Berchet Catechism,' 'Erasmi Colloquia,' and so on *ad infinitum*."

"We have, of course, been obliged to make certain changes in the interior condition and government of the school. For instance, the 'scholars,' who are no longer gowned, do not live apart as they used to in London, but they permeate the whole school. In days gone by 'scholars' owed their position more to their superior birth than to their superior brains. Nowadays it is brains, and not birth, as of old—competition, not nomination. We have always, however, kept up our social standard, but the old exclusive spirit," continued the sarcastic head-master, "is only to be met with among the *nouveaux riches*. I was much amused the other day at an answer made by the head-master of one of our great public schools to a lady who had written to ask about the social standard of the boys, and who received in reply the following letter:—

"MY DEAR MADAM,—So long as your boy behaves well and his fees are regularly paid, no inquiry will be made as to his antecedents."

"I suppose you are a great believer in the influence of the sixth form?" I observed to Dr. Haig Brown.

"My dear sir," he very earnestly replied, "abolish the sixth, and we should have anarchy. It would be impossible to keep discipline in such a school as this without a sixth form, and I let the sixth pervade every department of the school, for I make it a rule that no boy can be a cricket or football captain unless he is in the sixth. It is our system of sixth forms that makes the chief difference between our public schools and those on the Continent. A German professor who was sent over by his Government some years ago to report on our public school system, said 'that German boys know more books and languages when they leave school, but that the English boys are far more thoroughly men of the world'; and that is perfectly true. You cannot judge how a boy will turn out in after life only by the position he takes in his school. The feeblest at study are frequently leaders of men in after life. The French system, so far as the building up of boy character is concerned, is fearful. It is a system of Jesuitical espionage, which leaves them not a moment free till the day when they are suddenly precipitated upon the world to do what they will; and

that is terrible. I remember when Monsieur Sarcey went over this very place with me he stood in the middle of that square"—and the head-master pointed to the beautiful space outside the window, surrounded by the stately buildings, and in the midst of which a fountain was playing—"and he said, stretching out his arms in astonishment, 'Do you allow them to wander over this vast domain alone?' 'Why, yes,' I replied, 'and for miles beyond.' '*C'est magnifique!*' he uttered; '*c'est magnifique!*' And then again," continued the head-master, "I am very particular as to the house-master. It is not every man who is capable, however good a teacher he may be, of superintending a house full of boys. It requires a man of singular tact, and of special character and disposition. I very carefully select certain masters whom I consider fit and capable persons for the very delicate and difficult position of heads of houses."

In reply to a question as to whether he had abolished corporal punishment, Dr. Haig Brown replied—

"Flogging with us is very rare, but it is not altogether abolished. There is an amusing tradition in the school that in 1818 Dr. Russell, the then head-

master, abolished corporal punishment, and substituted fines in place of the old-fashioned school discipline. But this the boys bitterly resented, as they thought that flogging was very gentlemanly and that fines were most ungentlemanly. Now, before you leave you must come and see the chapel."

In a few moments I stood within the lovely building. The rain had ceased. The wild sunset flamed in upon the empty church—an emptiness so eloquent of life. Suddenly a distant sound, "somewhere far off," floated in through the open window. I strained my ear to listen. Yes, I thought I could not be mistaken. It was the "Adsum" being called—"Adsum! Adsum! Adsum!" And in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the chapel windows grew dim and misty, the sunlight faded from off the wall, and I no longer heard the voice beside me. My memory went back to a long past day, and I saw a little pallet, and raising himself upon it was that splendid, courtly gentleman, Colonel Newcome—the most beautiful character, surely, that ever lived in or out of fiction. He hears the Master's voice, and he replies, "Adsum, here I am!" And his spirit came again unto him, and he was as a little child.

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## THE MYSTERY OF MASHONALAND.

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It is recorded that King Solomon brought to Palestine by the way of the Red Sea, 992 B.C., a quantity of gold, weighing about 3,330,000 lbs. Where did he get it? In those early days the Red Sea was the great waterway of Arabian commerce; its surface was covered with speeding argosies from India, and China, and Africa. The Arabians were the great ocean-carriers; the frequent references in the Bible and in old records to Arabian gold being to gold carried by Arabians not mined in Arabia. As a matter of fact, there was very little gold in Arabia itself. Where, then, did they get the gold they took to Palestine, and Syria, and Egypt, and old Rome, as we know that they did?

The answer to these questions seems to be furnished in the discovery of the remarkable mines in South Africa, which were brought prominently to notice by the Mashonaland Expedition, and which have since been thoroughly explored, measured, and studied by that archæological expert, Mr. J. Theodore Bent.

Now, it is to be remembered that when the Portuguese reached Sofala, on the Mozambique coast, towards the close of the fifteenth century, they found the Arabs in possession of the coast line, and engaged, among other occupations, in the export of gold, which

they obtained from the natives. These Arabs preserved traditions of wonderful mines and mighty buildings in the interior, stories which they communicated to the Portuguese, but which the Portuguese had not the curiosity or enterprise to go and investigate. And here arises another point of interest. The word Sofala is held by some to be a derivation from the Greek word Sophira, which is merely Ophir, with the prefix S. Again, the great river which waters this magnificent and mysterious country is called the Sabi, or sometimes the Sabia—a name which is strangely suggestive of Sheba, whence came the great Queen who brought 120 talents of gold to Solomon. It is possible, then, that in Mashonaland we may locate both Ophir and Sheba, but our present purpose is merely to report what has been actually discovered there of pre-historic date.

Thirty years ago, or more, Karl Mauch, the German traveller, brought home stories so marvellous of gigantic ruins which he had found in the "desert" of South Africa that they were generally discredited. He said that 4,200 feet above sea-level he found on a granite hill the ruins of an ancient building. The walls, built of small hewn blocks, with twenty feet beams of dark stone projecting, he reported to be in places thirty feet high. But his story was received as a "traveller's tale," as was also his report of a gold-field in Matabeleland, eighty miles long by two or three miles wide. Mauch's reports however, were confirmed by what