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DULWICH COLLEGE: THE CHAPEL IN THE CENTRE OVER THE PORCH.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE BRAVE: HOW THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS HONOUR THEIR DEAD HEROES.

BY GEORGE A. WADE.

THE second and concluding article dealing with this subject must begin with Winchester, the oldest and probably the most renowned public school we have, scarcely excepting Eton and Harrow. Winchester boasts two fine memorials to her brave sons who have fallen in battle. One of these is a memorial to Old Wykehamists who were killed in the Crimean war, and it stands in the ante-chapel of the College. But perhaps the other memorial will most attract the average visitor. It takes the form of a charming gateway into the cloisters, and was erected in remembrance of Sir Herbert Stewart, who, as many readers will doubtless recollect, was killed in the Egyptian campaign of the early eighties.

To the world this gentle, beloved soldier was "Sir" Herbert Stewart; to his old college he ever remained simply "Herbert Stewart," as is shown in the inscription over the beautiful gateway. The monument is in excellent taste, the coat-of-arms and the two angels standing above the inscription being all that the gallant man commemorated would himself have desired, with his name, to perpetuate

his memory at the school of which he was so very proud. As one walks through this little gate one wonders whether, on that arid Egyptian desert, Stewart ever sang that famous evening song which has re-echoed through these very cloisters for so many long generations; and we hear him, in fancy, as he marches on that final lonely march, and as he sinks into the last unconsciousness, singing softly to himself, "Dulce Domum Resonamus."

In these same cloisters, too, there are various tablets to other brave sons of Winchester who have died whilst serving their country; and thus the old school of William of Wykeham can hold up its head with the proudest of military schools.

Kipling has said that "There are in India hundreds of 'Stalkys' who have come from Marlborough, Cheltenham, and Haileybury," and it must be confessed that Cheltenham has indeed sent out a goodly number of "Stalkys" who have helped to keep the glory of England bright. The famous school in Gloucestershire can show no less than

This article forms a sequel to one which appeared in the WINDSOR for December, 1899, and included the memorials of Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Marlborough, and others of our great public schools.

twenty-two tablets, erected to the memory of her old pupils who have either been killed in actual battle, or who have died whilst doing active service under unusual conditions on behalf of their country. In some cases there are several names of brave men, slain in different campaigns, upon one tablet, though as a rule every separate tablet is supposed to contain only the names of men who fell in the same war. But Cheltenham has had so many of the brave that she has had to get their names in wherever she could!

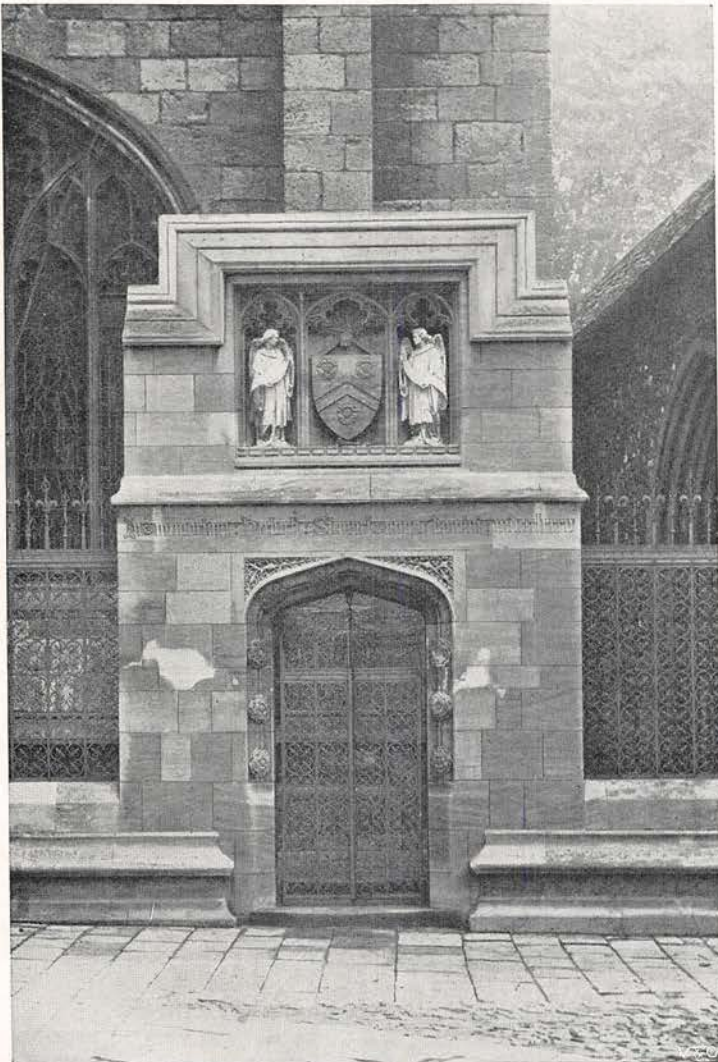
The tablets are large, of fine marble, but otherwise plain. They contain the name, the campaign, and the age of the soldier they are intended to commemorate, ranging from

colonels down to ensigns, showing gallant fellows who have died in every corner of the world defending Britain or proclaiming her power. After you have spent an hour or two reading these tablets you will no longer wonder at Kipling's praise of Cheltenham College.

When Haileybury sets about anything it must be allowed that she means business, and so we are not surprised to learn that one of the most beautiful memorials in any college or school chapel to the celebrated brave amongst "old boys" belongs to Haileybury, and is entirely her own, both in design and execution. And equally it must be confessed that the men honoured have deserved it, it being erected to

the memory of the ever-famous Coghill and Hodson, who, with Teignmouth Melvill, of Harrow (spoken of in our first article), won immortal fame by their valiant deeds on that blackest and yet most glorious day in British annals, January 22nd, 1879, on the field of Isandlwana. It will not be forgotten that, so impressed was Her Majesty with the splendid efforts of Melvill and Coghill to save the colours of the 24th on that day, when they were found dead with the flags wrapped round them, that even when dead these two heroes were awarded the Victoria Cross, an honour recently accorded also to the late Lieutenant F. H. Roberts—a unique method, surely, in the history of any nation, as regards rewarding its brave.

Coghill and Hodson were great friends at school, and they were officers in the same regiment, and fought side by side on that terrible day. Haileybury has not forgotten



GATEWAY AT WINCHESTER, ERECTED IN MEMORY OF SIR HERBERT STEWART.

to mention these interesting facts in her fine recognition of them. It was decided that this memorial should take the form of the adorning of the dome in the chancel of the chapel by splendid paintings of the four Evangelists, and two of these are shown in our illustration. A brass on the wall in a recess on the left side of the altar records Haileybury's noble testimony to the two. Its situation can be traced in the photograph, and its Latin inscription may be translated into English somewhat as follows :—

To the memory of Neville J. Aylmer Coghill and George Frederick J. Hodson, each of whom kept faithfully both his oath to his Queen and his vow of friendship, in that terrible slaughter near Isandlwana, when they died "quitting themselves like men!"

The figures of the four Evangelists painted above are placed there in memory of these two true fellow soldiers and friends.

This memorial was erected in June, 1880, and does honour to the school and the dead at the same time. Another memorial was the stone cross raised on the spot in Zululand where the two faithful friends' bodies were found, a photograph of which, by the kindness of the Haileybury masters, I am enabled to give here.

Bedford Grammar School boasts a unique memorial to a dead soldier who received his education at that celebrated seat of learning. It is a cricket pavilion, and seems to show that this school has discovered a way of combining the useful with the commemorative that might well be followed by others.

Henry Cross, to whose memory this pavilion is raised, was an "old boy" and afterwards an assistant-master at Bedford School. He lost his life in the Soudan war, just after the battle of Omdurman. He was not killed in battle, but died of the dreaded fever so common in those climes. Nor was he a "soldier of the Queen," for he was out there doing duty as war correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*. But he was a brave, noble fellow, none the less, ready to take a hand in driving back the foe if needed, and his old schoolfellows knew his

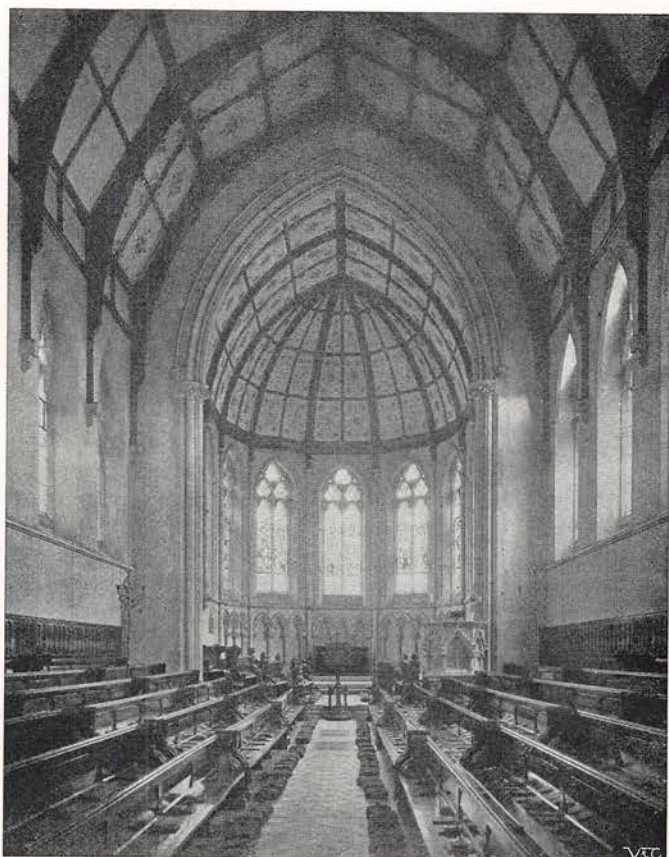


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[F. Frith & Co., Reigate.

CLIFTON COLLEGE CHAPEL.

worth and soon decided to commemorate his brave work in the manner described.

Clifton College has adopted the form of brasses for all its memorials of distinguished Cliftonians who have been killed in battle. In the chapel the visitor may see these, but their number is not yet very large, since Clifton has not behind it the antiquity and prowess which belong to the older foundations for producing many military men of renown. Yet the school near Bristol can claim, nevertheless, that when its sons have been "tried in the fire" literally, they have stood the ordeal nobly and well; and the blood which was so loyally given by those brave fellows, to whose memory the brasses in the chapel at Clifton are placed, may be taken as being but the seed of an extensive harvest of great deeds and noble actions for the Empire which the future of this school may yet be called upon to record.

Dulwich College has dispensed with monumental tablets and such forms, so far, in honouring the brave Alleynians who have

been killed in battle. She remembers them in another unusual way. Whenever there is recorded the death of any "old boy" whilst fighting for his Queen and country, the head-master speaks a few appropriate words to the whole school assembled in chapel or hall, upon the lessons of that boy's death, and an obituary notice, with a full account of the old Dulwich boy's life, work, and death is published in the next number of the school magazine. The last "old boy" thus honoured was Lieutenant Keating, who was killed in a skirmish with the natives in West Africa.

Repton School, so the head-master told

alumni who have died gloriously on the battlefield. But this year, 1900, is the jubilee of the famous Berkshire educational establishment, and there is a talk of erecting something that shall be worthy of the well known public school.

It is certain that any article of this kind on our great public schools would be quite incomplete without some words upon one or two of the finest Scottish establishments. Fettes College, in Edinburgh, is at present engaged in erecting a very large brass upon which are to be engraved the names and details of all old Fettes boys who have thus distinguished themselves by meeting death bravely in their country's service. But at the time of writing this article that brass is in an unfinished condition.

Scotland's military school, however—worthy of being coupled on equal terms with the best of the "Stalky"—producing schools of the sister country—is Glenalmond. That is what everybody calls the noted Perthshire school, though its true title is "Trinity College." But just as St. Peter's, Westminster, has become "Westminster School," so Trinity College has become "Glenalmond," from the place it adorns. The late Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone had a very high opinion of Glenalmond and its scholars. And no wonder, when one reads their records.

Two kinds of memorials exist at Glenalmond to dead heroes of the school. One takes the form of a most magnificent window of stained glass in the chancel of the chapel, over the altar. This was erected some years ago to keep in memory the valiant deeds of Lieutenant R. W. Henderson and Ensign J. W. Henderson, two brothers, who were killed whilst defending the boats at Cawnpore, on June 27th, 1857. Their bravery was mentioned by their leaders in despatches home as being specially noteworthy. Also Lieutenant C. J. Langlands, of the 43rd Regiment, is commemorated by the same window; he fell in the Maori war, in 1864. Probably there is no similar case on record where two brothers died together

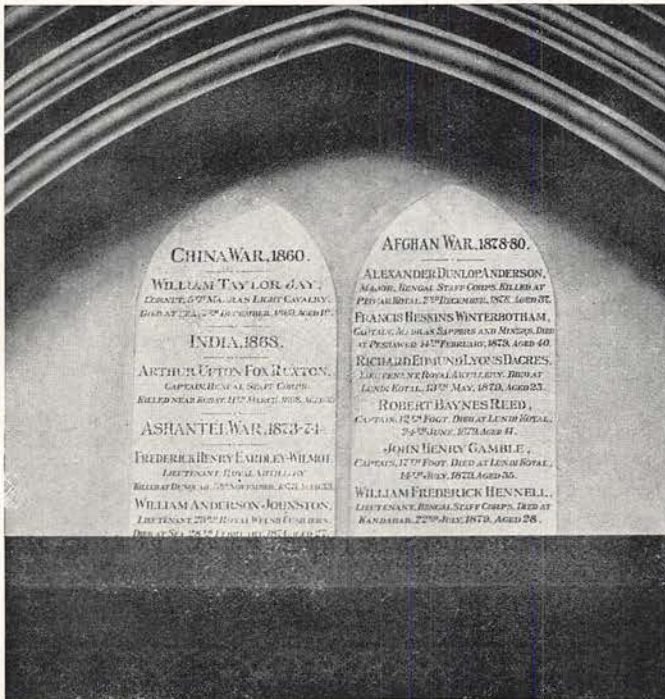


Photo by M. Hack.]

[Cheltenham.

MEMORIAL TABLETS IN CHELTENHAM COLLEGE CHAPEL.

me, has no special form of commemorating the deeds of "old boys" who have fallen in battle. Yet in most cases there is put up in the school chapel either a small brass, if the commemoration be that of some individual soldier, or a stained-glass window, if the memorial be to several boys in one campaign. Thus the chapel at Repton boasts several of these memorials, but they are too awkwardly placed, for light and other necessities, to lend themselves easily to being photographed.

Bradfield College, strange to relate, has no memorial at all at the present time to its old

magnificent window of stained glass in the chancel of the chapel, over the altar. This was erected some years ago to keep in memory the valiant deeds of Lieutenant R. W. Henderson and Ensign J. W. Henderson, two brothers, who were killed whilst defending the boats at Cawnpore, on June 27th, 1857. Their bravery was mentioned by their leaders in despatches home as being specially noteworthy. Also Lieutenant C. J. Langlands, of the 43rd Regiment, is commemorated by the same window; he fell in the Maori war, in 1864. Probably there is no similar case on record where two brothers died together

like the Hendersons, both old captains of their school.

But, lovely as this window is, it is not Glenalmond's greatest glory in monuments of the kind we are dealing with. *That* is a marble slab on the wall, which is, doubtless, the finest tribute to bravery that any school in this land possesses. For, till Time shall be no more, there can be no grander deed, in every sense, done by mortal soldier—let alone by a boy just out of school, a mere lad of seventeen, who yet was an officer in the 74th

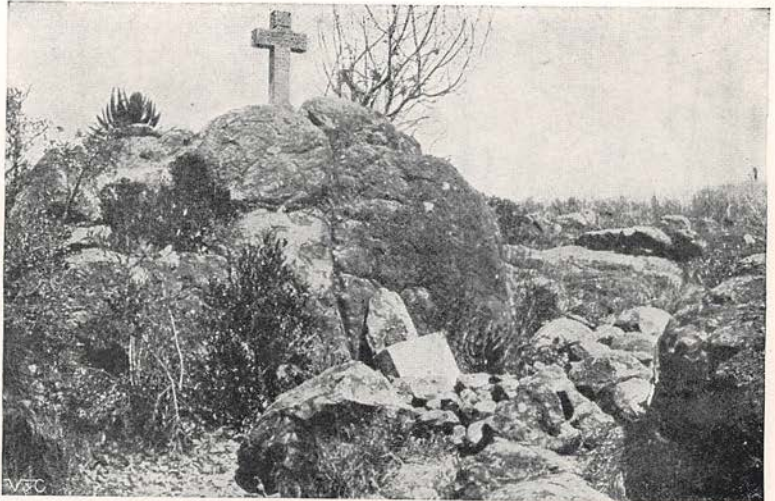


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[Allen, Canterbury.

GRAVE OF LIEUTENANTS COGHILL AND HODSON, ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF ISANDLWANA.

Highlanders, now the "Highland Light Infantry."

Highlanders, now the "Highland Light Infantry."



HAILEYBURY COLLEGE CHAPEL, WITH PAINTINGS TO LIEUTENANTS COGHILL AND HODSON ON THE RIGHT AND LEFT OF CHANCEL ARCH.



Photo by]

[Mrs. Delves Broughton.

PAVILION IN THE PLAYING-FIELD, BEDFORD GRAMMAR SCHOOL, IN MEMORY OF HENRY CROSS, OLD BOY AND ASSISTANT-MASTER, WHO DIED OF FEVER IN THE SOUDAN JUST AFTER OMDURMAN.

And it was in one of the most memorable events in the history of our Army—not on the battlefield, but on the deep sea—that Alexander Cumine Russell won immortal glory for himself and added lustre to the name of Glenalmond School, as the inscription on that marble tablet tells. Only it does not tell all the story, as it ought to do—that wonderful, ever-engrossing story of “The Loss of the *Birkenhead*.”

Everybody knows the tale itself—how the troopship struck upon a rock; how the soldiers were formed in ranks to die, whilst the women and children were being saved; how the whole force, officers and men, stood at the salute whilst, in the deathless verse of Sir Francis Doyle—

Still inch by inch the doomed ship sank low,
Yet under steadfast men.

Most folks have heard how England thrilled when that story was known, and how the old German Emperor had the account read out on parade before every regiment in the German Army, as a tribute to what he called the “grandest deed ever soldiers did!”

But the splendid old veteran in Berlin did not know the story of Alexander Cumine Russell—the boy officer of seventeen—in connection with it, or he would assuredly have had that read out separately, and Glenalmond would have become as famous in Germany as she is in this country.

Russell was ordered into one of the boats carrying the women and children, for the purpose of commanding it, and he sat with dimmed eyes in the stern, some way off the doomed ship, watching the forms of his beloved comrades and fellows standing upright there. He saw the ship go down, carrying with it the hundreds of brave hearts. He saw those fearful creatures of the deep seizing their prey, and heard the screams of scores of human beings torn to pieces by

sharks. Then, just when all for him was safe, when to him was given (with honour) life, ambition, and glory, he saw a sailor’s form rise close to the boat and a hand strive to grasp the side.

There was not room in the craft for a single person more without great risk of upsetting the boat. But as the sailor’s face rose clear at the boat’s side a woman in the craft called out in agony, “Save him! Save him! He is my husband!”

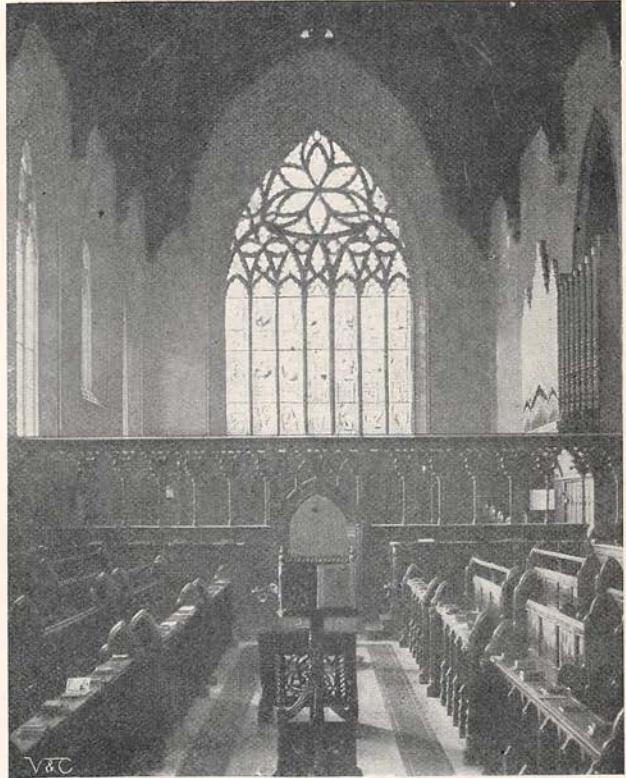
No room in that boat for one more! But Russell looked at that woman, then at her children, then at that sailor struggling in the waves, with his eyes beseeching help, then at the dreaded sharks feasting on every hand. Alexander Cumine Russell rose in the stern of the boat. With a bold plunge he jumped clear of it and helped that sailor into what had been his own place—and safety. Then, amidst a chorus of “God bless you!” from every soul in the boat, the young officer—a lad of seventeen, mind!—turned round to meet his death. And those in the boat shut their eyes and prayed. When they opened them again Alexander Cumine Russell was nowhere to be seen!

But on that day when the sea gives up its dead there will be no nobler hero yielded up than the brave boy of Glenalmond School to whose memory that marble tablet (here shown in a photograph taken specially by a boy in the school for this

article) was put up and unveiled some short time ago.

Although, strictly speaking, it is not considered one of our recognised "public schools," yet the Duke of York's School, at Chelsea, is practically the "Public School of the Army." Therefore it may not be out of place to conclude this article by reminding the reader that there was unveiled at this school, only a short time ago, a charming window of stained glass as a memorial to "old boys" of the school who had fallen in battle. The ceremony was appropriately enough undertaken by the aged Duke of Cambridge, whose interest in the school has never flagged. The window cost nearly £300, and has a representation of the Crucifixion, with figures of the fighting saints, Saint Michael and Saint George, at the sides.

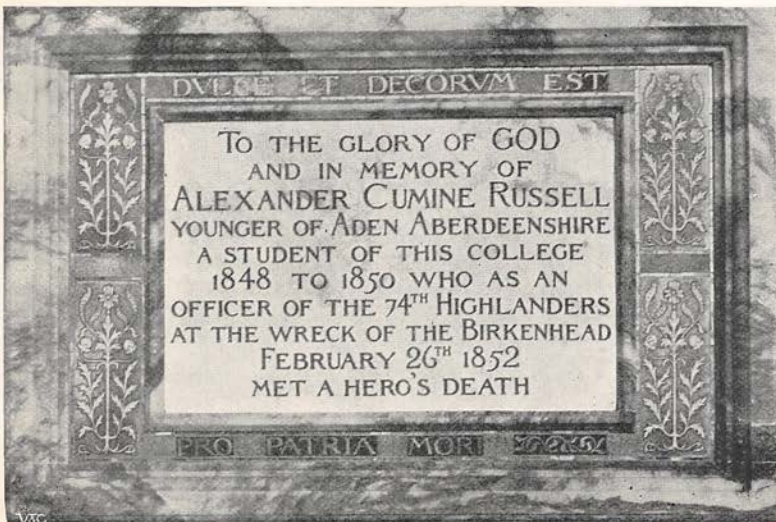
Below it, on an alabaster tablet, are inscribed the names of all scholars, since the founding of the school, who have lost their lives in battle. The record has been made as complete as possible, even including the name of one of the Lancers who was killed at Omdurman.



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WINDOW IN THE SCHOOL CHAPEL, GLENALMOND, IN MEMORY OF LIEUTENANT R. W. HENDERSON, ENSIGN J. W. HENDERSON, KILLED IN DEFENDING THE BOATS, CAWNPORE, JUNE 27, 1857, AND LIEUTENANT C. J. LANGLANDS, KILLED AT TAMANGA, IN THE MAORI WAR, 1864.



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TABLET IN THE SCHOOL CHAPEL, GLENALMOND.

And this memorial, so well deserved, must undoubtedly help to form a connecting bond of no small value between the training-school of boys who will be the rank and file of our future Army, and the schools where those youths are trained who will, as a rule, become their officers.

During the present Boer war we have seen more than ever what the grand officers

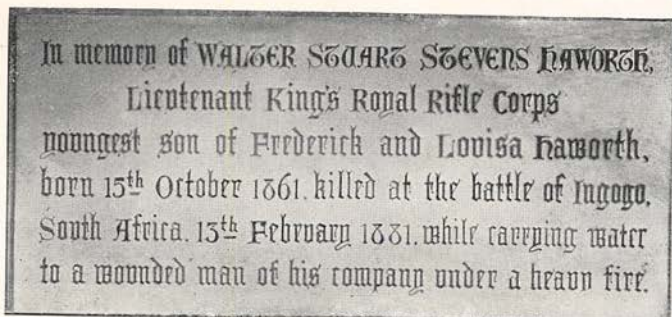
turned out from our public schools can do when fighting for Britain. We have Roberts and Buller from Eton, we have Baden-Powell from the Charterhouse, we have countless "Stalkys" from Fettes and Loretto, from old Ireland's famous colleges, from every noted English school.

Harold Paton, who will be remembered as having died gallantly at Mafeking on the night of the celebrated sortie, was one of Baden-Powell's favourites, and came from Loretto, Scotland's noted school. And then Fettes, not to be outdone by her chief competitor for cricket and football honours, gave up for Britain's cause the well-known D. B. Money Penny, whose career as a football player was at one time the most promising among the many brilliant young men that Scotland boasts as her athletic sons. It was Paardeberg that saw the end of the player of whom Fettes used to be so proud.

And from Ireland's Raphoe and from Cork School there came more than one

of the fine young officers who have made the names of the Dublin Fusiliers and the Connaught Rangers veritable household

words for bravery and true Celtic dash. Not only English public schools, or Scotch ones, but Irish places of education, too, will have a fine putting-up of memorials



MEMORIAL BRASS TO AN OLD CHARTERHOUSE BOY KILLED IN BATTLE.

to their brave dead when the present war is over. There will, no doubt, be a stirring-up of the old traditions of Londonderry and Belfast Colleges, of Waterford and Dublin Schools, such as there has not been, in a military sense, for a very long period.

Nobly dead or nobly living, honoured are the names of those who, in the words of Mr. Newbolt's fine poem on Clifton Chapel, have learned—

To set the Cause above renown,
 To love the game beyond the prize,
 To honour, while you strike him down,
 The foe that comes with fearless eyes.
 To count the life of battle good,
 And dear the land that gave you birth,
 And dearer yet the brotherhood
 That binds the brave of all the earth.

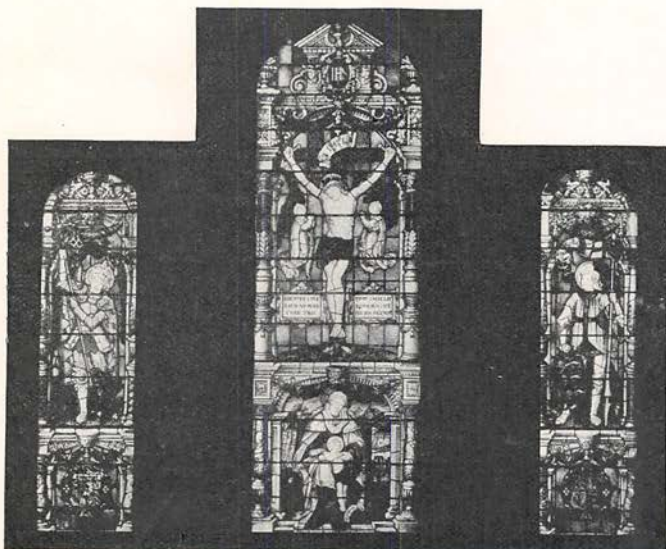


Photo by Newton & Co.,]

[Fleet Street, E.C.

THE MEMORIAL WINDOW AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S SCHOOL.